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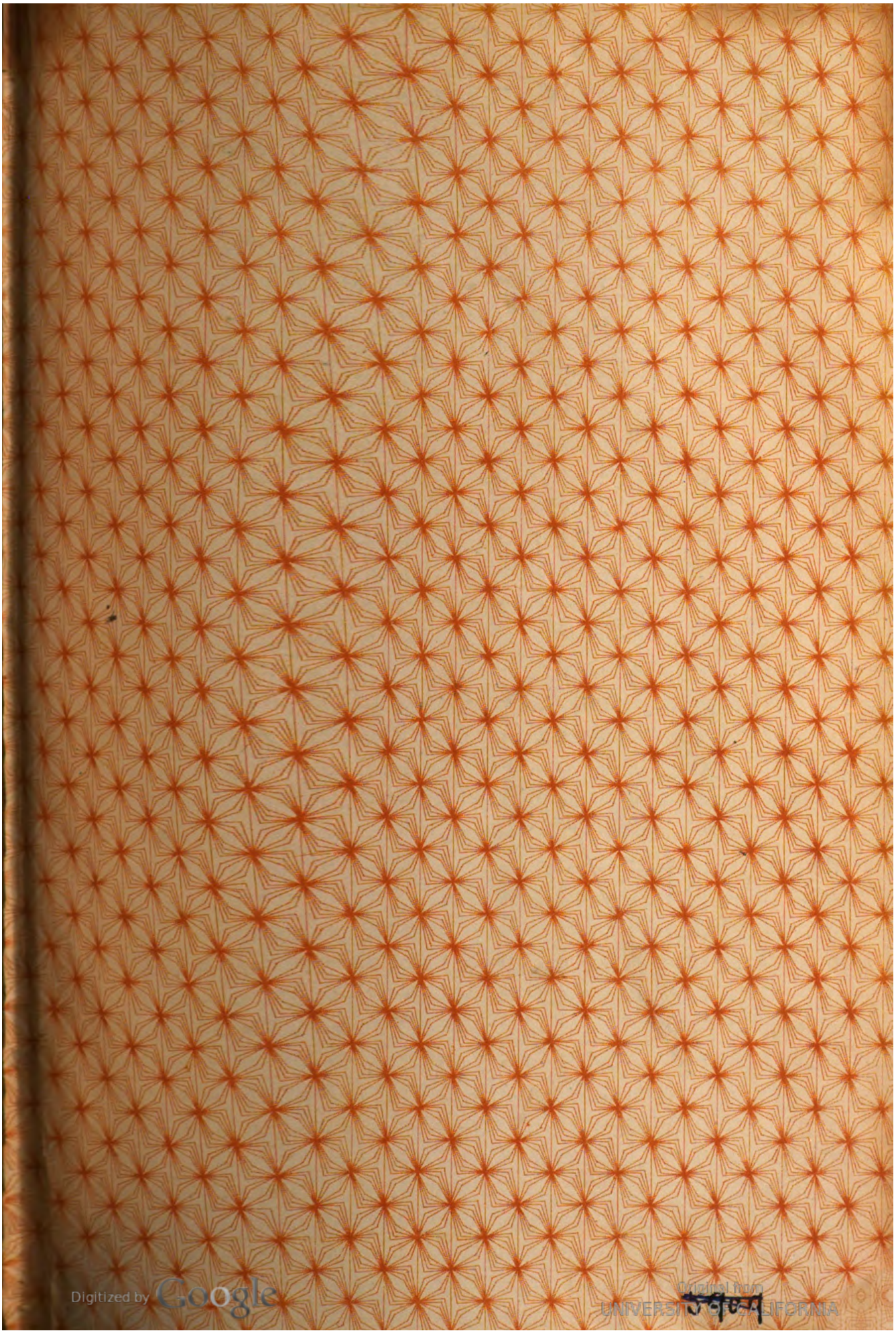
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HARPER'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXXXIV

DECEMBER, 1916, TO MAY, 1917

NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1917

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WE STOOD SMILING AT EACH OTHER

Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

Illustration for "The White People"

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

Vol. cxxxiv December, 1916. No. dccxcix

The White People

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

Part I

PERHAPS the things which happened could only have happened to me. I do not know. I never heard of things like them happening to any one else. But I am not sorry they did happen. I am in secret deeply and strangely glad. I have heard other people say things—and they were not always sad people, either—which made me feel that if they knew what I know it would seem to them as though some awesome, heavy load they had always dragged about with them had fallen from their shoulders. To most people everything is so uncertain that if they could only see or hear and *know* something clear they would drop upon their knees and give thanks. That was what I felt myself before I found out so strangely, and I was only a girl. That is why I intend to write this down as well as I can. It will not be very well done, because I never was clever at all, and always found it difficult to talk.

I say that perhaps these things could only have happened to me, because, as I look back over my life, I realize that it

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has always been a rather curious one. Even when those who took care of me did not know I was thinking at all, I had begun to wonder if I was not different from other children. That was, of course, largely because Muircarrie Castle was in such a wild and remote part of Scotland that when my few relations felt they must pay me a visit as a mere matter of duty, their journey from London, or their pleasant places in the south of England, seemed to them like a pilgrimage to a sort of savage land; and when a conscientious one brought a child to play with me, the little civilized creature was as frightened of me as I was of it. My shyness and fear of its strangeness made us both dumb. No doubt I seemed like a new breed of inoffensive little barbarian, knowing no tongue but its own.

A certain clannish etiquette made it seem necessary that a relation should pay me a visit sometimes, because I was in a way important. The huge, frowning feudal castle standing upon its battlemented rock was mine; I was a great heiress, and I was, so to speak, the chieftainess of the clan. But I was a plain, undersized little child, and had no attraction for any one but Jean Braidfute, a distant cousin, who took care of me, and Angus Macayre, who took care of the library, and who was a distant relative also. They were both like me in the fact that they were not given to speech; but sometimes we talked to one another, and I knew they were fond of me, as I was fond of them. They were really all I had.

When I was a little girl I did not, of course, understand that I was an important person, and I could not have realized the significance of being an heiress. I had always lived in the castle, and was used to its hugeness, of which I only knew corners. Until I was seven years old, I think, I imagined all but very poor people lived in castles and were saluted by every one they passed. It seemed probable that all little girls had a piper who strode up and down the terrace and played on the bagpipes when guests were served in the dining-hall.

My piper's name was Feargus, and in time I found out that the guests from London could not endure the noise he made when he marched to and fro, proudly swinging his kilts and treading like a stag on a hillside. It was an insult to tell him to stop playing, because it was his religion to believe that The Muircarrie must be piped proudly to; and his ancestors had been pipers to the head of the clan for five generations. It was his duty to march round the dining-hall and play while the guests feasted, but I was obliged in the end to make him believe that he could be heard better from the terrace—because when he was outside his music was not spoiled by the sound of talking. It was very difficult, at first. But because I was his chieftainess, and had learned how to give orders in a rather proud, stern little voice, he knew he must obey.

Even this kind of thing may show that my life was a peculiar one; but the strangest part of it was that, while I was at the head of so many people, I did not really belong to any one, and I did not know that this was unusual. One of my early memories is that I heard an under-nursemaid say to another this curious thing: "Both her father and mother were dead when she was born." I did not even know that was a remarkable thing to say until I was several years older and Jean Braidfute told me what had been meant.

My father and mother had both been very young and beautiful and wonderful. It was said that my father was the handsomest chieftain in Scotland, and that his wife was as beautiful as he was. They came to Muircarrie as soon as they were married and lived a splendid year there together. Sometimes they were quite alone, and spent their days fishing or riding or wandering on the moor together, or reading by the fire in the library the ancient books Angus Macayre found for them. The library was a marvelous place, and Macayre knew every volume in it. They used to sit and read like children among fairy stories, and then they would persuade Macayre to tell them the ancient tales he knew—of the days when Agricola forced his way in among the Men of the Woods, who would die any savage death rather than be conquered. Macayre was a sort of heirloom himself, and he knew and believed them all.

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I don't know how it was that I myself seemed to see my young father and mother so clearly, and to know how radiant and wildly in love they were. Surely Jean Braidfute had not words to tell me. But I knew. So I understood, in a way of my own, what happened to my mother one brilliant late October afternoon when my father was brought home dead—followed by the guests who had gone out shooting with him. His foot had caught in a tuft of heather, and his gun in going off had killed him. One moment he had been the handsomest young chieftain in Scotland, and when he was brought home they could not have let my mother see his face.

But she never asked to see it. She was on the terrace which juts over the rock the castle is built on, and which looks out over the purple world of climbing moor. She saw from there the returning party of shooters and gillies winding its way slowly through the heather, following a burden carried on a stretcher of fir boughs. Some of her women guests were with her, and one of them said afterward that when she first caught sight of the moving figures she got up slowly and crept to the stone balustrade with a crouching movement almost like a young leopardess preparing to spring. But she only watched, making neither sound nor movement until the cortège was near enough for her to see that every man's head was bowed upon his breast and not one was covered.

Then she said, quite slowly, "They—have—taken off—their bonnets," and fell upon the terrace like a dropped stone.

It was because of this that the girl said that she was dead when I was born. It must have seemed almost as if she were not a living thing. She did not open her eyes or make a sound; she lay white and cold. The celebrated physicians who came from London talked of catalepsy, and afterward wrote scientific articles which tried to explain her condition. She did not know when I was born. She died a few minutes after I uttered my first cry.

I know only one thing more, and that Jean Braidfute told me after I grew up. Jean had been my father's nursery governess when he wore his first kilts, and she loved my mother fondly.

"I knelt by her bed and held her hand and watched her face for three hours after they first laid her down," she said. "And my eyes were so near her every moment that I saw a thing the others did not know her well enough, or love her well enough, to see.

"The first hour she was like a dead thing—aye, like a dead thing that had never lived. But when the hand of the clock passed the last second, and the new hour began, I bent closer to her, because I saw a change stealing over her. It was not color—it was not even a shadow of a motion. It was something else. If I had spoken what I felt, they would have said I was light-headed with grief and have sent me away. I have never told man or woman. It was my secret and hers. I can tell you, Ysobel. The change I saw was as if she was beginning to listen to something—to *listen*.

"It was as if to a sound—far, far away at first. But cold and white as stone she lay content, and *listened*. In the next hour the far-off sound had drawn nearer, and it had become something else — something she *saw* — something which saw her. First her young marble face had peace in it; then it had joy. She waited in her young stone body—*It* waited—until you were born and she could break forth. She waited no longer then.

"Ysobel, my bairn, what I knew was that *he* had not gone far from the body that had held him when he fell. Perhaps he had felt lost for a bit when he found himself out of it. But soon he had begun to *call* to her that was like his own heart to him. And she had heard. And then, being half away from earth herself, she had *seen* him and known he was waiting, and that he would not leave for any far place without her. She was so still that the big doctors thought more than once she had passed. But I knew better."

It was long before I was old enough to be told anything like this that I began to feel that the moor was in secret my companion and friend, that it was not only the moor to me, but something else. It was like a thing alive—a huge giant lying spread out in the sun warming itself, or covering itself with thick, white mist which sometimes writhed and

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twisted itself into wraiths. First I noticed and liked it some day, perhaps, when it was purple and yellow with gorse and heather and broom, and the honey scents drew bees and butterflies and birds. But soon I saw and was drawn by another thing.

How young was I that afternoon when I sat in the deep window and watched the low, soft whiteness creeping out and hovering over the heather as if the moor had breathed it? I do not remember. It was such a low little mist at first; and it crept and crept until its creeping grew into something heavier and whiter, and it began to hide the heather and the gorse and broom, and then the low young fir-trees. It mounted and mounted, and sometimes a breath of wind twisted it into weird shapes, almost like human creatures. It opened and closed again, and then it dragged and crept and grew thicker. And as I pressed my face against the window-pane, it mounted still higher and got hold of the moor and hid it, hanging heavy and white—and waiting. That was what came into my child mind: that it had done what the moor had told it to do; it had hidden things which wanted to be hidden, and then it *waited*.

Strangers say that Muircarrie moor is the most beautiful and the most desolate place in the world, but it never seemed desolate to me. From my first memory of it I had a vague, half-comforted feeling that there was some strange life on it one could not exactly see but was always conscious of. I know now why I felt this, but I did not know then.

If I had been older when I first began to see what I did see there, I should no doubt have read things in books which would have given rise in my mind to doubts and wonders; but I was only a little child who had lived a life quite apart from the rest of the world. I was too silent by nature to talk and ask questions, even if I had had others to talk to. I had only Jean and Angus, and, as I found out years later, they knew what I did not, and would have put me off with adroit explanations if I had been curious. But I was not curious. I accepted everything as it came and went.

I was only six when Wee Brown Elspeth was brought to me. Jean and Angus were as fond of each other in their silent way as they were of me, and they often went together with me when I was taken out for my walks. I was kept in the open air a great deal, and Angus would walk by the side of my small, shaggy Shetland pony and lead him over rough or steep places. Sheltie, the pony, was meant for use when we wished to fare farther than a child could walk; but I was trained to sturdy marching and climbing even from my babyhood. Because I so loved the moor, we nearly always rambled there. Often we set out early in the morning, and some simple food was carried, so that we need not return to the castle until we chose. I would ride Sheltie and walk by turns until we found a place I liked; then Jean and Angus would sit down among the heather, Sheltie would be secured, and I would wander about and play in my own way. I do not think it was in a strange way. I think I must have played as almost any lonely little girl might have played. I used to find a corner among the bushes and pretend it was my house, and that I had little friends who came to play with me. I only remember one thing which was not like the ordinary playing of children. It was a habit I had of sitting quite still a long time and listening. That was what I called it—"*listening*." I was listening to hear if the life on the moor made any sound I could understand. I felt as if it might, if I were very still and listened long enough.

Angus and Jean and I were not afraid of rain and mist and change of weather. If we had been we could have had little outdoor life. We always carried plaids enough to keep us warm and dry. So on this day I speak of we did not turn back when we found ourselves in the midst of a sudden mist. We sat down in a sheltered place and waited, knowing it would lift in time. The sun had been shining when we set out.

Angus and Jean were content to sit and guard me while I amused myself. They knew I would keep near them and run into no danger. I was not an adventurous child. I was, in fact, in a more than usually quiet mood that

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morning. The quiet had come upon me when the mist had begun to creep about and inclose us. I liked it. I liked the sense of being shut in by the soft whiteness I had so often watched from my nursery window in the castle.

"People might be walking about," I said to Angus when he lifted me from Sheltie's back. "We couldn't see them. They might be walking."

"Nothing that would hurt ye, bairnie," he answered.

"No, they wouldn't hurt me," I said. I had never been afraid that anything on the moor would hurt me.

I played very little that day. The quiet and the mist held me still. Soon I sat down and began to "listen." After a while I knew that Jean and Angus were watching me, but it did not disturb me. They often watched me when they thought I did not know they were doing it.

I had sat listening for nearly half an hour when I heard the first muffled, slow trampling of horses' hoofs. I knew what it was even before it drew near enough for me to be conscious of the other sounds—the jingling of arms and chains and the creaking of leather one notices as troopers pass by. Armed and mounted men were coming toward me. That was what the sounds meant; but they seemed faint and distant, though I knew they were really quite near. Jean and Angus did not appear to hear them. I knew that I only heard them because I had been listening.

Out of the mist they rode—a company of wild-looking men wearing garments such as I had never seen before. Most of them were savage and uncouth and their clothes were disordered and stained as if with hard travel and fight. I did not know—or even ask myself—why they did not frighten me, but they did not. Suddenly I seemed to know that they were brave men and had been doing some brave, hard thing. Here and there among them I caught sight of a broken and stained sword, or a dirk with only a hilt left. They were all pale, but their wild faces were joyous and triumphant. I saw it as they drew near.

The man who seemed their chieftain was a lean giant who was darker but, under his darkness, paler than the rest. On his forehead was a queer, star-shaped scar. He rode a black horse, and before him he held close with his left arm a pretty little girl dressed in strange, rich clothes. The big man's hand was pressed against her breast as he held her; but though it was a large hand, it did not quite cover a dark-red stain on the embroideries of her dress. Her dress was brown, and she had brown hair and soft brown eyes like a little doe's. The moment I saw her I loved her.

The black horse stopped before me. The wild troop drew up and waited behind. The great, lean rider looked at me a moment, and then, lifting the little girl in his long arms, bent down and set her gently on her feet on the mossy earth in the mist beside me. I got up to greet her, and we stood smiling at each other. And in that moment as we stood the black horse moved forward, the muffled trampling began again, the wild company swept on its way, and the white mist closed behind it as if it had never passed.

Of course I know how strange this will seem to people who read it, but that cannot be helped and does not really matter. It was in that way the thing happened, and it did not even seem strange to me. Anything might happen on the moor—anything. And there was the fair little girl with the eyes like a doe's.

I knew she had come to play with me, and we went together to my house among the bushes of broom and gorse and played happily. But before we began I saw her stand and look wonderingly at the dark-red stain on the embroideries on her childish breast. It was as if she were asking herself how it came there and could not understand. Then she picked a fern and a bunch of the thick-growing bluebells and put them in her girdle in such a way that they hid its ugliness.

I did not really know how long she stayed. I only knew that we were happy, and that, though her way of playing was in some ways different from mine, I loved it and her. Presently the mist lifted and the sun shone, and we were deep in a wonderful game of being

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hidden in a room in a castle because something strange was going to happen which we were not told about. She ran behind a big gorse bush and did not come back. When I ran to look for her she was nowhere. I could not find her, and I went back to Jean and Angus, feeling puzzled.

"Where did she go?" I asked them, turning my head from side to side.

They were looking at me strangely, and both of them were pale. Jean was trembling a little.

"Who was she, Ysobel?" she said.

"The little girl the men brought to play with me," I answered, still looking about me. "The big one on the black horse put her down—the big one with the star here." I touched my forehead where the queer scar had been.

For a minute Angus forgot himself. Years later he told me.

"Dark Malcolm of the Glen," he broke out. "Wee Brown Elspeth."

"But she is white—quite white!" I said. "Where did she go?"

Jean swept me in her warm, shaking arms and hugged me close to her breast.

"She's one of the fair ones," she said, kissing and patting me. "She will come again. She'll come often, I dare say. But she's gone now, and we must go, too. Get up, Angus, man. We're for the castle."

If we three had been different—if we had ever had the habit of talking and asking questions—we might surely have asked one another questions as I rode on Sheltie's back, with Angus leading us. But they asked me nothing, and I said very little except that I once spoke of the wild-looking horsemen and their pale, joyous faces.

"They were glad," was all I said.

There was also one brief query from Angus.

"Did she talk to you, bairnie?" he said.

I hesitated and stared at him quite a long time. Then I shook my head and answered, slowly, "N-no."

Because I realized then, for the first time, that we had said no words at all. But I had known what she wanted me to understand, and she had known what I might have said to her if I had spoken —and no words were needed. And it was better.

They took me home to the castle, and I was given my supper and put to bed. Jean sat by me until I fell asleep; she was obliged to sit rather a long time, because I was so happy with my memories of Wee Brown Elspeth and the certainty that she would come again. It was not Jean's words which had made me sure. *I knew.*

She came many times. Through all my childish years I knew that she would come and play with me every few days—though I never saw the wild troopers again or the big, lean man with the scar. Children who play together are not very curious about one another, and I simply accepted her with delight. Somehow I knew that she lived happily in a place not far away. She could come and go, it seemed, without trouble. Sometimes I found her—or she found me—upon the moor; and often she appeared in my nursery in the castle. When we were together Jean Braidfute seemed to prefer that we should be alone, and was inclined to keep the under-nurse occupied in other parts of the wing I lived in. I never asked her to do this, but I was glad that it was done. Wee Elspeth was glad, too. After our first meeting she was dressed in soft blue or white, and the red stain was gone; but she was always Wee Brown Elspeth with the doe-like eyes and the fair, transparent face, the very fair little face. As I had noticed the strange, clear pallor of the rough troopers, so I noticed that she was curiously fair. And as I occasionally saw other persons with the same sort of fairness, I thought it was a purity of complexion special to some but not to all. I was not fair like that, and neither was any one else I knew.

It was when I was ten years old that she ceased coming to me, and though I missed her at first, it was not with a sense of grief or final loss. She had only gone somewhere.

It was then that Angus Macayre began to be my tutor. He had been a profound student and had lived among books all his life. He had helped Jean in her training of me, and I had learned more than is usually taught to children in their early years. When a grand governess was sent to Muircarrie by my guardian, she was amazed at the things

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I was familiar with, but she abhorred the dark, frowning castle and the loneliness of the place and would not stay. In fact, no governess would stay, and so Angus became my tutor and taught me old Gaelic and Latin and Greek, and we read together and studied the ancient books in the library. It was a strange education for a girl, and no doubt made me more than ever unlike others. But my life was the life I loved.

When my guardian decided that I must live with him in London and be educated as modern girls were, I tried to be obedient and went to him; but before two months had passed my wretchedness had made me so ill that the doctor said I should go into a decline and die if I were not sent back to Muircarrie.

"It's not only the London air that seems to poison her," he said when Jean talked to him about me; "it is something else. She will not live, that's all. Sir Ian must send her home."

As I have said before, I had been an unattractive child and I was a plain, uninteresting sort of girl. I was shy and could not talk to people, so of course I bored them. I knew I did not look well when I wore beautiful clothes. I was little and unimportant and like a reed for thinness. Because I was rich and a sort of chieftainess I ought to have been tall and rather stately, or at least I ought to have had a bearing which would have made it impossible for people to quite overlook me. But any one could overlook me—an insignificant, thin girl who slipped in and out of places and sat and stared and listened to other people instead of saying things herself. I liked to look on and be forgotten. It interested me to watch people if they did not notice me.

Of course, my relatives did not really like me. How could they? They were busy in their big world and did not know what to do with a girl who ought to have been important and was not. I am sure that in secret they were relieved when I was sent back to Muircarrie.

After that the life I loved went on quietly. I studied with Angus, and made the book-walled library my own room. I walked and rode on the moor, and I knew the people who lived in the cottages and farms on the estate. I think they liked me, but I am not sure, because I was too shy to seem very friendly. I was more at home with Feargus, the piper, and with some of the gardeners than I was with any one else. I think I was lonely without knowing it; but I was never unhappy. Jean and Angus were my nearest and dearest. Jean was of good blood and a stanch gentlewoman, quite sufficiently educated to be my companion as she had been my early governess.

It was Jean who told Angus that I was giving myself too entirely to the study of ancient books and the history of centuries gone by.

"She is living to-day, and she must not pass through this life without gathering anything from it."

"This life," she put it, as if I had passed through others before, and might pass through others again. That was always her way of speaking, and she seemed quite unconscious of any unusualness in it.

"You are a wise woman, Jean," Angus said, looking long at her grave face. "A wise woman."

He wrote to the London book-shops for the best modern books, and I began to read them. I felt at first as if they plunged me into a world I did not understand, and many of them I could not endure. But I persevered, and studied them as I had studied the old ones, and in time I began to feel as if perhaps they were true. My chief weariness with them came from the way they had of referring to the things I was so intimate with as though they were only the unauthenticated history of a life so long passed by that it could no longer matter to any one. So often the greatest hours of great lives were treated as possible legends. I knew why men had died or were killed or had borne black horror. I knew because I had read old books and manuscripts and had heard the stories which had come down through centuries by word of mouth, passed from father to son.

But there was one man who did not write as if he believed the world had begun and would end with him. He knew he was only *one*, and part of all the rest. The name I shall give him is

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Hector MacNairn. He was a Scotchman, but he had lived in many a land. The first time I read a book he had written I caught my breath with joy, again and again. I knew I had found a friend, even though there was no likelihood that I should ever see his face. He was a great and famous writer, and all the world honored him; while I, hidden away in my castle on a rock on the edge of Muircarrie, was so far from being interesting or clever that even in my grandest evening dress and tiara of jewels I was as insignificant as a mouse. In fact, I always felt rather silly when I was obliged to wear my diamonds on state occasions as custom sometimes demanded.

Mr. MacNairn wrote essays and poems, and marvelous stories which were always real though they were called fiction. Wheresoever his story was placed—howsoever remote and unknown the scene—it was a real place, and the people who lived in it were real, as if he had some magic power to call up human things to breathe and live and set one's heart beating. I read everything he wrote. I read every word of his again and again. I always kept some book of his near enough to be able to touch it with my hand; and often I sat by the fire in the library holding one open on my lap for an hour or more, only because it meant a warm, close companionship. It seemed at those times as if he sat near me in the dim glow and we understood each other's thoughts without using words, as Wee Brown Elspeth and I had understood—only this was a deeper thing.

I had felt near him in this way for several years, and every year he had grown more famous, when it happened that one June my guardian, Sir Ian, required me to go to London to see my lawyers and sign some important documents connected with the management of the estate. I was to go to his house to spend a week or more, attend a Drawing-Room, and show myself at a few great parties in a proper manner, this being considered my duty toward my relatives. These, I believe, were secretly afraid that if I were never seen their world would condemn my guardian for neglect of his charge, or would decide that I was of unsound mind and intentionally kept hidden away at Muircarrie. He was an honorable man, and his wife was a well-meaning woman. I did not wish to do them an injustice, so I paid them yearly visits and tried to behave as they wished, much as I disliked to be dressed in fine frocks and to wear diamonds on my little head and round my thin neck.

It was an odd thing that this time I found I did not dread the visit to London as much as I usually did. For some unknown reason I became conscious that I was not really reluctant to go. Usually the thought of the days before me made me restless and low-spirited. London always seemed so confused and crowded, and made me feel as if I were being pushed and jostled by a mob always making a tiresome noise. But this time I felt as if I should somehow find a clear place to stand in, where I could look on and listen without being bewildered. It was a curious feeling; I could not help noticing and wondering about it.

I knew afterward that it came to me because a change was drawing near. I wish so much that I could tell about it in a better way. But I have only my own way, which I am afraid seems very like a school-girl's.

Jean Braidfute made the journey with me, as she always did, and it was like every other journey. Only one incident made it different, and when it occurred there seemed nothing unusual in it. It was only a bit of sad, everyday life which touched me. There is nothing new in seeing a poor woman in deep mourning.

Jean and I had been alone in our railway carriage for a great part of the journey; but an hour or two before we reached London a man got in and took a seat in a corner. The train had stopped at a place where there is a beautiful and well-known cemetery. People bring their friends from long distances to lay them there. When one passes the station, one nearly always sees sad faces and people in mourning on the platform.

There was more than one group there that day, and the man who sat in the corner looked out at them with gentle eyes. He had fine, deep eyes and a

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handsome mouth. When the poor woman in mourning almost stumbled into the carriage, followed by her child, he put out his hand to help her and gave her his seat. She had stumbled because her eyes were dim with dreadful crying, and she could scarcely see. It made one's heart stand still to see the wild grief of her, and her unconsciousness of the world about her. The world did not matter. There was no world. I think there was nothing left anywhere but the grave she had just staggered blindly away from. I felt as if she had been lying sobbing and writhing and beating the new turf on it with her poor hands, and I somehow knew that it had been a child's grave she had been to visit and had felt she left to utter loneliness when she turned away.

It was because I thought this that I wished she had not seemed so unconscious of and indifferent to the child who was with her and clung to her black dress as if it could not bear to let her go. This one was alive at least, even if she had lost the other one, and its little face was so wistful! It did not seem fair to forget and ignore it, as if it were not there. I felt as if she might have left it behind on the platform if it had not so clung to her skirt that it was almost dragged into the railway carriage with her. When she sank into her seat she did not even lift the poor little thing into the place beside her, but left it to scramble up as best it could. She buried her swollen face in her handkerchief and sobbed in a smothered way as if she neither saw, heard, nor felt any living thing near her.

How I wished she would remember the poor child and let it comfort her! It really was trying to do it in its innocent way. It pressed close to her side, it looked up imploringly, it kissed her arm and her crape veil over and over again, and tried to attract her attention. It was a little, lily-fair creature not more than five or six years old and perhaps too young to express what it wanted to say. It could only cling to her and kiss her black dress, and seem to beg her to remember that it, at least, was a living thing. But she was too absorbed in her anguish to know that it was in the world. She neither looked at nor touched it, and at last it sat with its cheek against her sleeve, softly stroking her arm, and now and then kissing it longingly. I was obliged to turn my face away and look out of the window, because I knew the man with the kind face saw the tears well up into my eyes.

The poor woman did not travel far with us. She left the train after a few stations were passed. Our fellow-traveler got out before her to help her on to the platform. He stood with bared head while he assisted her, but she scarcely saw him. And even then she seemed to forget the child. The poor thing was dragged out by her dress as it had been dragged in. I put out my hand involuntarily as it went through the door, because I was afraid it might fall. But it did not. It turned its fair little face and smiled at me. When the kind traveler returned to his place in the carriage again, and the train left the station, the black-draped woman was walking slowly down the platform and the child was still clinging to her skirt.

My guardian was a man whose custom it was to give large and dignified parties. Among his grand and fashionable guests there was nearly always a sprinkling of the more important members of the literary world. The night after I arrived there was to be a particularly notable dinner. I had come prepared to appear at it. Jean had brought fine array for me and a case of jewels. I knew I must be "dressed up" and look as important as I could. When I went up-stairs after tea, Jean was in my room laying things out on the bed.

"The man you like so much is to dine here to-night, Ysobel," she said. "Mr. Hector MacNairn."

I believe I even put my hand suddenly to my heart as I stood and looked at her, I was so startled and so glad.

"You must tell him how much you love his books," she said. She had a quiet, motherly way.

"There will be so many other people who will want to talk to him," I answered, and I felt a little breathless with excitement as I said it. "And I should be too shy to know how to say such things properly."

"Don't be afraid of him," was her

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advice. "The man will be like his books, and they're the joy of your life."

She made me look as nice as she could in the new dress she had brought; she made me wear the Muircarrie diamonds and sent me down-stairs. It does not matter who the guests were; I scarcely remember. I was taken in to dinner by a stately elderly man who tried to make me talk, and who at last was absorbed by the clever woman on his other side.

I found myself looking between the flowers for a man's face I could imagine was Hector MacNairn's. I looked up and down and saw none I could believe belonged to him. There were handsome faces and individual ones, but at first I saw no Hector MacNairn. Then, on bending forward a little to glance behind an epergne, I found a face which it surprised and pleased me to see. It was the face of the traveler who had helped the woman in mourning out of the railway carriage, baring his head before her grief. I could not help turning and speaking to my stately elderly partner.

"Do you know who that is—the man at the other side of the table?" I asked.

Old Lord Armour looked across and answered with an amiable smile. "It is the author the world is talking of most in these days, and the talking is no new thing. It's Mr. Hector MacNairn."

No one but myself could tell how glad I was. It seemed so right that he should be the man who had understood the deeps of a poor, passing stranger woman's woe. I had so loved that quiet baring of his head! All at once I knew I should not be afraid of him. He would understand that I could not help being shy, that it was only my nature, and that if I said things awkwardly my meanings were better than my words. Perhaps I should be able to tell him something of what his books had been to me. I glanced through the flowers again—and he was looking at me! I could scarcely believe it for a second. But he was. His eyes—his wonderful eyes—met mine. I could not explain why they were wonderful. I think it was the clearness and understanding in them, and a sort of great interestedness. People sometimes look at me from curiosity, but they do not look because they are really interested.

I could scarcely look away, though I knew I must not be guilty of staring. A footman was presenting a dish at my side. I took something from it without knowing what it was. Lord Armour began to talk kindly. He was saying beautiful, admiring things of Mr. MacNairn and his work. I listened gratefully, and said a few words myself now and then. I was only too glad to be told of the great people and the small ones who were moved and uplifted by his thoughts.

"You admire him very much, I can see," the amiable elderly voice said.

I could not help turning and looking up. "It is as if a great, great genius were one's friend—as if he talked and one listened," I said. "He is like a splendid dream which has come true."

Old Lord Armour looked at me quite thoughtfully, as if he saw something new in me.

"That is a good way of putting it, Miss Muircarrie," he answered. "MacNairn would like that. You must tell him about it yourself."

I did not mean to glance through the flowers again, but I did it involuntarily. And I met the other eyes—the wonderful, interested ones—just as I had met them before. It almost seemed as if he had been watching me. It might be, I thought, because he only vaguely remembered seeing me before and was trying to recall where we had met.

When my guardian brought his men guests to the drawing-room after dinner, I was looking over some old prints at a quiet, small table. There were a few minutes of smiling talk, and then Sir Ian crossed the room toward me, bringing some one with him. It was Hector MacNairn he brought.

"Mr. MacNairn tells me you traveled together this afternoon without knowing each other," he said. "He has heard something of Muircarrie and would like to hear more, Ysobel. She lives like a little ghost all alone in her feudal castle, Mr. MacNairn. We can't persuade her to like London."

I think he left us alone together because he realized that we should get on better without a companion.

Mr. MacNairn sat down near me and began to talk about Muircarrie. There

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were very few places like it, and he knew about each one of them. He knew the kind of things Angus Macayre knew—the things most people had either never heard of or had only thought of as legends. He talked as he wrote, and I scarcely knew when he led me into talking also. Afterward I realized that he had asked me questions I could not help answering because his eyes were drawing me on with that quiet, deep interest. It seemed as if he saw something in my face which made him curious.

I think I saw this expression first when we began to speak of our meeting in the railway carriage, and I mentioned the poor little fair child my heart had ached so for.

"It was such a little thing and it did so want to comfort her! Its white little clinging hands were so pathetic when they stroked and patted her," I said. "And she did not even look at it."

He did not start, but he hesitated in a way which almost produced the effect of a start. Long afterward I remembered it.

"The child!" he said. "Yes. But I was sitting on the other side. And I was so absorbed in the poor mother that I am afraid I scarcely saw it. Tell me about it."

"It was not six years old, poor mite," I answered. "It was one of those very fair children one sees now and then. It was not like its mother. She was not one of the White People."

"The White People?" he repeated quite slowly after me. "You don't mean that she was not a Caucasian? Perhaps I don't understand."

That made me feel a trifle shy again. Of course he could not know what I meant. How silly of me to take it for granted that he would!

"I beg pardon. I forgot." I even stammered a little. "It is only my way of thinking of those fair people one sees, those *very* fair ones, you know—the ones whose fairness looks almost transparent. There are not many of them, of course; but one can't help noticing them when they pass in the street-car or come into a room. You must have noticed them, too. I always call them, to myself, the White People, because they are different from the rest of us. The poor mother wasn't one, but the child was. Perhaps that was why I looked at it, at first. It was such a lovely little thing; and the whiteness made it look delicate, and I could not help thinking—" I hesitated, because it seemed almost unkind to finish.

"You thought that, if she had just lost one child she ought to take more care of the other," he ended for me. There was a deep thoughtfulness in his look, as if he were watching me. I wondered why.

"I wish I had paid more attention to the little creature," he said, very gently. "Did it cry?"

"No," I answered. "It only clung to her and patted her black sleeve and kissed it, as if it wanted to comfort her. I kept expecting it to cry, but it didn't. It made *me* cry because it seemed so sure that it could comfort her if she would only remember that it was alive and loved her. I wish, I *wish* death did not make people feel as if it filled all the world—as if, when it happens, there is no life left anywhere. The child who was alive by her side did not seem a living thing to her. It didn't matter."

I had never said as much to any one before, but his watching eyes made me forget my shy wordlessness.

"What do *you* feel about it—death?" he asked.

The low gentleness of his voice seemed something I had known always.

"I never saw it," I answered. "I have never even seen any one dangerously ill. I— It is as if I can't *believe* it."

"You can't believe it? That is a wonderful thing," he said, even more quietly than before. "If none of us believed it, how wonderful that would be! Beautiful, too."

"How that poor mother believed it!" I said, remembering her swollen, distorted, sobbing face. "She believed nothing else; everything else was gone."

"I wonder what would have happened if you had spoken to her about the child?" he said, slowly, as if he were trying to imagine it.

"I'm a very shy person. I should never have courage to speak to a stranger," I answered. "I'm afraid I'm a coward, too. She might have thought me interfering."

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"She might not have understood," he murmured.

"It was clinging to her dress when she walked away down the platform," I went on. "I dare say you noticed it then?"

"Not as you did. I wish I had noticed it more," was his answer. "Poor little White One!"

That led us into our talk about the White People. He said he did not think he was exactly an observant person in some respects. Remembering his books, which seemed to me the work of a man who saw and understood everything in the world, I could not comprehend his thinking that, and I told him so. But he replied that what I had said about my White People made him feel that he must be abstracted sometimes and miss things. He did not remember having noticed the rare fairness I had seen. He smiled as he said it, because, of course, it was only a little thing—that he had not seen that some people were so much fairer than others.

"But it has not been a little thing to you, evidently. That is why I am even rather curious about it," he explained. "It is a difference definite enough to make you speak almost as if they were of a different race from ours."

I sat silent a few seconds, thinking it over. Suddenly I realized what I had never realized before.

"Do you know," I said, as slowly as he himself had spoken, "I did not know that was true until you put it into words. I am so used to thinking of them as different, somehow, that I suppose I do feel as if they were almost like another race, in a way. Perhaps one would feel like that with a native Indian, or a Japanese."

"I dare say that is a good simile," he reflected. "Are they different when you know them well?"

"I have never known one but Wee Brown Elspeth," I answered, thinking it over.

He did start then, in the strangest way. "What!" he exclaimed. "What did you say?"

I was quite startled myself. Suddenly he looked pale, and his breath caught itself.

"I said Wee Elspeth, Wee Brown Elspeth. She was only a child who played with me," I stammered, "when I was little."

He pulled himself together almost instantly, though the color did not come back to his face at once and his voice was not steady for a few seconds. But he laughed outright at himself.

"I beg your pardon," he apologized. "I have been ill and am rather nervous. I thought you said something you could not possibly have said. I almost frightened you. And you were only speaking of a little playmate. Please go on."

"I was only going to say that she was fair like that, fairer than any one I had ever seen; but when we played together she seemed like any other child. She was the first I ever knew."

I told him about the misty day on the moor, and about the pale troopers and the big, lean leader who carried Elspeth before him on his saddle. I had never talked to any one about it before, not even to Jean Braidfute. But he seemed to be so interested—as if the little story quite fascinated him. It was only an episode, but it brought in the weirdness of the moor and my childish fancies about the things hiding in the white mist, and the castle frowning on its rock, and my baby face pressed against the nursery window in the tower, and Angus and the library, and Jean and her goodness and wise ways. It was dreadful to talk so much about oneself. But he listened so. His eyes never left my face—they watched and held me as if he were enthralled. Sometimes he asked a question.

"I wonder who they were—the horsemen?" he pondered. "Did you ever ask Wee Elspeth?"

"We were both too little to care. We only played," I answered him. "And they came and went so quickly that they were only a sort of dream."

"They seem to have been a strange lot. Wasn't Angus curious about them?" he suggested.

"Angus never was curious about anything," I said. "Perhaps he knew something about them and would not tell me. When I was a little thing I always knew he and Jean had secrets I was too young to hear. They hid sad and ugly things from me, or things that

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might frighten a child. They were very good."

"Yes, they were good," he said, thoughtfully.

I think any one would have been pleased to find herself talking quietly to a great genius—as quietly as if he were quite an ordinary person; but to me the experience was wonderful. I had thought about him so much and with such adoring reverence. And he looked at me as if he truly liked me, even as if I were something new—a sort of discovery which interested him. I dare say that he had never before seen a girl who had lived so much alone and in such a remote and wild place.

I believe Sir Ian and his wife were pleased, too, to see that I was talking. They were glad that their guests should see that I was intelligent enough to hold the attention even of a clever man. If Hector MacNairn was interested in me I could not be as silly and dull as I looked. But on my part I was only full of wonder and happiness. I was a girl, and he had been my only hero; and it seemed even as if he liked me and cared about my queer life.

He was not a man who had the air of making confidences or talking about himself, but before we parted I seemed to know him and his surroundings as if he had described them. A mere phrase of his would make a picture. Such a few words made his mother quite clear to me. They loved each other in an exquisite, intimate way. She was a beautiful person. Artists had always painted her. He and she were completely happy when they were together. They lived in a house in the country, and I could not at all tell how I discovered that it was an old house with beautiful chimneys and a very big garden with curious high walls with corner towers round it. He only spoke of it briefly, but I saw it as a picture; and always afterward, when I thought of his mother, I thought of her as sitting under a great and ancient apple-tree with the long, late-afternoon shadows stretching on the thick, green grass. I suppose I saw that just because he said:

"Will you come to tea under the big apple-tree some afternoon when the late shadows are like velvet on the grass? That is perhaps the loveliest time."

When we rose to go and join the rest of the party, he stood a moment and glanced round the room at our fellow-guests.

"Are there any of your White People here to-night?" he said, smiling. "I shall begin to look for them everywhere."

I glanced over the faces carelessly. "There are none here to-night," I answered, and then I flushed because he had smiled. "It was only a childish name I gave them," I hesitated. "I forgot you wouldn't understand. I dare say it sounds silly."

He looked at me so quickly.

"No! no! no!" he exclaimed. "You mustn't think that! Certainly not silly."

I do not think he knew that he put out his hand and gently touched my arm, as one might touch a child to make it feel one wanted it to listen.

"You don't know," he said in his low, slow voice, "how glad I am that you have talked to me. Sir Ian said you were not fond of talking to people, and I wanted to know you."

"You care about places like Muircarrie. That is why," I answered, feeling at once how much he understood. "I care for Muircarrie more than for all the rest of the world. And I suppose you saw it in my face. I dare say that the people who love that kind of life cannot help seeing it there."

"Yes," he said, "it is in your eyes. It was what I saw and found myself wondering about when I watched you in the train. It was really the moor and the mist and the things you think are hidden in it."

"Did you watch me?" I asked. "I could not help watching you a little, when you were so kind to the poor woman. I was afraid you would see me and think me rude."

"It was the far look in your face I watched," he said. "If you will come to tea under the big apple-tree I will tell you more about it."

"Indeed I will come," I answered. "Now we must go and sit among the other people—those who don't care about Muircarrie at all."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Manhattan Labyrinths

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

THERE is a region of mystery into which the metropolitan husband and father vanishes between 7.30 and 8.45 A.M. six days in the week and from which he emerges in the late afternoon. He is welcomed, after the manner of all returning warriors, with a tender solicitude. Down-Town is the trackless jungle into which Father plunges to stalk the family's living. After ten thousand years of civilization it is still the same. Anxious eyes follow him from the wigwam till he turns the corner to the railroad station, and fond eyes greet him as he staggers out of the elevator door with his prey, so to speak, on his shoulder. Wives will never be reconciled to Down-Town. It swallows up the man of the house when he would much rather stay at home and play with the children—so he pretends—and it sends him home at night too tired to be agreeable—as he asserts. Thus the little game goes on. The primitive hunter, I imagine, made believe that he hated to leave the family and go off into the dark forest; and on his return he threw himself before the fire, too tired to speak. Actually, I believe, the primitive hunter, as soon as he was out of sight of home, broke into a cheerful whistle.

Sometimes there must flit across the mind of the woman who stays at home the doubt whether it is such a dreadful thing, after all, to have to go Down-Town every day. It may be a place of toil and peril for her poor warrior; but it seems rather an attractive place, to judge from the picture post-cards of New York's sky-line, which always means the sky-line of Down-Town. Intelligent foreigners look for the soul of New York in the sky-scraper region, and not only the soul of the city, but of America. Artists who would savor the beauty of New York find it in the same sky-line of towers and battlements, fresh in the mists of the morning, or ablaze with a hundred thousand lights at night. They have found beauty in the separate domes and shafts and fortresses; in the Babylonian brick piles of the Terminal Buildings, in the gold and ivory fluting of the Woolworth, in the frosted silver of the Singer Tower under the search-lights, and in the classic façade of the neighboring Stock Exchange. It is true that the picture post-cards show parts of New York that are not Down-Town—the parks, the cathedrals, the museums, the railway stations. But the woman who stays at home reflects that she does not spend her working-hours in Central Park or in the Metropolitan Museum, whereas her husband does do business in a Gothic cathedral that goes by the name of Woolworth. Artists in search of the beauty of New York never come around to the apartment house on the upper West Side where woman transacts business with the cook. They go down for inspiration to the Venetian campanile on the twenty-sixth floor of which her husband sells railway supplies.

Her suspicions are well founded. Down-Town is a pleasant place which the male New-Yorker has arrogated to himself. To guard it against his womenfolk he has thrown about it the taboo of an evil reputation. He has made it into a stuffy, ugly, unclean corner of the city that is fit only for the ignoble business of money-getting. Whereas the fact is that only a very small portion of the art and literature and thought of mankind has been created amid such attractive surroundings as shelter the money-grubbers of New York. It is different with the gloomy courts and alleys of London's financial district. Our own Down-Town has skies as clear as those that look down on the most desirable of New Jersey suburbs; streets that are swept by the wind from two rivers and

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a bay which are nowhere more than half a mile away; the sight of great ships putting out to sea; a glimpse of hills across the Hudson; the heavy rush of crowds in the streets—and romance. Not the machine-made "romance of business," about which we have heard so much, but real romance—old streets, old houses, old markets, old cemeteries, old eating-houses, history at every corner, marble towers and dark alleys, Greek temples that are national banks, and low, dark, moist shops where commuters buy the raw materials for their gardens.

Down-Town is an area of not much more than a quarter of a square mile in the form of a triangle, with its base at Chambers Street and its point at Bowling Green. Along the base are clustered the City Hall, the courts, and the newspaper-offices, and at the apex is Mr. Rockefeller's place of business; I am not striving for symbolism. From base to tip runs Broadway for a distance of four-fifths of a mile.

Now it is precisely in the very heart of Business, surrounded by such thin abstractions as Finance, Insurance, Law, and the Press, that most of the real, concrete, and ancient institutions and values of life in New York have maintained themselves. Take the street orator, for example. In season, of course, he flourishes all over the city. But I am not thinking of the political spellbinder, who has his brief four weeks of bloom and vanishes. Even the suffrage orator and the Socialist orator have their times and occasions and limitations. I am thinking, rather, of the man without an organization or a campaign fund who asks you for only five minutes of your lunch-hour to demonstrate the process of the soul through the Seven Planes of Existence to its confluence with the Universal Soul. If the thing isn't quite clear in the course of five minutes, you buy a pamphlet for the nominal price of five cents, printed by the author and heavily interlined in his own handwriting. Down-Town has an extraordinary interest in, and toleration for, the New Thought, for the Single Tax, and for the explanation of the European war in terms of Revelation. It indicates a degree of spirituality in the people of Down-Town which you do not find among the theater crowds on Broadway or the shoppers on Fifth Avenue. The people up-town are worldly wise, and when they are confronted with something out of the ordinary they suspect an advertisement. If a man in a linen duster and a straw hat were to take his stand in Herald Square on a November afternoon, people would at once think of chewing-gum or the new show at the Hippodrome. But the crowds on Wall Street and in Brooklyn Bridge plaza will guess that the man in the straw hat has found out something new about the revolution of the sun around the earth. And such is likely to be the case. Preachers with a universal mission know they are assured of a kindly hearing among the simple-hearted crowds around the Post Office.

For it is with the street faker as with the corner orator. Up-town he is a sporadic phenomenon brought forth by a special occasion—a Woman Suffrage parade, a preparedness parade, the arrival of the Atlantic fleet. But Down-Town the Stock Exchange is no more permanent and regular an institution than the men who sell gold eye-glasses at twenty-five cents the pair. They sell card tricks, mechanical rabbits and mice, airships, miniature bagpipes, and ingenious ink-bottles with large attached rubber ink-stains to take home and put on the white table-cloth and disconcert your wife. Modern, hygienic parents, after a thorough training in individual drinking-cups, pasteurized milk, filtered air, hermetically sealed handkerchiefs, and bread loaves untouched by human hands, will purchase a harmonica on Broadway which has been pawed by half a hundred hands and tested perhaps by a dozen mouths, and carry it home to their thoroughly sterilized offspring.

More than anywhere else it is Down-Town that you will find people flattening their noses against window-panes and peering at the two exhibits that men have flattened their noses against for thousands of years, as they will continue to do until the world's end—namely, new flowers and old books. The seed-catalogue and the book-catalogue flourish side by side on Vesey Street, California privet and the Essays of Mon-

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taigne, garden hose at so much a foot and the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, Paris-green for spraying and Balzac. Sometimes these two permanent interests of humanity blend, as when the book-stalls exhibit *Chicken Raising at a Profit*, or *The Commuter's Garden*, at twenty-five cents a copy. It is strange. Up-town, where are university clubs and art-galleries and leisure and culture, the florist's shop suggests chiefly money; and Down-Town, where men come only for the making of money, the garden shops are suggestive of the great, simple, and eternal things—of small hedges and lawns, the soil and its rich population of garden pests, seeds and bulbs and roots, planting and grafting and trimming and pruning. The up-town florist represents the wastage of things, and the Down-Town garden man represents the creation of things. If the conscientious citizen is ever impelled to teach his son the primitive mystery of how things are born and grow, he must take his son by the hand and bring him down to within a quarter of a mile from Wall Street and half a block from Broadway, and let him peer into the shop windows with their fresh, green squares of lawn sod, the onions which are really bulbs and will one day be lilies, the little gravel window-gardens where yellow chicks scratch for a living like so many stock-brokers, puppies frisking or blinking in wire inclosures, and incubators.

And it is no less odd about the book-stalls. Up-town the booksellers' windows are crammed with the "latest"; the latest of Shaw, Bennett, Romain Rolland, Dunsany, Tchekoff, Chambers, McCutcheon, Jack London, Kathleen Norris, the war correspondents, the efficiency engineers, the success howlers, all the names and titles you saw last Saturday in the publishers' notices or read about in the Literary Notes, technically known to us in the profession as "slush." But the classics are good enough for the money-diggers, the tired business men, the cutthroat competitors of Down-Town. Balzac, Epictetus, Benjamin Franklin, Thackeray, Thomas Paine, Walter Scott, Voltaire, and the standard encyclopædias are the bulk of the Down-Town shopkeeper's trade; together, it is true, with books on poultry raising, card games, one hundred selected parlor tricks, and files of famous magazines for 1886 or thereabouts. In other words, the traditional, solid literary virtues have their stronghold in the shadow of the sky-scrapers. The romance of the sky-scrapers is sung by new novelists and poets, whose works are to be had only in the book-shops on Fifth Avenue. The people of the sky-scrapers themselves read Carlyle and Browning, Byron and Shelley, and I am afraid they read Owen Meredith's *Lucille*.

I think I have shown cause why wives must not waste sympathy on husbands who depart by the 8.08 from Hohokus or the 8.42 from 125th Street for a hard day in an ugly, drab, debilitating region known as Down-Town. That husband is really bound for a delectable place and one that is soaked in romance. Down-Town is not so ancient a place as London's Cheapside, but neither is New York as old as London. Down-Town as compared with up-town is relatively as venerable as Bishopsgate or Spitalfields compared with Piccadilly. Largely it is a matter of nomenclature. If, instead of saying Trinity Church, we said Trinity-by-'Change, and instead of saying St. Paul's Chapel we said St. Paul-in-Park Row, the truth would be immediately perceived. New York has what London has not—two large graveyards in the heart of the financial district where the "clerks" eat their luncheon in summer on the greensward among the tombs; two churches from whose doors priestly processions issue and circulate in full view of the crowds. Possibly the "City" of London can show quaint old women in bead-work capes and shawls like those who flit about in the early morning under the shadow of the "L" on Church Street, or along the short stretch of Barclay Street from Broadway west which is given over half to dealers in the furniture of the Roman Catholic Church, and half to the seed-and-garden stores. And the juxtaposition of seeds, flowers, grain-stocks, shrubbery, with priestly vestments, golden crowns, crosses and censers, is a combination, one imagines, which St. Francis would have liked.

Neither, O gentle housewife of the suburbs and upper West Side, give too

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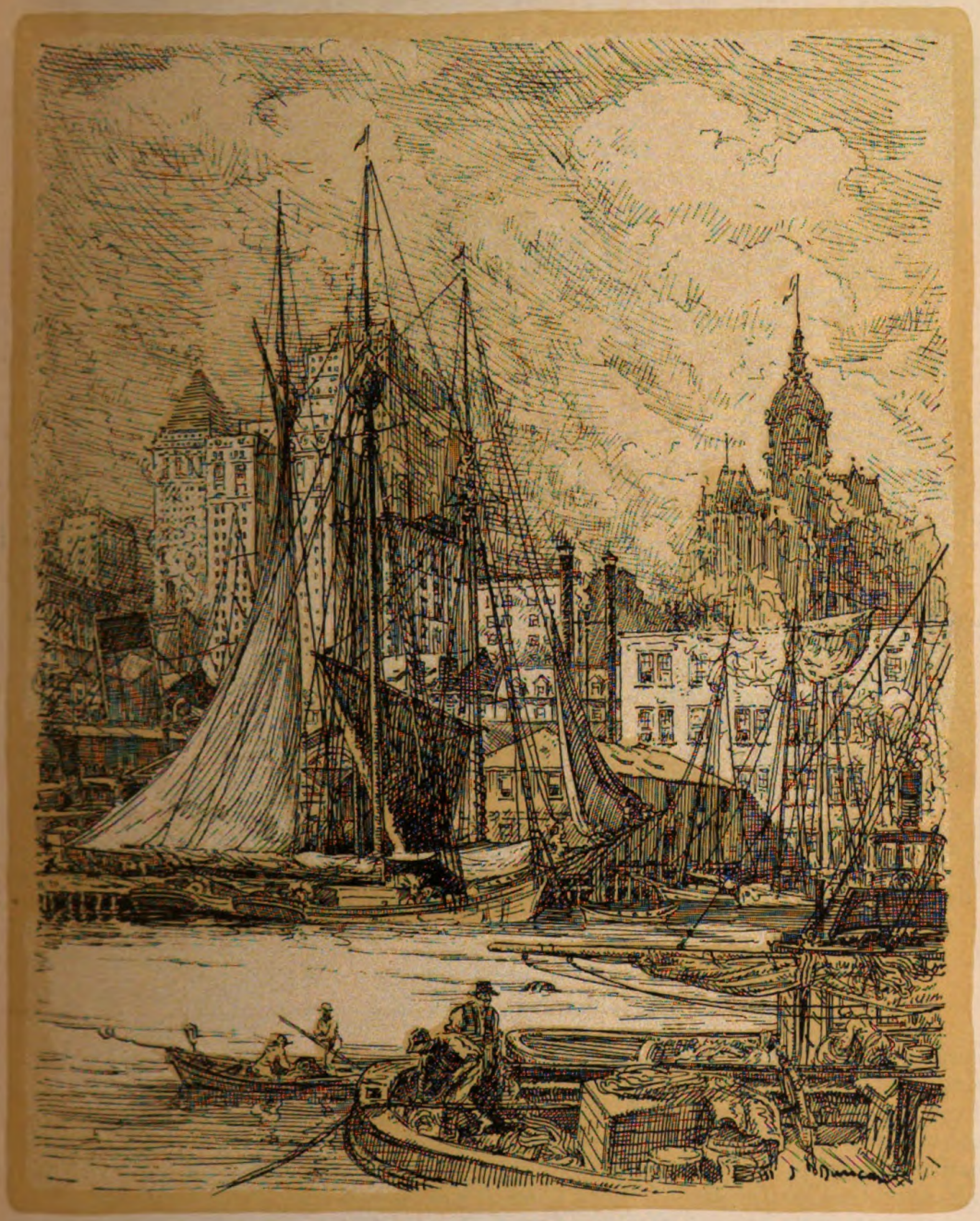

FISHING-SMACKS AT FULTON MARKET

much thought to the unhappy money-toiler who must spend part of his day away from home-cooking. He is not so absorbed with the chase of the dollar but that he has found time and inclination for a substantial noonday meal. The business man has been fast assimilating the European habit of dining heartily at midday and with decorum. You will find a few irreconcilables who sincerely deplore the passing of the historic luncheon-counter in the Astor House rotunda. The greater number regret the Astor House lunch-counter in the same spirit that most of us yearn for the simple life of the forefathers, entirely as a matter of piety. The eating-houses on Fulton Street are very much more like Merrie England than like our own pioneer days. The carcasses of deer

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FISHWIVES AND FISH JOBBERS—PECK SLIP

hang in season before the door. In the windows there are suckling pigs on beds of celery, great rounds of beef, and enormous fishes in ice. The tired business man manages to put in an hour and a half over the intricacies of the French menu or the heavier portions of the German restaurants. He likes his food flavored with history. His English mutton chop is broiled on an open fire before his eyes, and he eats it quite like Dr. Johnson in an alcove with straight-backed pews, mustard and pickles ladled out of a great jar, and Stilton digged out of the soil. He likes the religious cool of the rathskeller with the coats of arms and convivial mottoes on walls and ceiling. He takes his ease in his inn, he has his ale and his cakes, and makes no claims on our pity.

Plainly there is need for revising our notions of the pressure of business life in America, when one thinks of the luncheon clubs which pre-empt the top floors on the newest sky-scrapers and the noblest views on the two rivers and the bay. The traveler from Mars—and when you come to think of it, these luncheon clubs on the top of the sky-scrapers would be the first place a traveler direct from Mars would naturally strike—would be induced to argue that a people whose business men went in for luncheon on so imperial a scale was a nation decadent, and that before long it would be outbidden in the markets of the world by nations with simpler feeding habits. Acres of carpeted space, agleam with white napery and silver, expensive art upon the walls, and well-

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groomed men over elaborate dishes, might suggest the land of the dollar, but not the land of hustle. I am aware of a tradition that these Lucullan dining-rooms are not intended primarily for eating, that the two-hour luncheons are really occasions for putting through all sorts of transactions, combinations, deals, mergers, and consolidations. But I suspect that this is largely a fiction created by the New York business man for the soothing of his conscience. He pretends to make a virtue of the practice. He would persuade himself that he is so very busy that he gives even his luncheon-hour to business; but it is mathematics that two hours of food and business can never be equal to a quarter-hour of food and an hour and three-quarters of business as it was in the days of the fathers.

American art nas gone in heavily for the sky-scraper, but I cannot help feeling that the painters and etchers who have come Down-Town for romance have rather forced the sentiment. They have translated lower New York into the same idiom that they employ for Paris or Fiesole. To the artist's eye, I suppose, the white glare of our new sky-scrapers is a trial, the razor-edge of the outlines, the sheer heights, the clear-cut masses, are an abomination. For the artist, I suppose, lines ought to waver instead of shooting up three hundred feet like a plumb-line, and mighty structures ought to loom instead of hitting one in the eye. So they have softened and aged Down-Town into a hazy impressionism and away from the truth. They have done with the tall office-buildings what they have done with the Pittsburg chimneys and the locks and dredges at Panama; they have veiled New York in a cloud. They have employed the same technique of shadow and blur for the Terminal Buildings that they use for Notre Dame, endeavoring to impart to a mountain of white marble in our clear New York air the atmosphere of old Gothic stone in the mists of the Seine. This is too easy a method of attaining beauty, this dexterous use of crayon and burin which makes one problem of the great trust-

A CAVERNOUS VISTA—CLIFF STREET ARCH OF BROOKLYN BRIDGE

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company building on Wall Street and a clapboard cottage on a New England road.

And, in any case, they have dealt only with externals. The soul of the sky-scraper is where all our souls are—if we have any—on the inside. We must follow the crowd which swirls through the vast and gorgeous lobbies. In this organism which we call the sky-scraper, the lobby, with its painted ceiling, its glow of marble and onyx and lapis-lazuli, and its crowds, would be the heart, the great pumping-station for the entire circulatory system. The elevators are the arteries. I do not know whence the masterful men are drawn who stand in the lobbies and direct the departure of the cars in the twenty elevator shafts—you to the eleventh floor first stop, you to the nineteenth floor first stop, you to the fortieth floor first stop—but I suspect they must be recruited from the transport department of the Kaiser's armies, the men who send off ten thousand men at 3.41 to Verdun and a couple of brigades at 3.56 to Lemberg.

The nerves of the sky-scraper are the telephone wires, of course. And, inasmuch as progress in evolution is measured by complex nervous development, it is natural that New York's Down-Town, where Business, the highest form of social biology, has attained its fullest development, should be an enormous spider's web of telephone wires. Turn to the back pages of this magazine and very likely you will find a statement by the telephone company showing that the per capita consumption of telephone wire in New York is six times as much as in London. That represents the relative nervous intensity of business in New York and in London. Obviously it cannot mean that New York does six times as much business as London. But there is no necessary relation between nerves and productivity. You meet people all the time who are one mass of tingling telephone wires; they frequently are the high-strung women and men who are so high-strung as to be comparatively useless for the business of the world.

A BYWAY OF TRAFFIC

Some such excess of wiring I suspect in the sky-scrapers of Down-Town. It used to be a favorite fancy with old writers to strip the roofs

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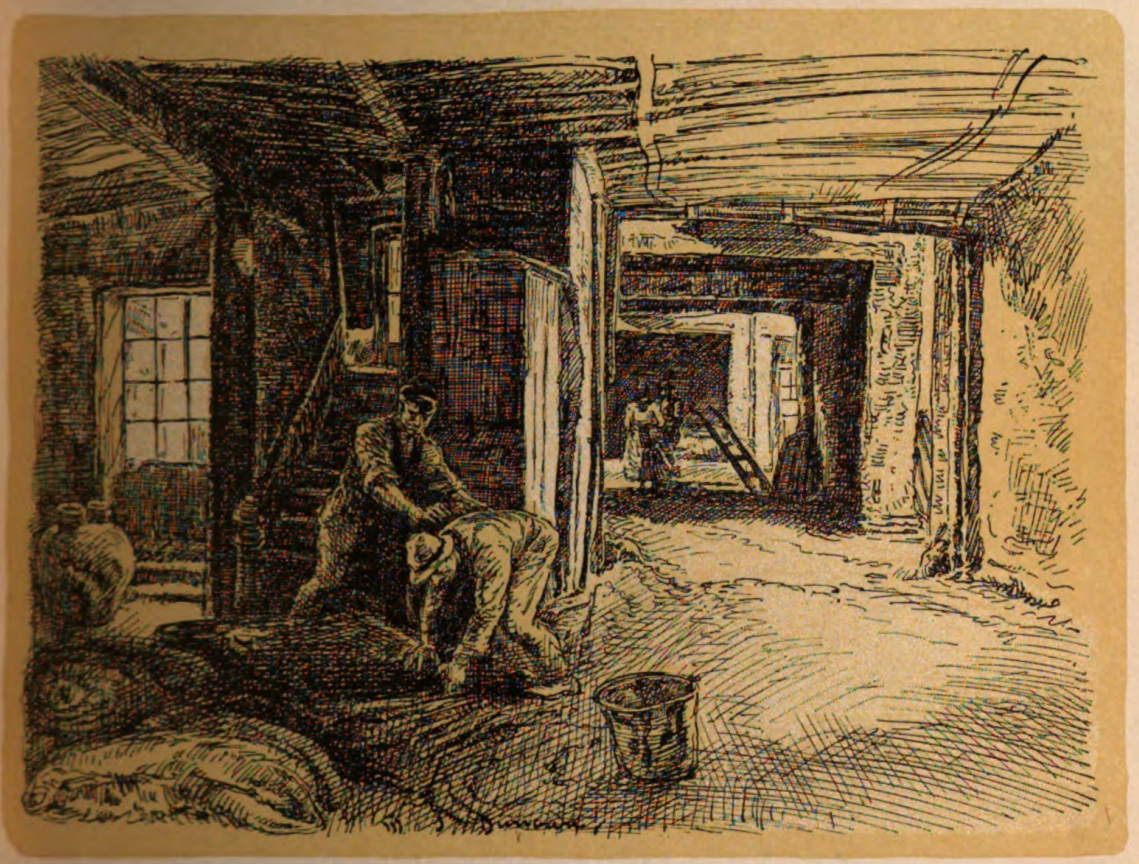

CELLAR OF A TANNERY—FERRY STREET

from the houses of a great city and to study the life of man as it went on in the exposed cells. It would hardly pay a ghostly observer to strip the roof from the Equitable Building, since below the top story there are forty other floors which would still be concealed from him. For a study of Down-Town it is better to imagine one of the walls removed. And what would one see then? This: Hundreds and thousands of rooms, and in every room one or more men with their mouths and ears at the telephone. It is all cellular partitions and wire ganglions reaching out to Chicago, perhaps, or San Francisco; wires to the Stock Exchange around the corner, wires to the assistant in the adjoining room, wires to the heart of the dictaphone into which Business is being dictated and from which Business will travel to the ear of the stenographer who will transfer it to paper. Our ghostly tourist, studying Down-Town through the missing wall, will conclude that modern Business is a matter of conversation. And that, after all, is what the experts tell you. Business, they say, is Credit. That is, if a man calls you up on the wire and you believe him, it is credit; and the less time he must consume in order to make himself believed, the greater a business man he is.

Down-Town, inside of its tens of thousands of sky-scraper cells, is thus terribly busy—about what? So far as the eye can see, about nothing in particular. A man with a telephone at his elbow, a flat-topped desk with a metal basket holding a dozen letters perhaps, a photograph of the man's wife in a silver frame at one end of the desk, and that is all. But if the cell is a large one, sometimes reaching the dimensions of an entire floor in a sky-scraper block, the desks, telephones, metal baskets, and photographs are indefinitely multiplied. The substantialities of Business are not there—the steel, wheat, cotton, bullion, the beams, casks, boxes, and bales which

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WASHINGTON STREET IS THE LARDER OF NEW YORK

you recall being hauled toward quaint little wharfs on toy trucks driven by men in jumpers and shovel-hats in the pictures in your school geography labeled Commerce. By externals there is no way of telling whether the man at the desk is engaged in selling stocks and bonds, or woolen remnants, or railway accessories, or trusts and mergers, or theater tickets. There is lacking the concrete symbolism of the old counting-rooms—the heavy ledgers, whose bulk suggested the raw materials of traffic, the clerks on their high stools, the bustle of orders given and taken. The heavy ledgers have been replaced by filing-cabinets, whose purpose seems as much decorative as useful. Your business office might as well be the catalogue room of a college library.

Your view of the cellular life going on inside the sky-scrapers confirms your impression of the sky-scrapers from the outside, and of the great mobs that swirl over the sidewalks or inundate the narrow channel of Nassau Street from building-wall to building-wall, like a street in Constantinople. It is a vast factory

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plant of marble and granite palaces and a million people engaged in producing nothing tangible. The multitude which flows down Broadway from Brooklyn Bridge between eight and nine in the morning and flows north to the Bridge between five and six at night consists entirely of people, so you say to yourself, who make a living by calling one another up on the telephone. And then all at once it occurs to you that what you see is only the nerve center of a nation. The heavy physiological processes, alimentation and digestion and circulation, tissue building and destruction, organic play and breakdown—these all are located outside of Down-Town as far back as the Pacific coast and the Gulf of Mexico. Superficial moralists tell you that to know the real greatness of America you must leave New York and go out into the fields, the prairies, the forests and hills and lakes and rivers. But in this way you will never see more than a small portion of America, and you will never be able to piece the fragments together into a single picture. You can only visualize America by strolling down from City Hall to Bowling Green and saying to yourself, How great must be America to maintain a million people and four hundred acres of office-buildings forty stories high in the occupation of talking through the telephone and pulling out cabinet files! A single office-building on Broadway has twenty-thousand square miles of America working for its support.

But this parasitism on a scale such as the world has never seen, this conglomerate of towers, pinnacles, fortresses, Greek temples and Mesopotamian brick-piles, all devoted to a traffic in abstractions, is not all of Down-Town, as I have previously intimated. East of Nassau Street to the river lies the old New York which is still engaged in creating visible, tangible, smellable products in dingy

A MARKET OF THE TENEMENTS

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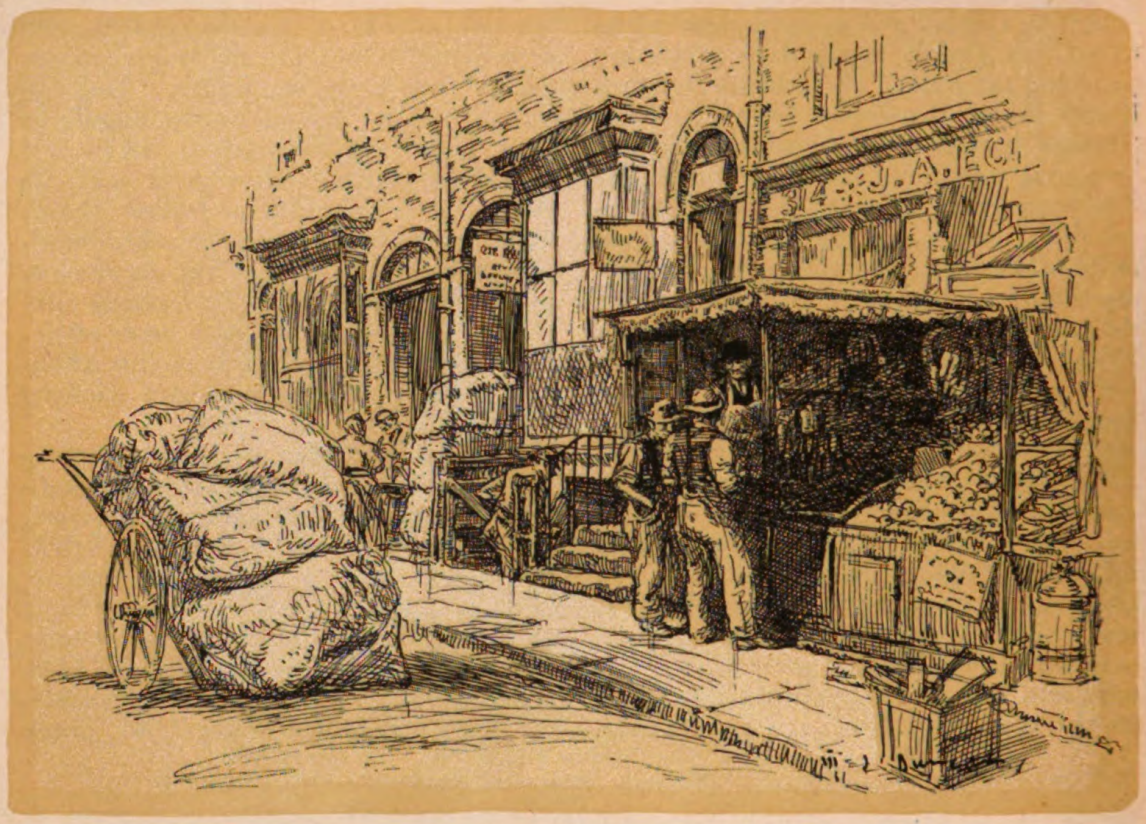

A PEARL STREET FRUIT-STAND NEAR FRANKLIN SQUARE

brick houses aligned along the ancient cow-paths of the Knickerbockers. Here are machine-shops, chemical laboratories, warehouses, soap, rubber, leather, paper, paints, and inks. In the shadow of a twenty-story structure devoted to the worship of a highly abstract deity called Insurance, both Fire and Marine, are the trucks and drays of Commerce carrying the boxes, casks, and bales which one has missed so badly nearer to Broadway. Here is a business of hauling, shoving, lifting, hammering, carried on by stout arms. The hand-truck and the bill-hook replace the telephone. The narrow, ill-paved streets, the sagging sidewalks, the Georgian lintels and window-frames are what Dickens would have liked. The streets curl and twist in the craziest way, but manage to end in something solid, primitive, intrinsically valuable, like the great bulk of the Brooklyn Bridge on its stone viaduct, or the river with real ships in it and docks piled high with real, heavy freight. On the water-front is Fulton Market; and what greater relief there can be after the emptiness of the Stock Exchange than a fish-market, I cannot imagine.

West of Broadway to the North River, Down-Town becomes even more real, more primitive. First come the seedsmen and the florists of whom I have already spoken. They merge into the river-front and a great belt given up entirely to food. From Washington Market north along the avenues for a mile lies the stomach of New York. Here the traffic is of the solidest kind one could wish. Great trucks drawn by monstrous horses block the streets, or, backed up along the loading platforms of the warehouses, occupy the sidewalks —except that the sidewalks here are not for walking. They are the remnant of a time when these were largely residential streets, or else they are a concession to civic standards of street improvement; for these are not really streets, but great flumes choked with the food of a city. So much does it take to put life into a million people that they may be enabled to go down to their offices and call one another on the telephone.

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If you walk far enough south through the food markets west of Broadway, or the leather and soap and paper markets east of Broadway, the configuration of Manhattan Island will soon force you back toward Broadway and Finance, out of the romance of real things into the romance of abstractions. I take back such doubts as I have cast on the romance of big business. It exists, but not in the form people usually discover. Those who would find romance inside the office-buildings have really been using ancient material. Since romance has historically been concerned with kings and princes and discoverers and pioneers, we have written much of kings of finance and princes of business, of men who stand silent upon sunlit peaks in Wall Street and see great visions.

Especially the vision. When a railroad king dies, we speak of the dream that came to a young railroad clerk, of empires to be built up out of the unoccupied lands of the great West. The obituary writers assure us that this young man's eye, reaching in the future, saw what no other man saw—saw a million farms on the empty prairies, cities at the junction of great rivers, the mountains conquered, the earth made to disgorge its treasures, the forests humbled and reduced. And when the king of finance dies we learn how to him, too, as a poor bank clerk, came the vision of a nation's potential wealth and the enormous masses of credit that could be piled upon those riches, and the channels by which that credit could be made to flow. He foresaw that entire system of financial drainage by which the rivulets run into the local bank reservoirs, and then into a chain of banks, and from there into trust companies and amalgamations of trust companies and national banks, holding companies, insurance companies, alliances, kingdoms, and empires of finance; all this the poor bank clerk is supposed to have foreseen. And when the great merchant dies we hear of the vision of great department stores that came to the salesman behind the counter; and the vision of a thousand five-and-ten-cent shops that culminated in six hundred and twelve feet of Gothic temple at Broadway and Barclay Street; and of the vision of a thousand drug-stores and tobacco-stores, selling drugs and tobacco to a nation, under one commander. In such visions of the American business man there would surely be romance enough.

Only I am convinced that this theory of the empire-building, world-conquering vision of the American business man is false. It seems to me to misinterpret the spirit of America to speak of her business men as foreseeing things. For the secret of the American spirit is not foresight, but energy. We do not build in accordance with a gigantic blue-print, but we build with all one's strength and beyond one's strength, in the simple faith that it will all be well. Often it is not even faith, but simply the taking of a gambler's chance, the willingness to risk everything for a great prize without clearly visualizing the prize. Faith does not depend upon vision, but by definition believes in the unseen. Optimism would not be optimism if it played a sure thing. I do not think of James J. Hill as pulled forward by the vision of a Northwest empire, but as driven forward by an energy which in its unfolding produced the empire of the Northwest. I do not think that Woolworth foresaw a chain of a thousand retail shops, but that he was swept forward into a career of unlimited expansion by the boundless national energy operating upon the limitless wealth of the nation. Our incentive is not the goal, but the race.

This may be stripping something of the halo from the kings who sit over their telephones Down-Town, but it only adds to the wonder of the national energy which makes such kings, which seizes them in its flood and carries them far beyond the reach of their visions. The romance of Down-Town is there, but it is less the romance of kings and princes of finance than of America herself.

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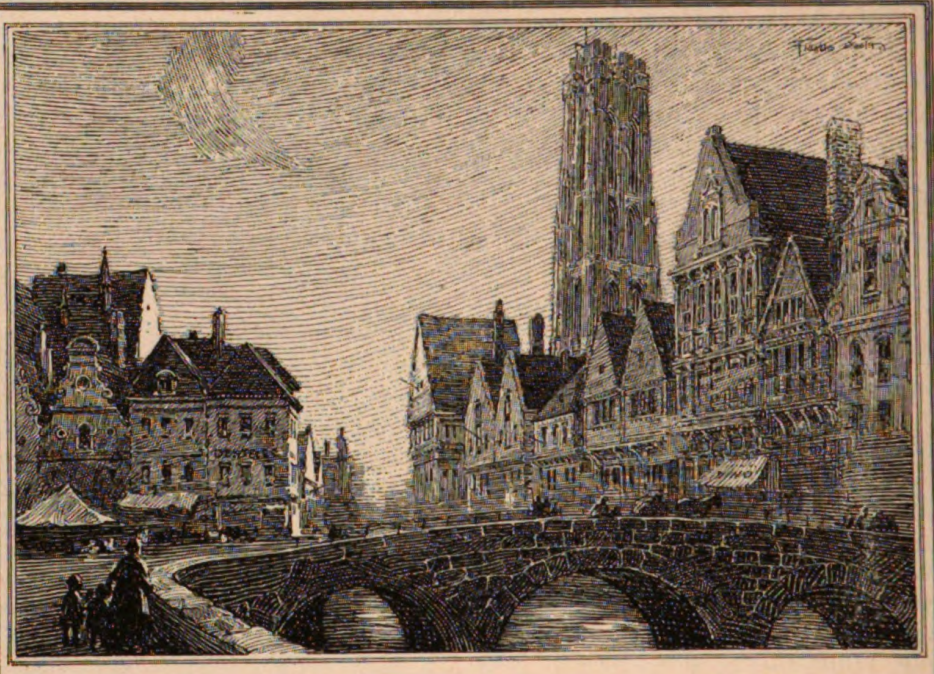

The Bells of Malines

August 17, 1914

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

THE gabled roofs of old Malines
Are russet-red and gray and green,
And o'er them in the sunset hour
Looms, dark and huge, St. Rombold's tower.
High in that rugged nest concealed,
The sweetest bells that ever pealed,
The deepest bells that ever rung,
The lightest bells that ever sung,
Are waiting for the master's hand
To fling their music o'er the land.

And shall they ring to-night, Malines?
In nineteen hundred and fourteen,
The frightful year, the year of woe,
When fire and blood and rapine flow
Across the land from lost Liège,
Storm-driven by the German rage?
The other carillons have ceased:
Fallen is Hasselt, fallen Diest,

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From Ghent and Bruges no voices come,
Antwerp is silent, Brussels dumb!

But in thy belfry, O Malines,
The master of the bells unseen
Has climbed to where the keyboard stands,—
To-night his heart is in his hands!
Once more, before invasion's hell
Breaks round the tower he loves so well,
Once more he strikes the well-worn keys,
And sends aerial harmonies
Far-floating through the twilight dim
In patriot song and holy hymn.

O listen, burghers of Malines!
Soldier and workman, pale béguine,
And mother with a trembling flock
Of children clinging to thy frock,—
Look up and listen, listen all!
What tunes are these that gently fall
Around you like a benison?
"The Flemish Lion," "Brabanconne,"
"O brave Liège," and all the airs
That Belgium in her bosom bears.

Ring up, ye silvery octaves high,
Whose notes like circling swallows fly;
And ring, each old sonorous bell,—
"Jesu," "Maria," "Michael"!
Weave in and out, and high and low,
The magic music that you know,
And let it float and flutter down
To cheer the heart of the troubled town.
Ring out, "Salvator," lord of all,—
"Roland" in Ghent may hear thee call!

O brave bell-music of Malines,
In this dark hour how much you mean!
The dreadful night of blood and tears
Sweeps down on Belgium, but she hears
Deep in her heart the melody
Of songs she learned when she was free.
She will not falter, faint, nor fall,
But fight until her rights prevail,
And all her ancient belfries ring
"The Flemish Lion," "God save the King!"

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In the Footsteps of Wugoof

BY FORREST CRISSEY

"WHERE'S Milton?" sharply inquired Warren Rue as he tossed his hat upon the kitchen table and wiped the sweat from his burning face—a lean, sensitive face that would have looked more at home in a pulpit, a class-room, or a library than in a farm kitchen.

"Why, I think I saw him going toward the Little Pasture," absently responded Mrs. Rue without looking up from the letter that she was writing. He waited for her to say more, but as she continued tapping her white teeth with the tip of the penholder, he finally exclaimed:

"Just what I thought—down by the creek with that Totman boy. If that's the case, he ought to be whipped."

Mrs. Rue made no response, but only looked at her husband in a way that seemed to put him on the defensive and moved him to assert:

"He's a scamp, that 'Stubb' Totman—a shiftless, lazy young loafer who just ranges the woods and creeks and hasn't any more bringing-up than a rabbit. I'm not going to have our Milton running with that sort of trash. I've told him so, too; but that doesn't stop it. They just get together on the sly. I can't understand why a nice boy like ours should be so possessed to trot after such a scapegrace as that Totman boy every chance he can get. I'm going to put a stop to it, I can tell you, right now!"

But as he reached decisively for his hat, one small word from his wife checked him. The peculiar inflection which she gave to that "Yes?" implied a world of doubt and amusement—and Warren Rue had learned to have too high a respect for his wife's judgment, especially when it appeared to be tinctured with amusement, to defy it excepting under extreme provocation. So, instead of going to the creek, as he had threatened, he sought the old sofa in the darkened sitting-room and there surrendered himself to the almost sacred comfort of his Sabbath-afternoon nap.

Meantime his wife had laid aside her letter and was looking dreamily in the direction of the Little Pasture, her lips curved with a smile over the memory of the passion that had possessed her husband, at the age of eleven, for the companionship of a boy who swore, trapped skunks, chewed tobacco, and was finally sent to the county jail for knocking off the head of a marble cherub on a tombstone in the old burial-ground. Her reflections upon the capacity of her husband for forgetting the things of his childhood proved immensely amusing, and she barely contrived to check an impulse to laugh aloud. This train of thought brought so many funny things to her mind in connection with Warren Rue and her other young mates at the old Town Line school that she could scarcely keep a straight face as she saw Milton approaching the house. He strolled with a finely simulated air of having come directly from the front horse-block instead of being fresh from the guilty enjoyments of a secret meeting with "Stubb" Totman.

As the boy settled himself on the threshold of the kitchen door, he shot a furtive glance at his mother, who looked down at him with smiling eyes over the edge of the letter which she was sealing.

"Where's pa?" he inquired, in a way intended to appear wholly incidental, but which clearly betrayed a certain tension of anxiety. After being assured that his father was asleep on the sofa, he lapsed into the dreamy abstraction that was his typical Sunday mood.

"Well," quietly asked his mother in a half-teasing tone, "what did 'Stubb' have to say?"

Again he gave her a quick glance—this time to make sure that she was not

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going to "plague" him. Seeing that her face was quite serious, he leaped quickly to his feet and came to the table. His dark eyes and thin, ardent face were glowing with excitement as he leaned toward her and exclaimed:

"Say, ma—you couldn't guess in a year. An' it's true, too. He said he hoped to drop dead the next time he heard a church bell if it wasn't the gospel truth, every word." The eager voice dropped to a lower note as he reached the climax of his revelation: "He was over Westfield way yesterday and he seen elephant tracks—lots of 'em—coming up out of Slippery Creek, right by the bridge near the round barn. An'—"

Something clutched the throat of the boy and stilled his narrative as suddenly as if he were strangled. His mother was laughing at him!—laughing until her whole body shook and tears of mirth stood in her eyes.

Instantly his shamed head dropped into the friendly ambush of his arms, and tears of resentment fell thick upon the table. Still his mother could not check the current of her mirth. She shook with laughter as the shoulders of her little son heaved with a passion of grief. At last, when the emotional storm on both sides of the table had spent itself, Milton found voice enough to cry out the burning protest of his heart:

"That's it; you're down on 'Stubb,' just like all the rest! Everybody's got it in for him. An' pa hates him worst of all. Nobody's got a decent word for him excepting me an' the old man that lives back in the woods. 'Stubb' says we're the only real friends he's got. He 'ain't ever had any chance, 'Stubb' 'ain't, but he's the most interestin' boy in this town! I tell you, it's mighty tough on a boy when all the parunts are down on him, an'—an' there ain't a soul that understands him."

This choking protest ended in a fresh outburst of sobs. His mother at last controlled herself sufficiently to say:

"Yes—yes, I suppose so; but then, you know, 'Stubb' has the consolations of tobacco and profanity to fall back on, and that counts a lot with boys of his age and kind. Anyhow, it's going to be a hard job to keep a boy down who's able to find elephant tracks on the banks of Slippery Creek!" And at this thought Mary Rue again rocked with laughter, which fell like a lash upon the heaving shoulders of the friend of the despised "Stubb." At length she quieted herself, and, placing her arm about the slender body of her boy, said, soberly: "Can't you see that he is just 'stuffing' you? Stop and think how silly a story that is—finding elephant tracks right here in this county that has been settled for almost two hundred years! And you opened your mouth and swallowed it whole!"

Flaming with loyalty for his misjudged friend, Milton stumbled from the room and fled to the quiet seclusion of the spring-house, where he bathed his face and sat down to think out a vindication for the lonely and misunderstood "Stubb" that would bring shame and confusion to the whole cruel tribe of parents.

If he could only prove to his mother that "Stubb" had told the truth about the footprints of the elephant!—prove it so hard that she would have to take his part before all the other parents! Instantly the daring thought came to him: he would go to Slippery Creek himself, see the footprints with his own eyes, cover one of them with a big, flat stone that would keep it from being spoiled by horses or cattle, and then come home and swear to his mother on the Bible, just as they did in court, that it was true, word for word, exactly as "Stubb" had told. After that she would have to go and look at it for herself.

He was so filled with his splendid project for the vindication of his friend that, when he appeared at the supper-table, his face held no betraying traces of his recent grief. Once, in the course of the meal, he was afraid that his father was on the point of saying something about "Stubb," but just then his mother had looked up with that queer smile of hers, and his father's threatening lips had closed without a word. Somehow, this made his mother seem a little more on his side, a little less unfriendly than before. But, still, she was against "Stubb" and thought him a liar, and he must show her how wrong and cruel her suspicions were.

To-morrow he was going to visit Aunt Rowena, over on the Town Line road.

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He often went cross-lots there, his mother watching him from the woodshed steps until he had passed through the clearing. Lately she had sometimes neglected this anxious formality, and his pride and self-confidence had increased accordingly.

"Stubb" lived in a little, wood-colored house that could be seen straight across the flats from his own back door. He would start early and catch "Stubb" before he began his wanderings for the day. Then they would make quick work of the trip to Slippery Creek bridge, for "Stubb" knew a short cut through the big woods that made the distance only four miles instead of seven.

That evening, when his mother called up the stairs to say good night to him, he answered: "I wantta get up early, ma. It's lots nicer t' walk before the sun gets so hot."

"I'll call you real early," came the cheerful answer. A request for an early awakening was altogether too unique to escape the keen mind of Mary Rue, and she pondered it thoughtfully after she had gone to bed. If the boy had brave and adventurous plans, as she suspected, he should have his chance to carry them out.

Not only did she have breakfast an hour before the usual time, but she went at once to her room after the morning meal. Milton listened intently to her cheerful humming as she moved about the chambers. Assured that she was not likely to return immediately, he darted into the pantry and crammed his small pockets with doughnuts and cookies. Then he ran to the side of the house where the sweetbrier bush gave shelter to that portion of his figure adorned by his bulging pockets, and called up: "G'-by, ma. I'm goin'," and paused just long enough to see her appear at the window above and wave a friendly hand. At once he was off with the glad knowledge that his plan was unsuspected.

He had already decided that he would not tell "Stubb" the real reason behind the expedition; it would be altogether better to let that come as a complete surprise. Instead, he would let "Stubb" think that he was going because he was so crazy to see the footprints of the elephant. And that was true, too, he conscientiously assured himself. He would go, anyhow, just for the sake of looking down into the hole made by the mighty foot of such a wonderful creature.

But as Milton came near the paintless cabin, his dreams suffered a sudden chill. A suspicious stillness reigned there. "Spot," the hound that was like a shadow to "Stubb," was not in sight, nor was his bellowing voice lifted to announce the approach of a stranger. Milton ran the rest of the way to the house, and soon realized his worst fears —"Stubb" had gone! The great adventure to establish the honor of his friend was ended almost before it had begun, for he couldn't go 'way to the bridge and by the round barn all alone. He was too little a boy for that. It was seven miles there by the loneliest road he had ever seen.

The boy dropped wretchedly to the ground under the big maple to pull himself together and get the mastery of his crushing disappointment. Somehow it seemed to him that he couldn't give it up and let "Stubb" go on being misunderstood and suspected until driven to carry out the vague threats of doing "something desperate" that he had occasionally dropped when in one of his queer moods. And, besides, there was the lure of the elephant tracks!

As he soberly faced the situation it suddenly came to him that here was his great chance to do a deed of real heroism, to save a friend from persecution and possibly from a dark and tragic end. If he were only as brave as "Stubb"! Why, "Stubb" didn't make any more of going through Shattuck's woods when it was pitch dark than he himself did of crossing the street in broad daylight—not a bit! Then, too, "Stubb" wasn't scared of the ugliest dog that ever lived. If the tables were turned, "Stubb" would surely go quick enough to help him. He would never have such a chance again—and he could make the trip without being missed!

When he rose to his feet his face was whiter than his waist, but his thin lips were tightly set and his big, dark eyes glowed with heroic determination. He wasn't much of a friend for a fellow like "Stubb" if he was afraid to walk over

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IN A MINUTE THESE FAMILIAR THINGS WOULD ALL BE SHUT FROM HIS SIGHT

the hills and past Shattuck's woods in broad daylight.

After he had once started toward the hill road his first terror at the thought of making the long trip alone abated, and the color began to return to his cheeks. He told himself that he was almost glad that "Stubb" had not been at home, for it gave him a chance to show that he wasn't afraid. Perhaps, too, "Stubb" would be a little proud of him, and maybe would sometime tell the boys who hung around the horse-sheds that Milton Rue was "real grit," or something like that.

As the small knight-errant climbed the first hill, his thoughts drifted pleasantly to the immediate object of his quest. Oh, how he hoped that nothing had happened to wipe out the wonderful footprints! Elephants, he reasoned, were about the biggest and heaviest animals in the world, and if the bank leading down to the creek had been soft the prints must be deep and firm. Besides, there hadn't been a drop of rain—just bright, sunshiny days ever since "Stubb" had been there. It just couldn't be that they had disappeared.

At the top of Todd's Hill he paused and looked back. There was the tall, sharp spire of the village church and, beyond, the white thread of the road that ran straight up the ridge that formed the other wall of the valley. Yes, and there was his own house with the row of dark, plume-like balsams in front of it. In a minute these familiar things would all be shut from his sight and he would go down into a hollow that was a strange world to him. He hesitated shyly for an instant, then lifted his hand and waved a solemn farewell to the scene.

Swelling with the sensations of an explorer about to leave home and civili-

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zation behind him and plunge into an unbroken wilderness, the boy stood almost motionless on the hilltop. Then his sharp eyes caught sight of a panting dog loping across a field. He had been told by Barney, the Mitchells' hired hand, that a mad dog always takes to water, and this dog was making straight for the old water-trough that he had passed a little way down the slope.

Instantly the intrepid explorer changed to a small, terror-stricken boy fleeing into the depths of the hollow beyond as if the "mad" dog were in full pursuit. Not until he was almost exhausted did he pause for breath. Then he climbed a small maple and clung pantingly against its friendly trunk until he felt sure that the dog had not followed him over the hill. At last, stung by the thought that "Stubb" would never have been driven into a tree by a dog, he descended and pushed forward.

The hollow was far wider than it had seemed to him when riding through it with his father, and the woods came much closer to the road. But the smell of the moist, cool earth was good, and he could hear faintly the mellow, furtive, bell-like notes of birds that belonged only to the deep, shadowy woods. Gradually his fear fell away from him, and once more he became a valiant explorer engaged in a perilous expedition — a quest that would perhaps bring fame to him and would lift the hand of persecution from a brave friend who walked under a pursuing shadow of suspicion and misunderstanding.

Again his thoughts drifted into pleasant speculation about the footprints. How the eyes of the boys at Sunday-school would open when he told them the tale of his adventure and how he finally reached the banks of Slippery Creek and saw with his own eyes the footprints of the great animal! He would cut a stick just long enough to reach across the hole made by the foot of the elephant and bring it home with him to show to the boys.

This resolve had scarcely been made when the rattle of approaching wheels caused him to look back. A quick glimpse of a covered wagon made him dart into the cover offered by a thicket of roadside bushes. Like a hunted rabbit he hugged the ground, held his breath, and waited for the gipsies to pass. All the tales of children carried off by gipsy bands that he had heard from other boys and from hired men raced through his mind in a terrifying procession.

His ambush was so thick that not until the peril had passed him and was well along the road did he discover its harmless nature. It was just the jolly old tin-peddler from Town Line who always stopped at their house, took his mother's rags, and gave her bright, new tinware or bottles of flavoring extract in exchange. Perhaps if he hurried he could overtake the cart and catch a ride. He struck into a jog-trot that gave him a steady gain upon the red wagon, and held it until his hand was almost upon the tail rack of the cart that held the half-filled "balloon" of rags, when the rig turned perversely at right angles into a cross-road.

For almost the first time since the explorer had set forth he realized that it was scorching hot and that his legs were as tired as when he had dropped potatoes half a day for his father. Then came the cheering thought that he had not tasted the doughnuts and cookies with which his small pockets were crammed. He would sit down and eat his lunch at the next wayside spring, and perhaps another team would come along and he would still get a lift on his way.

At the bend of the road, about a mile beyond, he came to a watering-trough, hewn from a log and fed by a wooden spout that tapped a spring higher up on the hillside. After drinking he cooled his head in the trickle under the spout, and began to eat his lunch with leisurely enjoyment. Then the sound of voices came to him from the grove near the spring, and he suddenly recalled that his father had told him that a half-wit lived there in a little house hidden by the trees.

Stopping only for another quick drink of the clear, cool water, as he cupped his hand over the end of the spout, he moved cautiously ahead, occasionally stopping to listen for the sound of the queer voice. He had never realized before how many things there were to be afraid of. The bravery of "Stubb," as

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seen in the light of this reflection, seemed almost beyond belief. He wouldn't go through the big woods himself after dark, not for a million dollars! Then the whole way would bristle with terrors. It was worse by daylight than he had thought when he started out—far worse — and there was no telling what might yet happen to him before he reached the bridge by the round barn. Then to think of the long journey home was more than he could endure. So he resorted to his old trick of counting the number of paces required to carry him to a chosen point. This not only diverted his thoughts from unpleasant things, but it seemed to hasten his feet without conscious effort.

When he came quite suddenly in sight of the round barn there was no more need to trick himself into forgetfulness of roadside perils. For a single instant a fear worse than any that had yet beset him raised its black head in the background of his thoughts: what if there was no elephant tracks in the banks of the creek, and "Stubb" had been stuffing him—lying to his best friend—as his mother had said?

"No, it ain't so!" He cried the words aloud, and then leaped forward with frantic haste to know the truth, to grasp the fact that would give the lie to this disloyal suggestion.

A little later a farmer, seated on a hayrack heaped high with baskets of fragrant grapes, pulled his horses to a halt on the little bridge and looked steadily at the boy who was kneeling on the bank, as it sloped down to the water at the end of the bridge. His first inclination had been to laugh, but something in the rapt, almost reverent, face of the boy had checked that impulse. The little figure had a tenseness that forbade levity. Henry Bills had never quite got over being a boy, and he had a way of understanding what was passing in the minds of youngsters that gave him ready entrance into the walled kingdom of boyhood from which most men are exiled. He saw by the sweat-drenched clothing and the white face of the boy that he had made a long pilgrimage for the privilege of kneeling at the shrine of the elephant's tracks.

IT WAS GOOD TO FIND A MAN WHO UNDERSTOOD!

"Just as plain as the day he made 'em, aren't they?" was the greeting that caused Milton to flush and jump to his feet. But he lifted a radiant face as he answered:

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"Yes, sir." Then the friendly but serious smile of the man on the grape-wagon lifted the curtain of the boy's reserve. "I've come seven miles to see 'em!" Milton confessed.

"Walked?"

"Yes, sir; every step," was the proud answer.

"Well, I'll be darned!" exclaimed the farmer. Then he added: "You 'n me must be some alike. When I was about your age I walked from Westfield to Sinclairsville to see a circus. Come up here on th' wagon and have a grape or two—"

"My name's Milton," prompted the boy. "Milton Rue."

"Not Warren Rue's boy, down Town Line way?"

"Yes, sir."

"You and I've got to get acquainted. Why, I went to the old Warren school along with your father—and mother, too, for that matter. But about this elephant. You ought to have seen him when he made those tracks. Funniest thing you ever looked at in your life. You see this circus got stranded over at Brockton and hadn't any money left, after settling its bills there, to pay the railroad to take it to Mayville. So they pulled stakes and took this road as the shortest cut across country.

"It was the gray just before dawn when they came along here, and I was starting for the field. The old elephant led the way, and when he came to the bridge he stopped short and began to feel of it with his trunk. It was too shaky to suit him, and he wouldn't budge an inch ahead. The greasy heathen who drove him prodded him with the little iron poker that he carried, but the elephant just balked and made the whole procession back up until he could go down through the stream. There had been a rain, and the clay banks were soaked good. His old legs sunk down in that clay as if they were posts being set by a pile-driver, and every time he lifted one out you could hear it suck like a pump that needs priming. I sold the head animal man some feed, and he said that if the men that run the show knew half as much as that old elephant the circus would be in clover instead of stranded."

Already the boy was beside the wagon, his eager eyes gazing up into the face of the man who understood why a boy might walk seven miles to see an elephant's tracks. The man reached down his hand; the boy grasped it and was instantly given a lift that landed him on the rack beside the farmer. Passing a basket of grapes to the lad, the man squinted at the sun and exclaimed:

"Almost noon. Look here, Milton, you just come up to the house and have dinner with us. My wife 'll be glad to have a boy set down with us that has got gumption enough to walk seven miles t' see an elephant's tracks. Besides, you're Warren Rue's boy! How'd you hear about the tracks, anyhow?"

Quickly the story of his friendship for "Stubb" slipped from the boy's adoring lips, and the man who listened never once smiled. Milton knew this, for he kept a furtive, anxious eye on the sympathetic face of his hearer, who exclaimed:

"Yessur, that's a fact. It must be mighty tough for a boy to have the whole town down on him. An' you think 'Stubb' is all right, an' that the parents don't understand him; of course you do!"

"Didn't he tell the truth about the tracks?" answered the boy, pointing solemnly down to the footprints in the clay.

"They're right there," admitted the farmer; "no getting around that!"

Then a quick shadow fell upon the boy's face as he said: "But you couldn't get ma t' believe it—not 'nless she saw 'em herself. She wouldn't even come to look at 'em, not if I swore to 'em on the Bible. She'd just laugh."

In the silence that followed this admission Milton stared sadly at the series of holes in the half-baked clay of the creek bank. Suddenly the futility of his long and fearful pilgrimage, together with the great longing to break down the stubborn wall of his mother's doubt and make her a champion of "Stubb," forced the choking cry from his lips:

"Oh, if there was some way I could take 'em to her an' make her see!"

"You've got a head on your shoulders!" exclaimed the man, as his big hand suddenly thumped the rack beside

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HE ADVANCED GRAVELY, HOLDING THE SHELF AS IF TO STEADY A SACRED OFFERING

him. "Now I wouldn't have thought of that myself—not in a dog's age! Let's go 'n look at the holes."

They leaped eagerly from the wagon, and in an instant were kneeling beside one of the huge footprints.

"It's baked as hard as a brick an' as smooth as a new basin," exclaimed the farmer, with a genuine ring of enthusiasm in his voice. "No trick at all to take an impression of that track. I c'n do it like wax! In the corn-barn I've got some plaster of Paris left over from chinking around the big caldron kettle in which I heat the dip for my grape-posts. It seals up the crack between the kettle an' the arch so that the heat can't escape. If that stuff has kept dry and hasn't caked on me, we can make a mold just like that elephant's foot, to the last wrinkle!—an' you can carry it home with you. I guess your mother can't deny a thing like *that*."

"Let's hurry!" exclaimed the boy, whose face had gone white with the excitement of the sudden and splendid hope that had descended upon his great enterprise. "I'll stay here and watch so that nothing 'll happen to the footprints while you're getting that stuff."

"We'll cover one over with that piece of plank that they threw out when they fixed the bridge," said the friend who now seemed to Milton the impersonation of a miraculous Providence.

Slowly they rode together toward the barn. The man who had kept the key to the world of boyhood, and had never been served with a writ of exile from that wonderful kingdom, saw, from the tail of his eye, that the knees of his small companion were actually shaking with excitement.

"Come to think of it," divertingly remarked the farmer, "I've got something else that ought to help out in convincing your ma that 'Stubb' wasn't stringing you. That's a handbill about the elephant. It gives his name, too. That heathen who drove him was so proud of the big beast that he didn't want to talk about anything else, and he

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gave me the handbill to keep because I was interested in the elephant. I tacked it up on the side of the oat-bin in the barn. Couldn't quite bring myself to throw it away, somehow."

"Throw it away!" exclaimed the boy, aghast at the thought of such a possibility.

"But you c'n have it, an' welcome, because you care about elephants. If you should ever want to give a show with that cast of the elephant's foot, it would be just the thing."

"Yes, yes! A barn show for real money, with 'Stubb' to help 'n get a share!" was the almost breathless response of Milton.

But the look of ecstatic joy on the face of the boy was a tribute beyond any words to the rare understanding of the man.. The acute nervous tension of the adventurer expressed itself in a tight gripping of the arm of his companion as they hurried into the barn to end the suspense about the condition of the plaster of Paris.

Henry Bills gave a white, dusty, half-filled bag in the corner a quick kick, and exclaimed: "It's all right; just as good as the day I bought it. Soon 's I unhitch and stable the horses we'll mix the stuff an' pour it in so 's it 'll set while we're eating dinner. That 'll save you a lot of time. I'll mix it rather stiff so 's to make it set quicker."

"How you goin' to pull it out after it gets hard?" anxiously inquired Milton.

"Oh, that's easy," came the quick assurance. "I'm going t' drop a stout cord right into the stuff and have the ends come out in loops to make strong handles. Of course, an elephant's foot is bigger right at the bottom, on account of the toes, and mebby the cast can't be lifted out on that account. But I'll dig the clay away from it mighty carefully. If there's so much as a scratch on that cast I'll give you a bushel of grapes! And even if we should have an accident with the first one, there are five or six more footprints that are as clear as if the old fellow had made 'em on purpose for you."

"Ye-es," thoughtfully responded Milton, "but I'd hate t' spoil one of 'em. It wouldn't seem right."

"Well," confessed his companion, "I feel that way myself, now you mention it. We won't break the footprint 'nless we have to. Perhaps the mixture 'll shrink enough in setting so that the cast 'll lift out easy when it's hard."

When all the tools and materials were carried to the creek, and Henry Bills began to stir the mixture, he once more betrayed his citizenship in the world of boyhood by the casual remark:

"I'll bet no sculptor that ever modeled a statue in clay and then took it to a foundry where they cast such things in bronze was any more interested to see how it would come out than we are, eh?"

But the boy, who was scooping double handfuls of the white powder from the open sack and letting it sift slowly through his fingers into the mixing-pail, was too blissfully absorbed to speak; his smile breathed his response. Oh, it was good to find a man who understood!

After dinner, as they all sat together in the thick shade of an apple-tree to rest and allow the cast more time in which to harden, Henry Bills told his wife, in serious and guarded words, the story of their guest's great adventure and the real purpose behind his courageous quest.

"I guess he's Warren Rue's boy, all right," she remarked. "Do you remember when Warren took up for that worthless old sot of a Bawyer and handed out to him the dinners that he brought to school for himself?"

"I guess I do," responded her husband. "Didn't I go with Warren to the deserted Wilbur house where they met? Then there was the time when the sheriff nabbed the Rue's hired hand and took him back to the wife and baby that he had deserted in Oil City. Warren sold a pet calf that his grandfather had given him and turned the money right over to that scamp because he believed the man was being persecuted?"

"Don't you think the plaster is set now?" cautiously interrupted Milton.

Never in all his life, which at that moment seemed very long and full of experience to Milton, had he ever known such a pain of expectancy, such a wild passion of suspense, as gripped him when they again knelt beside the footprints and he heard the words:

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"We'll have to dig away the clay—but that won't hurt any, with all the other footprints left sound and whole."

The boy's lips went white and he held his breath as the clay was slowly and cautiously removed from about the cast. For one instant, as the precious object was lifted and softly placed on the short, straw-covered board that had been provided for it, his body seemed to sway with threatening uncertainty, but he gripped his slipping sense of consciousness and hung to it with fierce determination.

"Now let's wash up," quickly suggested the man, whose keen eyes had caught the wave of faintness. In a moment the boy's head was being drenched with cool water from the pool under the bridge.

"How 'm I going to carry it so it can't possibly break?" anxiously questioned Milton, as he walked beside Henry Bills back toward the house.

"Oh, I've got that all figured out. You've seen the fakers at the county fair, carrying their wares on a little hanging shelf in front of them? Well, that's just the joker for your elephant's foot! And I'll tie the cast to the board with cloths so tight that it can't possibly slip off."

Just as this final operation in the great transaction was being finished, and Milton was standing with the little shelf and its priceless burden suspended before him while the cords that passed over his neck were being adjusted, they were startled by a sudden clatter, and a voice calling:

"What on earth are you two up to?"

There was the old tin-peddler from Town Line again, grinning down at them from his high seat on the red wagon.

"Ain't that Warren Rue's boy?" he continued. "I thought so. He looks kind of white—"

But this comment on the boy's pallor was cut short by a shake of Henry Bills's head and the quick question, "If you're going straight home past his house, couldn't he ride with you?"

"Why, of course!" was the hearty response. "An' I'm going to jog right along, too, without a single stop."

A SHARP DIFFERENCE OF OPINION AROSE BETWEEN THE SHOWMEN

As Milton climbed to the high seat he remembered that all his life he had longed to ride there. Now he was to be taken home in this splendid way, with the image of the elephant's foot resting securely on its shelf across his knees. It seemed to him, as the peddler tightened the reins and started the strange, spotted horse that was reputed to have Arabian blood in his veins and to have once belonged to a circus, that all the

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joys of a lifetime were being poured into this one wonderful day.

The tin-peddler was a pleasant man who listened sympathetically, chewed constantly, and nodded in a grave way that expressed the deepest interest in all that was being told to him. But his crowning stroke of diplomacy was in pulling his horse to a stop and unpinning—with respectful and hesitant fingers—the folded poster from the breast of the boy's waist, where it had been placed by Mrs. Bills. Then, in an earnest and laborious voice, he spelled out the first word:

"'W-u-g-o-o-f.' Now that's a jaw-breaker for you!"

Eagerly the smiling eyes of his small passenger watched his wrinkled old face as he held the bright poster at arm's-length and made his halting translation of its contents:

"'Wugoof, the Wisest Elephant in the World. The name of this Prince of Pachydermata, as translated from the Arabic, is an eloquent testimonial to the character of this wonderful creature, for it signifies *Experience*. In his native country, where he was famous even as a suckling, he was the pet of the ruling Rajah and the pupil of the greatest Mahout that ever taught a Prince's herd.' An' you've got the image of his foot, right there in them rags!" admiringly added the peddler.

Milton's sense of his triumphal return blurred into a deliciously misty feeling of coolness and comfort as the wagon descended into the green depths of the hollow. Soon Milton knew only that he was wonderfully happy; that something great had happened; that his legs were beginning to ache a little; and that there was a protecting arm about him which was holding him securely from falling out as the wagon swayed and lurched with a gentle, rocking motion.

Then came the awakening as they neared the home gate, and the glad discovery that his wonderful experience was not a dream, and that his hands were still tightly clutching the board upon which was tied the image of the huge foot of Wugoof, the wisest elephant in the world.

"I want 'a' be all ready before ma comes out," he explained to his companion as he hurriedly removed the protecting cloths with which the precious thing was wrapped.

Even the tin-peddler was touched with a spirit of understanding, and he pulled his horse to a stop without uttering a word. After his passenger had clambered to the ground he handed down the board and its burden and waited until Milton had adjusted the cords over his neck and stood just within the gate. Then the old bell that the peddler always carried on the seat beside him was given a few quick shakes, and the expectant pair waited for the appearing of Mary Rue at the front door.

She came, and stopped suddenly upon the threshold as if transfixed with astonishment. Her small son was slowly coming up the path from the gate with an erectness of figure and stiffness of tread that suggested a ceremony of the most solemn kind. Before him hung a shelf upon which was a whitish object that looked a little like a broken pillar of marble only it was shorter and had strange irregularities at the bottom.

Instantly she dropped to a seat on the porch steps and awaited the finale of the strangest spectacle that she had ever seen. Her son advanced gravely, a hand holding either end of the swinging shelf as if to steady a sacred offering.

It was a moment of supreme emotional repression for Mary Rue. She was suddenly beset with a wild desire to throw her arms about the odd little figure and crush him to her, but instead she waited quietly for the oracle to reveal his burning secret. Standing before her like a bearer of sacred offerings, his voice trembling with the ecstasy of his triumph over the powers of prejudice and suspicion leagued against his friend and hero, his face lighted with the pure exaltation of a knight who endured hardships and passed through dangers for the love of a great cause, he told his mother of his high resolve, his perilous journey, and its wonderful end.

"Now! now, ma!—you *know* that 'Stubb' told the truth, don't you?" he pleaded.

"Yes, dear," she admitted, "he certainly did."

"Oh, I knew if I could only get there,

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HE SAW "STUBB" PUT THE LAST HANDFUL OF COINS INTO HIS POCKET AND START FOR THE GATE

if I could just show you so 's you could *see* it, then you'd stop being down on 'Stubb,' an'—"

But just then Warren Rue came around the corner of the house and stared at the white thing on the shelf, exclaiming, "What in the mischief is that?"

And of course he had to be told the whole story, word for word, as it had just been told to Mary Rue.

"'Stubb' *wasn't* stuffing me when he told about finding the elephant's tracks," stoutly asserted the vindicator of his friend's honor.

"Not by a long shot," came the hearty admission. Then Warren Rue leaned against a pillar of the porch and gazed long at the image that typified his small son's courage, enterprise, and devoted loyalty to a forbidden friend. Finally he muttered: "I'm going to have the cabinet-maker build a stand for that and put a glass case over it. Yes, sir, the first time I go to Fredonia!"

There was still another splendid joy ahead of the small knight: he had yet to tell "Stubb" of the vindication that had been achieved for him and hear his coveted praise for the "grit" of his champion who had gone over the hills alone for him.

"You may invite 'Stubb' in to see your image, if you like," said his mother. "Your pa says so, too."

This surprising concession made the loyal heart of Milton beat wild with the joy of complete triumph.

"Aw, bring it out here an' lemme see it. I don't want 'a' go in," was the only answer that the champion's recital drew from the object of his devotion. Dazed with disappointment, Milton obeyed his strangely unresponsive hero.

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At the sight of the cast "Stubb" leaped to his feet. "Say," he exclaimed, "I thought you 's lyin'!"

Then Milton unfolded his plan for holding a show in his aunt's barn, in town. He had thought it all out—how he could give "Stubb" a share of the money that they would take in, and do it without wounding the sensitive feelings of his oppressed hero. So he said:

"An' I'm goin' to divide with you because you'll sell the tickets. I guess you know how to do that a lot better than I do."

"You go an' ast yer ma if you can't take it to town," replied "Stubb." "Tell her the boys want t' see it. Don't say a word about me or about our havin' a regular show for real money."

"I was going to drive to the village, anyhow," said Mrs. Rue, when Milton made the request as prompted by "Stubb." "But be careful and don't let anything happen to it. Your pa and I think a great deal of that image."

Milton found "Stubb" awaiting him at the door of Aunt Kate's barn. After a pedestal, in the shape of an overturned barrel, had been placed in the center of the floor and roped off with a clothes-line, a sharp difference of opinion arose between the showmen as to whether the statue should be displayed in its natural position or inverted to allow spectators a better chance to study the formation of the toes. "Stubb" held that no man had ever seen an elephant on its back with its feet stuck up in the air, and that it "wasn't natural." Milton was for the view that would give greatest satisfaction to the curiosity of the patrons. It was finally agreed that the cast should be inverted in the course of the show.

A few moments later "Stubb" marched through the streets of the village bearing a banner in the form of the circus-poster tacked to a box-cover elevated on the end of a broom-handle. Milton followed with a similar device displaying his painfully lettered sign:

WUGOOF
HIS FOOT
FROM LIFE
A IMAGE
ADM. 5 CENTS.
MRS. BLAKE'S BARN

The excitement created by the "parade" was beyond Milton's wildest expectations. Parents were evidently as eager as children to hear the particulars of the strange show.

On their return to the barn "Stubb" stood behind a tall box outside and sold tickets, which were taken at the barn door by Milton. The success of the enterprise was bewildering. Boys and girls by the score, and even grown-ups, gathered at Mrs. Blake's as the news of Milton Rue's exploit spread.

"Stubb" became almost as busy as the ticket-seller at the Great Allied Shows that he had seen at Dunkirk. It seemed to him that he had never seen as much money before as he gathered into the cigar-box from the upstretched hands of eager patrons. He could, he guessed, get to the Rockies with all that pile of money. He lifted the box; it was almost unbelievably heavy!

Meantime Milton was glowing with the aftermath of his triumph and feeling the first swellings of conscious fame. At last, when the line of patrons appeared to have reached its end, he thrilled with a strange sense of importance and authority as he crouched under the rope, carefully lifted the cast, and, after it was inverted, gravely announced:

"Now you c'n see his toes."

Then he began to wonder why "Stubb" didn't come in and help "handle the crowd" and answer questions, as they had agreed. As he opened the door to investigate the cause of the delay, he saw "Stubb" put the last handful of coins into his pocket, throw the cigar-box away, and start for the gate.

"'Stubb'! 'Stubb'!" was the choking, astonished cry of protest that came from his lips. But "Stubb" ran out the gate without once looking back at the white, staring face of his stricken defender.

As they drove home together, with the image under the buggy seat, Mary Rue drew her disillusioned little knight closer to her and asked, "What was that elephant's name, dear?"

"'Sperience," was the choking answer.

"Experience! Experience!" she softly repeated. "In the footsteps of Experience!"

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The Return

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

WHEN Peter had the nursery fireplace glowing, he remained for a while looking into the vivid flames. So long as he kept his gaze among them, the room behind him was once more littered with toys; once more at the bed's foot Betty's small garments were primly set forth; and, this being Christmas Eve, there depended from the crib that extra stocking, slyly placed there in the hope that Santa Claus might forget he had already filled one down-stairs.

He raised his eyes. The crib stood in its old place, the pygmy chair decorously faced the pygmy table, the low-hung Mother Goose pictures were in their usual spaces, and all was as empty as a snow-filled nest.

Why, then, just tantalizingly out of sight, yet half seen from the corner of his eye, should she keep flitting by, from corner to shadowy corner, but not altogether in play—as if with a kind of reproach, as if presently she would make inquiry concerning something which she had expected to find among her gifts on this Christmas Eve and which had been forgotten? Surely she had everything now. Was she not princess in her own fairy tale at last?

At this moment she would be coming in from the beach with Robert. The palms would be against the sunset, and the summer sea would still be bright. Presently she would be directing her maid in the process of making her even more beautiful, and then would go down to eat delicious things while music played.

Smiling, but with an obscure ache that in a woman would have been tears, he went over to the closet door where the height-marks had been kept. They were all there, from the very first, so near the floor, when she had to be held up on both sides to keep her from settling down like a lump of melting butter while he made the measure against her plushy scalp, up to the scrawl, "Elizabeth W. Ormsby, aged ten and a half, Christmas Day," almost as high as his heart. And then, no more, for after that they had become rich, and had left the farm-house to Aunt Harriet while they went to live in fine, strange places and to oversee the intricacies of Betty's education.

Everything had gone splendidly. And now she was married. He could have wished, perhaps, that Robert had been obliged to work for his living; luxury for a man was not a good thing. But his wealth had not spoiled him, and that in itself was a sufficient fact. Peter found no fault with his son-in-law.

But as to Betty's mother and himself spending their first Christmas without Betty in the old house, he had been doubtful. The elder Betty had become suddenly restless for the place and had demanded it, though putting it on the ground of kindness to old Aunt Harriet, who had guarded the empty house for them all these years.

So far, it was true, everything had gone well. He could hear their voices, cheerful enough, in the dining-room below, and the gentle click of dishes as the mother Betty bustled capably about tasks to which her white fingers had long been strangers. And yet he could not but feel an instability in her good spirits. It came to him that in the old days, when Aunt Harriet had been the only mother he knew, she had been a wonderfully comfortable person when one was in grief.

He met his own eyes in the mirror of the mantel—a serious, rather tired-looking gentleman, gray of beard and with not very much hair. But to Aunt Harriet, he knew, he was still the child of the house, Betty being only a bright unreality.

He went slowly down the back stairs

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to the kitchen. His wife was alone for the moment, and paused with an uplifted spoon, looking at him with an odd expectancy.

"Well," said he, placidly, "the old house begins to know us again."

Her face quivered. "Oh," she said, rather wildly, "do you remember her first batch of biscuit?" And she began to cry on him, forgetful of the spoon, which trickled a slow stream of white batter down his shoulder.

"She has everything, mother," he said, unhappily.

"But she did so love to cook!" wailed the mother. "We were so happy here. I know, it's been lovely to have the money and be able to do things for her, and Robert is a good boy—only—"

"Do you remember that time we got her such an expensive doll and had such a gorgeous tree, and she just turned her back on the whole thing and pulled out that awful old rag doll and sat with her back to the tree and played with *that?*" Peter laughed ruefully.

"I seem to remember that she got to work on the other things later."

"Yes, but—"

Aunt Harriet's slow step sounded in the passage, and they drew apart, assuming perfunctory cheerfulness.

Aunt Harriet's hair was as white as the snow that lay heaped against the window-sill. She wore a little three-cornered red shawl across her shoulders, and through her spectacles her eyes shone with a happiness upon which there was no cloud.

Again Peter was conscious that for her the child of the house had come back. Middle-aged, rich, successful—the child was back. Aunt Harriet's eyes made no note of anything but that. She was carrying a great battered pasteboard box.

"Do you remember," she asked, in the old voice which had been quavering with delight ever since they had driven up through the drifts, "how your father always had a tree when you were little? These are old trimmings that I saved. They are less faded than you would think. I suppose you are too grown up now to care for trees, but I saw them and thought I'd bring them down in case they should be wanted."

THE STAGES OF HER UP-SHOOTING HAD BEEN RECORDED ON THE CLOSET DOOR

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HER FIRST BATCH OF BISCUIT

Peter had a moment's panic at the thought of what cruel opportunities the bothering ghost of little Betty would find in a Christmas tree, but a second glance at the wistful joy of Aunt Harriet's face made him say, hurriedly, "Why, of course we must have a tree, Aunt Hat—that is, if you know where my snow-shoes are."

But with the word he was off to seek them in their old corner, for it had dawned upon him that since it had been handed over to Aunt Harriet the house had been kept with as much care as if it had been the birthplace of a famous man and a national show-place.

The lantern hung from its old nail behind the kitchen door, and when he went out to the woodshed the ax—he knew it for the same by the marks in the handle—leaned in the same corner. Only it had not once been so difficult to fasten his snow-shoe straps; and the ax, as he swung it to his shoulder, seemed to have gained in weight.

The snowy road was indistinguishable but for occasional fence-posts, but the woods were a black streak in the moonlight. There should be a group of spruce on the rise just beyond the brook, or if, in all this time they had grown too tall, there would always be young cedars. A cedar, however, as Betty had been wont to solemnly point out, was harder to put tinsel and things on. They wouldn't festoon and twist in a nice way around a cedar, however you tried, but a spruce would look well whatever you did to it. With half a chance, it would trim itself.

Sleighs were abroad that Christmas Eve, though the drifts were so soft and high that progress was difficult. As he struck across the white meadow under the brilliant moonlight he could see one toiling over the same track where his own had passed but a few hours before. He looked after it a bit enviously as it took the hill road past the old house where Aunt Harriet and Betty's mother waited for their tree. Somebody's children, perhaps, coming home for Christmas — the children of somebody not lucky enough to be able to pack them off to a Christmas of palms and flowers and music and eternal playtimes. By now Elizabeth and Robert should be finishing their soup—

He set his face again toward the woods and the spruce grove on the other side of the brook. But twelve years can do much for healthy young spruce. They

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STEALING A RIDE BY HANGING ON THE BRANCHES

had grown like his own fortunes, like little Betty, far beyond the capacity of an old country farm-house. Their branches joined, high and black, making deep shadows about their feet. Some black-coated cedars stood at a little distance, but Betty would have had none of them, he knew. He went deeper into the wood until he had reached the great pine with the crow's nest in its dead top. The nest, or one like it, had been there when he was a boy.

Here, like a snow-covered tepee, stood the spruce of his search, the most perfect little tree ever sacrificed to make a children's holiday, yet not so little, he knew from past experience, but that its leader would touch the ceiling. He swung the ax with old-time skill until the tree lay at his feet, then shouldered the butt to drag it home.

Yet it would have been lighter, much lighter, if Betty had been helpfully carrying the tip of it like a court lady's train, or stealing a ride by hanging on to the branches. He felt rather old and out of breath by the time he came in sight of the house.

How the windows shone! This was Christmas Eve, but what Christmas Eve? Against the unchanged mountains the line of his roof and chimney stood the same as when he was a little boy. The paths of light from the windows were the same. Yet he had grown up and married, and Betty had come and grown up—and married. How could the old house remain so indifferent in the face of such soul-shaking changes?

Its voice, too—while he was still far down the hill he heard it—the old piano which Aunt Harriet, with her fondness for hymns, had watched over with tender care and kept in tune. He was glad the two lonely women were feeling jolly enough for music. Or was it just for his sake they were putting up a brave front? But, whichever it was, how well she was playing! He had forgotten that either of them could do so well. Betty had been the musician. About her music she had been altogether in earnest. There had been no play there.

He went on up the hill, his head bent, listening. Suddenly, within a rod or so of the window, he dropped his tree and stood trembling. That was not from the stiff fingers of Betty's mother or Aunt Harriet. And now—the voice! In all the world there was only one such.

"It was the calm and silent night;
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up in might—"

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But the only person who knew how to sing *that* song was now at Palm Beach, very much occupied with the business of looking more beautiful than anybody else. Even if he could, he would not summon her back to the snowy, old-fashioned farm-house. No. Her place was among palms, wearing jewels.

"*The senator of lofty Rome—*"

The song ceased in the middle of a note, the curtain was swept aside, and Betty pressed her face to the glass, shading her eyes on either side in order to see more clearly. How many hundreds of times he had seen her watching just like that for him to come home—only not so tall!

Then Robert came behind her, but before Robert's arm could go about her she was gone from the window, and the door was flung open with the old cry, "Daddy! Daddy!"

How the room glowed! How the waving lights and shadows from the wood-fire leaped and played about the walls because the child had come back to the house! Such a tall child, to be sure. And that other tall child who kept so persistently at her elbow and whom she seemed to think well of, but who was really in the way of everybody else—well, it had always been that way about her pets, but one got used to them after a while.

"You see," said she, sitting on the arm of her father's chair, "Robert and I got to talking, and I began to understand how he had always felt the need of a home." She turned to her husband with a benevolent air, such as one bestows upon an ownerless puppy which one has brought home. "Houses here and houses there," she commiserated, "with all the interesting things to do turned over to the servants. Or else hotels and traveling about. All one's life a set piece where you have to do the things that are expected of you—like living in grand opera, but without any plot in particular. And there we were starting to do it all over again, and we wanted something different.

"Then I began to brag about this old house, and what good times I used to have here, learning to cook and everything. And Robert said, 'Let's go there,

BETTY HAD BEEN THE MUSICIAN

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"I BEGAN TO BRAG ABOUT THE OLD HOUSE"

then,' and he turned the car right around.

"But why in the world are you and mother here, I should like to know? I thought you perfectly hated the place. Of course I've always known it couldn't mean as much to you as to me, though to be sure Daddy was born here. But your life, at least ever since I was ten, has always been—so different. I never realized, though, how I felt about it until Robert and I got to talking. I wonder if my old doll is where I hid her. I'm going up to see. You never knew. I hid her up behind the rafters so mother wouldn't throw her away."

"I never would," cried the older Betty, almost with anger. "I never threw away one of the things you played with. New ones that you didn't care about I *gave* away, but the old ones—never! N-not a thing that my baby had loved." She began to sob.

"Why, mother! Why, mother dear!" said Betty, enveloping her with her long arms as a mother envelops a grieving child, and then laughing, though her eyes were wet also. "But they used to disappear; you know they did, and I'd hunt and hunt."

"Oh dear, I never knew you hunted. You never asked. They are all in a trunk up-stairs—every one. I—I was going up there to c-cry over them to-night."

Indeed, as it was, the poor mother had settled down to pretty steady weeping. Betty, however, seemed the least dismayed, and inclined to a little wholesome levity.

"In a trunk?" said she. "Well! On the same principle, I suppose, that you've kept the old house put away all these years—pretending you didn't care, and deceiving even me." She looked down at the gray head upon her bosom with the deliberative air of a judge about to affix a penalty. "I'm going to hang my stocking up," she decided at length, "and I shall expect to find it full in the morning. And I want — *old* things. Mother! And to think how I've wondered at you and Daddy because of your pleasure in things that—that didn't seem worth the candle. Why did you—" She stopped, as though an idea had come to her for the first time, and her

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eyes widened. "I wonder— Why, I do believe— Was it all done for me? All of it? Were you just waiting to get me off your hands to come back here? If it hadn't been for me would you have stayed on here and been happy?"

But her mother cried out: "Oh, my dear, if it hadn't been for you we shouldn't have been happy anywhere. We loved so getting the bright things for you. The best was never too good. It made us so happy to be able to give it! We had lived simply, and it was enough for us, but if there was a better way and we could get it for you, why, of course, it had to be."

Betty lifted a rather piteous face to the others. "I see now. I—didn't know it was like that. Oh, I had almost hated the bright things. But now I see what they meant. It was like trimming the tree for me, wasn't it?—like trimming the tree."

"Something like that," admitted Peter.

Robert, who had been standing about with the awkwardness of a farm boy, was now seized with a bright idea.

"I say," said he, "suppose now we get busy with that tree!"

Aunt Harriet lifted a faded Christmas angel from the box and looked at it reverently, then at Peter, who still stood in rotund middle-age, his hands in his pockets.

"The children," said Aunt Harriet, with joyful solemnity, "have come back to the house."

In the Campagna

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

LOVE dies not, but it sleeps:
  Here, where the peace of Rome,
Passing all knowledge, keeps
  My heart within its home,
I have known that repose
Which only slumber knows.

Here where my feet are set
  Upon the asphodels,
I can for once forget
  The world contains aught else
But these, the grass, the seven
Hills, and the opal heaven.

Peace nestles from the sky
  For these soft veils of air;
Bid love prepare to die,
  Which is mine only care.
If he his breath still keeps,
Hush, be content: love sleeps.

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Our Overrated Great-Grandmothers

BY AGNES REPPLIER

OVERRATED or underrated according to the point of view. Overrated by the sentimentalists who use hyphenated adjectives like sweet-faced and silvery-haired, and who hold knitting-needles to be hallowed emblems of domesticity. Underrated by the stirring ladies and speculative gentlemen who talk about emancipating an enslaved sex, and who sincerely believe that women—outside of what they call the narrow confines, and of what their opponents call the sacred confines, of home—were, until these years of grace, a negligible factor. If those strong-willed, dominant grandmothers, or great-great-grandmothers of ours ever heed the chatter which goes on in this agitated world, they must be moved to laughter. Generations of women who helped to make, or mar, centuries of imperfect civilization learn for the first time of their helplessness, of their passivity, of their unreasoning submission to their masters. Perhaps the great mother of us all leans forward musingly. "Did I then eat the apple because my husband bade me," she asks, "and follow him meekly into exile? I had thought I gave it to him,—and cost him Paradise."

In this country the independence and self-assertiveness of women is not a twentieth-century phenomenon. It is not altogether due to the easy good-humor of American men, nor to any crying need they feel for feminine administration. It is an inheritance from simpler, ruder days, when women shared the hardships, the dangers, the personal responsibilities of their pioneer husbands; when their work was imperatively needed, and their wits were sharpened by solving the harsh problems of existence. What men wrested from nature, and from circumstance, women conserved, fulfilling their part in the orderly processes of civilization. The often-quoted words of Alexis de Tocqueville, who visited the United States in 1831, prove the admirable understanding which existed between men and women who had not outgrown the habit of depending upon one another. "American husbands," writes the observant Frenchman, "display entire confidence in the intelligence of their wives and a profound respect for their freedom. They have discovered that a woman's mind is as well fitted as a man's to see the plain truth, and that her heart is as firm to embrace it. They have never sought to place her virtue, any more than they place their own virtue, under the shelter of prejudice, ignorance, and fear."

Not by platform oratory was this confidence won, this independence achieved. There was no need of asserting qualities which were illustrated every day. There was no need of demanding privileges which for two hundred years had been essential to the preservation of existence. When our great-great-grandmothers looked back upon their great-great-grandmothers, it was not to scorn a contented domesticity; but to marvel at a hardihood which feared God greatly, but which took its own part with prompt and appalling resolution.

In the town of Haverhill, Massachusetts, there stands a monument, girt by an iron railing, and surmounted by a statue of an angry-looking woman, wielding what appears to be an ax. The casual stranger takes it to be Carrie Nation on her way to smash a few saloons,—which shows that the casual stranger is lamentably ignorant of local history. For this is Hannah Dustin, who, in the spring of 1697, was snatched from her home by Indians. Her husband saved his seven children from the savages; but his wife, weak from childbirth, and a nurse or midwife who attended her, were carried a nine days'

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Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

THE SPREADING HOOPS OF OUR SAINTED GRANDMOTHERS

flight into the forest. On the tenth night Hannah arose, and with such aid as the nurse and a young boy dared give her she killed ten Indians sleeping by their fires. She then—to prove her deed and win the promised bounty—scalped the corpses, scalped them with awful deliberation in the firelight, tucked the hideous trophies into her belt, scuttled all the canoes but one, and the three captives returned triumphantly to Haverhill.

The General Court of Massachusetts voted the sum of fifty pounds to this dauntless heroine, and Governor Nicholson of Maryland sent her a pewter tankard, as a token of his respectful admiration,—which was all very well for a gentleman who lived at a comfortable distance. But how, one wonders, did

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Mr. Dustin feel when he woke at night and saw his spouse sleeping by his side, or touched the hand which had dealt out death to men! Compared with such a woman, the suffragists who broke London windows or slashed unresisting pictures seem like children demolishing dolls. Dr. Cotton Mather, who tells us the story with unwonted eloquence in his *Magnalia Christi Americana* heads it appropriately "Dux Femina Facti." A woman never forgot she was a woman in those days. Whatever her leadership, whatever her prowess, she remained, after her fashion, profoundly feminine. Christine Zellers, who was to Pennsylvania what Hannah Dustin was to Massachusetts, slew three Indians who strove one summer afternoon to enter her house through a window;—"after which," says the unperturbed chronicler, "she returned to her domestic duties"—

Like a well-conducted person,
Went on cutting bread and butter.

It is not surprising that, with such a background, the women who helped to colonize the new world should have very faintly resembled those meek Griseldas of our fancy, those submissive wives and daughters who (so we have been assured) "never dared to claim a common humanity with men." Tradition, no less than history, denies their tractability. Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, span demurely, and sang nothing less edifying than psalms; but she reached out for what she wanted with the resolution of Ann in *Man and Superman*, and, like Ann, she accomplished her desire. If we are searching for facts, we learn that Miles Standish never wooed Priscilla Mullins, and that his second wife, who was his first wife's sister, came over from England to marry him a year before John Alden married his fair Puritan. But these details are of no great value. The only interesting thing about the story is the engaging candor which tradition assigns to Priscilla, and which won her no disfavor.

A vastly different tale, that of Floyd Ireson of Marblehead, has been discredited by history; and we are bidden to believe that the Yankee skipper, like Bishop Hatto of Mainz, was a singularly kind and upright character. But whether Ireson yielded to the cowardice of his crew, and sailed away from the sinking schooner, or whether the heavy

THE RIGOR OF THE GAME

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gales made it impossible for him to reach her; whether his Christian name were Floyd or Benjamin; whether the women of Marblehead did actually tar and feather him, or merely followed the cart as the *tricoteuses* followed the tumbrils, are questions that can never be answered. The tradition is one of terrible intensity. The picture of these fishwives,

> Strong of muscle and glib of tongue,

dealing out shameful punishment to their captive without help and without hindrance from men, is in no more accord with our cherished sentimentalities than with our contemptuous pity for the chastened women of the past.

That the Pilgrim Fathers had to reckon with the Pilgrim Mothers, and the Pilgrim Sons with the Pilgrim Daughters, is a plain truth which should be thankfully accepted. It is the law of life that men deal warily with essential conditions, that their respect is in proportion to their dependence. The colonist's wife was like the valiant woman of the Proverbs. She "put out her hand to strong things"; and if her husband failed to praise her as lavishly as Solomon recommended, he was none the less mindful of her authority. She had ambitions which varied with her education and her surroundings, and she knew how to agitate as well as her descendants know to-day. The goodwives of Massachusetts may have been fairly shocked when they heard that, in Maryland, Mistress Margaret Brent had insisted on her right to vote in the Assembly; and that—pursuing this prerogative—she had invaded the legislative halls and made a "marvelous commotion." But the goodwives of Maryland were probably no less scandalized when they heard that, in Massachusetts, Mistress Anne Hutchinson and Mistress Mary Dyer had insisted upon preaching, and, what was worse, prophesying,—a custom which we can well believe "tended to doubtful disputations."

Of late years Anne Hutchinson has been honored as a pioneer feminist and clubwoman, because she gathered her neighbors under her roof, aiding and exhorting them. Also as a martyr, because, having been banished from Massachusetts, and having left Rhode Island

MOVING PICTURES OF THE PAST

of her own volition, she migrated to New York, and there perished in an Indian raid. But it is only fair to remember that she was a thorn in the flesh of Governor Winthrop, who did not know how to silence her ("a woman of ready wit and bold spirit"), and who was more than a little afraid of the vigor and wrath with which she "vented her revelations." Prophets are never optimistic, and consequently never popular. The Boston colonists were none too jocund at best; and it must have been indescribably cheerless to be told—and to believe—that they and their children and the state were destined to be blighted by the wrath of God. The Governor was no rash contemner of women. His own wife, Margaret Winthrop, was a *maîtresse femme*, ruling beneficently, with a just sense of proportion, and a clear understanding of boundaries. But Anne Hutchinson—

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who knew no boundaries—perplexed and defied him; and because he could neither understand the driving of her spirit, nor subdue its obstinacy, he rid himself and his colony of her admonitions after the simple fashion of his day. It is recorded that "her faithful husband went with her into exile,"—a pleasant reversal of ordinary procedure and a commentary on marital relations.

"Religious desperativeness" was a powerful weapon in those grim days. If some women smarted under it, others—more adaptable—knew how to turn it to their own account. Ambrose Barnes gives us a sympathetic description of a Puritan lady, his near relative, whom he deeply revered, but eluded as often as he could. She had, he assures us, "as much grace as would serve half a dozen saints"; but every ounce of virtue made her that much heavier to bear. "Left a widow by her husband . . . she married that holy, humble, and truly reverent Mr. Elkanah Wales of fragrant memory. His mildness made the ruggedness and severity of her society more easy to him than it would have been to many."

SATURDAY NIGHT

Discussions upon things appertaining to femininity are apt to be associated in people's minds with a certain combativeness. I hesitate to add to the strife; but listening to the swelling chorus,

Onward, sisters, onward!

which rises from every state in the Union, and stirred by the splendid buoyancy of American feminists,

Bondage lies behind us,
Freedom lies before.

I am glad to remember how stoutly this bondage was borne by our broad-shouldered predecessors, and what a gamesome aspect it had. They were full-voiced and fluent, these parasitical, enslaved great-grandmothers. They prated about their "weak and timid sex" as fluently as we prate about "the moral leadership of women," and they meant no more by their words than we mean now. Mercy Warren, pamphleteer and chronicler, who, "at the fond insistence of her husband" (again observe the becoming marital attitude), consented to write a *History of the Revolution*, was given to a suave and sententious humility; but it went ill with the man who presumed upon this meekness. When John Adams, then seventy-two years old, ventured a mild remonstrance against certain inaccuracies in her narrative, as well as against her harsh comments upon his own "passions and prejudices," she stoutly resented his criticism. Censure from such a source she held to be an "indecent attack" upon her work and worth and womanhood. So keen was her pen, so sharp her retorts, so vigorous her denunciations, that she routed Mr. Adams as effectually as she would to-day have routed Mr. Taft, Mr. Wilson, and —perhaps—Mr. Roosevelt, had any of these gentlemen ventured to cross her orbit. She was an able and undaunted woman, and a noble upholder of female education; but of the temperance which

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Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts Engraved by H. Leinroth

MY LADY GOES A-MARKETING

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begets control she knew as little as her descendants know to-day.

It was natural that the women of the Revolution and the women of the Civil War should have been radical, outspoken, and determined, because they aspired to an understanding of those great political issues,—and they were lifted out of domesticity and frivolity by their active co-operation with men. Women have always ranked with men, says Ida Tarbell, "in actual capacity and achievement;" and it is certain that in these two crucial instances they rose spiritually to the level of their husbands. They sought no immunity from suffering, they made no ignoble plea for peace. They posed neither as innocent victims of man's combativeness, nor as moral censors of his supreme self-sacrifice. The notion that war is wrong because it involves the anguish of women would have been as repellent to their souls as the notion that war can be averted by the wisdom of women would have been repellent to their understandings. They deemed it their right to know what issues were at stake, and their privilege to give undenyingly to their country's cause. Courage was their inheritance from their pioneer ancestors, and pain was proudly borne, because it was the price of freedom and national life.

A DÉBUTANTE

There is something very inspiriting in the contemplation of these stout-hearted, clear-minded women who so faintly resemble the chimney-corner great-grandmothers of our fancy. How pleasant, for example, to read what Mr. Charles Francis Adams has to say about Mrs. John Adams, who was politely alluded to by contemporaries as "a lady of masculine intelligence," but whose strength lay in her profoundly feminine "affectability." "While she understood the foibles of her husband's character," writes her descendant, "and yielded to them enough to maintain her proper authority, she never swerved from her admiration of his abilities, her reliance upon the profoundness of his judgment, and her pride in the integrity of his life."

"Her proper authority!" That is all our grandmothers or our great-great-grandmothers asked for, and that is what they felt themselves well able to maintain. They were as fully alive to their own value as are their great-great-granddaughters to-day, and they proved it by their courage and capacity. When Catherine Schuyler was bidden by her husband to save what she could from the British troops, she braved the journey to Saratoga, stripped their house of its valuables, and burned the broad fields of grain ripening for the harvest. When Eliza Pinckney was left by her husband in charge of their South Carolina estates, she proceeded at once to do what the overseer had utterly failed to do,—raise large and lucrative crops of indigo. She gave an impetus to this languishing industry, proved its worth, and made of her plantation a model for her neighbors. Not even the wife of the Proverbs could have outstripped Mrs. Pinckney in the great art of surveillance. "Nobody eats the bread of idleness when I am here," she wrote proudly, "nor are any overworked."

I like to think what such women would have said (they have always so

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much to say) had they been told that theirs was a choice between "beggary and parasitism," that they were insolvent in the economic world, and enslaved in the world of jurisprudence, that they were living in a state of "perpetual minority." Of course they had their periods of discontent,—reasonable and unreasonable. Of course they had their moods of unrest,—noble and ignoble. Abigail Adams presented to her husband a comprehensive list of grievances, which she held it to be the duty of the Continental Congress to redress. If it failed to redress them, she threatened (and there is a sting in the jest) a woman's rebellion. The badgered statesman admitted very prettily that the most powerful tribe in the world was the tribe of women, and besought patience. He knew, and his wife knew, that man's mastery was a real thing, but neither an absolute nor an unlimited thing. The qualities which make for mastery — vigor, combativeness, ingenuity, and economic foresight—were fairly developed in American women. If they were, as we have been tearfully told, "cumbered with much serving of their lords," they rated their services high. De Tocqueville found them reasonably obedient and domestic, but much given to discussion. They were "cold and virtuous women, rather than affectionate wives and agreeable companions to men." "Light without heat" would probably have been his verdict had that famous phrase been current in his day.

The great efflorescence of "Woman's Rights," with capital letters and a clearly defined platform, was marked by unflinching courage and a rather exhilarating assurance. Its upholders were accusatory, but seldom lugubrious. They demanded the suffrage as a prerogative, but made no rash promises about redeeming an irredeemable world. They toyed with the seductive bloomer; but in that respect they were in accord with generations of women, who from time to time have borrowed some portion of men's dress as a symbol of interests and aspirations. Even Addison aims his gentle shafts at the ladies of his day, who were immersed in politics instead of needlework, and whose attire was often so masculine that their sex was a matter for conjecture.

It is interesting to note that while men have always railed, and railed in vain, against the excesses of fashion, they take swift alarm when women show any disposition to appropriate a portion of their own sensible and sanitary clothing. The spreading hoops of our sainted grandmothers were to our unregenerate grandfathers a source of measureless annoyance. The general effect produced by a crinoline was an absence of space for anything but itself, and an absence of concern for anybody but its wearer. Engulfed by their wives' tempestuous petticoats, men lost their last vestige of supereminence. They remonstrated in fear and wrath. They exhausted themselves in ridicule, not understanding that women can never be laughed out of a folly. They appealed to art, they appealed to economics, they appealed to

THE BED-TIME ROUND

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Drawn by Anna Whelan Betts

A BLUE STOCKING OF YESTERDAY

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reason. They would gladly have appealed to religion, had it been of any use. The hoop-skirt, having reached the greatest possible magnitude compatible with human intercourse, went slowly out of fashion. It died literally by inches, growing smaller and smaller every season, and refusing to be hurried in its decline by the importunities of men. But the bloomer, the comfortable, economical, symbolic bloomer, lived its brief life in vain; blighted—not by the uneasy prejudices of men, but by the contemptuous disregard of women, who, in the supreme matter of dress, have never permitted any appeal from their own court. The failure of sumptuary laws in all countries and in all ages proves the perpetual impotence of men.

There is nothing so enlightening as history. By it we measure progress and decay; through it we understand the vital and unconquerable things of life. Historic bridle-paths, no less than the main-traveled roads, lead us straight to the doors of humanity. All we have to do is to look in and observe. If we bear in mind the fact that one of the first printed books to achieve anything like a general circulation in England was a treatise on hawking and hunting by Juliana Berners, the prioress of Sopwell Nunnery, we realize that the world of men was not—even in those dim years—so remote from the world of women. Perhaps the treatise was a trifle academic. "Fisshynge with an Angle" appears to have been the sport best known—in its actuality—to the prioress. Perhaps the treatise on war and the science of arms, written by that distinguished feminist, Christine de Pisan, in the fourteenth century, was also a trifle academic. But it is worthy of note that such soldiers as knew their letters were in the habit of reading Christine de Pisan's treatise; and that there was no contemporary manual on the arts of embroidery and sewing written by captain or jurist, courtier or monk.

Marcel Prévost, who occasionally says in a few fine words what less facile writers say grossly and at length, tells us in his *Lettres à François* that, in the second half of the nineteenth century, "*la femme reprend par devers soi le souci de son bonheur, au lieu de le confier à l'homme.*" It was a good thing to do, as far as it could be done. It enhanced the dignity of womanhood and secured a coign of vantage. To intimate that men and women, as long as they go on mating, must unavoidably intrust a large share of their happiness to one another, is to "exhaust the possibilities of the obvious." Nobody is by way of disputing so venerable a truism. But the economic independence of woman, her solvency in the industrial world, and her strengthening grasp upon the world of intellect, had, and has, the supreme rightness of the inevitable. It is part of the great social and democratic evolution. If her conquest of the political world is next in order, it will come when the hour strikes, and we shall blunder along under new conditions as indefatigably as we blundered under old ones. What will make the change easier to bear will be the comforting resemblance between the masterful lady at the polls and her masterful grandmother in the chimney-corner.

There has been as much sympathy as sentiment wasted upon these grandmothers. A poem called "The New Motherhood," by Ruth Comfort Mitchell, published in the *Century Magazine*, compares the shadowy woman of the past with her capable and compassionate descendant who is helping to bear the burdens of humanity.

If she had lived a little while ago,
She would be wearing tranquil caps of lace,
Withdrawing gently to her quiet place,
Sighing remotely at the world's drab woe.

Does any one, I wonder, who ever owned a grandmother (of this period) recognize the description? The "tranquil cap" is identifiable, sometimes of lace, sometimes brilliantly beribboned, sometimes of plain muslin, after the fashion appointed for English widows. I knew grandmothers who wore glossy chestnut fronts of an appalling juvenility, and I knew grandmothers who wore curls,—rows of stiff, bobbing curls, as suggestive of coercion as were my own orderly ringlets. But I never knew any grandmothers who had withdrawn gently from the circle of activities (unless they were paralytic), and I never knew any who were content to sigh remotely

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at the world's drab woe. If philanthropy be new, charity is very old; and as there were no organizations to which our grandmothers could intrust their duties, they were obliged to laboriously perform them. Before the beneficent advent of the trained nurse, and the exclusion of the laity from the sick-room, everybody lent a hand at nursing. Friends and neighbors "sat up" at night, and administered medicine, when they remembered it. Children of fourteen were efficient and resourceful. By the time a woman became a grandmother she had a store of experience, and was a respected authority on the recurrent diseases of the household. A wise doctor made a point of agreeing with her, and sometimes the patient recovered.

The poor were at our doors then as now, and were not content to be sighed over. There was no commending them to the care of charitable associations. They had to be visited, exhorted, sobered, housed, clothed, and fed. Our grandmothers stitched flannel garments, which would now be deemed unsanitary; and made beef-tea, which would now be called unnutritive. They regarded the propagation of the species more leniently than we do, having expansive views on that subject. They held drunkenness to be natural, though regrettable, in men, and wholly unpardonable in women. For the rest, they championed their sex. Pensioners of an incalculable age came for their weekly dole, and complained that the last tea was not up to the usual standard, and that the last coal had clinked so in the grate that the fire had "gone out on them" when they were cooking their dinners. Sometimes these pensioners—being grandmothers themselves—proffered strange counsel for fretting babies and sick children. I remember one decrepit old Irishwoman hobbling painfully to our doors, to impart a sure remedy for mumps. She herself, as a girl, had been cured of them in the old country by being driven three successive mornings, in a halter, through running water at sunrise.

There have always been enthusiasts who believed that the world was being made over in their day; and as nature has not permitted them to live beyond their allotted span, they died in this illusion. Now and then some indiscreet positivist ventures to affirm a little too soon and a little too roundly his, or her, confidence in the adjustability of fate. Four years ago, a sanguine English feminist wrote in the *Westminster Review*, "Feudalism, War, the Subjection of Women, how obsolete, how very crude they already sound!" I dare say they did to ears that were not attuned to the daily warning shrieked from the great Krupp works, to the crash and clamor with which every giant gun, every high explosive was manufactured for the destruction of man. In two years after the penning of this thoughtful sentence, feudalism had made its gigantic stride, and war had devastated Europe. But the subjection of women still sounds very crude, because the spirit of Eve is, and has always been, the inheritance of Eve's daughters. Men would have had little need to frame so many apprehensive laws for the restraining of their helpmates had it not been for this inextinguishable spirit, had not the acute law-makers recognized in every age the precarious tenure of their sovereignty.

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Four Saturdays

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

THE FIRST SATURDAY

AM a Bohemian. My name is Josef Vitek. Two years ago I came to San Francisco from a little village near Prague.

This Prague is a wonderful city. Upon a hill in the center of the town is the King's Palace, and about it, in a circle, are the palaces of the archbishops. The King's Palace has over a hundred windows, and at sunset these windows are lit with fire. So Prague is sometimes called the City of Flame.

I am a baker by trade. Every evening at seven o'clock I go to the shop where I work, and I toil until the day breaks. I am a baker of bread; otherwise I should work in the daytime, as the pastry-cooks do. But I like things as they are; for the nights are cool in San Francisco, and in the early morning, as I walk home, the mist touches my cheeks pleasantly.

I am never tired, and my heart is very light. In the evening when I start for my work I laugh continually. And why should I do otherwise? I am not sick. I can still dance, and I am not yet in love. There is a man who works beside me, a Greek. I do not hold that against him, but he annoys me with his sighing. He says: "Josef, you do not know what bliss it is to be in love!" And then he sighs. Surely, if this is bliss, I want none of it. Only yesterday he wept. I felt sorry for him, of course, but I could not help wondering: "Why do not the people in love laugh as I do?"

Even my master says: "Josef, you are always laughing! Do they all do so in Bohemia?" He is a German—a kind man.

My village is full of laughter. It is a smiling place, and there are five halls in the town where one can dance. On Sundays, after mass, you will find them all crowded. One does not pay for the privileges of dancing in my country. The five halls are for any who would use them, and those who play for us make music for the love of it. But you are not to suppose that I am homesick because of all this. I like this country, or I should not be so light-hearted.

Yesterday, being Saturday, I did not work. I slept until noon, and when I rose I was happier than I had ever been. I was so happy that I sang. Saturday is always a pleasant day. If it is fair and the skies are smiling, I go for a walk in the Park; if it rains, I sleep all day and dream pleasant dreams. Yes, no matter what the weather, Saturday is the pleasantest day of the whole week. Yesterday was a fair day, so I walked in the Park. There are some days when I stroll only among the flower-gardens, or stretch myself out upon the grass, watching the people going by in little groups along the freshly graveled walks. But this day I walked past the flower-gardens. I went beyond the music-stand, farther than the lake, where one may have a boat for the hiring. Beyond this lake they do not trouble much with the grass and flowers, except along the driveways. But there are little paths through the pine forest, and one has birds and rabbits for company. I like it so.

As I walked through the woods, whom should I come upon but this Greek, who sighs continually as he works beside me. He was sitting by a little green pool, and he held his head between his hands.

I went up to him and touched him on the shoulder. "Come," I said, "let us walk together. This is no day for sitting with grief for company."

He looked at me mournfully and shook his head. "Josef, you are always laughing. Go away! When you are in

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love, as I am, you will know that laughter is not everything."

I sat down beside him. "Why cannot one laugh and be in love?" I questioned. "In my country there are no end of pretty girls. I have seen many of them betrothed. Always, at the betrothal, there is laughter. And, upon the wedding-day, perhaps there is a tear or two, but what of that? Laughter seasoned with tears is not such a sad affair."

He shook his head. "It is not the same, Josef. In my country, too, there are all these happy things of which you speak. But I am no longer in my country. I am a stranger in a strange land. And I am in love! Josef, take my advice; go back to the little village that you came from. Go back where they order things pleasantly—where they dance for a wedding and laugh when a child is born. Here—" He threw his hands upward in his despair.

I said nothing for a long time. The little green pool trembled in the breeze. Clouds began to dart across the sun's face like swift white swans.

"I see," I said, finally; "she does not love you. Well, it happens so even in the villages of Bohemia. But, after all, this is Saturday, and the sun is shining. We do not work to-night. We can be as gay as we please! Come, my friend, there are other pretty girls to be had, but you will not find them beside a pool. Let us go back to town and see what there is to see."

"Well, perhaps you are right! Who knows?" he said, as he rose. "Let us do as you say."

We searched all night among the paved streets of the city for a pretty girl who could tempt my friend to laughter, but it was no use. There were many who smiled at us, but he would have none of them. Finally he said to me:

"Josef, why do you waste your time? Let me be. As for me, I must have something to drink. Will you come with me and drink the drink of my country?"

I went with him. We walked many blocks. Finally he stopped before a coffee-house, and we entered. The room was full of smoke; I have never seen so much smoke; men sat at little marble tables. We sat down. They brought thick, black coffee to us, and a Turkish water-pipe for my friend. After a time, my friend whispered to the waiter. He nodded and came back with two glasses filled with mastica — a colorless drink that burned the tongue pleasantly. An orchestra began to play. I looked up. A woman was dancing. For a moment I felt gay.

But the dancing was not the dancing of my country; there was something melancholy about it. My friend buried his face in his hands and ran his fingers through his thick, black hair. I looked again at the woman upon the stage. She was slender and full of grace, and between her fingers she held little tinkling cymbals that flashed in the light. She sang, also, an air that began and ended nowhere, and her body swayed like a field of rye at nightfall. She had on a dress of pink, and there were seed-pearls in her hair.

"Who is this woman?" I inquired of my friend, as soon as he again raised his eyes.

"She? A Jewess from Constantinople. Her name is Miriam."

"When she has finished dancing will she sit with us?" I asked.

He stared at me. "If you wish it," he answered. He looked at me so curiously that I felt afraid.

"Tell me," I said, finally, "is it because of this woman that you sigh continually?"

His eyes flashed. "*This* woman! Are you joking? Why should this woman make any man sigh? You are a fool, Josef!"

My heart gave a quick beat. I was glad. The music had stopped. I beckoned to her. She came down smiling and she sat beside me. I put out my hand and touched her fingers.

"Why do you sigh, Josef?" said my friend.

THE SECOND SATURDAY

Yesterday Saturday came round again. I went to the coffee-house where Miriam dances. But this time I went alone. All week this Greek friend of mine has mocked me. Not with his lips, but with his eyes. At my work I could see him darting little side glances at me full of malice. I have grown to hate him.

Last Sunday I slept until evening,

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and when I woke my heart felt as if it were banded with iron hoops, like a wine-cask. When I left my room I met my landlady in the hall. She is a little old woman from Alsace, and her back is bent with many labors and as many griefs. But she still has a pleasant word for me. She calls me her son; and in the early morning, when I come home from my work, there is always something upon the little table by my bed — a sweet-cake or an orange. Last night she left a pear, but I did not touch it. I met her in the hall, bending over a dust-pan. She looked up.

"Josef! Josef!" she cried, wagging a finger at me. "You are not smiling this evening! Come, my son, you have lived with me a year and I have never until now seen you except with a smile on your lips."

I passed her quickly and went on my way.

It was a hot night. The mist did not come in as usual from the sea, and among the ovens of the shop where I work the air was thick and heavy. I felt stifled. When I closed my eyes my head grew giddy, as it does when one drinks wine and falls to nodding over the wine-cups. At first I thought this was all because of the heat, but I have passed many hot nights in cities that had no sea for their refreshment, and I have never felt so. Finally my Greek friend who works beside me said:

"Josef, you must look to your task or our baking will be a failure. What has come over you?"

He spoke sweetly enough, but his lips were scornful. I had no choice but to answer him.

"I do not know," I replied. "I have never felt this way before. I feel as if my heart had flown from me and they had put a heart of lead in its place."

"And yet, Josef," he said, mockingly, "only yesterday you laughed!"

I did not answer him.

All week it was the same. But the nights grew cool again, and then I knew that it was not the heat that was stifling me.

When Saturday came I went, as usual, to the Park. I kept to the flower-gardens this time. The pathway through the pine forest was too lonely. The very thought of it made me afraid. I sat on a bench in the sunken gardens until evening. I did not even eat.

At eight o'clock I stood before the door of the coffee-house. I felt suddenly weak, but I went in. Miriam was dancing. She did not see me. She smiled continually, but not at me. I took a seat somewhere in a corner.

I cannot describe how she danced. Sometimes she seemed scarcely to move, and yet the seed-pearls in her hair trembled and her little feet twinkled to the music. And her arms! Yes, it was her arms that danced most perfectly! I have never seen a woman dance so. In my country we dance furiously, with brave shouts, whirling like dead leaves in a November wind. But with Miriam it was not so. She moved as quietly as sleep upon the eyes of happy children. She sang, also, but I could not understand what she said.

When she had finished, I sent the waiter for her. She came down and sat with me, but she would not drink. Instead, they brought her a sweetmeat of candied honey, flavored with rose-geranium.

"Tell me," I said to her, "what song was that you sang?"

She cut the sweetmeat in two with a little silver fork. "*That?* It was nothing. A silly little song I learned when I was a child."

I touched her fingers as I had done on the first night. Her hand was upon the table. "Can you sing a love song?" I asked her.

She threw back her head as she laughed. "You men!" she cried. "You are all alike!"

A thick mist floated before my eyes. The iron bands about my heart drew tighter. "Do the others speak to you so?" I cried. "Do the others ask for love-songs, too?"

She raised the sweetmeat to her lips. "Did you think they asked for cradle-songs?" she answered, mockingly.

I drew her hand toward me. "Miriam," I whispered, "do not sing love-songs for the others!"

She rose from her seat. "You are all alike. There is not one that is different," she said, and she left me.

I bowed my head in my hands. When

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I looked up my Greek friend sat opposite me.

"Josef! Josef!" he said, "you are weeping!"

THE THIRD SATURDAY

Why is it that I must be a baker of bread and work all night when others are free? Why must I be a baker of bread and bend over the hot ovens at the hour when Miriam dances? Before, I used to say to myself:

"I am so glad I am not a pastry-cook, sweating over my task in the heat of noonday. I like cool nights for my labor."

But what are cool nights to me now? What difference does it make when the fire in my heart brings a cold sweat to my forehead? No, if I were a pastry-cook nothing would matter, for then I should go every night to the place where Miriam dances, and the waiter would bring me thick coffee, and, if I whispered to him, little glasses filled with that pleasant, colorless drink that warms the heart. And Miriam would eat sweetmeats of honey flavored with the perfume of flowers. As it is, I must work at the hour when Miriam dances. I must work and say to myself:

"She is dancing now as a snowflake dances in the cold air. She is dancing now like a pink rose-petal in the wind. She is dancing now like raindrops in a silver pool. She is dancing now and singing love-songs for others to hear."

When I leave my work I cannot sleep. I lie upon my bed listening to my landlady going about her tasks. Sometimes the door-bell rings and a comrade asks for me, and I hear my landlady say: "No; my son is tired. He is asleep. Come again later."

I am not her son, of course, but that does not matter. She is a good woman, this landlady of mine. For two weeks I have not touched the cakes and fruit she leaves upon my table. I have taken them away and given them to the children in the streets.

If it were dark, perhaps I could sleep. But the sun shines too brightly, and I lie and watch the flies. If I knew where to find Miriam, I would go to her, but I know nothing except that at night she binds her hair with seed-pearls and sings love-songs for others to hear. I know nothing about her. She might die and there would be none to come and tell me. Every Saturday night when I leave the coffee-house where she dances I am tortured by the fear that I shall never see her again. What if she should be gone when I go once more? This is why I do not sleep. Are there not plenty of women in the world? Was not my village full of them? Why, then, must the memory of Miriam torture me? Why is it that she has stolen the laughter from my heart? Is it her black hair, or her eyes, or her twinkling feet that have snared me? I do not know.

A few days ago everything seemed so gay. Now I cannot so much as smile to stop the taunts of my Greek friend who works beside me. *He* has ceased his sighing. He has no time now for anything but torturing me. Last Friday he pried a beetle from a crack in the wall. He did not kill it with one blow, as I should have done. He put it on a table, and let it run hither and thither while he worried it. This is how he stands over me, watching my grief. I am like this poor beetle seeking to hide myself in a tiny crack, but he will have none of it.

There was a time when the week flew by because of my happiness. From Saturday to Saturday was no further than a sparrow's flight. Now the days stand still. Yesterday Saturday came again. I did not go this time to the Park. I lay upon my bed all day. At noon my landlady came and looked at me, and went away. She does not bother me with idle talk. But since I have ceased smiling she stops me as I leave the house at nightfall. She stops me and looks into my eyes.

"Josef," she says, "Josef, my son!"

That is all.

Last night as I sat watching Miriam dance, my heart grew suddenly light. She saw me sitting in a far corner, alone, and she smiled at me. She sang, also, and she looked at me the whole time. And I knew that she was singing a love-song. I was very happy. Presently she came and sat with me. I had not even beckoned her.

"Miriam," I said to her, "do you know why I come here? Do you know

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why I come here, and eat and drink what they put before me?"

"Yes," she answered, "you come here because you love me."

I leaned toward her until the perfume of her hair made me giddy, and I whispered: "Miriam, I am a baker of bread; otherwise I should sit here every night and watch you dance. But what is so is so, and while you dance and sing to the others I bend over my task and my tears fall. It was not always this way. Before I saw you everything in the world seemed beautiful. Now there is nothing beautiful but you. Even the flowers that bloom along the driveways of the Park are no longer beautiful. Come, Miriam, say that you will dance and sing only for me, and give me back my laughter!"

She put her hands to her hair. "You forget the others," she said. "I cannot stand still from Saturday to Saturday, waiting for you."

"Miriam," I said, "will you not marry me? Marry me, and then the others will not matter. Marry me, and I shall buy you a chain of gold and a ring, if you wish it. Marry me, and you can dance as you choose, and we will eat sweetmeats of honey."

She gave a low laugh. "Do you think that things are always so? Do you think that I dress always in silk and that my hair is forever bound with pearls? What if I did not dance for you? Do you fancy that we could live on sweetmeats of honey?"

"Miriam," I cried, "do not mock me! I am not rich, but there is enough. I am the youngest of nine boys. There was no sister in my family, but my good mother has a linen-chest all ready as a dowry for the daughter that was never born to her. I am her youngest child, and, if I but asked her, this linen would be mine."

"What is a chest of linen to me who dances? No; I am not bought with any of these things. Besides, you are not of my people."

The music began again. She rose. I sat and watched her dance. But she did not look at me this time when she sang. She looked at the others.

My Greek friend came and sat opposite me. He did not say a word. But suddenly he began to laugh. I got up and left the coffee-house. He followed me. At my door he laughed again.

THE FOURTH SATURDAY

When Saturday night came again, I went as usual to the coffee-house. I walked in and sat down. The waiter came smiling toward me. I looked about. My Greek friend was sitting alone at a table. The music began to play. I raised my eyes to the stage. Miriam was not dancing. I felt suddenly afraid. I rose from my seat and went over and sat with this Greek friend of mine. He looked at me.

"Tell me," I said, "where is Miriam?"

An evil smile was on his lips. "Miriam? She will not dance again."

My heart stopped beating. "What! Is she dead?"

"Dead? No, she is not dead. She has gone. She has married one of her own people."

The air stifled me. I beat upon my chest. My Greek friend began to laugh.

"You are a devil!" I cried. "You have no heart!"

He shut his teeth tightly. "No—you are right," he answered; "I have no heart. *She* has stolen it!"

I touched his hand. "You lied to me," I said, softly. "You told me that you did not love her."

He clenched his fists. There was a dreadful look on his face. "I do not love her. I *hate* her! My friend, you do not know yet what love means. Some day you will hate a woman. Then you will know."

He laughed again, horribly. I rose and left him. I went home. My landlady stood at the door. I tried to speak. She put out her hand.

"Mother!" I cried.

She drew me to her. "Josef!" she said. "My son. My little boy!"

I wept a long time. My landlady brought me a handkerchief—a gay handkerchief, with blue and red dots upon it. I dried my eyes.

"There, that is right! Now you will be smiling again, my little Josef!" she said to me. "After a shower the sun always shines more pleasantly!"

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Fitting the Man to the Job

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

HOW many people who read these lines are satisfied that they are filling their appropriate place in the world? How many believe that they are doing the particular work for which their talents and inclinations fit them? How many feel that there are other things which, if they were once given a chance, they could do much better? How many believe that their careers are the result of a well-ordered, thought-out scheme, and how many realize that their present occupation is all pure accident? The man who is doing the thing which he planned as a boy or young man is the rarest phenomenon. The human being who can deliberately set his goal and advance unwaveringly toward it has determination, almost genius, of a high order. Every one of us has some one thing which he can do better than anything else; in some one undiscovered particular we are all supermen. How many of us are doing that one thing?

Questions like these, which most people constantly ask themselves, are now assuming a practical importance in industry. The healthy discontent which leads the average citizen to quarrel with his lot seldom assumes the proportions of a tragedy; but there are millions of flesh-and-blood ghosts who haunt the purlieus of modern enterprise — men and women who never seem to find an economic affinity. American industry is now searching its heart in the interest of these industrial waifs. To what extent are the manufacturer and business man themselves responsible for the misfit? To what extent does the misfit present the possibility of cure? The latest development of scientific management is its attempt to solve this problem, to use profitably the vast amount of human material which is constantly going to waste.

For several years the efficiency experts have been preaching and practising their art. They have shown manufacturers how to buy to advantage, how to economize in the processes of production, and how to use every last ounce of inert material. According to the prevailing idea, they have made great contributions to modern industrialism; however, so far, they have touched only one side, perhaps the least important, of the problem. They have saved at the spigot, but they have paid too little attention to the loss at the bunghole. Industrial students now recognize the important fact that the greatest waste of industrialism is not in its dead, but in its living substance. Steel, iron, and leather belting do not make a factory prosperous and efficient; the brains and muscles that control these inanimate forces spell success or failure. Modern efficiency shows us how to use the machinery and pig-iron to the best advantage, but only recently has it tackled the important question of how to handle men and women. It uses every ounce of iron and every pound of steam, but it casts thousands of human beings on the scrap-heap as valueless. The beef trust tells us that it utilizes every part of its carcasses. It markets the edible parts as food; other sections of the animal ultimately appear as buttons, purses, glue, shoes, combs, hairpins, and soap. In carving up a pig, the Chicago packers proudly say, "We use everything except the squeal."

Human society presents a similar problem; but why does industrialism select only the most promising elements? Why does it necessarily disregard the inefficient, the untrained, the 'down and out," the discouraged, the vicious, possibly even the criminal? Ordinary common sense teaches us that there is something which these men and women can do. Most factories have expert salesmen, expert purchasing agents, ex-

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pert financiers, expert designers; how many—until recently—have had experts in human labor?

When it is said that this neglected majority constitutes a frightful waste, statistics eloquently bear out the statement. There is probably not a large employer of labor in the United States who will question it. "Hiring and firing," all now recognize, forms the greatest leakage in modern business. In many establishments the men who do the employing have come to be known as "the fortune-tellers." It is the one place in which everything is haphazard. Mr. Magnus W. Alexander, one of the engineers of the General Electric Company, has demonstrated this great waste mathematically. Taking the employment statistics of twelve metal factories, located in six States, he has found that these places employed 37,274 persons at the beginning of the year, and 43,971 at the end. Their normal increase in employees, therefore, was 6,697. Had matters worked efficiently, these factories should have employed only 6,697 men—or slightly more, making due allowance for death, sickness, and other natural causes of dismissal. In reality, these factories had hired 45,571 new people. We must ponder these figures carefully to get their full significance. In order to obtain 6,000 new employees, these establishments, all representative and "efficient" American concerns, had to employ 45,000! Out of seven men taken on, only one stayed. After making liberal deductions, Mr. Alexander calculates that these twelve factories employed 24,500 men and women whom they were unable to retain. Each person represented an expense ranging from $50 to $200. The companies had to keep a clerical force to hire these people and place their names on the pay-roll. They had to pay foremen and assistants to instruct them. They had to stand the expense of damaged and broken tools due to inexperience. The reduced rate of production represented another positive loss, and then there was the spoiled work which "new hands" turn out in such abundance. Mr. Alexander takes the lowest estimate, $50 per man, as representing this loss. At this rate, "hiring and firing" caused a waste in these twelve factories of nearly $1,000,000 a year. At the highest estimate, $200, the practice resulted in a waste of $4,000,000.

Eighty-five per cent. of the human material that went into these shops failed to adapt itself to the machine. This experience is universal. One manufacturer reports that, in order to get fifty employees, he has hired 1,000 men during a single year. This reduced his profits, he says, by $150,000. A Cleveland factory employed 750 girls, and kept only 175 of them. Only great prosperity can stand such losses. They mean the difference between success and failure, and, in hard times, the difference between solvency and insolvency. To any one really interested in efficiency, the situation is appalling. What does the saving in a few "waste motions"—even a new method of laying bricks—amount to in comparison with these losses?

Nor is the industrial waste the most serious aspect; think of the human tragedies that these statistics disclose. In these twelve establishments 35,000 men out of 45,000 have failed to make good. Imagine the strain that the great unassimilated make upon the other resources of society—the extent to which they burden friends, relations, and philanthropic organizations. It is incredible that all these men, or even a large majority, are to blame. Only the most hopeless pessimist can think that such an enormous percentage of human beings are worthless.

Industrialism has a name for the unsuccessful one; he is the "floater," or "five-day man." He is the man who travels from one factory town to another, frequently on the bumpers; he strikes one place, gets a job, works four or five days, gets a few dollars pay and vanishes into space. In a week or two he turns up in another place and repeats the performance. In many cases this man is dissipated, a congenital tramp; in thousands of instances he is merely an inefficient human being who has gone astray. He is, indeed, one of the commonest human characters. We find him not only in the factory and the shop; we meet him in all branches of social and industrial life. We find him in the

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office, the club, in our college class, in all the learned professions. There are few families, whatever their social station, that do not possess at least one representative of this class. Indeed, to some extent we are nearly all "misfits."

Drifting, not steering, is apparently the principle that regulates most lives. A glance into any office or factory discloses the wildest inconsistencies. Men physically frail are trying to do heavy manual work simply because they lack the mental training to do something else. Big, beefy men, deliberate and judicial in temperament, who might do well as butchers, are trying to fill executive positions. There are others tingling with activity whom fate has chained down to sedentary jobs. Good fortune has placed others, who might have done well as doorkeepers, in positions of authority. There are men who haven't the industry to qualify for mental work, but are too proud to earn a living with their hands. There are others who are full of ambition for commercial success, but who display a hopeless impracticability at every turn. Men aspire to literary fame who are too lazy mentally to learn the rules of grammar and punctuation. Proud parents make doctors and lawyers of boys who could have had useful careers as farmers. Plenty of school-teachers ought to be wearing overalls; there are thousands of clerks, salesmen, and other members of the "white-collar" squad who would have done splendidly as carpenters and bricklayers. All offices have detail men doing executive work and executive men doing detail work. In the manual trades, such as filled the factories Mr. Alexander studied, the same conglomeration of misfits prevails. No one has studied —they themselves least of all—the inclinations and abilities of the men; no one knows why they fail. The foreman puts a man at a skilled job who is really only capable of handling pig-iron. He sets a girl with defective eyes working at a task that demands the keenest vision. Because she fails, the foreman "fires her"; had he merely called in an oculist, she would have been transformed into an efficient employee. Mr. C. B. Lord, General Superintendent of The Wagner Electric & Manufacturing Co., believes that eighty per cent. of these failures are really ambitious to make good; they fail simply because there is no intelligent effort made to utilize them.

One of the largest manufacturing concerns in New York State recently gave all the employees a physical examination. The results were fairly astounding. Deaf girls were serving as telephone-operators. Men with heart disease were doing work that required them constantly to go up and down ladders. Others with high blood-pressure were employed in the heaviest tasks. Workmen with deficient muscular co-ordination were blundering along with jobs requiring the finest manual skill. And this examination touched only the most obvious physical qualities. If the investigators had had instruments that would have recorded mental aptitudes, one can only imagine what absurdities they would have disclosed.

The fact that there are scattered instances in which the misfit, after floating around for several years, suddenly discovers his vocation, shows that the situation is not hopeless. Nearly everybody can remember cases of this kind. One of our greatest advertising men made his beginning in life as an unsuccessful preacher. An eminent efficiency engineer spent several unhappy preliminary years as a college professor. I know a man whose father insisted that he become a lawyer. He failed at this, took to drink, and was rapidly qualifying for the scrap-heap. His natural liking was for the open air, and the closed atmosphere of a lawyer's office simply stifled all his energies. Some one advised him to buy a fruit farm. He did so. He became absorbed in the work and developed great earning capacity. Another old misfit is now the vice-president of a large automobile company. Ten years ago he was a member of the "floating" class, puttering away at the job of an unskilled laborer. The man really had great executive and financial ability; only the barest chance put him in the way of utilizing it. Though every one can recall instances of this kind, what we don't always recognize is that these are sporadic cases—a few instances of misfits who have accidentally been

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steered in the right direction. But the great majority are submerged.

"What was your first job?" an employer recently asked one of these.

"My first job was several places," —an answer that went deep into this great social problem.

"I can't touch that machine again!" a man once said, appealingly, to his foreman. "I am afraid of it. I shall spoil some of the goods, injure some of my fellow-workmen, or hurt myself." He was a sober, industrious person, and the firm concluded that he needed a vacation. When he went back to the old machine, however, he broke down again. The man was simply a misfit. His talents were executive, not mechanical. He was tried as a sub-boss; he now holds an important managerial office, earning ten times the pay of the old position. Only the accidental thoughtfulness of his employer enabled him to discover the thing that he could do.

But many industrial establishments are now attempting to reduce employment to a science. The central idea is to use such talents as a man possesses. The great modern quest is to get greater efficiency out of the efficient and to get efficiency out of the thousands hitherto cast aside as inefficient. Twentieth-century industrialism has finally attacked its greatest problem—how to use all that is in its human material "except the squeal."

The largest industrial plants, in all parts of the country, are now establishing employment departments. In the old days, the foreman had the privilege of "hiring and firing." It was a prerogative which he jealously guarded. However, he seldom performed his duty with much skill or intelligence. He was notoriously a person of likes and dislikes; he had no system, beyond a few crudely asked questions; appraising human nature was not usually his strongest point. Prejudice entered largely into his choice of underlings; not infrequently he was venal, demanding a bribe as a prerequisite to giving a job, and securing pay increases on condition that he obtained a percentage. But this old-fashioned foreman is rapidly losing his power. In hundreds of our largest establishments he now does no "hiring or firing" at all. The modern employment superintendent has succeeded this functionary. This office, usually having a large staff, passes candidates for all positions through its hands. Foremen, when they need steel, iron, or other material, make out written requisitions; now, in the places having up-to-date employment departments, they do the same thing for their materials of brain and muscle. The employment superintendent's business is to supply precisely the kind of men and women needed to do the particular work. If the person sent does not fill the bill, the foreman can refuse him; the employment department sends another man, and then sends the rejected person somewhere else, where his services seem more clearly indicated. The employment department thus performs two functions: first, it studies the requirements of the shop; secondly, it studies minutely the miscellaneous human beings who offer themselves at its doors. Its theory is that every person can do something. It submits all its applicants to physical and mental tests, canvasses their past successes and failures, learns their habits, their ambitions, their aptitudes. By the aid of a competent medical man, it examines their eyes, noses, throats, teeth, heart, lungs, and digestive systems. After the employee is once engaged, the department's work has really only begun. It gets periodical reports; if the man is not doing well, it finds out why; and it makes a point of shifting him around until he finds his appointed place.

One of the greatest of American establishments, located in Ohio, begins sorting out its employees long before they have entered the plant. It works in association with the grammar and high schools, which have arranged particular courses intended to fit boys and girls for particular places in this great industry. In this way, long before the time arrives to go on the pay-roll, the employment department has learned just what these prospective employees can do, and, after graduation, can immediately place them where they belong. For important office positions it has a special arrangement. It selects so many boys, in the junior and senior years at

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the high school, who seem especially promising. These boys attend school, and, as part of their school work, also spend certain hours in the factory office. Here they are tried out, in one position after another, until their finest aptitudes manifest themselves. As soon as they are graduated, therefore, they at once step into a good position which there is every assurance that they can fill. Here, certainly, is an exalted instance of fitting people to their jobs.

Many employers adopt this system of pre-education, though not to this same degree. But most are beginning to have greater respect for the sanctity of a job. A man once entered on the pay-roll has peculiar claims upon their forbearance. One of the greatest provocations to inefficiency is the overhanging worry of losing one's job; most human beings, once assured that every effort will be made to use them in some way, work to the best purpose. So the custom is rapidly spreading of shifting an unsuccessful employee around. If he fails at one job, he is put to work at another. No man is "fired" until he has had abundant chance to prove that he can do something. In one of the greatest plants in the Middle West, employing twenty thousand men and women, "firing" has practically ceased. No foreman or subofficer can perform this solemn ceremony. No man is ousted until one of the four highest executives—president, vice-president, and two others — has gone over the case and pronounced it hopeless. Any employee threatened with such treatment can appeal in person to one of these executives.

I could mention many great industrial organizations — manufactories, department stores, mail-order houses, printing and publishing establishments, and the like—that have adopted this new attitude toward the poor man's only possession—his job. And nearly all express their satisfaction with the experiment. They furnish plenty of illustrations which show its wisdom. Here, for example, is a foreman who shows signs of rheumatism. "He is useless," the old school would have said; "it's too bad, but he must go!" Now the company doctor makes an examination and finds that he is merely flat-footed. He is relieved by properly fitting shoes and does twice as much work as before. Under the old conditions, he would have "floated" about, through no fault of his own, and degenerated into a misfit. Here is a girl who starts work feeding a machine. She fails. The old-fashioned shop would have told her to "get her time." Why waste efforts on a demonstrated incompetent? But the modern system tries her at light, clerical work. Again she fails. She is put to work figuring elapsed time on tickets. Once more she proves a disappointment. She is now called upon to inspect finished books—it is a printing shop—and this turns out to be the very thing that Heaven ordained her to do. She simply loves her new work, and becomes an asset to the concern. Another girl started feeding a gathering machine, but conspicuously lacked ability or interest in her work. Then she tried her hand on a sewing-machine, and caught the trick; she is now an especially valued "hand." A stenographer began work in an accounting department, but made unsatisfactory progress. She tried the same work in another department and failed again. After several experiences of this kind the employment department despaired of her. But there was some mystery in the matter; she possessed all the technique of her art, but still made no progress. Accidentally she was placed in a department where she had little supervision and had to assume a good deal of responsibility. The mystery was now solved. In the previous departments she had constantly worked under a superior, and the constant oversight unnerved her. She was one of the numerous people who "work best when left alone." Under the new conditions she developed really brilliant qualities. The employment department put another girl to work inspecting; when she failed at this, it tried her at filing. This didn't work, either. She then tried her hand at the telephone, and made a bad mess of it. She then obtained a job whose chief requirement was the accurate handling of figures. That was the one thing that she did beautifully. Here is a man who, after failing in several jobs, was placed on a cutting-machine, with deplorable results. The employment department

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looked him over again and decided to try him in the stock department. From the first moment in this new place he made a success. And so it goes. The employment department can give thousands of instances of the kind. All these people, under the old system, would have joined the perambulating classes; a little effort at selection has transformed them into useful workers.

But the man who has achieved the greatest success in this field is Henry Ford. He has demonstrated that the "floater" problem is not an inevitable one; that thousands of men commonly scrapped as inefficient can play their part in the industrial organization.

Most newspaper readers have hastily thought that Henry Ford's plan was merely to give five dollars a day to his men as an act of simple largess or charity. In reality there is more to his system than this minimum wage. This is merely part of a comprehensive attempt to solve the problem of the inefficient man, and to find the appointed place of the misfit. "The sooner," Mr. Ford says, "men can be taught that labor is just as much an asset, and more, than machinery and buildings, the sooner labor will be properly recognized." Before introducing his profit-sharing plan, Mr. Ford's plant represented all the evils of modern American industrialism. More than half the employees were recently arrived, non-English-speaking immigrants, and they came largely from that part of Europe which furnishes us our least desirable workingmen. They were southern Italians, Poles, Russians, Armenians, Servians, Greeks, Rumanians, and Syrians. Many of them lived in filthy homes; heavy drinking and riotous living prevailed; every morning the Detroit police-court contained its quota of Ford employees. The employment statistics disclosed that the "five-day men" were a conspicuous problem. Mr. Ford employed about 16,000 people; his records showed that more than 8,000 left every year—more than one-half of his whole force. These men represented, on the basis already given, a money loss of from $500,000 to $2,000,000 a year.

The company now has a staff of forty men, highly trained sociologists, whose only business is to keep closely in touch with the industrial operatives. They form the men's acquaintance, visit them in their homes, discuss their plans and ambitions. They have a school, now regularly attended by 1,100, where the men are taught English. These welfare workers know their wives and their children; if the men are discontented with their work and desire to do something else, these experts hear of it. If a man is getting along badly with his foreman, the case is looked into; if, as is frequently the case, it is merely a matter of hopeless incompatibility, he is shifted to another foreman. These social overseers teach the men American citizenship; they explain opportunity, and show the way to improvement in the social and industrial scale. The medical department examines all the men, with the result that their physical condition is greatly improved. If an employee is absent, his case is at once investigated; if he falls ill, a physician is immediately sent to his home. Above all, his job is regarded as almost a vested interest. In six months only one man has been "fired." Infinite pains are taken to fit each employee to his work. If he fails in one department, he is shifted to another. He may try his hand in a dozen before he finds the thing that he can do. Few men are discharged, as practically all can render some service, and the candidate for dismissal has the right of appealing his case to the president himself.

The casual reader is likely to dismiss all this as coddling. So, indeed, it seems; but figures absolutely demonstrate that the system is a success. For, as already said, the records show that, in 1913, the year before the system was adopted, half the employees, 8,000 out of 16,000, left the factory. Eight thousand men, that is, failed to make good. The next year only 447 left! In 1913 the "floaters" numbered 5,156; in 1914 there were only 146. Apparently, therefore, Mr. Ford has found the answer to the "greatest problem in American industry." But these men stay, it may be objected, because they have found a soft snap; they have an easy time, they are constantly petted, their wages are higher than the market — why should they leave? But another fact disposes of this

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idea. That fact is the enormously increased efficiency of the works, as evidenced by the output. In February, 1913, with 16,000 men, working ten hours a day, the Ford factory turned out 16,000 automobiles. In February, 1914, with 15,800 men—200 fewer—working eight hours a day—two hours less—it turned out 26,000 cars. A careful study of these figures proves that 5,000 floaters, who, under other circumstances, would have become wanderers on the face of the earth, became industrious, happy, successful human beings.

These figures clearly demonstrate the wisdom of attempting to fit employees to their jobs. They show that the frightful economic waste of "hiring and firing" is the greatest prevailing industrial crime. They substantiate the optimistic conviction that the misfit is really not a lost soul, but frequently merely an unfortunate whom industrialism has impatiently neglected. And this establishment succeeds because it cultivates man not only physically, but morally. Its employees are giving up the saloon and building homes. No employee qualifies for the famous minimum five dollars a day who does not show manhood and thrift. One day a six-footer, smelling of whisky, marched ferociously into the sociological department.

"Look here," he shouted, "I want to know why I don't get my five dollars a day?"

The chief looked into his record. "Where do you live?" he asked, quietly.

His home was a fifth-rate boarding-house.

"You spend most of your wages in the saloon, don't you?"

"Well, I have a good time now and then. Why shouldn't I?"

"You don't pay your bills regularly, do you? Here are many complaints from tradesmen."

The man admitted that he did have some outstanding debts.

"Have you a mother living?"

"I don't know."

"When did you see her last?"

"Ten years ago."

"Now look here, my friend," answered the chief. "What kind of a citizen are you, anyway? You don't know, and don't seem to care, whether your mother's alive or dead. Do you suppose we are going to give you five dollars a day to spend on drink?"

The man, muttering to himself, left the office. In six weeks he came back. He was dressed more neatly; the smell of the saloon had disappeared. He showed the chief a letter from his mother, showering the blessings of Heaven upon a dutiful son who had sent her $25. It had just saved her from going to the poorhouse.

"That's fine," said the chief.

"Well, do I get my money now?"

"Oh no, not yet."

He came back in a month. His appearance showed that his reform was progressing. This time his exhibit was a receipt from a tailor, testifying that he had paid a good-sized bill.

"Splendid, splendid," said the chief.

"I suppose I get my money now?"

"No; don't be in too much of a hurry."

The next time the workman appeared he had a bank-book, showing a good-sized deposit.

"Do I get five dollars a day now?"

"No."

"For Heaven's sake, how long have I got to keep this up?"

"Until it doesn't hurt you so much to do the right thing."

The man never came around again. But the office soon learned that he had bought a cottage, was paying for it on the instalment plan, and had recently furnished it. His mother, about the happiest old lady in the United States, had been installed there as his housekeeper. The man now gets his five dollars a day, his debts are all paid, and the saloon sees him no more.

This is the modern way of handling the "inefficient" man.

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Fate and Fifteen Hundred Dollars

BY EDWARD BELLAMY PARTRIDGE

WHEN my wife showed me the check for fifteen hundred dollars that her father had given her for a birthday present, I thought instinctively of a certain sound municipal bond I knew of that conveniently enough came in denominations of five hundred dollars. And, as far as I can now recall, that is the only pleasant moment her birthday present ever brought me.

"Bill," she said, as she held out her hand for the check, "I've always let you handle these things for me, but this time I'm going to do it for myself."

Well, you know how women are; they like to think they amount to something. So I humored her.

"Good for you," I replied, genially. "Decide for yourself this time. Only remember that while governments are the safest, their returns are the lowest; and, though industrials yield the most, they are not always the best security. That brings us to municipals and rails, and these must be considered—"

"Is that what you call letting me decide for myself?" she asked, with a look of determination I had never seen on her face before.

"Oh, well," I laughed, "those were just hints. Fire away! What are you going to buy?"

Choosing her words carefully, she replied: "I am going to buy something that will put an end to the queenly condescension of Mrs. Smythe and her second-hand electric, and will at the same time cause the patronizing toleration of Mrs. Johann Browen and her little, wire-wheeled ship of peace to wither up and die. I am going to buy an automobile!"

"Jeannette!" I cried. "You can't mean it!"

"But I do mean it!"

"Now, Jeannette," I pleaded, "please understand me. I am not opposed to automobiles for people who can afford them. You know that. But they are horribly expensive yet. Let's wait till they come down to a reasonable price. It can't be so very much longer. Just see how the price of bicycles tumbled—"

"I am going to buy an automobile," she repeated.

"But, Jeannette," I continued, desperately, "they cost so much to run! We can't afford to pay thirty or forty dollars apiece for tires! Let's wait till somebody brings out a substitute for rubber so that we can get them for a reasonable price, say a couple of dollars a tire—"

"I am going to buy an automobile."

"But, Jeannette, dear," I begged, "think of paying twenty-five cents a gallon for gasolene! Let's be reasonable. Let's be sensible. Let's put our money where it will pay us a good income until some master mind invents a process for distilling gasolene from water or the atmosphere, or some other source of supply that the oil trust can't gobble up—"

"I have made up my mind," she declared, firmly. "I am going to buy an automobile."

"Well," I growled, finally, "it's your money and your funeral. If you want to throw away the one in order to indulge in the other, I suppose nobody can stop you."

The instant I said that, her arms flew around my neck. "You dear, generous old thing!" she cried in a burst of enthusiasm. "I might have known you'd come through handsomely. You always do. I was afraid you were going to try to make me buy an old tin machine with half the money and use the other half for upkeep. And I may as well confess that I have already had a demonstration of every car in our class—"

"Our class?"

"Why, of course! The fifteen-hun-

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dred-dollar class. And I have set my heart on the dearest canary-colored, chummy roadster, with a one-woman top, and the cutest, bow-legged wire wheels, and a dashboard simply covered with little electric lights, and push-buttons, and starters and stoppers! Oh, you'll love it. It's going to be delivered the first thing in the morning."

The engraving on those bonds died out of my vision like a fadeaway at the movies, and all I could see for several moments was a little red sign that said, "Gas, 25 cents."

The next day we became active members of the fifteen-hundred-dollar class. And my wife began to do the condescending toleration act herself. Before the week was out I overheard her telling Mrs. Smythe that electrics were all right for people who never wanted to get anywhere and had all day to do it in. And not long afterward she got a chance to ask Mrs. Browen if any trouble had yet developed in her semi-floating transmission. Mrs. Browen had not heard of any. But my wife assured her that she would sooner or later, as that was the weak spot in all cheap cars.

And, the Smythes and Browens having been put in their proper places, everything went beautifully for nearly a month. I had learned to drive the car with a good deal of skill, and was working out a way to get more mileage from a gallon of gasolene when Fate bobbed up in my path. I didn't recognize him at the time, but I do now, although he appeared with skirts on—Mrs. Browen had learned to drive her car.

You can imagine what took place in our family when my wife saw Mrs. Browen doing the racing-driver act. For several days I held out like a beleaguered fortress, but I was finally forced to surrender. Then we began to get up at daybreak and seek out broad but unfrequented boulevards that appeared to be suitable for Jeannette's first lessons in driving. These early-rising excursions lasted for a week.

Perhaps you have observed that women can do only one thing at a time. And anybody who is familiar with driving a car knows that you've got to be able to do several things at a time, and do them quickly and accurately.

On the first morning I took out the floor-boards and explained in detail the working of the clutch and transmission, just as it had been explained to me. When she understood it thoroughly—or said she did—I had her take the wheel and start the motor. And then the trouble began.

I had previously told her the use of every button and lever on that car, but when I told her to open the throttle, she stabbed around for a minute and finally turned on the electric lights. I groaned, and patiently reached over and opened the throttle for her. Then I told her to push out the clutch. She couldn't go wrong on that because the name was right on the pedal.

"Now, ease in the low," I instructed; but when I saw her hand reaching out toward the dashboard again, I took hold of it and placed it gently though firmly on the gear lever. "Ease-in-the-low," I repeated, distinctly.

She did it after a fashion, but at the same time she took her foot off the clutch pedal. The car gave one convulsive flop, grunted, and died.

"You slammed in that clutch too suddenly," I explained. "The instant you feel the gears slip into mesh you must begin to ease in the clutch, at the same time easing the throttle open according to the demands of the engine."

"What do I know about the demands of the engine?" she snapped, crossly.

"You must judge from the number of revolutions it is making," I replied, evenly. "If it begins to choke up, give it more gas; if it begins to race, give it less. Now, do you understand?"

"Certainly I do!"

"Perhaps you'd better say it over for me," I insisted.

"You treat me like a child," she complained.

"Possibly that's necessary," I returned, calmly.

That seemed to bring her around, for she at once said over her instructions: "First I ease out the clutch; then I ease in the low; then I ease open the throttle, at the same time easing in the clutch to meet the demands of the engine."

"That is substantially correct," I said. "Now go ahead and do it."

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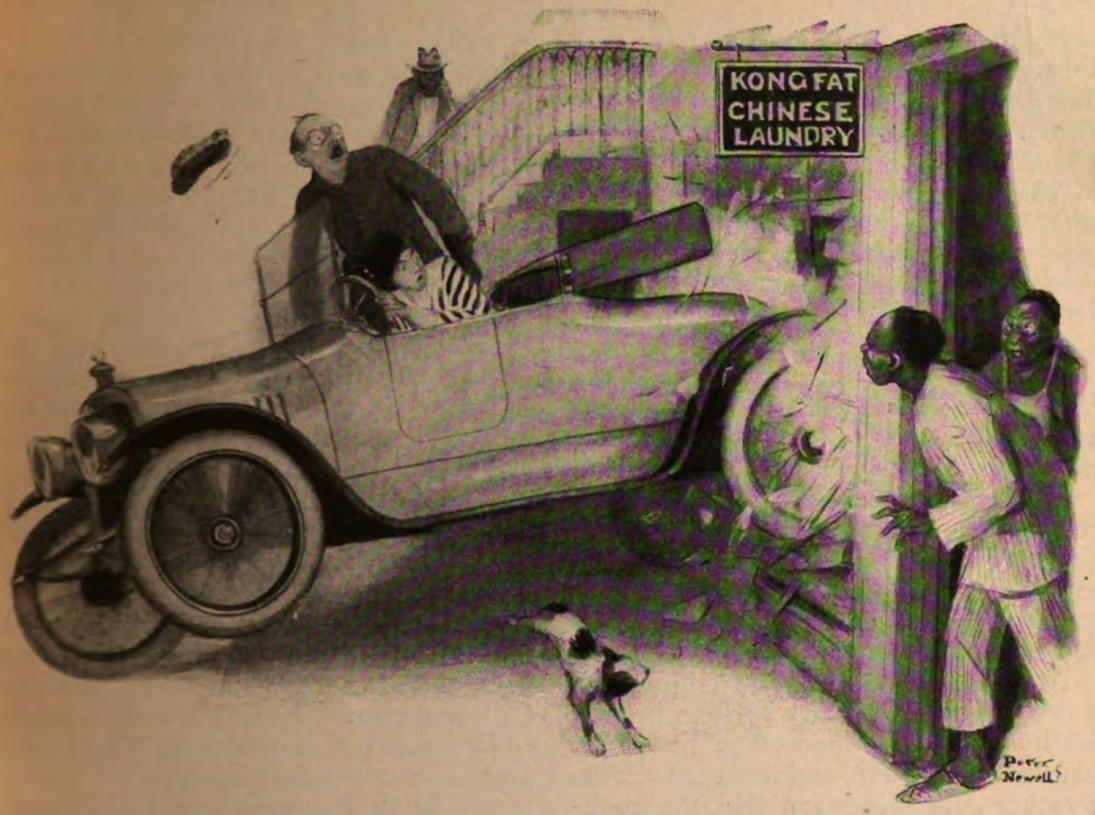

THEY TOLD US IN THEIR NATIVE LANGUAGE THAT WE WERE OFF THE ROAD

She put in the gears nicely—so nicely, in fact, that I did not notice that she had put them in reverse. And she was letting in the clutch with real delicacy when I called her attention to the slowing down of the engine. Again she started to reach out her hand toward the dashboard when I lost my patience a little bit and cried:

"Give her more gas!"

And she did. She opened the throttle wide. With a bellow like an angry bull the car leaped backward and charged a large elm-tree standing by the side of the road. But the tree side-stepped, and before I could kill the engine the car had crossed the sidewalk and kicked both rear wheels through the windows of a basement occupied by a Chinese laundry. Several Chinamen came rushing out and told us in their native language that we were off the road, and that it would cost us something like ten dollars to get back on it again. We finally compromised for seven, and I was just handing over the money when Mrs. Browen sailed by in her car, pausing only long enough to pry into our affairs by asking if we needed any help.

There ended the first lesson. The second lesson ended in a large flower-bed in the park. The third wound up among the palms and tables of a suburban beer-garden. The fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh are rather confused in my mind, but they were disastrous. Then, in an eloquent address, having as its subject the general brainlessness of woman and her inability to do as she is told, I resigned as instructor. But this proved to be an unnecessary proceeding, as my wife had already withdrawn as pupil. She said that no man who yelled and swore at her could ever hope to teach her anything except bad manners. Of course, that was ridiculous. I never did any such thing. Occasionally I spoke sharply to her, but who wouldn't have done that?

When the clouds nad rolled away and diplomatic relations were resumed, I was for selling the car, but we did nothing of the sort. Instead, we went down to the agency where we had purchased the

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car and engaged a young man to give Jeannette a few lessons. It was then that I realized the utter impossibility of a man's teaching his own wife to drive a car.

"Any man can teach another man's wife," the agent explained. "He can teach his stenographer. He can even teach the hired girl. But he can't teach his own wife. It's a cosmic impossibility."

I had my doubts as to this, but the fact remained that the youth from headquarters made an expert driver of my wife in just two days.

Then how the upkeep bills did jump! It may be perfectly true that standing side by side in a stable a horse will outeat an automobile, but it is equally true that on the road an automobile will outeat a horse about ten times over.

I think the first item of importance was a bill from the city for one broken fire-hydrant. I supposed it had been sent me by mistake, and returned it with a rather curt suggestion that the bookkeeper be a little more careful about sending out his bills. By the time the bill got back to me I had received a statement from the repair-man to the effect that I was indebted to him in the sum of $9.63 for straightening one front axle. The two items seemed to coincide so perfectly that I called my wife on the telephone and asked her about it. Then I sent checks to cover both bills.

At about this time Jeannette discovered that Mrs. Browen's car was equipped with a speedometer, and suggested that I should have one put on our car. But fifty dollars seemed a great deal to pay for such an unnecessary toy, and I did not hesitate to say so.

The next day Jeannette was arrested for speeding, and I had the pleasure of paying a fine of ten dollars. A day or two later she was arrested again, and the fine was raised to twenty-five dollars, with the caution that the next offense would cost fifty. Then, in the interest of economy, I had a speedometer put on.

It was not long before Jeannette took to driving down to the shops in the car. This new departure was followed by a crop of bills for the headlights and fenders she bumped while trying to make dock in the congested district. But that was the least expensive feature of it. She parked the car in front of fire-hydrants; she left it standing too long in the short-time blocks; she turned at the wrong place, or in the wrong way at the right place; she cut across safety-zones; she went through forbidden streets; in fact, she displayed a positive genius for breaking the law, and, one by one, she violated every traffic ordinance on the books of the city, while I dodged around from one magistrate's court to another, pleading guilty and paying fines that ran all the way from five dollars up to a hundred.

The day I paid the hundred-dollar fine I made a mental wager with myself that before the end of the month we would belong to the walking masses. But I lost. However, I found out that the car belonged to my wife, and was bought with her own money, and that all I was expected to do was to pay the trifling expense incident to its upkeep. And I was severely upbraided for attempting to frustrate her ambition to attain a fitting social recognition that was now almost within her grasp. I was also informed that if I cared more for old bonds than I did for my wife's happiness, she knew what she could do. And when she did it she would demand all the bonds and things that were in my safe, and were bought with her money, anyway, and that we had more already than we'd ever be able to use up. . . . In short, she was quite beside herself.

Of course there wasn't a word of truth in what she said, but I thought that if she felt so bad about it I would have to try something else. Nothing occurred to me at the time, but a day or two later, when I was on my way to the office, I saw in the morning paper an account of a car that had been stolen, and a bright idea came to me. Why not perpetrate a little theft of my own? The more I thought about it the better I liked it, and I went about the thing very methodically and carefully, covering up my tracks as I went. I first sent Jeannette away to spend a week with her people. Then I took the car to a garage in a little, out-of-the-way town twenty-five miles away, and, removing the number-plates, placed it in storage for two months while I took an imaginary trip to Eu-

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rope. My idea was that by the end of that period I could with safety take the car and sell it, and put the money where it would do some good.

The day Jeannette returned I armed myself with my goggles and gauntlets, and went to the station to meet her.

"How's the car?" she called as she came through the gate.

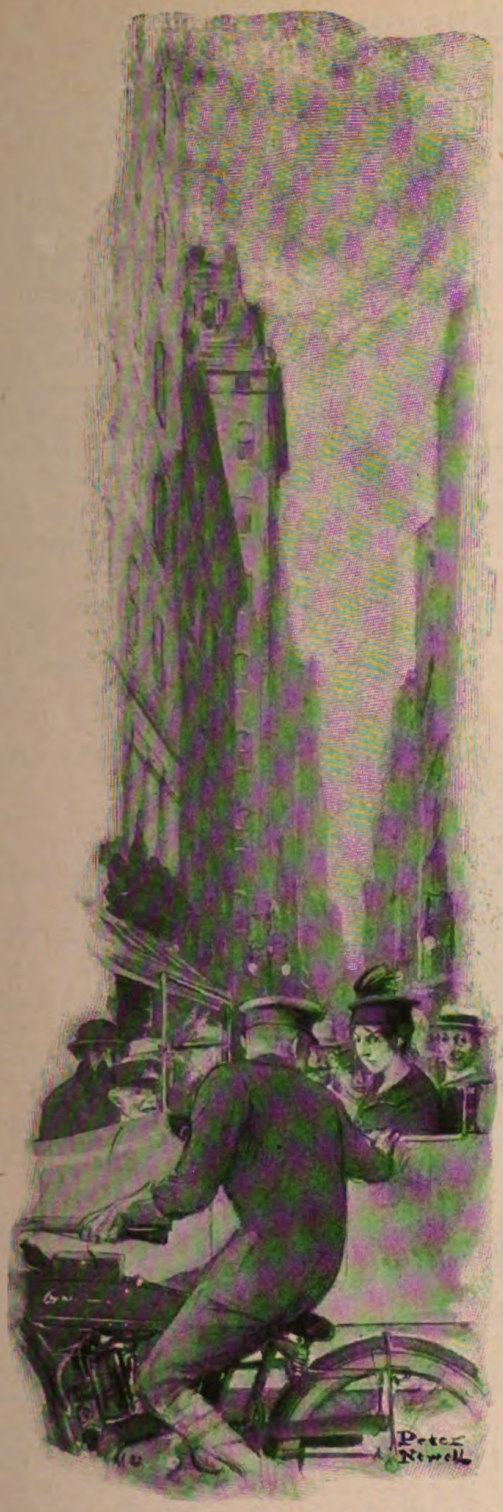
"Come outside and see," I replied, smilingly.

"I've missed it terribly every minute," she confided as we hurried out of the station. "Of course, Daddy has four cars, but I didn't know how to drive them. May I drive home?" she asked, eagerly, as we neared the place where I was supposed to have left it.

At that instant I stopped stock still. "Why, Jeannette!" I gasped. "It's gone! Our car is gone!"

"Gone?" she cried. "What do you mean?"

"I mean it's been stolen!" I thundered. "I left it here not ten minutes ago, and it's not here now! What else could I mean?"



THE NEXT DAY JEANNETTE WAS ARRESTED FOR SPEEDING

Jeannette lost her head entirely. She ran from one person to another, asking if they had seen anything of the car, and between questions she shrieked for the police. If I had known how she was going to act I would never have tried this theft business. But it was too late to back out now. We were soon surrounded by a curious mob who in time were thrust aside by a couple of policemen and a railroad detective.

I gave them a somewhat sketchy description of the car, and showed them where I had left it, indicating certain tracks on the pavement that miraculously enough seemed to bear me out; and at the suggestion of one of the policemen I offered a reward of two hundred dollars for its return.

The next day I had the pleasure of paying the reward; and when the police turned the car over to me I found, to my dismay, that my four good tires had been replaced by battered, threadbare old casings that looked as if they had been across the continent. But I thought it best to say nothing about it. The police chauffeur who delivered the car to me told me that the keeper of the garage who had turned in the car and received the reward, claimed to have had the car for a week, but of course they knew better.

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The next day my wife ran over a man and broke his leg. Then followed in quick succession a series of costly accidents. She rammed a milk-wagon, sinking it in its own contents with all on board; she ran over a moth-eaten cur that the owner swore he had refused to sell for a hundred dollars the week before; she nicked a corner out of the Soldiers and Sailors' Monument; she collided with a street-repair outfit, knocking the tar out of both the kettle and the workmen; she exchanged a front fender of the auto for that of a trolley-car without pausing to dicker with the presiding motorman.

By this time I had abandoned my regular business and opened a Claims Office. I established a schedule of compensation for injury to the person and for damage to property. It is my firm conviction that this schedule is the father of the Workmen's Compensation Act, but of course I do not care to claim the credit for it.

"WHY, JEANNETTE," I GASPED, "OUR CAR IS GONE!"

As each casualty occurred I renewed my efforts to get my wife to let me dispose of the car, but the thing seemed to have obtained a hypnotic power over her. She wouldn't even listen to such a suggestion. Reasoning had no more effect on her than the blowing of the wind. At last I became desperate and once more took matters into my own hands. I set the stage for a fire. Not a building-burning, criminal sort of affair, but a safe, outdoor flare-up that would simply put the car out of business so effectually that there wouldn't be enough left of it to repair. I hated to do it, but it seemed to be the only way. So I canceled the insurance on the car to avoid any possible complications with insurance companies, and smeared the car with gasolene from one end to the other. Now this may seem like wanton destruction to you, but it was really done in the interests of economy.

Well, I carelessly spilled hot coals from my pipe all over the thing, but it didn't take. Then I struck a match to relight my pipe, and things went heavenward with a roar.

My wife saw the flash from the window, and turned in an alarm, to which the fireman responded so promptly that they saved the car from substantial damage. But they were too late to do anything for my mustache and eyebrows and the hand that held the match.

And two hundred and forty dollars made the car look like new.

In reporting the blaze, the fire chief mentioned the fact that there was no insurance on the car, and the next morning when I came down to breakfast I found several insurance solicitors waiting in the parlor to see me. But I eluded them, and slipped out to the garage, where I ran into an ambush of half a dozen more solicitors. Then I surrendered and let them match pennies for the business.

During the few days that the car was in the repair-shop I enjoyed a period of comparative calm, but I was unable to leave the house on account of the mu-

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tilated condition of my mustache and eyebrows, and I was compelled to tell my wife about every fifteen minutes how I supposed they were getting along with the car. However, the day I was able to return to business the car came back, and it became necessary for me to reopen the Claims Department at once.

Business started with a rush, the first item being a collision with a Hebrew gentleman's second-hand clothing-cart. I had no idea a push-cart would hold so much; nor had I previously comprehended the real value of cast-off clothing. And to this day I cannot understand why the highway robbers waste their time on express cars and automobiles when such a lucrative field as the push-cart is right at their doors.

It was at the time of this push-cart episode that I made the acquaintance of a man whose influence on my life has been profound. He was an inventor who had occupied the office across the corridor from mine for some weeks before I even so much as saw him. Then one day he came in to use the telephone, and I found him very agreeable to talk to. We had much in common, and it was not long before we were exchanging smoking-tobacco and remedies for indigestion. And one day he confessed that he had found it necessary to poison his neighbor's chickens to keep them out of his radishes, and almost before I realized what I was doing I had told him about my troubles with the automobile.

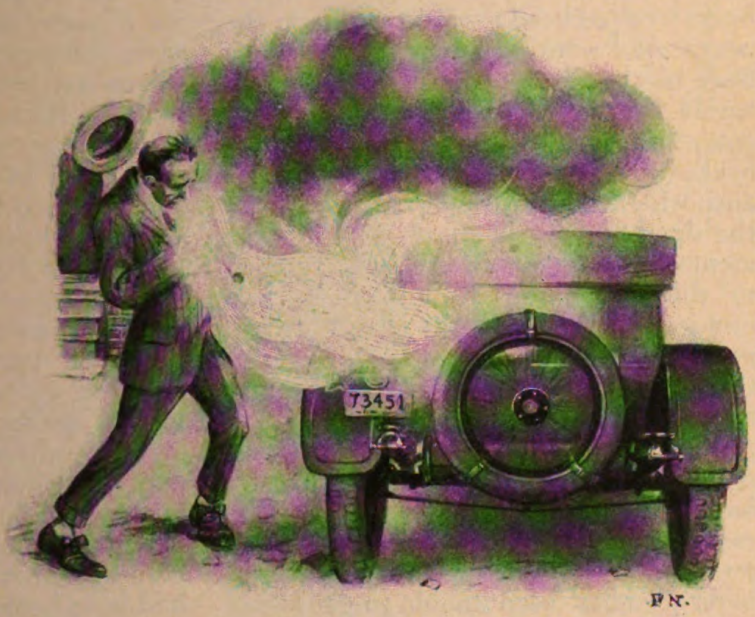
He was much interested. "Looks like Fate was after you," he said, finally.

"Fate nothing!" I replied, derisively. "I don't believe in Fate. If we overlook a bet and the other fellow doesn't, we lay it to Fate. To my way of thinking, Fate is nothing more than a poor excuse; and if I can only work out a way to get good and rid of that infernal automobile, I'll tell Fate where to get off!"

"I used to feel that way about it when I was younger," he mused, "but as I get along in years I am more convinced that there is something to it."

"I'll take my chances with Fate," I declared, "if I can only lose that car."

"I can tell you how to lose the car a dozen different ways," he returned. "But do you think—"



I STRUCK A MATCH TO RELIGHT MY PIPE, AND THINGS WENT HEAVENWARD WITH A ROAR

"I don't *think* anything about it!" I cried, excitedly. "Just tell me how to lose that car so that it can't come back, and I'll do it fast enough!"

"I'll have to talk it over with Elias," he replied. "I never take any important steps without consulting him."

"Who is Elias?" I asked.

"Is it possible that you never heard of Elias Howe?" he exclaimed. "The inventor of the sewing-machine!"

"But isn't he dead?" I blunderingly inquired.

"To you and other thoughtless persons, perhaps yes," he said, solemnly. "To me, never! He is as much alive today as he was in the 'forties when he perfected his first machine. I am in constant communication with him, and I am indebted to him for some of my best ideas. His guide was, in this life, a close friend of my father's."

He talked the matter over with Elias;

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and, although Elias was of the opinion that I was being used by Fate to further some incomprehensible design against which my interference would be of no avail, he suggested, and they together worked out, what appeared to me to be an effectual way of disposing of the car.

A few days later I drove down to one of the ferries previously agreed upon, and managed to just miss one of the boats so as to head the procession on the next. As I went on board I drove up as near to the forward gate as the guard would permit. Then I stopped the engine, leaving the low-gear in mesh as a brake (for which there is plenty of authority), and as the boat drew out of the slip I set a little alarm-clock attachment my inventor friend had fastened to the dashboard to go off in two minutes. Then I got out of the car and pretended to busy myself with one of the headlights while I displaced with my foot the blocking which the guard had put under the front wheel. This done, I stepped into the lavatory to wash my hands. I emerged just in time to see the car go crashing through the gates and into the water, taking with it a deck-hand who had been unable to get out of the way, and I realized that the moment had come for me to get into action if I wished to divert suspicion from myself; so I rushed up to the first ferry employee I caught sight of and demanded my car.

"What have you done with it?" I cried in a loud, commanding voice. "I left it standing right here only a moment ago."

The man, who was at the time hurriedly taking a long pike pole from brackets on the wall, made no reply. I do not believe that he was even aware of my presence, for he suddenly whirled around with the pole in such a way that it poked me in the abdomen and caused me to lose my balance and fall flat on the deck. And before I could regain my feet the surging crowd had stepped on me to some extent. But I did not lose sight of my purpose. As soon as I could get on my feet I saw another ferry employee. He was running toward the rail of the boat with a large life-preserver and a coil of rope. I intercepted him and repeated my demand.

"What have you done with my car?" I shouted. "I demand that you deliver it to me immediately!"

But he was too excited to reply. Instead, he hurled the life-preserver directly at my head. I managed to dodge the life-preserver itself, but the coarse rope to which it was attached passed over my shoulder and rubbed against my neck, chafing the skin to such an extent that it was weeks healing. And, curiously enough, the life-preserver that had been hurled at me fell into the water in such a place that the man overboard caught hold of it and was pulled up on deck.

He was a sorry sight, with his ill-fitting clothes sagging with water, and his unkempt hair hanging in his eyes. The stump of a cigar he had been smoking was still clenched in his teeth. But even then I did not lose sight of my pur-

HE SUDDENLY WHIRLED AROUND, WITH THE POLE IN SUCH A WAY THAT HE CAUSED ME TO FALL FLAT ON THE DECK

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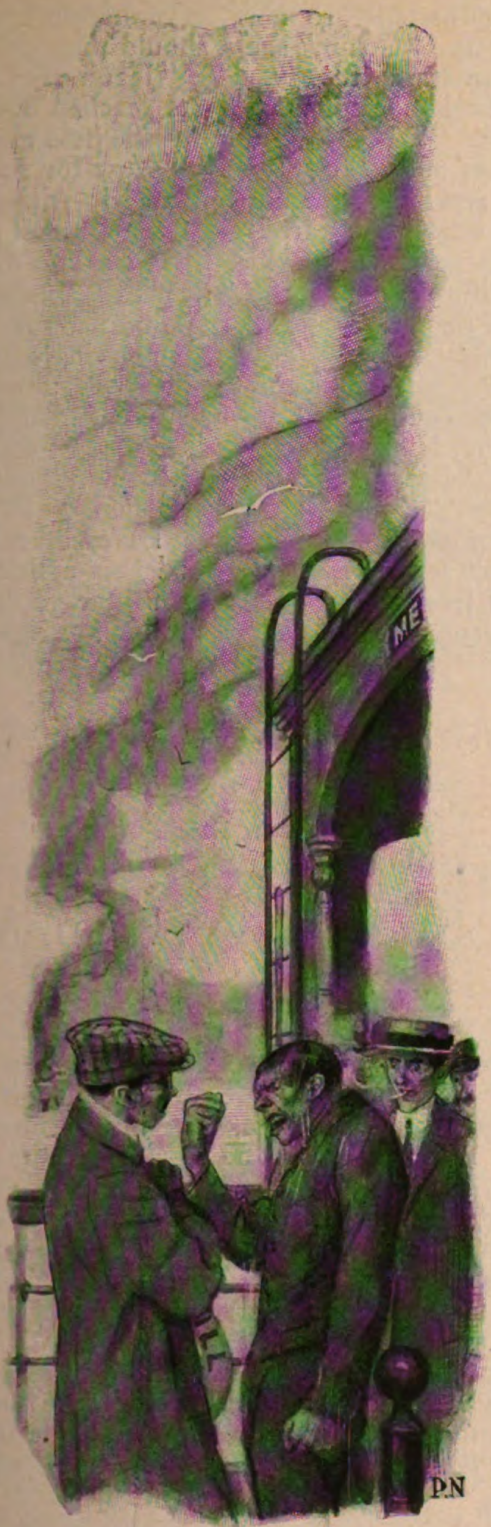
pose. I caught the shivering deck-hand by a saturated shoulder and, giving him a rough shake, demanded:

"What did you do with my car, sir? I saw you going over the side of the boat with it not two minutes ago."

For an instant he gazed at me with a look of blank amazement. Then he began to swear terribly. "You did, did you?" he shouted, angrily. "You knock-kneed, goggle-eyed bonehead!"

But at this point the captain burst through the crowd and intervened. He broke up the row, and ordered us all into the cabin. Somebody put an arm around me and led me away. As we went toward the cabin my escort whispered in my ear, "It worked perfectly." I turned and looked at him. It was my inventor friend. He simply couldn't stay away. He had to see how his "alarm-starter" worked. And undoubtedly Elias was there, too.

We were all detained in the cabin while the captain attempted to conduct a brief court of inquiry. But nobody seemed to know any more about it than he did, and the proceeding finally resolved itself into an effort to pacify the deck-hand who was clamoring for an opportunity to knock my block off. As soon as they would succeed in quieting him I would demand in a loud voice the immediate return of my car, and that would start him off again. The poor fellow seemed to think that I bore him a personal spite.



"YOU KNOCK-KNEED, GOGGLE-EYED BONEHEAD!"

As soon as I could get to a telephone, I called Jeannette up and told her that I had been in a little accident, but was unhurt.

"If the newspapers should get out an extra and it should reach you before I do, you may know that I am perfectly safe," I assured her.

Of course she wanted to know all the particulars, but I preferred to tell her in person, and said that I was starting for home immediately. As I ran up the steps she threw open the door, fairly radiating happiness at my safe return. I never realized before how fond she was of me.

"Why, where's the car?" was the first thing she said. You came up on the subway?"

"Yes, I did come up on the subway, my dear," I answered, gently. "I have bad news for you about the car. I hope you'll take it bravely."

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She raised her handkerchief to her face and coughed slightly. "Go on," she said, brokenly. "I can stand it."

"The car is gone," I told her, softly.

"Gone!" she gasped. "Where?"

"It is in the bottom of the bay," I went on, with all the gentleness I could command. "In some way it got started and ran off the ferry. It will probably never be found. And if it should be, the cost of raising it would be more than the car is worth. I'm terribly sorry—"

For a moment she buried her face in her handkerchief. When she looked up her eyes were brimming, but she forced a smile to the surface. "I'm not sorry," she managed to get out. "I'm glad!"

A wave of admiration swept over me. She had come to her senses at last. Henceforth we should live like sensible people, within our means. My savings account would begin to grow again. We should pick up an occasional bond.

"Jeannette!" I cried. "You're a dear!"

I reached out my arms to infold her, but she held me off.

"Now for some *good* news!" she announced, with what I regarded as a supreme effort to be cheerful and to make the best of a bad situation. "Daddy was here this morning; and when I told him about all the hard luck we have been having with the car, he said the old thing was a hoodoo, and to throw it away. And what do you suppose he did?"

I couldn't guess, but I had a terrible suspicion.

"He made me a present of the latest model six-cylinder Thunderbolt, and it's in our garage *now!*"

Elias was right. Fate was after me.

I Have Swept Love From My Heart

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

I HAVE swept love from my heart as a woman sweeps a room—
Little gray webs of dream, they are gone before the broom.
There's no dust of grief below nor of joy or unrest above;
And my heart is clear again, and is clean again of love.

For hatred and love go past, but other things pass not by;
Silvery leaves that stream on the wind of a level sky,
Shadow-blue lakes that shine or deepen in sun or shade,
Hills that lift up to heaven and wait and are unafraid.

I have swept love from my heart that the world may dwell therein—
Silence and joy and light, and the peace that the winds can spin;
With the sky and the earth to keep, may a little thing pass not by?
What is it calls to my heart from the earth and the air and sky?

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MANGROVES STRETCHING OUT IN EVERY DIRECTION AND SEEMING TO TAKE ROOT AS ONE LOOKED

Coral Islands and Mangrove-Trees

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE visitor to Nassau who stays at the hotel and does the regulation things—bathes in the surf on Hog Island in the morning, and after his dip gorges himself on the grape-fruit, oranges, bananas, sapadillas, which stand on trestles in the shade of the palm-trees; golfs under the walls of Fort Dunmore in the afternoon; and dances in the great palm-room in the evening—has, of course, a very good time, far away from that "winter and rough weather" of which he is reminded twice a week by the New York papers. Without stirring out of Nassau, or going beyond the limits of New Providence, of which it is the capital, he can drink in enough beauty of azure seas and tropic gardens to keep him in dreams for a year. He can thus satisfy his needs as a social being, and his esthetic senses at the same time. Some can only enjoy nature in this way—in crowds, in picnics, and on bathing-beaches. It is only one here and there to whom it seems good to be alone; for whom nature and smart frocks do not go together, and for whom the sea lonely and unadorned by brilliant humanity is more than enough. Of course, a like-minded companion or two on a boat is another matter; and two such I found this winter, who invited me to join them in a week's escape from tango and bridge, and sail with them among those "out-islands" where the real enchantment of the Bahamas hides itself in brightness. You cannot, indeed, do much in a week—a month would be little enough. And our week was broken into by a northeaster that kept us landlocked for two days. Still, it sufficed for us to attain the desired sense of escape into the shining silences of sky and sea.

My friend whose boat I was to sail in (and whom I shall call "the Colonel"),

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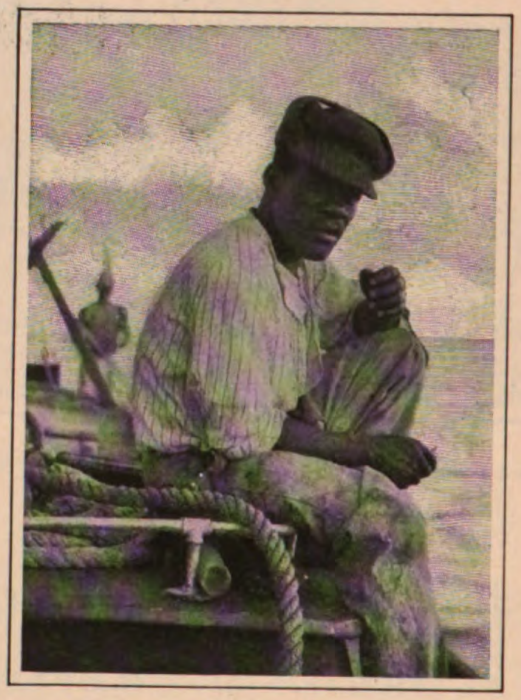
his son (whom I shall call "Peter"), and I had heard a great deal of talk of the Exuma Cays. They run in a string, southwest of Nassau and parallel with Andros Island, and extend for some miles. They are always spoken of as the beauty-spot of the Bahamas. We could scarcely hope, in our brief week, to run the whole length of them, but our plan was to see as much of them as we could and then turn back.

So, having engaged our crew and got in our provisions, we boarded a "double-ender," some thirty-five feet over all, at eight o'clock on the morning of February 22d, and, running up our sails, were under way half an hour later. We had planned to start much earlier, but such a thing as starting on time is a concept unknown to the Bahaman negro. If he turns up only an hour late you may consider yourself lucky; and, in our case, an overnight difference between the captain and the engineer threatened us with a mutiny to start with. Both arrived late and sulky, evidently not on speaking terms—hardly on speaking terms with us, either; both clever, intelligent-looking fellows; both spirited and physically well-matched, if it should come to a fight—which, indeed, seemed ready to spring up at any minute. It was evident that to take the captain's orders was gall and wormwood to the engineer. However, as I said, we did at last get started, running under both sails and power; and the Colonel—who has a very winning way with him, and is used to handling negroes—did much to restore harmony by suggesting a song, and starting it himself.



OLD TOM—THE "CREW"

These negro songs of Nassau, though crude as to words, have a very haunting, barbaric melody, said to come straight from the African jungle, full of hypnotizing repetitions and absurd choruses, which, though they may not attract you much at first, end by getting into your blood, so that you often find yourself humming them unawares. The best-known of them—that which the Colonel had set going—is "The *John B.* Sails," and goes as follows. Of course you need to have the tune properly to appreciate it; still, the words have a naïveté which makes it worth while to copy them:

Come on the sloop
John B.,
My grandfather and
me,
Round Nassau town
ve did roam.
Drinking all night,
ve got in a fight,
Ve feel so break-up,
ve vant to go home.

Chorus

So hoist up the *John B.* sails,
See how the mainsail set,
Send for the captain ashore—let me go home,
Let me go home, let me go home,
I feel so break-up, I vant to go home.

The first mate he got drunk,
Break up the people trunk,
Constable come aboard, take him away—
Mr. Johnstone, leave me alone,
I feel so break-up, I vant to go home.
(*Chorus*)

The poor cook got the fits,
Throw away all o' my grits,
Captain's pig done eat up all o' my corn.
Lemme go home, I vant to go home,
I feel so break-up, I vant to go home.
(*Chorus*)

Steamboat go by steam,
Sailboat go by sail,
My girl's hat 'ain't got no tail.

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Lemme go home, I vant to go home,
I feel so break-up, I vant to go home.
(*Chorus*)

Send all the things from ashore,
Let all the breezes blow,
I'm so sorry that I can longer stay,
Good-by to you— Tra-la-la-lu,
This is the vorst trip since I vas born.
(*Chorus*)

A negro, particularly a Bahaman negro, is very much of a child—ready to be diverted by the first sign of any fun of the simplest character, and very susceptible to the humorous aspect of things. So, before the song had ended, though the captain and engineer were still official enemies, they, with the rest of the crew, were in broad grins; and the Colonel, seeing the good effect of one song, struck up another, which I may as well give, too:

When you're single, you're at your ease,
But when you are married, you got a vife to please—
Babe, Honey, it ain't no lie.

The funniest thing I ever saw
Was a cockroach living with his mother-in-law—
Babe, Honey, it ain't no lie.

I'm goin' to vistle and I'm goin' to sing,
And tell you about that purty little thing,—
Babe, Honey, it ain't no lie.

If you vant to see Mr. Jackson laugh
Just change a dollar and give him half—
Babe, Honey, it ain't no lie.

What you goin' to do when it's half-past eight,
And the boss he say, "You come too late"—
Babe, Honey, it ain't no lie.

Beefsteak cookin' and the onions fryin',
And the old folks laughin' and the children cryin'—
Babe, Honey, it ain't no lie.

"What are you doin' vorkin' so hard?"
"Tryin' to keep my vife out of white folks' yard"—
Babe, Honey, it ain't no lie.

Of all the joys you find in life,
The greatest is a charmin' vife—
Babe, Honey, it ain't no lie.

Goin' to hang my kettle on the vhite folks' gate,
Get it full of pork chops, cheese, and steak—
Babe, Honey, it ain't no lie.

Meanwhile we had been running with a brisk northeast wind along the coast of New Providence, past Fort Montague, built a century since, as a protection against pirates, and looking like something out of a boy's adventure-book, past cays of cinder-colored coral rock, matted with dark, savage-looking brush, till about ten o'clock we passed the east end of New Providence, laying our course

ROWING OUT TO THE SCHOONER

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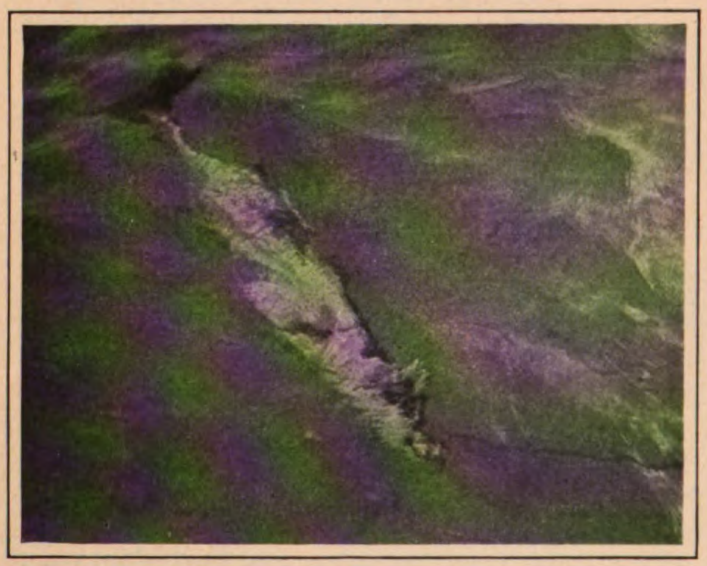
east-southeast for Ship's Channel Cay. The sky was partly overcast, and by half-past eleven we were out of sight of land. We were crossing the strip of water that divides New Providence from the northern end of the Exuma Cays. But you cannot be long out of sight of some land in the Bahamas, and by one-thirty we sighted what at first looked like a sail, but proved to be Ship Channel Light. Then, one by one, islands began to appear on the horizon, and by three we had made anchorage in Allen's Harbor. We had spent the morning between reading and fishing. The Colonel, who is the best reader of Shakespeare I know, had read some "Richard II.," which he holds to be an unappreciated play, and also the "Ulysses" of Stephen Phillips, the news of whose too early death had saddened us the morning we left. His play of the greatest of all sea-wanderers had a singular appropriateness, thus read out on the open sea, under the spread of the great sails, with the singing of the incredibly crystal water along our sides.



HAULING IN A DEEP-SEA CATCH

We beguiled the time trolling, as one does for bass, and within half an hour or so had landed two good-sized barracoutas, a rock-fish, and a Spanish mackerel. The barracouta we were especially interested in seeing at close range, as we had heard so much of him and his ferocity. The natives fear him far more than the shark, whom they treat with the contempt of familiarity and with a skepticism in his disposition to attack humanity. I have heard it asserted over and over again that the shark is never known to attack living men or women in those waters. That is the usual statement; but I once heard a negro solemnly swear to his having seen an enormous shark going down Nassau Harbor with a man caught by his middle across his jaws. He was making for the open sea, my informant said; and explained that a shark never ate his human prey till he had carried it well out to sea. The barracouta, however, is another matter. He cannot, of course, eat you up, being a long, narrow fish with a long, wedge-shaped head — a beautiful bar of living silver—but he can bite off valuable parts of your anatomy, as he flashes by you at lightning speed, with his long, snapping jaw, provided with glorious white teeth about an inch long. He would be off with a hand or a foot almost before you had missed it.

Another fish the natives are afraid of, and one hardly blames them if one has seen it. I don't know what its real name is, but it goes in conversation by the name of stingaree. It is a species of skate, very like our skate, but much larger; a triangular, flat fish with a long, swordlike tail, from the sides of which, when it has pierced you, spring up lateral thornlike projections which hold you fast or tear you to pieces when forcibly withdrawn. Swimming one morning in fifty feet of water, some distance from shore, I caught sight of one of these gentle creatures lying pressed on the white coral bottom of the sea, as one can see things in that incredibly clear water. I wondered, as I looked at him down there, whether they had told me that he was one of the attacking kind or not. It was not exactly a comfortable moment, and I tried to recall stories of men fighting sharks with knives, and

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wondered what method I should pursue, without any knife, if he caught sight of me and decided that I looked attractive. But apparently he didn't think so, and presently moved off to pastures new; while it seemed to me a wise precaution to reach the land with as little delay as possible.

Allen's Harbor, where we had anchored, was just a solitary cove in a desert island, all rough coral rock and harsh, cruel-looking brush. A few sponging boats were anchored there, and we gave letters to the captain of one of them to take to Nassau, as we rowed ashore to loaf along the inner shore of a small island that stood at the mouth of the cove and helped make the little harbor. It is a shame to destroy any illusion in a world so badly in need of all its illusions, and I hesitate to say that the coral rock is far from being what it is cracked up to be in poetry. Doubtless the reader imagines it as he sees it in glass cases—beautiful, snow-white, lace-like stuff of exquisite patterns, or exquisitely pink. So, of course, it sometimes is. It grows so, in many places, on the reefs out to sea; but the average coral island looks like a dirty mass of clinker, full of holes and sharp, jagged, needle-like formations, exceedingly hard on shoe-leather and very hard walking. The engineer, however, who came with us to explain the sights, walked over it in the sharpest places with bare feet without apparently experiencing any discomfort.

We picked up many beautiful and curious shells, especially some fine conchs. There were two kinds of conchs, the king conch, and the queen conch. They are large, beautifully modeled shells, inhabited by a snail-like animal, very like our "winkle," and, like it, used largely for bait, and making, too, an excellent salad. The queen conch is pure white with a yellow tip and a dark-brown interior; but the king conch is the handsome creature, with its light-cream ground variegated with brown, red, and black in lovely decorative patterns, as by the hand of some self-conscious Japanese artist. In these conchs, buried in the flesh of them, is found a pink pearl—of some, if no great value—for which the natives, as they cut up their bait, are constantly on the watch, as half a dozen of them would seem like a small fortune to them. Presently, as we poked along the wet sand or pranced over the ledges of sharp rock, Peter called out, excitedly, "Would you like to see some living coral?"

Think of the poetry that lay in the

A DREAM OF INNOCENT SUNLIGHT AND CRYSTAL WATER

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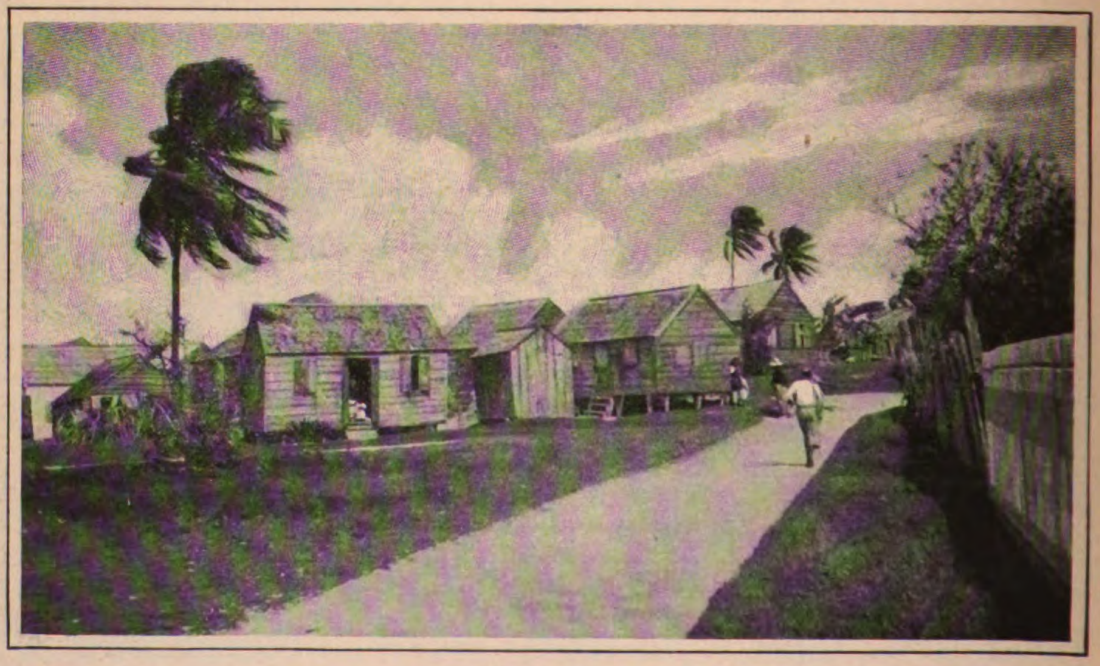
suggestion—and, of course, remember that there is coral and coral, some very lovely and fairy-like indeed. But this I was called to inspect was of the very humble kind of which the islands are mostly built—and, alas! it was neither lovely nor fairy-like. It lay in splodges of three or four inches long, on the top of similar stuff already dead and hard and black — a putty-like substance, dented with large, open pores. When you tried to tear it off the rock to which it clung, you realized that it was living, for it resisted, like a piece of wet leather stuck fast to a stone, and you got it off with difficulty. I have a piece I thus tore off by me as I write. Now it is simply a piece of hard stone, with longish, sporelike holes in it. Such is one species of the "living coral." Near by, the engineer pointed out a still more disgusting object, lying in a hollow of one of the dirty rocks—a long, sausage-shaped object, protectively colored with streaky brown and dirty yellow like the rock itself. It scarcely moved when we prodded it. It was called, as it looked, a "sea-sausage." Ugh! It was a nightmarish, nasty thing—the only sign of organs about it being a horrid sucking mouth at one end of it, much like the mouth of those tobacco-pouches you pull together with a string. The Bahaman waters, as I have said before, are full of fairy-like things—those purple sea-fans, for instance, that wave and wave in the deep translucence of the sea-gardens; but here we were reminded, too, that the sea has its loathsome creatures, too—representatives of that dark, evil side of nature which disturbs one's philosophy like a nightmare, and almost leads one to believe in the Buddhist notion of our sins taking foul shapes — fearful incarnations of the "deeds done in the body."

Thoroughly tired out after our arduous exploration, it was good to get a swim in that paradisal water; and after dinner to sit on deck watching the moon rise, and to turn in at last, afloat in a vast crystal filled with moving lights and mirrored stars.

Next morning we were under way about eight-thirty, having bathed, breakfasted, and bought some sponges from the captain of one of the sponging-boats, selecting them from big heaps sorted out according to size and quality on the coral rock. Our course lay along the "white water," in a depth varying from one and a quarter to four fathoms, the sea-bed under us being a sort of level coral ledge running some fifty miles to the westward, where it suddenly plunges downward, clifflike, a thousand



DUNMORE TOWN—HARBOR ISLAND

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A TYPICAL CORAL HEADLAND—EXUMA CAYS

fathoms in what is known as the "Tongue of Ocean." We were sailing south, parallel with the Exuma Cays, beautiful, lonely islets, entirely without inhabitants, mostly low-lying, scrub-covered rock, with white beaches, sometimes rising into sizable bluffs, and one so like another that one could hardly blame our crew for getting mixed in their names. We were looking for Norman Cay, fishing as we went along before a light southwest breeze, and catching three barracoutas; but early in the afternoon we discovered that we had overshot our mark by twenty-five miles. So about one-thirty we turned back two miles, and reached a little cay just north of "Wide Opening," where we anchored and went ashore, our pilot —a good-looking lad nearly all white— walking naked by the side of the boat, through the shallow, sunlit water.

It was a little sandy bay between two bluffs, and it was a veritable dream of innocent sunlight and indolent, crystal water. Nature has never dreamed a scene so full of golden peace. It was on such a shore the lotus-eaters landed, in the dreamy afternoon—"a land where it was always afternoon." But, as we approached the beach, in barely two feet of water, I espied some long, triangular shadows moving dimly in the shallow water inshore. One—two—three—four of them. They were "baby sharks," basking there in wait for the smaller fish gliding out with the ebbing tide. We called out to our young pilot, wading there naked a few yards away. "Look out!" we cried. But, to our surprise, he laughingly waded toward them, "shooing" them away as though they were chickens. Then they came dashing, swift as light, past our boat—too swift for Peter, who blazed away at them with his gun, disappointingly to no purpose. Then, taking courage from our pilot, we stripped and bathed ourselves, keeping, however, a wary eye for those wicked-looking shadows. We took a walk up the side of the creek, running inland over dazzling white sand, into which the mangrove-trees, with the look of walking laurel, were stepping out like fairy bridges into the golden ripples.

Mangrove-trees are to me the most fascinating of all the vegetable growths of our strange planet. When young, as we thus first came upon them, at the opening of the creek, there is something tender and idyllic about them, with the fresh, childlike, laureline leaves and dangling rods of emerald that were really the suckers of their banian-like roots;

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but, as we proceeded inland they grew into an obscene and bizarre maturity, like nightmares striding out in every direction, with prancing, skeleton feet planted in noisome, festering swamps, and stretching out horned, clawing hands that seemed to take root as one looked and threw out other roots of horror like a dream.

A BAHAMAN SUNSET

Turning inland, we could study the nature of the terrible rock which makes these coral islands so hopelessly desolate, almost devoid of soil, and leaves them to clang and echo under one's foot as if one trod upon a coarse earthen pot. It is indeed a terrible land from the point of view of the husbandman. No wonder the government cannot sell it or even give it away. It was a marvel that anything had the fierce courage to grow on it at all. For the most part, it was of a gray, clinker-like formation (sometimes rose-pink in the sunlight), tossed as by fiery convulsions in slabs and shelves of irregular strata, with holes every few feet, suggesting the circular action of the sea, some of these holes no more than a foot wide, and some as wide as an ordinary-sized well, and in these was the only soil to be found. In these the strange and savage trees, spined and sown thick with sharp teeth, found their rootage and writhed about, splitting the rock into endless cracks and fissures with their fierce effort: sea-grape, with leaves like cymbal-shaped plates of green metal; and gamalome-trees, with trunks of glistening bronze; and seven-year apples, with fruit like painted wood; with here and there a thatch-palm, looking like the head-dress of some savage African warrior. Except these weird growths, there is scarcely any living thing on these islands save small lizards and guanas, a larger lizard, or small crocodile, sometimes attaining five or six feet in length. We saw the footprints of these on the sand.

There is no denying that the beauty of these Bahaman cays is exceedingly simple, made up of one or two simple elements, and for those who seek dramatic effects in their scenery it must soon become monotonous. My friend the Colonel, though a lover of solitude in small doses, is of a very sociable disposition; and we could see that he was beginning to suffer from the necessity of some one to talk to — black or white. So we took pity on him; and, having to allow that probably we had no variety to look forward to, and that the rest of the Exuma Cays looked almost certainly the same as what we had already seen, we suggested running up to Harbor Island, where, solitary as it was, there would at least be houses and human voices. His face brightened at once; so we put about at eight-thirty of February

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24th, and, running before a fair westerly breeze, gradually growing in intensity, we laid our course for Ship Channel Cay, which we passed about twelve-thirty. We then made for the western end of Current Island, which, owing, we mercifully allowed, to our young pilot thinking too much of the girl he was going to see at Harbor Island, we missed by only ten miles! The pilot was a nice lad, but his value was almost entirely ornamental—as he was presently to prove by another miscalculation, which might easily have been no laughing matter. Having sighted land, ten miles to the westward of Current Island, we altered our course to the eastward, running parallel with the cays, and at length came through "Six Shilling Channel," east of Spanish Wells, having on the way successfully struck on the only charted rock for miles!

It is not a nice feeling grazing over a sunken rock. Mr. Conrad in *Lord Jim* has described it as something like "a snake going over a stick." We did our best to smile at the first grating rumble under our keel—"a very palpable hit!" said the Colonel—but in our hearts we wondered how much more of it there was going to be. Fortunately, it lasted but a few seconds, and apparently our bottom had remained sound, but it was a close shave, and, had we really struck, there was nothing but miles and miles of sea in every direction, with a northwest wind evidently brewing for a gale every minute. That night we made a lee to the southwest of Spanish Wells about six-thirty, with a strong rising breeze and threatening skies, lightning flashing intermittently to the west as we turned in for the night.

Next morning we were under way soon after sunrise, with a fresh northwest wind blowing, arriving at Harbor Island at eight-thirty and anchoring off the dock—pretty well all the inhabitants of the pretty little town turning out to welcome us. The town is really called Dunmore Town after Lord Dunmore, who was governor of the islands in 1786; but as the island is only one and a half square miles in extent, with little else on it but the town and some cocoanut plantations, it usually goes by the name of Harbor Island. This island is situated at the north end of the long island of Eleuthera, which faces it and helps to make it an excellent shelter for storm-driven ships, as we were to find for ourselves. The town, built on a hillside, something like Nassau in appearance, with pretty, white houses among gardens, is second in importance in the colony, and has played a part in its history. Some of its prominent families are descendants from the old buccaneers, and it took a strenuous hand in wresting the islands from the Spaniards, for which it received a large grant of land on the mainland in perpetuity. You can walk across the island in about ten minutes, and when you have climbed up the main street, crossed the ridge at the top, and descended the other side, you come to a marvelous white beach, a mile or so long, where the Harbor-Islanders gallop their horses. Here, too, are their water-supplies, from wells, curiously enough, sunk into the sand, yet not in the least brackish. The northern end of the island is covered with the loveliest grapefruit and cocoanut palms we had seen anywhere in the Bahamas; and here we were hospitably received by the proprietors, two old white bachelors, who may well have been of that buccaneer descent to which I have referred.

The town, though of some commercial importance, is only visited from the outside world once in every two weeks by the mail-schooner *The Dart*, running from Nassau. So no wonder our coming was a matter of some excitement. We were glad to think that we had at least brought some variety into the monotonous lives of two hospitable gentlemen with whom we presently became acquainted, the Commandant and the English clergyman. These gentlemen very kindly took us under their wing during our visit, and it was under their guidance that, during the afternoon, we paid a visit to one of the great natural curiosities of the islands, the curious cave in the rocks known as the Glass Window, over on the opposite island of Eleuthera. This island is very long and narrow, and at one point the sea beating on it from both sides has worn it into a sort of wasplike waist, with only a hun-

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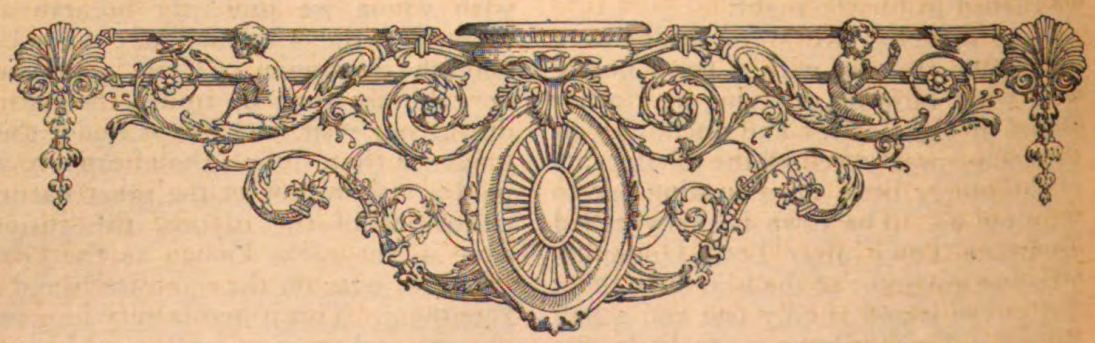
dred yards or so now left of particularly cruel coral rock. It has worn this into a huge natural arch, and in stormy weather bursts right through this, across this rocky waist out on to the other side. Here is the only foot-road along the island, passing perilously along the edge of the sea, and frequently claiming its toll of foot-passengers overtaken by the tide. It is along this foot-path the clergyman has to visit his parishioners at the south end of the island, and here when the sea gets into what is technically known as a "rage," coming up with incredible speed from its smiling levels below, a whole picnic party has within recent years been washed away. It is, for the Bahamas, quite a grandiose piece of scenery, well worth the toilsome walk necessary to visit it.

We anchored off the wharf for the night, and the northwest wind having now come up in earnest, we were compelled to stay for the whole of Saturday and Sunday. During this enforced detention we were glad enough to share with the other Harbor-Islanders in the excitement of the arrival of *The Dart*, a big, old-fashioned schooner that on Saturday afternoon was seen beating up against the wind, and presently made a skilful, sailor-like docking alongside the pier. At its appearance in the distance we heard the strains of a band on shore, and presently along the shore-front came a company of boy-scouts, marching in due order and headed by the gallant clergyman, all in khaki and Rough-Rider hats. These, when the boat was moored, together with the rest of the population, immediately swarmed on board, covering every inch of deck-space and sitting about on the booms. It was a rather pathetic indication of the lonely lives of these people, thus practically in prison at the ends of the earth; and just such an excitement it must have been in New England when the long-voyaged ships from England at last made their long-looked-for appearance before the famished eyes of the early colonists.

In the afternoon of Sunday we at length made a start home, but, taking the advice of the captain of *The Dart*, which had made an exceptionally rough passage, we didn't venture very far that day, for the northwester was still blowing hard, though beginning to abate; so we anchored for the night under the northern point of Eleuthera.

On Monday morning the breeze had died down considerably, and we got under way about six o'clock, running under light northwest airs. By seven we were abreast of Spanish Wells, where we took on some oranges and a passenger anxious to catch a steamer from Nassau. Thence it was smooth sailing through the golden day to our home port—with the song of "The *John B.* Sails" on our lips. And by evening we were once more dancing with the fair women at the Colonial, the loneliness of the sea still in our eyes and the sound of it still singing in our hearts.



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The Wishing House

BY FLETA CAMPBELL SPRINGER

CONSCIOUS of the sudden cessation of chatter he had heard as he came into the hall, he slipped quickly past the open door of the dining-room, concealing from all those prying eyes his meager brown-paper bag, concealing also the expression which he wore upon his face—an expression which they, who had always considered him a little queer and more than a little pathetic, would have been amazed to see—and one which, the moment he had passed the door and set foot on the green-carpeted stairs, returned.

At the top of the stairway, his hand on the curving banister, he turned sharply to the right, down the dark hall to the rear of the house, and, pausing before the last door, suppressed what might have been a whistle as he searched his pocket for the key. His eyes had not at all the look of a lonely man forced to come home after his long day's work to a solitary dinner from a brown-paper bag, in a boarding-house bedroom. He had instead the anticipatory, the joyous look of a man who expects something piquant, something pleasant and rare, at his journey's end. Yet, when he let himself in, there was certainly nothing about the room to explain his look. Only the usual jumble of ill-assorted necessities dealt out to second-floor tenants, and in the center of the room a stout kitchen-table, with leaves — the one article of furniture Matthew Little had made bold to ask for the second week of his stay, months before.

Without removing his hat, and with the air of a man who has not yet reached his destination, he put down on the table his brown-paper bag, and crossed the room to where on the floor in the corner stood a large box, made neatly of unpainted pine boards, with a hinged lid and a padlock—a box about three feet square. He took from his pocket another key, and, kneeling, inserted the key in the lock and opened the lid, letting it rest against the wall. Then, gently, and with the greatest care, he lifted out of the box—a two-story white house, with green trimmings, and a wide veranda running across the front and around one side.

Matthew Little carried his house across the room and set it down squarely in the middle of the table. Then he drew up a chair and sat down before it. He had reached his destination at last.

He drew a long, contented breath, as if he had stopped for a moment to enjoy the welcome of the place itself before he went in. Then he lifted off the roof of his house, and set it down on the table beside him. He looked down into the top floor, into the four bedrooms, into the hall where the stairs came up. Everything was in order, and he paused here only an instant before he lifted off the second story of his house and laid that on the table beside the roof. And there was the long living-room—the room he loved best of all—with its big library-table in the middle, its easy-chairs, and the couch in the corner, and opening at one end into the square, bow-windowed dining-room with the carved oak buffet with the intricately fitted glass doors and the cut-out brass hinges. The round table and the four chairs were to match. In the archway between the two rooms portières of maroon-colored velvet were hung; and directly opposite the front door in the living-room two little steps led up to a single curtain, of the same maroon-colored velvet, concealing the stairway.

Matthew Little reached in with his hand and shoved a chair out through the open front door and onto the veranda, adjusting it carefully at a certain angle—the angle from which one had the best view. For it was a house with a view, and built to preserve it. One could see that.

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Presently, as a man rouses himself from a too easy position, Matthew Little sat up straight, set the little chair carefully in again through the door, and, reaching over, drew out a chair at the dining-table. Then, peering around the house, he drew toward him the brown-paper bag, opened it, and took out of it ham and Swiss cheese and lettuce sandwiches, two pickles, and three round cakes; and, with the leisurely, happy content of a man who sits at his own well-ordered table, Matthew Little began his dinner, while below-stairs Mrs. Parrington's boarders cast pitying glances ceiling-ward as they spoke of him "up there all alone," and wondered if they couldn't do something to help him. It had been more than a month now since he had asked Mrs. Parrington if he might stay on in his room, without board, and had refused, intensely embarrassed, her offer to let the board "run along" until things "looked up a little" for him. And every night some one had seen him surreptitiously carrying in his meager brown-paper bag from the grocer's down the block.

He himself could never have told when the desire first came upon him to have a house—a house that should be all his own—but the last year or two it had grown until it consumed every other desire of his life, and he took to drawing plans at night alone in his room. He inquired into costs and the price of land, and one night the idea came to him that a very little bit of reality would be worth more than all of his wishing and all of his thought; that if he began at once to build it—in little, but something to see with his eyes and touch with his hands—it would at least be nearer achievement than mere imagination. The idea took hold of him, and urged him to action like a command. That night he worked out his scale—half an inch to the foot—and perfected the last details of his plan. The next day he brought home materials enough to begin. And from that night on, there came from his room the sound of those mysterious tappings and poundings which so puzzled Mrs. Parrington's boarders, continuing often till midnight and past. When the house itself was finished and painted, he began to fashion his furnishings—two weeks he worked on the carved oak buffet alone—and one night it occurred to him, on his way home, that he could save almost an hour by taking some sandwiches up to his room and eating them there; and after that night he never set foot again in Mrs. Parrington's dining-room—for why should a man who has his own house, his own dining-room, sit down to boarding-house fare?

At first he had had no idea of anything half so elaborate, half so complete; he had wanted only something concrete to look at, something upon which to crystallize his hope; but, once begun, it cast a spell upon him, led him on endlessly, so that when the framework was finished he went on naturally to put in the partitions, to arrange his rooms and to furnish them; and, little by little, the other house, the real house, receded farther and farther into the distance, and this became the reality—the consummation of his desire and his hope.

People came and went in the house, but for Matthew Little Mrs. Parrington's boarders had ceased to exist. A strange young woman took his place at the table, and listened with pity growing in her heart to the things that were said about the poor fellow who had sat there before her—for she knew what it was to be lonely and poor. She passed him twice at the head of the stairs without knowing who he was; and though she was a very winsome young lady, and though he stood aside to let her go by, he saw her no more than if she had been a shadow.

He hurried along through the crowds in the evening like any commuter bent upon catching his train, and his pockets bulged, too, with queer-shaped parcels, like a commuter's. He smiled when he heard two men talking one day about the impossibility of getting really out of the city for a fifty-cent commutation, for it occurred to him that his five-cent subway ticket transported him farther each night than any commutation could take him. It was the nearest he ever came to seeing himself from the outside, for he had never been analytical; if he had, he might, long before then, have known how lonely he was. But he knew that since he had built his house he was happier than he had ever been in his

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Drawn by Gayle Hoskins

THERE STOOD A TINY, AN ALTOGETHER IMPROBABLE LITTLE WOMAN

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life. And he kept on, in a sort of enchantment, finding new things to make for it, so that it seemed he should never be finished.

But there came at last a night wnen he knew there was nothing more to be done. He had lingered to the last possible moment over his dinner, and now he sat looking down into his favorite room, with a sort of melancholy creeping about his heart. He had remained for a long time so—not moving, his eyes half closed and his mind at rest—when suddenly, without warning or premonition, Matthew Little received such a shock that it seemed to him he must have jumped or screamed, though in reality he had not moved at all, had not even lifted a fraction higher his half-closed eyelids; but, instead, everything inside him seemed to stand perfectly still, waiting to see if what had happened was true, for there, in the very middle of the living-room, as if she had just come in through the archway of the dining-room, stood a tiny, an altogether improbable little woman in a dress of delicate blue which trailed softly on the floor behind her as she moved, after a moment of seeming indecision, across to the nearest chair by the table, and sank down into it with a kind of weary grace, letting her hands fall idly across the chair-arms, and resting back her head with a charming movement of relaxation, of being at home.

Matthew Little winked rapidly, then held his eyes shut for an instant, but when he opened them again she was still there; and what was strange, stranger almost than her being there at all, was her air of being alone, of being entirely unconscious of him, of not knowing at all that any one could see.

He expected her momentarily to disappear—to go as she had come—or at least in some way to explain herself; but she continued to sit there in the chair, and now she seemed to have fallen into a sort of reverie, for she let her gentle, introspective gaze rest contentedly upon the opposite wall, and a faint, inscrutable smile curved her lips, as if her thoughts were pleasant ones.

Now Matthew Little had never, in all the time he was building his house, thought once of a woman in it; he had never known any women—that is, really known them—and his vision had never included one. That was probably why, after his first incredible shock, his feeling was one of resentment against her intrusion, a resentment which persisted in spite of his not believing her to be there at all—his belief that what he saw was some extraordinary illusion which would be in a moment dispelled. But she, too, still persisted, and his resentment was swallowed up in wonder. He saw, after a little, that she had put out one foot, incased in a tiny, blue-satin slipper, and was regarding it dreamily, and wriggling her toes so that he could see them outlined against the satin.

It was the first time that Matthew Little had been consciously aware that there were blue-satin slippers in the world, and it gave him an altogether new kind of shock—as if he might have been mistaken about the rest—might have imagined everything else, but he could never have imagined *them*. Involuntarily, upon this discovery, a sudden gasping sigh escaped him, an abrupt intake of air to his lungs, for, although he had not known it, since the first moment of her appearance he had been holding his breath; nor had he moved or taken his eyes away from her. The sound of his sigh gave him a start, and the consequences of it startled him yet more, for she had heard; a puzzled expression came into her face, and then she turned her head and looked full into his eyes—not startled or annoyed, or anything at all except puzzled; and she regarded him steadily, appraisingly, out of her gray eyes which caught the reflection of blue from her gown—and presently there came into them a look which seemed to say that she supposed, after all, that he had as much right there as she. Then, when her scrutiny had satisfied her completely, she withdrew her gaze and fell again into her reverie. And again there came over him that strong sense of imposition, of the way in which she had taken possession of his house, as if she had been only waiting for its completion to come.

It was borne in then upon Matthew Little that he was undergoing an extraordinarily strange and mysterious experience; and yet he could think of nothing

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whatever to do. He could only sit there and watch, and wait for what was to happen.

He began to study her, since it seemed not to disturb her strange solitude. She had nothing so ordinary as beauty; but her face was one to remember, with its expression which, like her whole person, partook of a kind of arrested evanescence, as if on the instant of passing she had chosen, and without effort, to stay. It was a piquant little face, shadowed by a kind of childlike gravity, which gave to her youth a quality at once haunting and sad. He had never seen that look in a woman's face; but, then, it was the first time he had ever had occasion to notice, with so particular an interest, the expression of any woman. Of one thing, however, he felt certain—that he had never beheld this woman's face, nor any one like her. She was utterly strange. He wondered abruptly if she could have got into the wrong house, and if she would, in another moment, discover her mistake. Then he remembered the long, steady regard with which she had seemed to accept him. She seemed by her manner to hold the key to some secret which was as yet dark to him. He felt vaguely that anybody except himself would know the right thing to do, would be able at least to *relate* her to something else in his life, would understand why she was there and what was expected of him.

But she, it seemed, expected nothing of him whatever—seemed, in fact, to have forgotten that he was there. And he found himself, more than once after that, holding his breath again lest he disturb her or frighten her away; for he wanted now, more than anything else, to see what she would do if left to herself—to see how long she would stay.

It was precisely at half-past nine—although time also seemed to have diminished itself to suit the house and its mysterious visitor — that she stirred vaguely, and appeared to rouse herself from her long reverie. She rose then, with a kind of pretty languor, and went, exactly as if she had gone there often before, across to the farthest end of the room. And Matthew Little, watching, breathless and amazed, saw her reach up and take from a narrow ledge which ran along the wall about the height of her head a little candle set in a tiny, old-fashioned brass candlestick. He gave, at this, a start of incredulity, for he himself had put nothing whatever upon that ledge, nor did he remember ever in his life having seen a candlestick of exactly that design.

She carried it, then, back to the table in the center of the room, and he saw her make, when she had put it down on the table before her, an almost indefinable gesture of lighting it, and a little golden flame stood up from the wick, glowing softly through the transparent whiteness of her hand, as she held it an instant poised to fend off some invisible current of air. Then, taking up the candle, she turned and, with an odd effect of knowing she was watched, went directly across to the two little steps which led up to the curtain of maroon-colored velvet. She mounted the steps, the long gown of delicate blue trailing behind her, and then, one hand holding aside the maroon-velvet curtain, and holding aloft in the other her lighted candle, she gave him, half turning about to face him, the sight of her strangely diminished smile before, letting fall the folds of maroon-colored velvet, she disappeared up the stairway.

Matthew Little continued to stare at the spot where she had vanished, and there occurred to him none of those things which might have been expected to come into his mind. He had no feeling of waking out of a dream, nor did he believe it had been any sort of illusion. If there had been a doubt about it before, the manner and the quality of her going would have dispelled it. She had been there as unmistakably as she had taken her leave. Had he not seen her turn, at the last moment, to give him her strange smile of farewell; or was it—and here a curious, an inexplicable conviction seemed to be dawning upon him—was it merely good night?

It was this conviction which a few moments later sent him to put his house carefully away in its box and to turn the key upon it almost with awe, and kept him motionless there in his chair until long past two o'clock before he could go, still with the mystery upon him, to bed. And it was that same conviction which,

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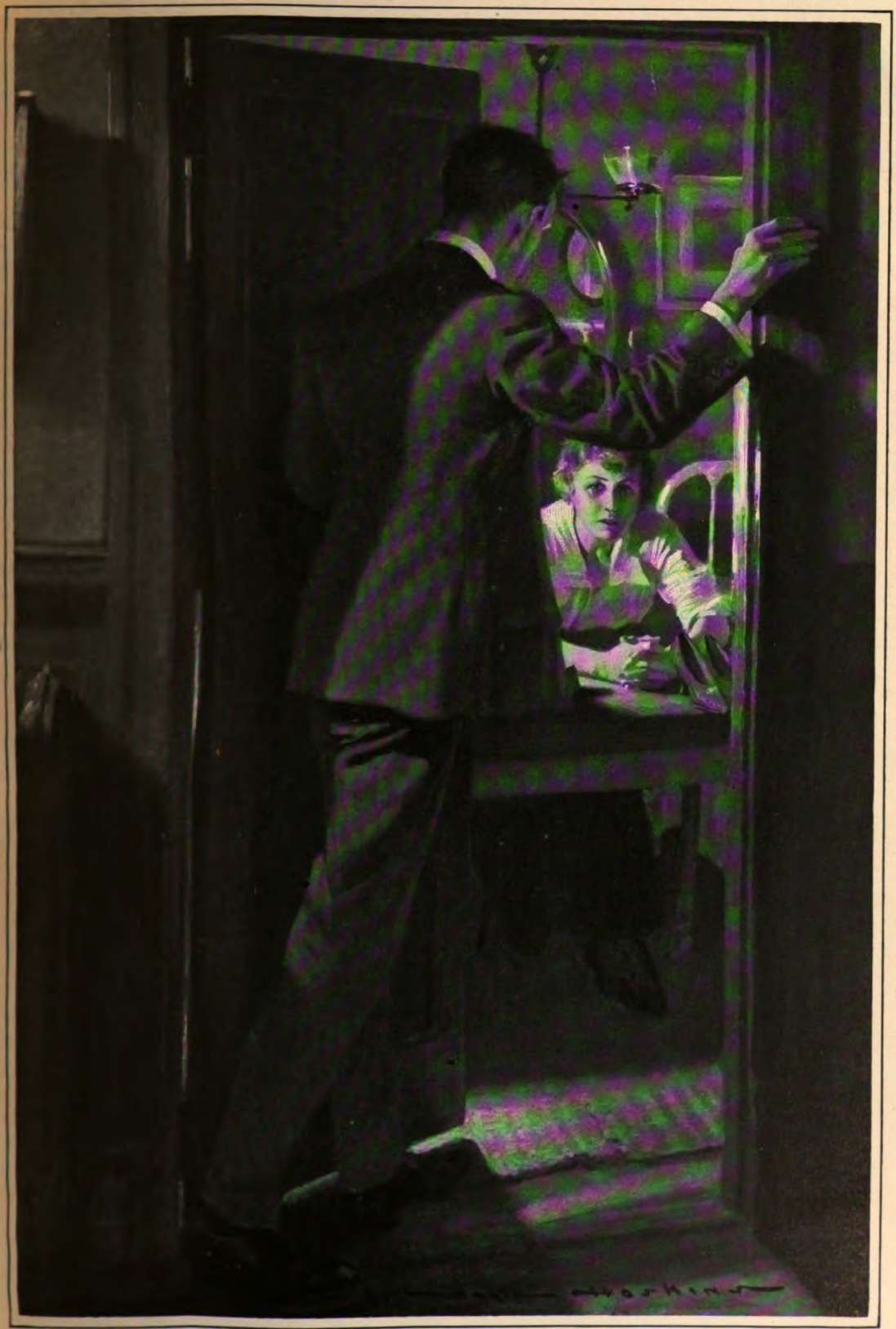

Drawn by Gayle Hoskins

"HOW LONG HAVE YOU LIVED HERE?" HE ASKED

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the next day, as he went about his humdrum occupation, receded farther and farther into the distance, into the realm of impossibility. Her face, like a will-o'-the-wisp, luring him out of reality, came and vanished before him. But, little by little, the vision grew fainter, and faded out altogether, so that, late in the afternoon, he could no longer even recall how she had looked, and his conviction seemed nothing but folly.

When the time came to go home, he lingered a little, as if undecided; and when he did go, he went, for the first time since the day he began building his house, slowly, with unwilling steps, as if there lay at the end of his journey some disillusion which he feared to encounter. But something, which might have been pride in another man, kept him to his routine, so that he took in, as always, his brown-paper bag from the grocer's, and seven o'clock found him, as it had found him the night before, putting in his easy-chair from the veranda, and beginning, when he had drawn out his favorite chair at the dining-room table, his solitary dinner.

When he had finished there came over him suddenly an overpowering sense of expectancy, which all day long he had told himself would not come. He had assumed, on the instant, an attitude so intent that, to one looking on, he would have seemed to be listening for some infinitesimal sound.

And then, at precisely the same hour, and almost, it seemed to him, at the precise moment she had appeared the night before, he saw her. She was standing again just inside the archway of the dining-room, as if she had been there all the time, but had only now become visible to him. And again she went slowly across to her chair and sank down into it, with her air of belonging there, before she lifted her eyes to his with a look which said, as plainly as any words could have said it, that she had hardly expected to see him again, but, since he was there, she would permit him to stay, provided he knew how to act and gave her no trouble. And he was amazed to find that the sense of intrusion he had felt against her the night before had reversed itself, and he himself now felt the intruder. She seemed to divine what was in his mind, for she turned upon him a glance of such friendly assurance that he was immediately at ease, and she slipped back into her reverie.

He remembered, after a little, to look at the ledge from which she had taken her candle; but there was nothing there. And yet, when exactly at half-past nine she rose and went toward the ledge, he knew she would find it, as, surely enough, she did, although to him at least it remained invisible until she had lifted it down in her hand. And when she had carried it across to the table he was no more able than before to discover the secret of that vague, hovering gesture with which she appeared by no other means than some magic of the hand itself to bring that tiny flame to the wick. When a moment later she paused, with her hand on the maroon-velvet curtain, holding aloft the brass candlestick with its lighted candle, he found himself again holding his breath to receive her gently frank, her deeply mysterious farewell smile.

He waited, with some vague notion of not disturbing her, for exactly ten minutes after she had gone, and then closed up the house and put it away in its box—a habit which was to endure through many nights which followed. For she came back again, as he knew she would, on the next night and the next, so that he knew the exact moment when she would appear, and, although during the long days he sometimes lost altogether the memory of her face, he seemed, the moment he saw her again, to come under the spell of her increasingly familiar and intimate charm. What had seemed strange at first was entirely erased by something in her which seemed to have belonged there from the beginning.

And Matthew Little lived, in the time that followed, in a world which turned reality upside down, for his days were like the repetition of an unexciting dream, and his nights were like waking, when she came, into a state more poignantly real than any he had ever known. And for all that their acquaintanceship seemed to prosper, and to grow into a relation which was both tender and shy, no word had audibly

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passed between them. It never occurred to him to speak, or to intrude, by so much as a movement, upon her.

One night, when she had fallen into one of her deep reveries, and he, with his head on his hand, sat silently watching, there came to his ears, from the outside, from somewhere apparently down the hall, an unusual sound, a sound which he became conscious after a moment had been going on for some time. Looking down, he saw that she was disturbed by it, too, for she was leaning forward a little in an attitude almost of pain. The sound continued, in a kind of regular mournful insistence, and, raising his head to listen, he wondered what it could be. But he did not remember ever to have heard anything quite like it before. And, again looking down, he saw in her face a look of distress, and she looked up into his eyes as if she were pleading with him to stop it. But the sound went on, now seeming to draw nearer, and dying away again into a kind of moan. And then, like a flash, he knew what it was; it was the sound of some one sobbing and no longer trying to stifle the sobs. Instinctively he knew that it was a woman. And a sudden unreasonable anger seized him against whomever it might be, because of the pain he could see in the face of the tiny creature for whom he had come to feel a sense of responsibility and protection. He remembered, with relief, that it was almost time for her to go, and in his anxiety took out his watch to see. It showed exactly half-past nine, but she had made no movement to go. Instead, she remained sitting there in her chair, drooping forward a little, and over her face there had spread an almost ethereal pallor. Alarmed, he rose from his chair, and she made then a pathetic little movement of resignation, as if the sound of those racking sobs had given her some mysterious mortal hurt.

Held there by the fear that she was going to die before his eyes, and urged by the same fear to go out and find the cause of it and command it to stop, he could only stand in an agony of indecision half-way between the door and the table; and she, conscious of his predicament, seemed to try, for his sake, to revive. But suddenly a wavering white light appeared to tremble for an instant above her, and then, circling slowly, to spread downward like a white, luminous mist about and before her, and through it the blue of her gown showed the color of water, and her eyes gleamed strangely as if they were trying to say good-by.

With a bound Matthew Little was out of the door and down the hall in the direction of that destroying sound. He brought up unerringly before the door from which it came, and called out as he knocked, in an excited, tense voice which he hardly recognized as his own: "Who's there? Let me in!"

The sobbing instantly ceased, and silence—a rigid, listening silence—replaced the sound. Hearing no answer, and having in his extremity not an instant to waste, Matthew Little laid hold of the knob and pushed open the door.

A girl, with her head buried in her arms, and her arms outstretched before her, sat at a little rickety table facing the door. At his entrance she slowly lifted her head, and Matthew Little remained transfixed on the threshold, for the face she raised to his was the one face in all the world most familiar to him; and from her tear-stricken, gray-blue eyes he had a startled, almost instantly withdrawn look of recognition.

For a long moment, in which time seemed waiting upon them, she held his unwavering gaze, seeming to struggle to recall some elusive and now vanished memory.

"How long have you lived here?" he asked.

And when she spoke, with a little, weary, broken inflection, her voice was just as he knew it would be.

"A thousand years," she said, "it seems to me; but it's really been only two months."

It was then, as she shifted slightly the position of her arms, that he saw, lying beside her on the table, a pair of shimmering blue-satin slippers—the slippers he knew so well.

"And how long," he said, "have you had the blue-satin slippers?"

He thrilled then to the faint, evanescent smile that flickered across her face.

"I'd wanted them for so long," she said, "and I bought them at last to-day. I was tired of imagining *everything!*"

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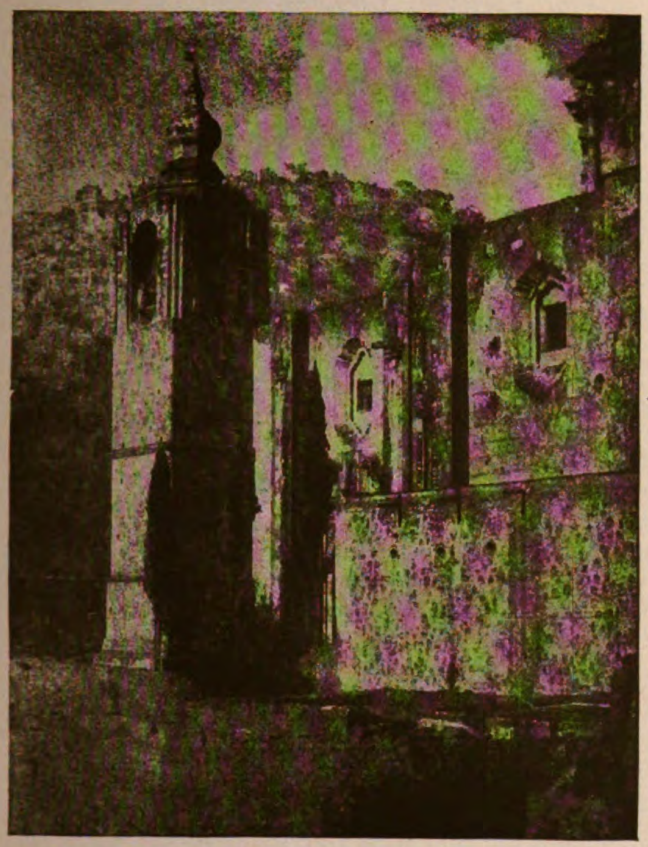

A TOWER OF LA CATA CHURCH

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AN ANCIENT PATIO AT GUADALAJARA

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A MASSIVE BRIDGE AND CHAPEL AT COYOACAN NEAR MEXICO CITY

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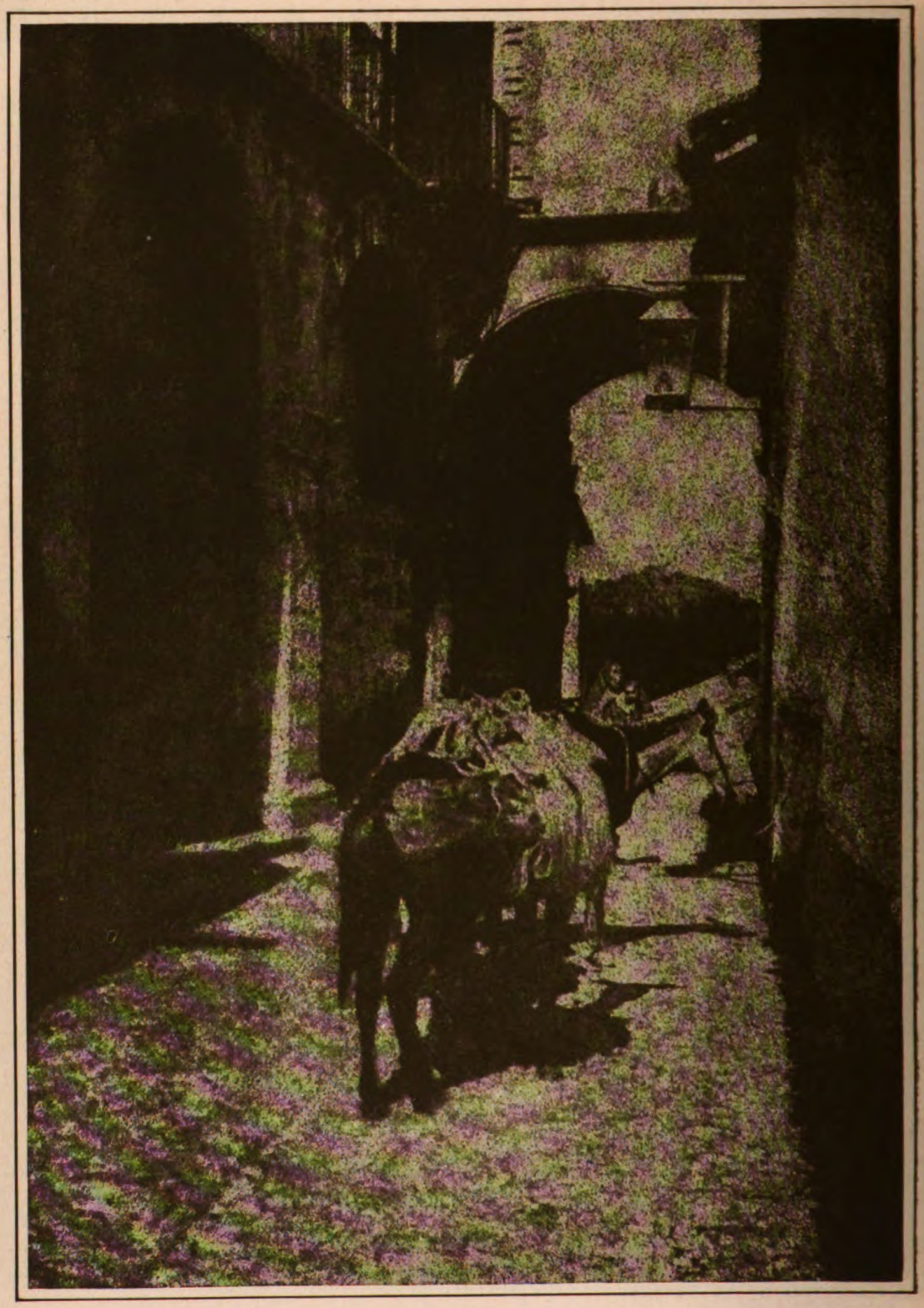

PACK MULES WAITING FOR THEIR LOADS

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GOSSIP OF THE MARKET-PLACE

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SUNSET—GUANAJUATO

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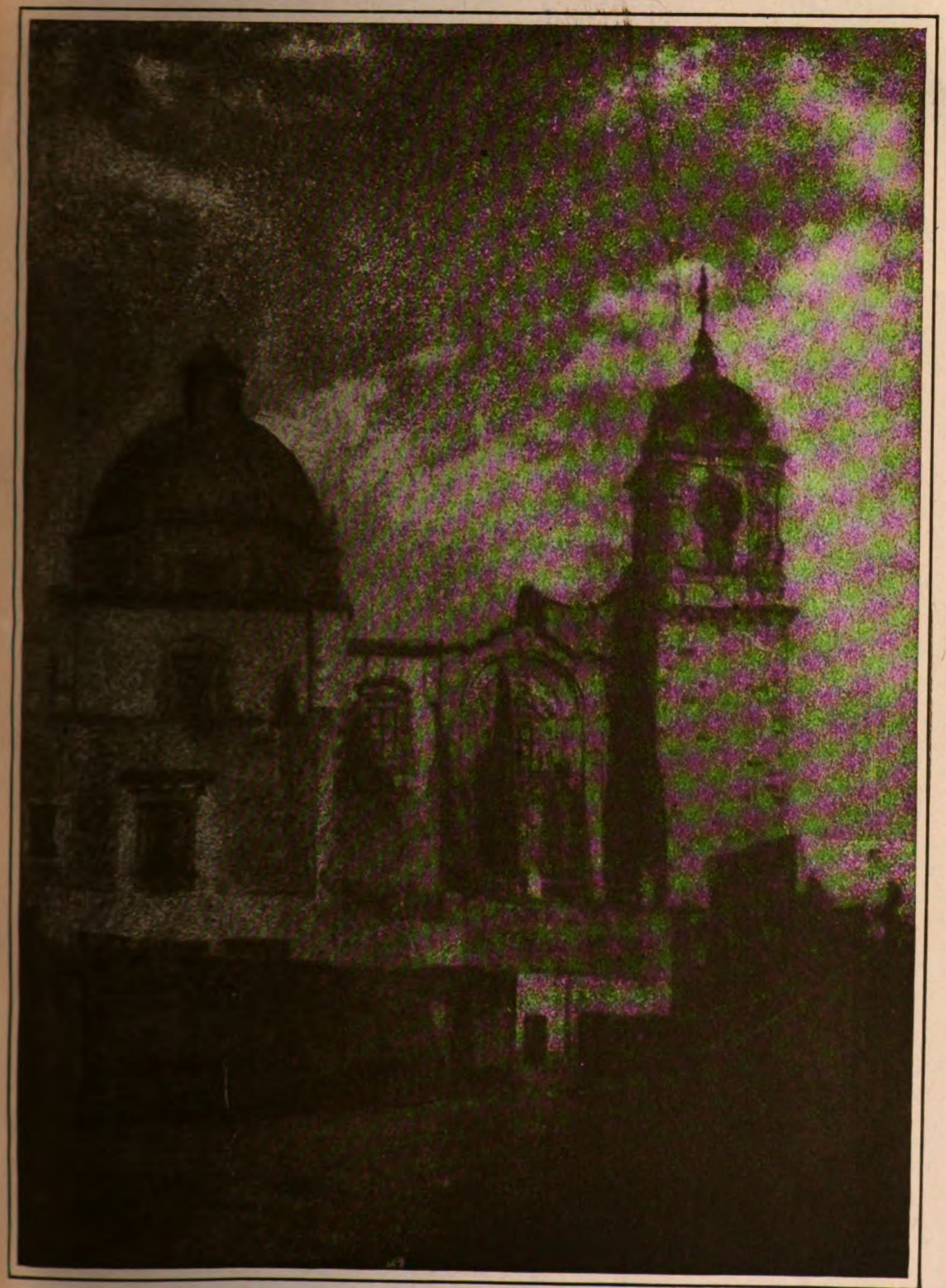

VALENCIANA CHURCH

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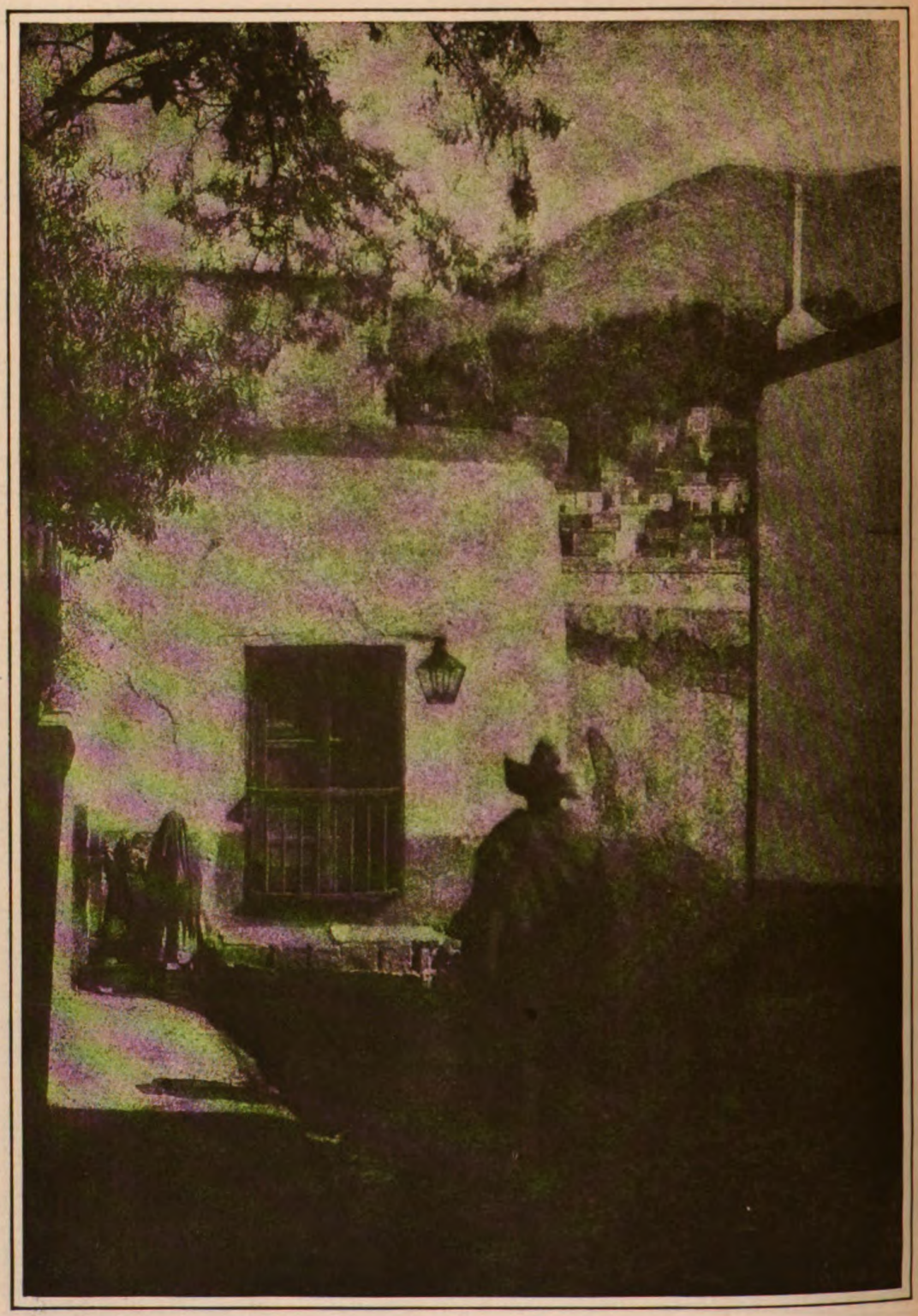

A NARROW STREET—GUANAJUATO

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The Storm Song

BY HUGH S. MILLER

THE *Bristol* was getting ready to leave on her run to the West Indies and Central America. It was a dirty day. It always was. It was harbor gospel that sailing days of the *Bristol* were thick and ugly and full of disagreeable possibilities.

It was just as true, however, that she always picked out a fair day to come home. No matter what the signs were in the early morning, the sun would push aside his covers and take an interest in the proceedings as soon as the *Bristol* stuck her rusty face into the harbor and squinted, with the near-sightedness of honored age, for the whereabouts of her pier.

And of course it followed, as the night the day, that she would come back every time she went out. Nothing was more certain than this. She might limp a bit, creak in every joint, groan and whine from the bruises some playful hurricane had bestowed upon her, and even spring a plate or two, but she always crept in through the harbor entrance, yawing from side to side of the channel like a drunken drummer navigating the corridor from the smoking-room to his state-room some time after midnight. The mere fact that she was willing to go out was proof she knew she could get back. She was that dependable.

Because the venerable *Bristol*, for many years, had not gone out without coming in again, she was what is known as a popular vessel in the passenger trade. Many people want the kind that will get them there and back, even if they do ride a little rougher than the others. This was the way with the *Bristol*. She got them there, but she took them over all the jumps on the way.

'Man," said Dr. Jimmie Madigan, the doctor on the *Bristol*, "she's the bumpiest thing on land or sea. I've been on the water for twenty years, and I've ridden in every kind of contraption that floats, from a catamaran to a left-handed trawler, but there's none of them can do the things she does. When she gets a bit of a blow on her beam, the amount of herself she uncovers is positively indecent. She hasn't any more bilge keel than a canoe—not even a wrinkle; so she's as flirty as a cake of soap in a bath-tub."

On this particular day, which gave promise of being even dirtier than usual, the doctor was standing on the deck watching the preparations for departure. The winter evening was settling quickly, and lights were beginning to break out in the office-buildings back of the docks. The steady rain beat monotonously on the smoke-colored roof of the pier and flickered on the surface of the black water. Beneath on the pier was a small army of glistening umbrellas. The deck was sloppy with the tramp of muddy boots, and the rail was wet and sticky.

Undeniably the outlook was discouraging. Dr. Jimmie looked around for some one to say it to. The nearest person was a man, and he said it to him. The man agreed.

This was the way the doctor became acquainted with Alfred Montague Atherton Simpson of London. At the moment Simpson was wearing his top-coat collar over his ears and his cap over his eyes. All the doctor learned of him was that he was about six feet tall and had an English accent. It was not until later that he discovered he was a good-looking individual, well tailored and well disposed.

When Dr. Jimmie arose the next morning and thrust his ruddy face out to get the air they were well off-shore and driving along in a howling breeze. Everywhere were long, dingy seas and scudding curtains of sizzling spray, through which the *Bristol* was bravely pawing her way.

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He made his way to the upper deck and found it entirely deserted except for a few sailors, busy taking in the last shreds of awning. This was the boat deck, devoted to life-boats, a space for promenading, and a few state-rooms.

Above was nothing but the gray sky, the swaying, staggering masts, and black smoke torn to threads and scattered a few feet from the stacks; below and around, only the tumbling seas, with dirty white crests and stinging lashes of wind-driven spray. The prow of the ship regularly swung up toward the sky, then crashed back into the water. Each time there was a thump the boat shivered, and a sheet of white and green arose and swept along the decks with an angry hiss. Again and again she climbed, unconquerable, toward the sky, with never a sign of exertion, but a sound like the whistle of her breath which came from the boiling in her hawse-holes.

The door of a state-room opened and the Englishman emerged. The doctor watched him with casual interest.

On each side of the deck was a row of life-boats covered with canvas. There was no rail amidships. It was only between the boats that the ropes from the davits, crossing down to their fastenings in the deck, made a sort of guard.

The Englishman stepped over to one of the life-boats, rested his arms upon it, and looked over it at the sea. He stood there a quarter of an hour, perhaps longer. Frequently he gripped his hands together until they were white, or took off his cap and ran his fingers through his hair, or beat the canvas covering with his clenched fists. Finally he passed his hand over his eyes as if to shut out something; then uncertainly, almost unconsciously, moved around the end of the life-boat. He moved slowly, but he kept on moving—and he was heading for the sea.

It was not until he stooped to get under a rope that slanted down to the deck from the davit above—the last thing between him and the water—that Dr. Jimmie came to his senses and sprang forward. He saw then that the Englishman had put up his hand and taken hold of the rope to steady himself, and was smiling gently down at the clamoring waves at his feet.

The roar of the gale and the rush of the water drowned the doctor's footsteps. He, too, stopped beside the life-boat and leaned against it as if gazing at the sea.

"Say!" he called.

The Englishman stiffened, turned slowly around, and looked at him.

Dr. Jimmie smiled. "Hungry?" he asked.

The Englishman did not understand, or could not hear above the whistling of the wind. Dr. Jimmie saw his lips form the word "What?"

"Breakfast!" yelled Dr. Jimmie, and nodded to him to come.

The Englishman shot a keen, quick glance at him, which he met with bland and open countenance, hesitated a moment, and began picking his way back. The doctor took hold of his arm and they breasted the wind together until they were inside.

"You and I will be the only ones in for breakfast, probably," said the doctor. "We ought to eat it together."

They did so. At least they made a pretense of eating together. The doctor did practically all the eating, certainly all the talking, and apparently all the thinking. The Englishman tried politely to do the listening, but with little success. He gave every appearance of being far away, in spirit, or of listening for a sound from a great distance; and eventually this impression grew so strongly on the doctor that he stopped speaking, put down his fork, and strained his ears for a sound the nature of which he could not suspect, but which he hoped would clear up something that seemed to be developing into a troublesome mystery. The effort was without avail. He could make out but few sounds, and these were of the most ordinary character—the rattle of dishes from the pantry, the creak of the ship's beams, and a subdued clang from the distant depths of the engine-room. Nothing else.

The night passed, and the next day. As often as he could, the doctor looked for the Englishman, to see that he was still there. He had a hope that he might be called upon professionally to render him some aid, but this hope gave no sign of realization.

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The storm grew worse instead of better, and the *Bristol* lumbered on through it like a weary animal floundering through a swamp.

Night came again, and, after seeing the Englishman to his state-room, the doctor wandered about aimlessly and soon retired to read himself to sleep. There was none of the customary activity about the ship. The passengers were in their state-rooms, without thought of anything but sleep; the stewards were out of sight, about their own business. Occasionally a stewardess, with clinking glass, passed his door, or the light from his window glistened on the streaming rubber coat of a sailor on the deck outside.

He was awakened shortly after midnight by a rap on his door. A steward brought the message that the man in No. 15 wanted to see him at once. The man in No. 15, he knew, was the Englishman. It was with a curious eagerness that he hurried into some clothes and made his way up the heaving steps to the Englishman's state-room.

The door was open, and, it being on the sheltered side of the vessel, the room was warm. A single small light was burning. Where the Englishman lay, in the lower berth, he was entirely in the shadow. The doctor bent over him and scrutinized his face carefully. The skin was pale, the eyes were those of a man in agony, the lips quivered, and his hand, when he took hold of the sheet to pull it up, shook so he could hardly grasp it.

Dr. Jimmie drew in a long breath and stood up. "A bit upset, I should say," he observed.

"A bit? Oh, my God!" The man in the berth smothered his cry by turning his face into the pillow and burying it under his up-flung arm.

"Quite a bit," said the doctor, cheerfully. He turned to close the door.

"Leave it open," said the Englishman, hoarsely.

The doctor murmured something about the noise outside.

"I want to hear it," the other moaned.

"As you please." The doctor drew up a stool and sat down, steadying himself against the berth.

The other man raised himself on his elbow. "I want to tell you my story," he said, quietly enough, although the perspiration was breaking out on his face.

The doctor nodded comprehendingly.

The Englishman began:

"I am a naval officer. My family is one of the most famous—one of the proudest in the empire. I have been in the navy for thirteen years and I am thirty-two years old. Every year of my life since I can remember I have had with me a fear—an overshadowing, merciless fear—coming from something that happened perhaps generations ago—God knows what it was; and every year of the thirteen I have been in the navy I have devoted myself to overcoming it. They do not want cowards in the British navy," he added, grimly.

Again the doctor nodded understandingly.

"Ten years ago I went over the side in a storm in mid-ocean to get a crazy sailor when we had one chance in a million of getting back. I was the first into the boiler-room of the old *Hampshire*, when an explosion cooked six of our men, and the steam peeled the skin off me from the neck to the waist. Two years ago in the Dardanelles I went down and cleared a mine that had fouled one of our submarines under the surface, when a flick of the finger would have touched it off. That doesn't sound like fear, does it?"

"Not a bit."

"Of course I forced myself to do those things. I admit it was not natural courage. There is a difference?"

"I suppose so."

"You are not sure?"

"Courage to do big things is always forced. I should say—"

"Yes?"

"The more the force applied, the braver the man."

The Englishman was silent at this, as if turning it over in his mind. During the pause the wind outside rose suddenly to a shriek. It slipped its fingers beneath the canvas cover of the life-boat just outside their open door, tore it loose with a crack, and sent it whirling away into the mad night. The Englishman sank back into his berth.

"Of course," he began again, "there was a girl. We grew up together, and

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every year I knew her I cared for her more and more. She was a part of my life. To take her out of it now would be like taking half of my very being. She is the daughter of a soldier," he said, simply.

The gale outside rose to another scream. They waited.

"When it all happened, I was in command of a destroyer in the North Sea," said the voice in the berth. "We were doing general duty, which consisted mostly of scouting for submarines, watching for disguised raiders, and lending a helping hand to neutral merchantmen who were uneasy about the channel. Not much to do, but we had pretty good success, getting a submarine now and then. All the time I was conscious of that fear hanging over me, and every minute of the day, I think, I was trying to overcome it. I drove that tin boat through the worst gales we had, in weather that destroyers usually see only from the shelter of their quarters in harbor. It was this kind of weather.

"You know, perhaps, that about three months ago the Germans attempted another raid on the East coast. They didn't succeed. Chance had a lot to do with it. We had been loafing along by ourselves, and had stopped, about two hours before daylight, on account of engine trouble. We lay there off the coast and drifted while we fixed it. It was breaking daylight, with a slight mist and rising wind, when we finished the job and got ready to move on. I had just given the signal to the engine-room and the course to the wheelman, when I saw the dim outline of a big cruiser cutting in toward the coast. Soon another came along, followed by two more. The third was of a type unlike anything in the British navy. Then I knew what it was. I had stumbled, or rather drifted, into a raiding party.

"The weather promised to be ideal for their purpose. Judging by the signs, it was going to be hazy, but moderately steady for an hour or two, which would give them time to fire their shots and get away before our ships could be expected to get there. Then they were bound to get thick weather for the trip home. You see, it would be hard for our ships to find them, and next to impossible to hit them—in a rough sea—even if they were located.

"Our stop to putter with the machinery changed everything. As soon as I was sure who they were I hurried off, calling for help. The answer was that it was coming with all possible speed. Then I had nothing to do but follow and locate the enemy, which was easy.

"They were just getting down to work when three of our battle cruisers came up. In about ten minutes we were in a good-sized scrap—three battle cruisers and one destroyer against their four battle cruisers, and a gale boiling. More of our fleet were on the way.

"The Germans turned out and headed for home. For three hours we traveled side by side, give and take, although by that time the sea was so rough no one was doing any hitting to speak of. Occasionally a heavy shower of rain swept across us, obscuring everything for a time. It was like a game of hide-and-seek. We saw the mark and then we didn't. Between shots we slopped along blindly through the rain, every eye straining for the first glimpse of the target. Finally I saw that the last in our line—call her the *Plymouth*—was drawing the fire of two of the Germans, and getting the worst of it. It was my task to help her.

"I had never been in a battle of big guns before," he went on, painfully. "Perhaps I should not have been so affected by it if I had been on one of the bigger ships. But to be in a mere shell of a boat, as serviceable against a fourteen-inch gun as a cigar-box against a rifle; to drive it in a gale into a hail of shells, on a mission that obviously was futile; to know that I was going to take scores of men down with me, that we had no chance whatever of being picked up and saved—

"The horror of it fastened on me and chilled me. My imagination ran away with me. As we swung in and headed for the last German in the line, staggering through the storm and flung hideously about by every wave, I seemed to see—I saw—Her—standing in the doorway, saying good-by to me. She was crying. She said she wanted me to come back. And I was going in there, where I knew I never could come back.

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"The men about me, battered and bruised, hanging to their stations by sheer strength of arm, were cheering in the excitement of going into the fight. I loved them, but I thought they were fools. They were going to die. . . .

"The thing I remember most distinctly was the sound of the wind. Odd, perhaps, but true. It seemed to be singing a mournful song. It came on me suddenly that it was a death-song—that it was singing us on our way to our doom. You see, I must have been insane. But I swear to you now I knew then, as well as I know now I am alive, that it was our death - song. Listen! Can you hear it?"

The doctor looked out the open door and listened to the wail of the wind, now sobbing, now moaning, rising, falling, changing time. The night was fearfully black, and the ship was laboring heavily. For one fleeting moment he heard a high, wild scream, like the cry of many invisible creatures flying by on the crest of the gale and tugging at the ship as if to tear it apart. Then he shook it off and turned back, a trifle unsteadily, to the man in the berth

"With that wind in my ears—that hellish death-song — and sick with rebellion and fear, I drove the boat in," went on the voice. "Of course they let go at us with everything they had. It is hard to hit such a small mark in a gale, but it was only a question of time.

"It came. A big shell hit us aft, took away two stacks and tore out most of her insides. All but one of her engines. And there we were, belching smoke and steam from every crack, with pieces of blackened flesh on deck under our feet, and that damned wind singing, going in for more of it. Then from nowhere came a shower and mercifully blotted us from sight.

"I remember clinging to the rail in the whipping rain and drenching spray, looking and listening. Except for the faint boom of guns at the head of the line, miles away, there was no sound but the roar of our own draught. We might have been alone. The thought came to me to run.

"Out of the murk loomed up the battle cruiser, dead ahead. I think my mind gave way completely. I know I knocked the wheelman down and spun the wheel. I wanted to get out of it! I wanted to get out of it!

"We were almost on it. I could even make out the men frantically working the guns. A shell skimmed the deck. We were turning now. I thought we were going to miss her. We *didn't!* Right at the stern, where the plate is thinnest, we rammed her. Then I—Oh, I had a carnival of madness! I knew we were going down. Perhaps the big vessel looked safer. I suppose that was it. Anyway, I ran forward, where our crumpled stem was stuck in her, and climbed aboard—like a monkey. The destroyer fell away as I leaped.

"I am telling you the truth. I was afraid they would find me. I threw off my coat and put on the cap of a dead German sailor. I went forward. An officer called me in to help the crew in one of the big-gun turrets. They were desperate. The water was pouring in the rent we had made. She was listing to starboard—and she was fighting with her starboard batteries! Understand? They couldn't make enough elevation. I helped. I hauled and sweat with the rest of them.

"In a little while they discovered I was a stranger. They attacked me. I fought—in a panic of fear. They were exhausted. They fled—those I didn't disable. Imagine it! Of course others would have come and made quick work of me.

"But while this was going on the rain passed. We were in the clear again, and British shells were dropping all around. They are good shells. I know they are good. One of them bit through the deck, which was now on such a slant it offered a fair front, tore down into her heart, and let go. It was every man for himself. I went off when she heeled over. By some miracle I was picked up when more of our fleet came by."

"And what next?"

"They were good to me. They pretended they knew nothing of it; though some of the men—the wheelman I knocked down, among them — were saved, and must have told the truth. They sent me away to rest—to Canada, and now to Jamaica.

"Sometimes I think I'll brave it out,

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on the chance they really do not know the truth. But when I hear that wind as I heard it to-night—as I hear it now—I live through it all over again, and I know that every time it blows like this, in the years to come, I'll live through it. And then I feel there is nothing for me to do but tell them.

"Do you," he asked, raising himself on his elbow, "know what that means? It means shame and ruin. It means a stain on a family name that has been clear for centuries—a stain that never will come off. It means I never shall be able to live in an English community. In the end, I probably shall have to change my name. If I have children—which is improbable, because I don't think any woman would be fool enough to marry me—they will grow up with the keen joy of realizing that they were robbed of their birthright because their father was a weakling. I can count on being a failure all my life. I can count on living and dying in obscurity. Do you understand what that means?"

"Yes," said the doctor.

The other fell back into his berth. After a while, seeing he was through with his story and about to go to sleep from exhaustion, the doctor silently left him.

The next day the storm abated and the sun came out. It went down, that evening, in a majestic panorama. Great slaty clouds, like live monsters of the air, floated toward the sun across a deep background of pink. From the smoke-stacks of the steamer a long ribbon of slate-colored smoke unrolled across to the sun, bridging the space between the vessel and the horizon. Everything—smoke, clouds, wind, and even waves—headed toward the sun as if drawn by a giant magnet.

The following morning they entered the harbor of Kingston.

The ship had just been made fast, and the doctor was standing near the gang-plank, when his glance was attracted by a movement at the land end of the pier. He saw the uniforms of army and navy officers; then a ship's band, and a squad of soldiers and sailors. They came smartly down the pier, lined up beside the ship, and the band began to play.

Looking back, the doctor saw the Englishman standing with a group of passengers preparing to leave the ship. He caught his eye and waved cheerfully. The Englishman did not smile, nor did he seem to notice the salute. He passed down to the pier. The officers cheered him and surrounded him, shaking his hand, and the band continued to play. In this manner they left the pier and turned up the street.

Two hours later the doctor, after pondering the matter at length, summoned an automobile and sought out an army surgeon with whom he was acquainted.

"Yes, I have just left him," said the surgeon. "A most remarkable case of physical bravery. Nothing like it in our records. First he ran his destroyer in to save a battle cruiser, and while in a sinking condition rammed a German vessel. Then he climbed aboard the German and, single-handed, chased the gun crew out of the after turret, the only one that was in service. Prisoners picked up afterward said that when they saw him last, just before they jumped, he was standing on deck cursing because he couldn't swim over to another German cruiser."

"He told me something of it on the way down," the *Bristol's* doctor said, feebly. Then, as something came into his mind, "What about the wheelman he knocked down?"

"The man reported he was steering to hit the battle cruiser amidships, not realizing she had a thick belt there, when Simpson pushed him over, took the wheel, and held it until the destroyer crashed into her at the stern."

"Remarkable!"

"A curious feature of his case," the surgeon added, "is that he thinks, at times, he actually was afraid and did it all through fear. Under the influence of a storm or undue excitement he suffers keenly. A mere delusion! He will get over it, of course, in time. He will be better to-morrow, in fact, because there's a girl coming out from England on the *Athabasca* to meet him, and we're not going to tell him, and— Oh, let's take a drink to Simpson!"

"And—to the girl!" said Dr. Jimmie, happily.

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Adventuring Into Aragon

BY AMY OAKLEY

THE Pyrenees had been to me from childhood a borderland of dreams. Yet, with all our stays in France, we had never crossed the frontier. At last the day had come on which we were to plunge into our adventure—a riding trip to Spain.

Before the inhabitants of Gavarnie were astir we were unbarring the massive front door to find our guide, Passet, and three restless horses waiting in the courtyard. In the dim light the Cirque loomed cold and remote above us, blurred by morning mist. Our baggage for the week, tied into a neat leather roll, was fastened on the bay mare, in front of Passet's saddle. Monsieur, burdened with wraps and kodak, mounted the black, while Madame, quite unencumbered, led the procession astride Grisou.

Through the silent village street we clattered, past the church, the mist-drenched hay-fields, and up the steep zigzag stretching on and on to where it met the sky. As we reached the upper pastures the rising sun burst through the mist barriers, transforming the meadows. Every grass-blade, trembling with dew, became a flashing gem, a sparkling sapphire or glowing topaz. Above us two eagles soared; below came the sound of cow-bells, accenting the stillness of the morning. As we went higher the only sound was the roaring of the *gave*, which flowed from the hanging glacier of the Taillon. Rivulets of melted snow formed pools, reflecting the peaks. Myriads of gentians nodded in the wetness.

At the Port d'Espagne, the dizzy pass, just open, now that July had come, the snow lay deep. Our horses floundered in it, now sinking to their knees, now fretting and trying to turn back. At last we stood upon the brink, the doorway into Spain. Below us lay, vision-like, the fair valleys and distant, dreamy ranges. A blast of wind whistled through our cleft between the peaks, blowing the clouds from France into the dazzling sunlight of the Spanish valley, where they vanished into nothingness. This first impression of Spain stands out most vividly in my memory—this far-away land, seen from a mountain-top, wrapped in silence, haze, and mystery.

The hardest part of our day's ride was now before us, the descent to the valley. It gives me a twinge even now to think of my aching muscles, as we wound our way down the apparently bottomless pit. Our sure-footed beasts stumbled over boulders in the path, stopping now and then to survey dubiously a sharp turn or deep gully. It was necessary for Passet to go ahead, and many a time he would dismount and build up the rolling stones to give a better foothold. We had left the land of the Club Alpin Français and were hereafter to travel over disused mule-paths. Our attention was divided between our stony way and the panorama which lay outspread before us, dominated by the Tendeñera, snow-tipped, floating in blue haze.

We were soon sheltered from the north wind by the great range. As we dropped to the level of the box-brush we could feel the heat radiating from the valley, and, far below, like tiny dots, see the cluster of roofs at Bujaruelo, the dwellings of the custom-house officers. I remember how the smell of the sun-baked box-brush carried me far away to a Colonial garden in Pennsylvania, and now, as fat will have it, when I wander in a formal garden I am transported to Bujaruelo in Aragon.

It was noon when we reached the group of houses and dismounted. Walled in as we were by towering cliffs and crowding underbrush, Gavarnie with its snow peaks seemed an unreal memory. Several swarthy officers gave us a churly "*Buenos*," and looked suspiciously at

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the papers Passet produced, which stated our intention of returning at the end of the week by the same path and with the same horses. Somewhat mollified, the chief addressed a remark to Monsieur which, when translated, proved to be a question as to whether we were carrying tobacco on our persons. Finding it was not the case, he offered cigarettes.

The sun beat down upon our heads, not a tree in sight, only glaring white cliffs with slides of shale and scrubby box-brush. The clicking of grasshoppers and crickets made us realize that midsummer had come. We lunched beside the spring until routed by flocks to be watered on their way to the upper pastures. We were surrounded by a jostling, bleating throng and a confusion of bells. The shepherds wore the costume of Aragon—making us feel very drab in our plain homespuns—the rich, brown-velvet vest and slashed knee-breeches; the wide, purple sash, pale-blue stockings, sandals, and sombrero, worn with amazing grace.

We mounted again, armed with box switches, for our horses were beset with flies. My gray was the victim of the green-heads. I remember the afternoon as a series of kicks and plunges, imperiling my seat, astride my slippery saddle.

The trail led beside the Rio Ara, till, zigzagging through the brush, we found ourselves in what might have been a cañon of the Rockies. The mountain walls were of red sandstone. The primeval forest stretched away to the distant Circo de Cotatuero. This is the Valley of Arazas, untouched by man, almost unvisited. Giant yellow pines lay below us as we wound our way through firs up into the heart of the valley. Here, in a clearing, stands a tiny whitewashed inn. Its upper story boasts four cell-like bedrooms. Two give upon the *rio*, two upon the Circo de Cotatuero. We gazed upon its glowing cliffs. Our thoughts flew, as the crow flies, over its crest to where, due north, the Cirque de Gavarnie lies, deep in eternal snows.

The Casa de Olivan exists for mountaineers hardy enough to scale the Cirque, making the descent into the Valley of Arazas. Here we dined at a table on the grass, the sun, a ball of fire, behind the pine-tops. Dolores served us with trout, fresh from the Ara, and a sweet omelet. Our horses rolled and browsed in the long grass. Passet sat on the bench at the inn door, drinking from his *outre*, raised arm-high above his head, while, one by one, the stars brightened. Now and then he would burst into snatches of wild song, of legendary meetings with the Saracens, of airs learned in the Basque country — his fine old weathered face lost in memory. As the Northern Cross swung up over the Circo we heard a breaking of underbrush, and two men laden with packs and picks loomed out of the darkness. They had made the descent from France, a mountaineer with guide from Cauterets. After we had laid our tired selves upon our beds we heard the voices of Passet and the guide talking far into the night.

Our breakfast consisted of the inevitable Spanish chocolate, strong with cinnamon, thick as custard. We ladled it out of the coffee-cup, longing for a roll, but only sweet cakes appeared. The room was lined with photographs of famous climbers and huntsmen with their trophies. On one side of the red-clothed table stood a stuffed izard, the chamois of the Pyrenees; on the other, a lifelike bouquetin. Like the reindeer, his distant cousin, the bouquetin is disappearing. The Valley of Arazas is his last stronghold.

We walked far up the valley to where the *rio* springs from the Cascada de Cotatuero. We lost ourselves in an enchanted forest of beeches, centuries old, with gnarled roots and moss-grown trunks. Coming suddenly into the open, we found ourselves where a winter's avalanche had cut a wide swath through the firs. They lay uprooted, with whitened stems, while, temptingly bright in the sunlight, wild strawberries clustered, unseen save by the birds. Here, too, downy bluebells were nodding, and Passet scrambled for edelweiss, growing on dizzy ledges. "Who knows," he called to us, "how many izards up there are watching us?"

Torla!—how many months the name had been upon our lips. At last its brown roofs and walls rose before us,

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ruddy in the warm light of the setting sun, its narrow slits of windows glittering as if afire. We could see the bells ringing in the massive belfry, as if in welcome, and coming down the steep, cobbled street a lean priest riding a donkey. We paused upon the stone bridge spanning the Ara, almost afraid to look again for fear the vision would disappear as magically as it had come. Not even the hill towns of Italy have ever seemed to me so full of charm, so enveloped in the spirit of the Middle Ages, as this little town upon a hill in Aragon. Shut off from all our modern life by the unchanging hills, its customs vary little from century to century. Its fortress and fortified convent are crumbling away, and there remains only the Casa de Viu, with but a fading shadow of its former splendor. Here, according to the old tradition, the traveler is always welcome and is entertained by the Marqués. But now, alas, for the pride of other years! the visitor leaves gold behind him—a poor, mean way we moderns have, for how can one pay for hospitality?

Our horses' hoofs resounded through the narrow street, where cloaked figures lurked in dark, mysterious recesses. Lattices opened, and wrinkled faces peered out to see the cause of the unwonted disturbance. At a sudden turn we came upon the archway on which is carved the blazon of the Viu, the star and bell. We knocked upon the portal. It was opened by Ramon, the brother of the Marqués. Facing us across the patio was the seventeenth-century palace of the Viu, with balconies and grills of richly wrought iron; to our left the wooden gallery opened out from the kitchens and servants' quarters; the family chapel adjoined the archway; while the stables completed the square. We were led up the worn stone stairway, with ancient carved balusters, and into the baronial hall.

Here the Marqués greeted us. He

THE TRAIL LED BY GLARING WHITE CLIFFS AND SCRUBBY BOX-BRUSH

was a loosely built young man, with the high brow and fine, straight nose of Aragon, but with puzzled eyes, which seemed to ask why life should be so cruel. He was one of the few in Torla who had discarded the native dress and who wore instead shapeless corduroys. He was the only one who could chat with us in French. Life was monotonous, he told us; rarely did he see a stranger. Hearing that we had come from America, he said that many young men from Torla had gone there to make a living—

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to South America. He no longer kept sheep, for he could not afford shepherds; two men could watch his herd of mules.

Our eyes wandered about the shadowy hall, whose painted walls showed scenes of prowess, of knights and ladies and trysts of long ago. The colors were faded and dim, the plaster cracked and chipped. Armoires of carved wood were set into the wall, rich in dull reds and gold. These had been brought over the mountains centuries ago, on muleback, of course, as Torla, even to-day, lies many miles from a road and a day's ride from the railway. The Marqués showed us straight-backed arm-chairs covered with frayed tapestry, the rungs time-worn. He opened a chest and drew forth brocades such as I shall never see again. Crimsons and saffrons, Oriental blues, they lay before us in a shimmering pile; costumes of the sixteenth century, worn at court by members of his family; velvet cloaks, lacy mantillas. In the year 1128, he showed us on the family tree, which hung upon the wall, Alphonso II., King of Aragon, had ennobled Jaime de Viu, Governor of Catalonia. Up to the present century the family had abounded with ambassadors, generals, and prelates. Those good old days had gone, alas! Shut off from the lowland by the barrier of the mountains —in former times its strength, with passes easily guarded—Torla had become isolated, almost deserted. Still was the Marqués loyal to his king, whom he had never seen, but whose portrait hung upon the wall.

With all this splendor was a truly medieval squalor. We were awakened at night by the gnawing of rats, despite the fact that the cats, fighting among themselves, made the night hideous. We had come upon a family of kittens under one of the exquisitely inlaid bedsteads, the mother cat clawing the lace-edged sheets. Our room was next the stables, and, to judge by the pawing and stamping, the horses were a restless as ourselves. The patio swarmed with chickens, the cocks proclaiming the coming dawn. Our joy was great when the sun rose, throwing patches of sunlight through the latticed door leading to our balcony. The Marqués was already in the garden with the Doña Rosario and their little son. They were gathering roses which I was to find piled upon my plate, glorifying the chocolate and lady-fingers. The hopes of the family centered on the little Angelico. He was to redeem

THE APPROACH TO TORLA

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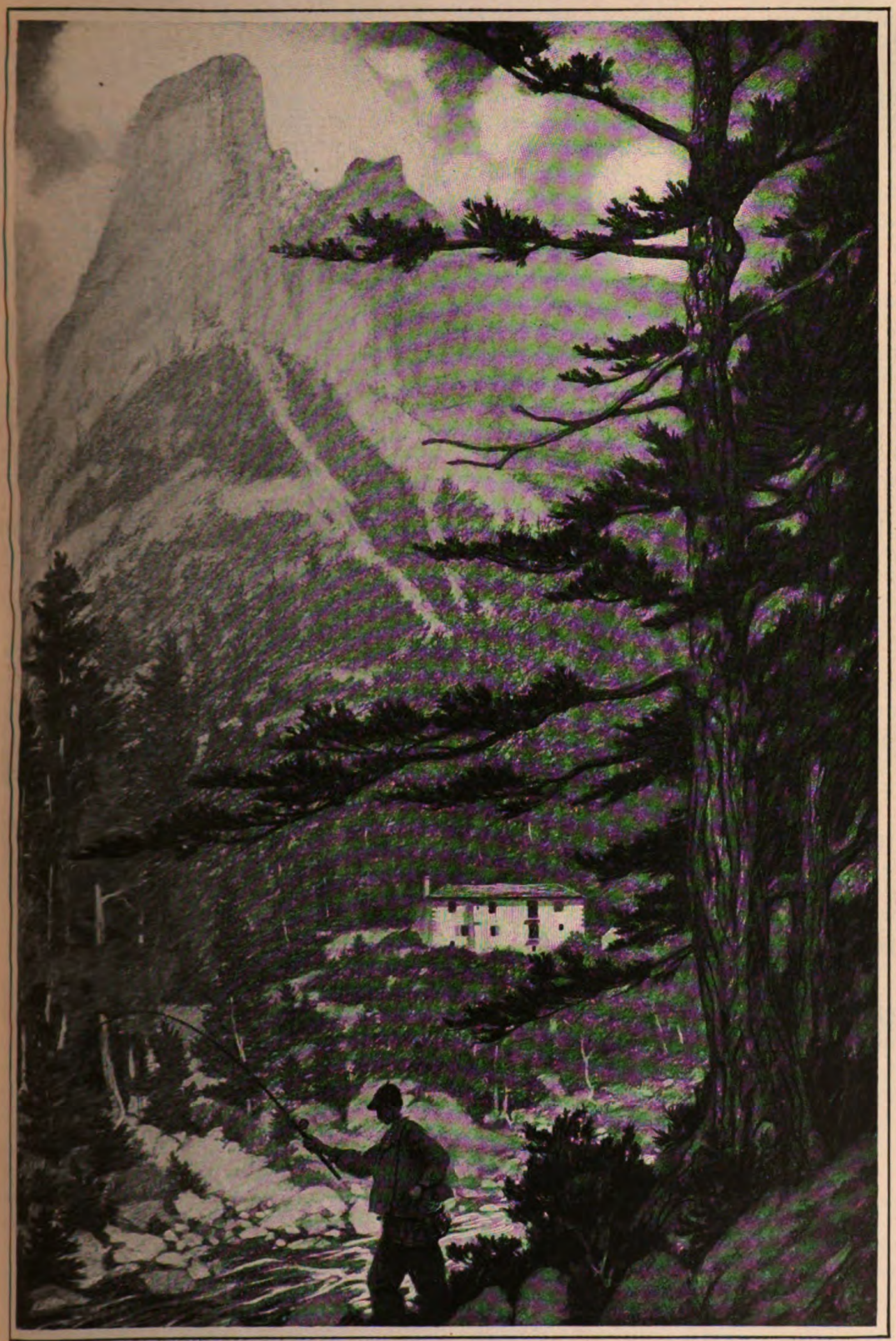

Drawn by Thornton Oakley

IN A CLEARING IN THE VALLEY OF ARAZAS STANDS A TINY WHITEWASHED INN

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their fallen fortunes, how one knew not. All their possessions they would keep for him. They would hope against hope.

The country around Torla seemed to us the very counterpart of a Velasquez background. The little patchwork fields and spindling trees belonged on the canvas of an old Spanish master. We thought of this as we met thousands of sheep coming up the steep street from the open country. Their owner, a severe man, dressed in black velvet and wide sombrero, was watching the shepherds as they counted the flocks. When a hundred sheep had passed, they would bar the way with a pole and put a red mark on the wall. Then a hundred more would shoulder their way by, frightened and bleating. The owner, so Passet told us, was the richest man in the valley.

CASA DE VIU

We walked along the cobbled mule-path to Broto, where is the nearest highway. Though larger and less romantic than Torla, Broto is finely placed where the Ara widens. On the bridge of many arches we met a drover. His blouse was tucked into his purple sash and he was leading a train of pack-mules. Their brass nosepieces glittered in the sunlight, their red tassels bobbing merrily. The drover showed us that, by pulling on his rope, the curblike bit would tighten on any mule which lagged behind. He had come from Huesca, twelve hours away, with merchandise, and was returning with barrels of red wine.

We stopped at the one shop of the town, where we were first offered a liqueur of aniseed, and then proceeded to make our purchases, some plaid foulard handkerchiefs from Barcelona. An olive-skinned girl sat sewing at a window above the shop, where, at the iron grill, a tub of pink carnations bloomed. I remember how, when I smiled up at her, she tossed me the prettiest with the grace of a Carmen. But what I shall never forget — in these days when the morning mail brings a post-card from the Taj Mahal or the Great Wall of China—is that in Broto the *tarjeta postal* is not to be found.

It was but *au revoir* which we bade to Torla, as we started in the early morning for Biescas, *en route* for Jaca. A mist of pearls lay on the ripening crops. The honeyed fragrance of alfalfa was wafted up to us. We rode between stone walls over which trailed wild sweet-peas and snapdragons. The blue blossoms of the lin brightened the tangled hedges. From time to time we passed a wayside shrine, a niche in a gaily plastered wall with arched roof

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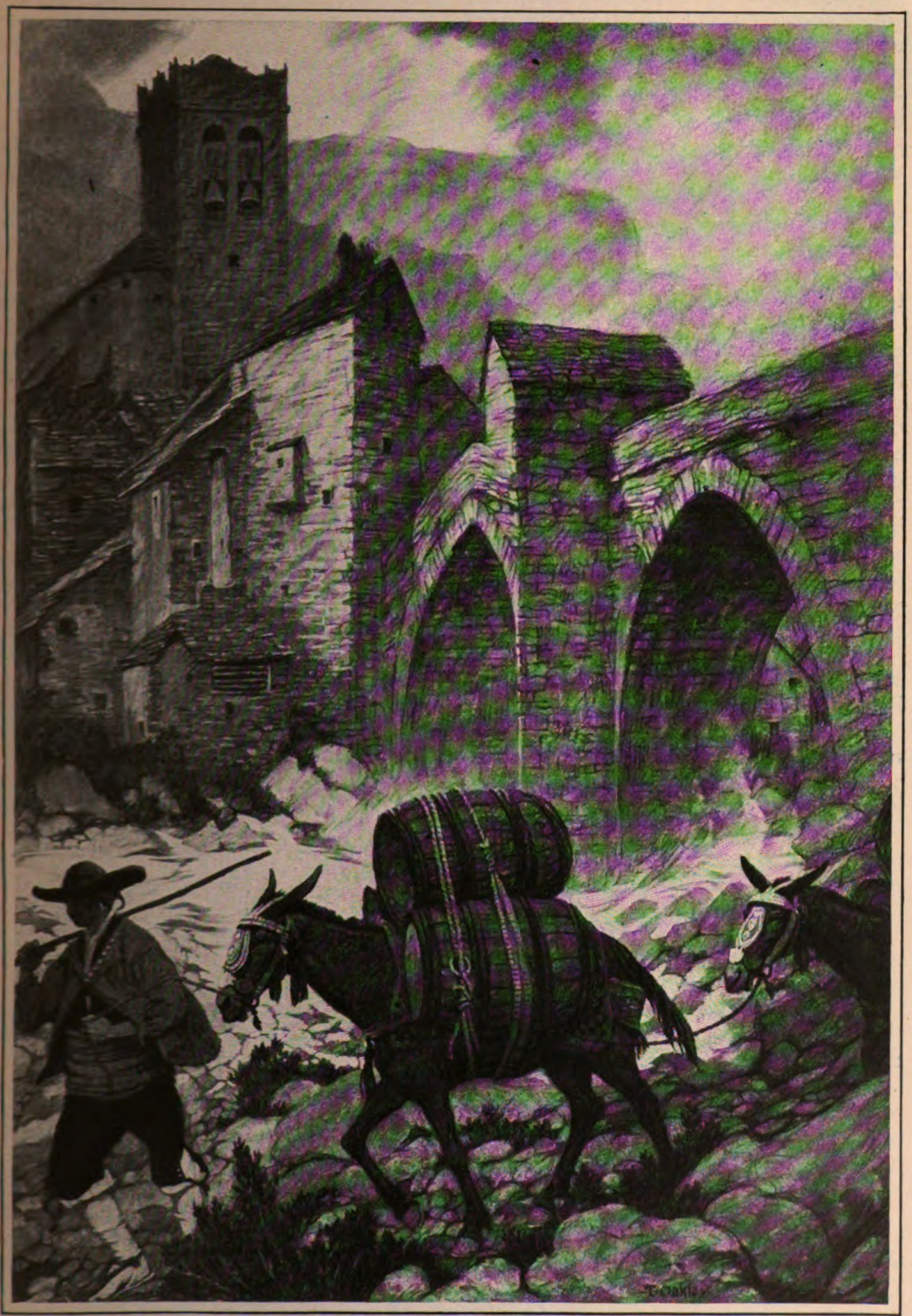

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A BRIDGE OF MASSIVE ARCHES SPANS THE ARA AT BROTO

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built to shelter from the sun or storm. We looked down between the poplars, which cast long shadows across our path, upon the town of Broto. The hillsides were sprinkled with villages, each with its parish church, each, we knew, with the same cobbled streets and congested houses. Never did we see a farm-house. We pondered on the strangely gregarious Spaniard, who, after a day spent in his fields, will return to the town to sing away the night.

We forded many streams, we crossed a plateau where mules were grazing and where Grisou, feeling as fresh as the morning, would gallop off with them, carrying me an unwilling passenger. To reach our destination we had to mount steeply to the wind-swept Col de Cotefablo, whence we spied the red-tiled roofs of the too sophisticated Biescas.

IMAGE OF SANTA OSARIO

The town of Biescas seemed to exist for the purpose of being a starting-point for the Baths of Panticosa. The *diligencia* will take one thither or, by special arrangement, southward to Jaca. We had planned to do the latter, leaving our horses at the Gran Casa de Huespedes. Great was our relief, when we saw the place, that our stay was to be a short one. Our approach was greeted by clamorous small boys, the purport of whose remarks was, "She wears trousers"—a trifle disconcerting to one attired in divided skirt, supposedly above reproach.

The inn was a clatter of tongues, a buzzing of flies, drowned by a strident phonograph. We sat outside at the café and ordered a *tortilla*. Awnings shel ered us from the noonday sun. The dust lay heavy upon the road, where mules stamped and dogs panted in the heat. Our meal was served by a languid, powdered girl, so different from the ruddy peasants we had left in France. We longed for a breeze, even a breath of air to blow the cheap lace curtains or the awning at the door.

We watched the four mules being harnessed for our drive to Jaca. The *diligencia* had the rounded roof of a prairie-schooner, lined with flowered carpet. The driver mounted. We were beckoned to the front seat, which we shared with a dapper young officer with the face of a boy and the strut of a bantam. He looked amazingly cool and clean in his white, striped uniform. His self-possession was perfect. He smoked cigarettes in our faces with utter unconsciousness. He offered to share his lunch, which reeked of evil-smelling cheese. From time to time he would call out to Passet and several soldiers who were closely packed inside. Mile after mile the mules trotted along the hot, dusty highway to the cracking of the whip and the cheery jingling of bells, which made a rhythmic accompaniment to the songs of the soldiers. They improvised, as we went along, now singing of the houses we passed, now of men or of mules, but always ending with the same spontaneous "Tra-la-la-la!" As the afternoon wore on their voices grew hoarser. Finally the song died away, smothered by clouds of dust.

As one approaches Jaca the arid, parched plains are broken by mesa-like cliffs. Then comes a stretch of barren country in which lies Jaca, encircled by its medieval walls. We had pictured it, I know not why, as another hill town, but our chief impression of Jaca was the flatness of the dusty plain, the bare squatness of the massive brown walls.

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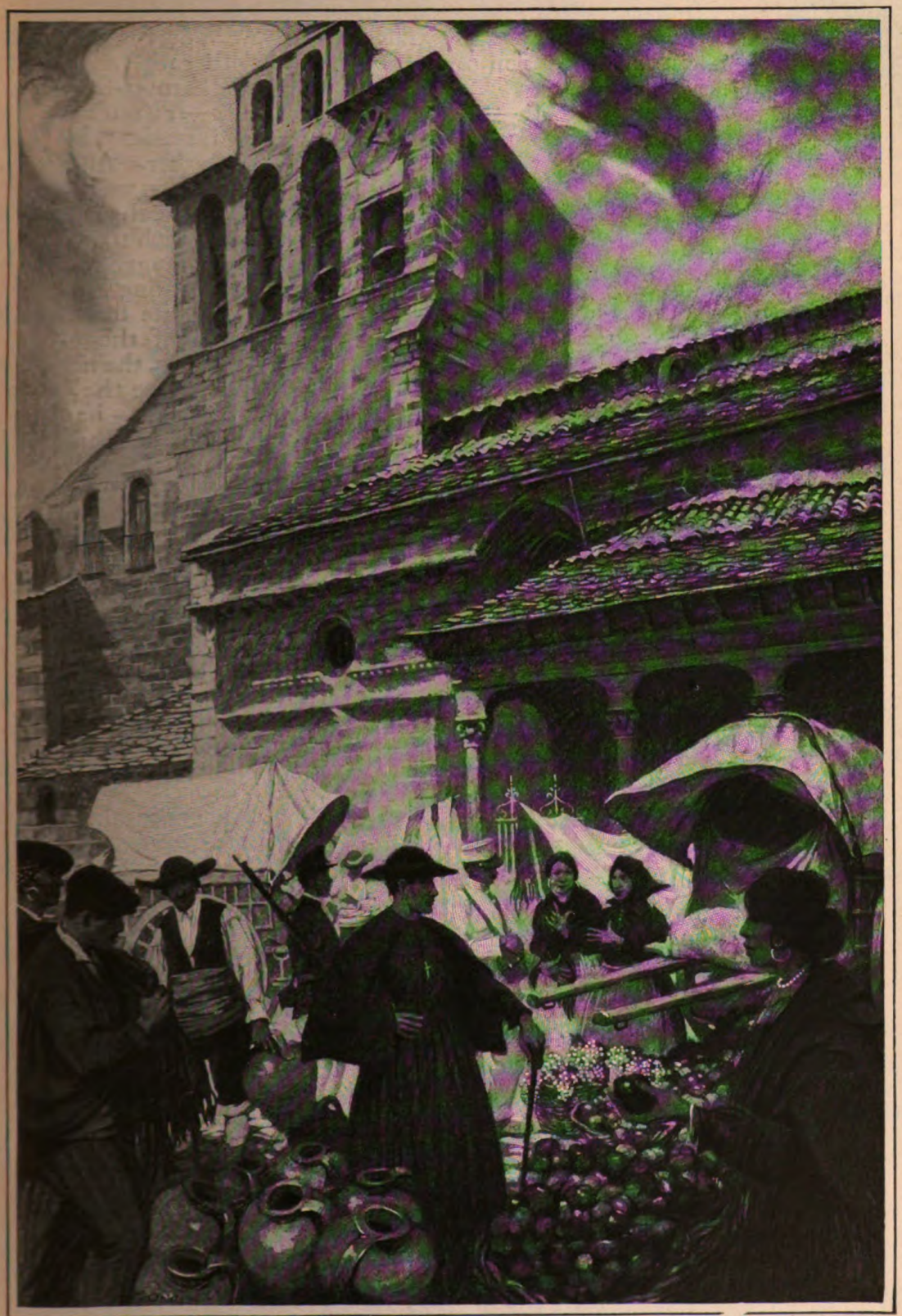

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ALL THE HUES OF THE RAINBOW ARE CENTERED IN THE MARKET-SQUARE AT JACA

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The fortifications are quite intact, and, unlike so many other walled towns, Jaca has not outgrown its boundaries, so that it still gives out an impression of compact completeness.

Our inn was typically Spanish—the only foreign note was the presence at the table d'hôte of two lank, fair-haired English youths, traveling afoot with their Belloc. The *propietario* was amazed to hear that we had come from "Gavarnia." "You have great courage, Señora," he kept repeating — "great courage."

THE JOTA—THE NATIVE DANCE OF ARAGON

Early in the morning the Plaza del Mercado, which skirts the cathedral, was ateem with life—for this was market-day. Two-wheeled carts, with roofs projecting over the drivers' seats, came clattering in from the country, laden with fruits and vegetables. In spite of the drought the plums and apricots were of a juicy lusciousness to be appreciated only in a dry land. The piles of ripe tomatoes were a feast for the eye. Many trains of mules, with dust-laden bundles of red-checked cloth, gathered about the arcades, where the harness-makers displayed their wares—such unbelievable trappings, such fantasies in brass-studded leather. All the hues of the rainbow were there, a pompon or tassel to suit every taste, bells which to our Northern minds suggested snowstorms, breeching-straps with fringes of white hair. Above the turmoil of the bells and stamping hoofs, the horn of the baker's boy, rose the voices of the teamsters — bargaining, bargaining, always bargaining. Soldiers watered their oddly shaved mules at the fountain.

While we watched the bustling crowds, the hours flitted by, marked by the relentless dial upon the wall of the cathedral. Noiseless, black-gowned priests crossed the plaza from time to time, and a silence fell upon us as their shadows passed. Thoughts of the Inquisition stirred within us. We entered the cathedral by the small, flapping door, and in the chilling dampness were confronted by the sumptuous beauty of the interior. The high altar was ablaze with candles. Voices chanted the mass, incense rose to the lofty crimson hangings. The side chapels, richly carved, flickering with candles, were a wealth of black and gold.

In the cathedral is the shrine of Santa Osario. The image of her head and crown is guarded here, while the jeweled collar and body are kept near by at a chapel on a hill. Once every year, on the *fiesta* of San Juan-Baptiste, the box is carried out from the cathedral, amid jubilation and thanksgiving, and the completed statue on the hilltop is exposed to the gaze of the faithful. There are throngs of pilgrims, who come from all Aragon to worship and be cured of ailments. Passet told us that when he was a lad of fourteen his mother brought him all the weary way from France to

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be cured of a fever. "And," he added, "the fever left me after twenty years."

Our faces once more to the mountains, the walls of Jaca behind us, we met many herds on their way to the cattle-fair. The stunted red cows and thin-ribbed, sharp-faced pigs showed the effects of the poor pastures. The lack of shade on the highway and in the fields made us realize the importance of the forestry station we passed before entering Biéscas. All too late the Spaniards are awakening to the need of saving their crumbling hills from utter devastation.

Mounted again on our horses and in the face of lowering storm-clouds, we started on our return to Torla. Before we reached the Col the hurricane was upon us. Branches crashed across our path. Lightning blinded us and terrified our horses. Billowy mountains of blackness rose from the horizon. The sky grew livid. Below us lay the village of Linas, but, before we could reach it, the cloudburst was upon us. A deluge of water swept down our path. We urged our horses to the steep descent. At last we came to a barn, where we took refuge, crowded in with laborers and cattle. When the worst was over, a steady little rain pattered on the leaves. Occasional branches, hanging across our path, showered their drops as we brushed them. We rode on in the growing darkness toward the distant lights of Torla.

Every house in Torla possesses a round chimney, rising comfortably above its slatelike, stone roof. It was toward the largest and most hospitable chimney that we made our way. When, with swinging lantern, the Marqués came across the patio to welcome us, the feeling of home-coming was complete. We were taken at once to the kitchen, where savory smells of supper greeted us. A young fowl was spluttering on the spit. Our wet clothes were soon shaken and hanging in the chimney. We sat there, too, with the family gathered about to hear our adventures. Never have I seen so roomy a chimney. There were benches and chairs under its sheltering dome, black with the soot of ages, and a large, tiled oven, while the tall andirons held bars for a score of fowls. We spent the evening beside the roaring fire. The candles burned low in their sockets and pine knots gave a flaring light.

The Marqués took down his guitar. I can see him now, leaning back on the chimney-seat, playing the *jota*—the native dance of Aragon. He was surprised that we were not familiar with it, and told four of the domestics to dance. The girls in their short, round, peasant skirts, their gold ear-rings bobbing, went through their steps as solemnly as the loose-jointed lads, with stolid, wooden faces, and ears protruding like some Eastern Buddha. When the Marqués sang the chorus in his rich, melancholy barytone, his little daughter said that she would show us. Black hair flying, slippered feet twinkling, she circled about her uncle, who danced with her, snapping her fingers above her head and abandoning herself to the rhythm of the dance. If, the Marqués said, we could but visit Torla on the *fiesta* of El Pilar, on October 12th! Then it was that the town itself would be *en fête*, with dancing in the streets. In the evening the Marqués would gather about him all his friends from the countryside, his sister who had married a wealthy land-owner, all the relations, and they would dance in the great hall until sunrise.

It wrenched our hearts to leave the Casa de Viu. The Marqués watched us as we rode away. We looked back to see him standing motionless under the tablet which bore the inscription:

Juan-Baptiste
De Viu
Ano
1689

Thus it was that we left Torla. Our midsummer was over. The time had come to bid good-by to Aragon. We rode to Bujaruelo and mounted once more to the Port d' Espagne. As we reached the watershed we turned for a last farewell. A slender moon hung over the Tendenera, but, as if to make the parting easier, the distant call of a shepherd lad came up to us from France. For the first time we understood the meaning of the charmed words, *Les Pyrénées*, *Los Pirineos*.

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Grammar, the Bane of Boyhood

BY BURGES JOHNSON

Assistant Professor of English, Vassar College

ONCE upon a time there was a little boy, as the story-books say. He was servant to a harsh taskmaster who did him harm. It was not intentional harm, but the taskmaster's reasoning powers were atrophied, so that he blundered forward with old momentum rather than with new initiative. Every day he ill-used the little boy, who was his slave, trod upon his faculties, misled and perplexed him; and the victim was powerless to protest. Now that the little boy is a grown man, and free, his thoughts often revert to that former state of slavery, and the rancor rises in his soul as bitter as ever it was. He longs for the pen and tongue of a Cicero, a Junius, or a Dickens, with which to shape withering invective or revealing caricature.

Such a confession of animus might properly shake the reader's confidence, if the writer's earnestness were not a reasonable proof of his honesty. At his side is another little chap assigned by certain melancholy Powers to the same bewildering enslavement, unless the God of Progress intervenes. I would save him, if I might, from Grammar, the bane of my own boyhood.

This attempt at constructive criticism, then, is inspired not by any personal experience as a teacher, but rather by the recollections of one small child who was the victim of certain traditional methods of teaching the use of English. As a grown-up small boy, even as a grown-up small girl, I make my assertions—for there is, after all, very little sex in the mental equipment of a child.

The lad that I remember did not deal with theories. He learned almost wholly by practice. In his mental processes he went directly toward his desires. Moralizations and abstractions come with age, and his little mind had no place for them. He found the world full of new things. His time was taken up with discoveries of new objects.

For you and me the recurring phenomena of life are nearly all found out. Our discoveries are generally new theories, new philosophies, and new morals to be drawn from everyday events. That child had little time to formulate theories for himself, and considerate Mother Nature had not yet equipped his mind for the ready-made deductions of others. In this characteristic he did not differ from the average children of his day, or of any other day, for that matter. In a paper published nearly twenty years ago, Prof. G. T. W. Patrick stated the matter very clearly. "It is a well-known fact," he wrote, "that a child's powers, whether physical or mental, ripen in a certain rather definite order. There is, for instance, a certain time in the life of the infant when the motor mechanism of the legs ripens, before which the child cannot be taught to walk, while after that time he cannot be kept from walking. Again, at the age of seven, for instance, there is a mental readiness for some things and an unreadiness for others. The brain is then very impressionable and retentive, and a store of useful material, both motor and sensory, may be permanently acquired with great economy of effort. The imagination is active, and the child loves to listen to narration, whether historical or mythical, which plays without effort of his will upon his relatively small store of memory images. The powers of analysis, comparison, and abstraction are little developed, and the child has only a limited ability to detect mathematical or logical relations. The power of voluntary attention is slight, and can be exerted for only a short time. All this may be stated physiologically

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by saying that the brain activity is sensory and motor, but not central. The sensory and motor mechanism has ripened, but not the associative. The brain is hardly more than a receiving, recording, and reacting apparatus."

If you follow this sympathetically, you will agree that it points out, for one thing, the underlying weakness of the old-fashioned Sunday-school. It devoted itself to an effort to teach small children the deductions of theology while their minds were not yet equipped for such things. The struggle to bring together the practical mind of the child and the abstractions of religious thought by means, usually, of untrained teachers, led to all sorts of *impasses*.

The little boy of my recollection labored each Sunday for a very brief period, with the aid of a perplexed teacher, to discover the moral in such stories as that of the fatted calf which was prepared for the wicked and not for the good brother; or of the smug Jacob who triumphed over Esau. The beclouded mentality of that youngster during the Sunday-school hour led him to seize and cling to certain abstract answers that he hoped might fit all abstract questions.

"What are we to learn from the lesson to-day?" said the teacher.

"To be good," said the small boy.

"Yes, yes, I know," said the teacher, with a certain embarrassment, "but what else are we to learn?" And the small boy found himself lost in the fog. His one safe answer had proved insufficient.

Abstract morals meant nothing to him. "Do not lie," said his elders, and yet he was lying every day, even to his sweetly understanding mother, who would listen smilingly when he told of his encounter with a rhinoceros on the way home. A lie meant nothing definite enough. He had never met a Lie as he went upon his way. He could understand it if he was told that he should not say to a playmate that his one-bladed knife, which he desired to swap "sight unseen," had two blades. He was fully old enough to understand the wrong of that; but that was not an abstraction.

I have wandered from my path to emphasize a particular idea. The little boy of my recollection never met a Lie among the objects that daily aroused anew his wonder and interest, or a Sacrifice or a Faith or a Contrition, and he was far less likely, when glancing out of the school-room window into the happy land of reality, to see a Verb or an Adjective or a Participial Construction flying through the air or disporting itself upon the grass. He did not see a Least Common Multiple perching upon a branch of the neighboring tree, nor a Highest Common Denominator lurking behind the hedge.

It is interesting to note that arithmetic teachers in good elementary schools all over the land have been wiping from the slate these confusing abstractions; they are even doing away with the use of large numbers, on the theory that a small boy can imagine 101, and apply it to concrete things, but he cannot comprehend as an actuality 7,756,821; they have found that the principles of arithmetic may be mastered more quickly and thoroughly by means of comprehendible numbers than by means of incomprehendible ones. Yet, while arithmetic teachers have been doing away with these things, strange to say, teachers of English and elementary text-books on the art of composition still hold to abstractions even less justifiable, until little brains have addled in their little pates, and children have been driven even to physical revolt at the thought of "grammar."

Any form of self-expression is an art, not a science. It has no scientific rules of procedure. Much time has been wasted on the teaching of "composition" by theory. For theoretical purposes a system of nomenclature has been utilized relating first to parts of speech, and then to exposition, argumentation, narration, and the like; and finished products have been dissected as scientifically as possible and then reconstructed by means of such arbitrary divisions. It is safe to say that as a result much of our class-room teaching of written composition has done little good and often considerable harm.

Those who work with college students in the field of written composition are frequently heard to assert that the secondary school failed to do its part

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when their pupils were under its care; and, in turn, high-school teachers universally insist that they are handicapped by the failure of the lower grades to provide this same instruction. It is probable that in all of these stages there are various errors in method, rather than one general fault prevailing throughout. Yet I confidently believe that the abolition of slavery to "grammar" in the earliest years would result in vastly greater strength all along the road.

"But," said a teacher only yesterday —a woman occupying the position of assistant principal in a large elementary school—"how are my pupils to study Latin later on if they have not learned English by the grammatical method?" In other words, if my baby does not learn to walk by means of a balancing-rod along a crack in the floor, how can I teach him later in life to advance on the tight-rope?

Here is a curious thing to contemplate: rules of technical grammar which are necessary for the mastery of Latin, because it is a dead language of fixed regularity, are not taught *in Latin*, but *in English*. Yet rules of technical grammar, which so many elementary text-books claim are essential to a child's mastery of English, are taught to the child in English—profound English, at that—on the assumption that he already has a fair control of the language they pretend to teach. Let me quote at random from the latest edition of a widely used text-book in composition, and from a chapter intended for children approximately eleven years old:

"A combination of words performing a distinct office in a sentence, and having a subject and a predicate, is a clause. A clause that expresses the leading or principal thought of a sentence is an independent or principal clause; as, If our cause is just, *we shall succeed*. A clause that depends upon some other part of the sentence for its full meaning is a dependent or subordinate clause; as, *If our cause is just*, we shall succeed. Copy the following sentences, and draw lines under the dependent clauses," etc., etc.

If my little boy can grasp and wield that, he already knows English pretty well without it. What, then, is he to do with it? It will not lead him to better forms of expression in his composition. It will not strengthen his vocabulary. He will not hark back to it in future years in order to determine whether he is expressing himself according to the best standards. Moreover, he did not suffer from the lack of it when he mastered the elementary forms of oral expression outside of the class-room.

Is it not safe to assert that a class-room where such text-book material dominates the method of instruction has done and can do nothing for him? He steps from the oral work of his own home and playground, where he is acquiring by absorption and imitation such English as he finds there for daily use, into the school-room atmosphere of unreality and abstraction, finding nothing there to win his interest or to make him feel that "English" is a vital thing.

Listen to a phrase from the preface of that same text-book: "This book provides for three years' work, and is intended for pupils who are beginning to write English. The leading aims of the work are to develop the child's power of thought, to aid him in forming habits of correct expression, and to give him a taste for good literature. . . . By means of simple exercises in dictation, reproduction, narration, and description, he is given varied practice *in using the same fact again and again*." (The italics are mine.)

Heaven help the poor little chap! It may be well enough for him to assert solemnly once in his class exercise that, if his cause is just, he will succeed, but if he is to use the same fact again and again to demonstrate the various technical terms involved in his class-room drill, it is possible that his thoughts may wander. Mine did.

But let us not attempt to prove the case by one particular text-book. A formidable array lies before me on my table, and the very sight of them seems to draw me back into boyhood's class-room atmosphere where book and teacher were arrayed against me in a seven years' war. Again at random, from a chapter intended for children approximately eleven years old, this time from a book written by two distinguished

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college professors: "The copula sometimes ties together the subject and a noun or pronoun which explains the subject, as in the sentence, John is my brother. The noun following the copula in the predicate is called a predicate noun. Find the predicate noun in each of the following sentences. Name the parts of each sentence."

Here are a few of the "following sentences":

A friend in need is a friend indeed.
The child is father of the man.
The trees are Indian princes.
Brevity is the soul of wit.
The virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude.

Eleven years old! And, by the way, this "copula" has an unfamiliar sound. Can it be that new terms are springing in this day and generation full panoplied from the head of some pedagogical Jove?

From another book, and again absolutely at random: "If you observe closely, you will notice that the complements you supplied in the last exercise are of two kinds: 1. Complements that name the subject or describe it by denoting some quality or attribute of it; as, The first President was Washington. The complement, Washington, names the subject. The earth is round. Round denotes an attribute of the earth. 2. Complements that name the object which receives the action performed by the subject and expressed by the verb; as, The Romans built ships. Ships is the object that receives the action performed by the subject, Romans, and expressed by the verb, built. . . . In the twenty-five sentences of the preceding exercise you were required to supply twenty complements. Write these complements in two columns, placing in the first all those naming the object that receives the action expressed by the verb. . . . The attribute complement completes the predicate by naming or describing the subject. An object complement completes the predicate by naming that which receives the action expressed by the verb."

I beg you to read that last selection once more, aloud if you please, and then clear the atmosphere by reciting:

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe.

One or another of the books quoted above is being used in this country by vast numbers of children from nine to fourteen years old. True, they survive. They even pass examinations in it.

And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy.

But they do not go to high school and thence to college with ability to write good English.

What shall we do with this thing called grammar? It is an abstract science, highly technical, however it may be tempered for forcing into the minds of ten-year-olds, and it is afflicted with a terminology as obscure and meaningless to the young as would be that in the pharmacopœia. Of course, there is mental discipline to be gained from close application to the study of it, but let us use it, then, frankly for that purpose, and not persuade inexperienced or incompetent young school-teachers in our training-schools that it is a means to the attainment of oral and written expression in English.

"How," says my assistant principal, "shall we teach our pupils Latin without it?" Why should we attempt to do so? I yield to none in my respect for the study of Latin. It is in connection with that study that technical grammar, its rules and its terminology, may be first brought into use. English has always been mastered without it, or, may I say, in spite of it, and its distinctions and terms will have more meaning and arouse more interest to a student in high school, or even in college, if he meets them there for the first time.

"Would you be inconvenienced," I asked a Latin teacher in a public high school of New York City,—that city whose elementary schools have been so notoriously enslaved in this field, "if your pupils came to you with no knowledge whatever of the terms and definitions of English grammar?" The question in such extreme form was apparently new to her, and she answered it thoughtfully: "No, I would not. The technical grammar that our pupils need has to be

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taught to them all over again after they come to us. Either they have forgotten all they ever learned or else they cannot apply it."

If they did not apply to English this strange gibberish that was thrust upon them in their elementary years, should they be expected to set it reverently aside for application to Latin later on? That they do not apply it to their English is most effectively proved by a recent careful investigation throughout the schools of Kansas City, supplemented by similar investigations in Columbia, Missouri; Bonham, Texas; and Detroit, Michigan. A survey of all d scovered errors in the children's oral speech and in their written papers indicated that the percentage of common grammatical errors in the sixth and seventh grades (in which grades technical grammar is taught) was actually higher than the percentage of errors for all other grades. After summarizing the result of this investigation in a most interesting address before the National Educational Association, Mr. H. B. Wilson, Superintendent of the Topeka Schools, added the comment, "These data, while quite differently derived, corroborate the conclusion of Hoyt in 1906 that the extended study of technical grammar does not enable one to use better English either in talking or writing."

"I recall," said Superintendent Wilson in the same address, "that in the lower grades of the elementary schools my teachers were at great pains to demonstrate objectively, with an elaborate tellurian, the movements of the earth in relation to the sun and moon in the solar system. It was beautifully objective, but I am absolutely certain I had no worth-while appreciation of the significance of the demonstration. All of us have seen very learned teachers, with access to a great museum, give very extensively illustrated nature-study lessons without the children ever realizing once that the birds or other animal forms which were being illustrated in the class exercise were the same as those about the homes and gardens where they lived."

If even this is true, how can we expect little children to apply abstract data regarding the proper behavior of adverbs, participles, predicates, verbals and copulas — Heaven preserve us! — to everyday speech?

If I might have freed that little boy from the thraldom of grammar, what should have taken its place in that old school-room that he found so painfully unrelated to the life outside? There are two fundamentals that have received slight attention in most of our school-rooms where composition is taught. The mastery of them alone will not make a skilled writer, but their pursuit will use school-room time to real advantage. These two things are control of a flexible, well-equipped colloquial vocabulary and a sympathetic consideration of the reader's point of view.

Here are two lines of study, widely different in character, that must be followed in order to accomplish a single result—skill in writing. The first, that having to do with the vocabulary, surely cannot be gained by any scientific system. Control of a vocabulary comes not by theorizing and not by analysis, but by absorption and then by practice. The second fundamental is still more impossible of attainment by means of a scientific method. Its pursuit involves considerations apparently remote from all the treatises upon composition that have come to my attention.

For it is astonishing to observe how generally the teaching of composition in schools has failed, not only to emphasize, but even to mention the fact that two equally important people are involved in every written exercise—the writer and the reader. Of course, this fact is often overlooked outside the school - room. Many adults who are practised in the art of writing have failed to recognize it. What avails a wonderful sermon, if it means nothing to the particular group of people hearing it? What avails a perfect piece of argumentation, if it fails to reach the understanding or the emotion of its audience? There are certainly great numbers of preachers whose attention is so constantly upon the sermons they are writing that they give too little consideration to the congregation they are addressing. Many speakers forget, while they are preparing an address, that the perfection of material is only half of the work in hand; a consideration of the audience is the other half. Of what

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avail is a splendid accumulation of theories of teaching if you find you are not reaching the brains and the hearts of your pupils? Surely no one denies that it would be better, in that case, to discard all theories, and be only a loving man or woman working and playing with the child. The art of teaching is not for the art's sake, but for the child's sake.

After all, not many people are left to-day who hold to a belief in "art for art's sake." We have come at length to realize that art is for life's sake; but we should carry this principle closer to the study of the art of writing, and say that written composition of any kind *is not good* unless it communicates to the reader in full measure the purpose of its writer.

All this seems to be of little interest to our wearied and perplexed small boy in his primary class-room. Yet we wandered away from him with a definite purpose. I have attempted to tear the grammar from his text-book, and now I would tear out the remaining pages. For the exercises in composition that I find there are all addressed to his teacher. If it be true that half the secret of good writing lies in a sympathetic consideration of the reader's point of view, then we must bid our children write to children and not to adults. My small boy's practice must have nothing to do with theories and abstractions, but must deal with the everyday life that surrounds little children. His task must be to interest his associates, and his only means are the words and phrases that he possesses in common with them in the everyday life outside.

His chief limitation for the work in hand is vocabulary. Ideas come rapidly enough if the atmosphere be normal. All that he possesses must be spent and spent again—colloquialisms, slang, and all. It is when he attempts to overdraw his account that the teacher stands ready with new coin for the transaction. That class-room must be a lively, laughing, chatting exchange, dealing with realities. It is the last place in the school for a text-book.

Consider that these children are gathered together for the purpose of learning to communicate ideas by means of written English. They must first formulate the ideas. This they are doing all the time outside the class-room. If they can become their lively minded, normal selves rather than automatons inside the class-room, these ideas will reveal themselves. But they are children's ideas, not adults'. Standards of good English will not be established in their minds by a vain repetition of, "If our cause is just, we shall succeed," or similar text-book material.

To express their ideas these childern in the elementary schools must have vocabulary. If all the time that has been devoted to technical grammar in the school life of children ten to fourteen years old had been given to word-mastering, there would be better writing in high school. The spoken vocabularies of our school children in grammar grades, says a competent authority, average from five hundred to one thousand words. Let children bring regularly to the class-room new words of their own discovery and donate them for class use until mastered by all; this would be a better game than diagraming a sentence to indicate the dependent participial clauses attached to the predicate. If they bring their home dialects and their street slang, so much the better. The walls of the school-room must not shut out all sound of the outside world. Most important of all, what they write must be tested by the interest of their associates. There should be a class-room full of critics whose tongues are untied.

What part has the teacher in this programme? She is director, stimulator, and final authority. Without a text-book, but with common sense, she points out good models in many books, or in that ubiquitous home text-book, the newspaper. And, above all, she keeps them writing, for an art is mastered, after all, only by practice. "Ah," says my school principal, "but I cannot find enough primary teachers competent to carry out such a programme." Perhaps that is a chief reason for the survival of grammar as the bane of boyhood. A poor teacher must go by rule and formula. Take away her book and she is lost. My little boy must study grammar for the sake of his teacher.

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The Beloved Meddler

BY FLOY TOLBERT BERNARD

I WAS reading a story in an old *Godey's Magazine* when the telephone-bell brought me back with a start from the tin-peddler of my great grandmother's time to the aluminum-ware representative of my own generation.

A week before, on a rainy morning, I had gone to my aunt, with whom I was visiting, to ask:

"Aunt Amanda, what ever became of that stack of *Godey's Magazines* that used to be in the old walnut secretary when I was a little girl?"

My aunt looked up from the strawberries she was hulling and laughed. "Goodness, Hester, I supposed you knew that stack of magazines by heart. You used to read them every summer, sitting cross-legged on the floor with one open in your lap, and the rest of them piled around you."

"Surely, you didn't destroy them when you rebuilt and refurnished?" was my apprehensive query.

"No; the secretary is in the attic, and I kept the magazines because they belonged to my mother." She laughed again — a rich, reminiscent laugh. "Lands! mother always went through every number to be sure there was nothing unsuitable for us girls. Fancy! Unsuitable! In *Godey's!* I wonder what mother would think if she could look into some of the magazines these days, or hear the things that you and Gladys talk about as matter of fact as you would a plum-pudding!"

She sat with idle hands a moment, thinking of old days and old ways.

"May I go look?" I asked, smiling with her over the far cry from the conversation considered ladylike by her mother's Victorian standard to that which she herself sometimes gasped a little over in Gladys's conversation and mine.

Gladys is my cousin. I had come back to her wedding, and was staying with my aunt and uncle as a sort of filler-in in those first lonely weeks, for Gladys was an only child and had gone to a distant city to live.

"Go look, of course," Aunt Amanda told me. "But there are a dozen new magazines on the table. Have you read them?"

"No," I laughed, "and I do not want to; not to-day. I want to rummage in that secretary and sigh and cry and giggle over those *Godeys*. I believe I'm homesick for them."

"Better put a cover-all apron on, then," suggested my practical aunt, "and a cap over your hair. It's dusty and cobwebby up there."

I donned the apron and cap, and turned to the back stairs on my way to the attic, where I retrieved the whole dusty dozen of bygone magazines. I reveled in them all that rainy day, interested in an article here and there, finding amusement in the quaint old fashions surreptitiously and somewhat futuristically colored by my own hand a decade and a half ago; I chuckled over the stilted Victorian stories, with their heroes impossibly handsome and their heroines extraordinarily beautiful.

Then came this day I am writing of. It was one of those extremely hot days —a day of utter listlessness. After my share of the morning activities I got into my coolest dress, looked through the magazines on the table, but rejected each in turn. Then I fetched down my treasure-trove of *Godeys*, and stretched myself in a long wicker chair in a vine-shaded corner of the big veranda. There, through the long, hot morning I reveled again in the romances of a bygone day, romances that I almost knew by heart from the many perusals of my childhood.

There was a pathetic story of a poor but deserving tin-peddler, whose godli-

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Drawn by Walter Biggs Engraved by H. Leinroth

"WHAT ARE YOU SMILING ABOUT ALL TO YOURSELF?"

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ness was exceeded only by his vicissitudes, and whose vicissitudes were surpassed only by his bravery, for he saved the most ravishingly beautiful young lady from a deep-dyed villain at peril of his own life. The beautiful girl's pompous and choleric father had ceased from his pomposity and choler long enough to make a very marvelous and bombastic speech of gratitude to the humble tin-peddler, and had rewarded that good soul so munificently that his sick wife and many children lived sumptuously ever afterward. The beautiful, clinging, innocent young lady married the man her father chose for her and made a faithful wife and a good mother, notwithstanding the fact that her heart was broken by obedience both filial and conjugal, and that in all the years of her sweet submissiveness no one ever heard her laugh and few ever saw her smile.

It was here the telephone rang sharply —three short peals and one long, for my aunt lives in the country, and the line is a party line. I bounded half out of my chair, it was so startling after my morning in the atmosphere invoked by those old *Godeys*, and went to answer the insistently repeated ring.

"Hello!" I called into the babel of visiting voices belonging to the listeners pretending to have misunderstood the call, that they might satisfy their curiosity. "Hello! Is that some one calling Mr. Tracy?"

At my unfamiliar voice the babel ceased. There was a succession of clicks, and at last but one voice remained. It was a man's voice — vigorous, deep, richly musical, but unmistakably the voice of an elderly, if not an old, man.

"I want Mandy Tracy. Is she there?"

"Aunt Amanda is in the garden. If you will hold the line I will call her. Who shall I say is waiting?"

"Never mind," the rich old voice came to me. "It's a good piece to Mandy's garden, and it's pretty hot to go after her. Is she goin' to be home at noon?"

I answered affirmatively.

"Well, you just tell her, when she comes in, that Aaron Dudley is comin' to show her some aluminum-ware and will be there to dinner. It's nigh eleven now. I reckon I'll be along about twelve. Tell Mandy not to go to any trouble."

The voice spoke with kindly authority, and a click advised me that no reply was expected or thought necessary.

I went into the dining-room to set the table against the coming of this self-invited guest, who would be along about twelve to have dinner and show my aunt some aluminum-ware. I chuckled again, in amused gratitude to those old *Godeys* for providing the delightful perspective—if a tin-peddler could be called perspective—for this modern aluminum-ware agent.

"What are you smiling about all to yourself?" demanded my aunt from the door, as she untied her blue sunbonnet and fanned herself with it. "My, but it's hot!"

"Company's coming at twelve—to *dinner*," said I.

"Company?" wailed my aunt. "I was just going to have graham bread and a fruit salad, and I was going to have you fix that. Who is coming?"

"Aaron Dudley. After dinner he's going to rob you; and if you're nice about being robbed, he'll make you a present of a quart aluminum pan or a triplex cooker," I warned her.

"What?" ejaculated my aunt, with a puzzled stare. Then she laughed. "Oh yes. Uncle Aaron sells aluminum-ware. I'm glad he's coming."

Her dismay over the little lunch she meant to let me get, while she and the girl fell to work on the corn, instantly gave place to a hospitable planning for a dinner Uncle Aaron would enjoy.

"Who is Uncle Aaron?" I asked, following her to the kitchen. But she didn't notice me. She was giving the distracted girl a dinner menu that brought out an expression in her over-expressive face indicative of giving notice. As I surveyed the vast pyramid of corn to be dried and that I would surely have to help with if she *should* give notice, I hastily chose the lesser evil.

"I'll help you with the dinner, Aunt Amanda," I said. "Let Martha go on with the corn. How many ears shall we need for dinner?"

"Oh, cook plenty, on the cob. Just go ahead as you do at home, Hester."

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She disappeared to get my uncle to kill some spring chickens, unmindful that at home it would never occur to me to have a meal that would rejoice a thresher's heart for a luncheon for a single guest. Aunt Amanda did not count me as company, of course. But I proceeded as she meant, not as she said, and went ahead according to her voluble speech to Martha a minute before. When she returned with the sacrificial fries I had the potatoes and the corn prepared and was battling with a mayonnaise dressing that had half a mind to curdle.

"Who did you say Uncle Aaron is?" I insisted.

"Don't you know Uncle Aaron?" Her voice was incredulous, almost scandalized.

I put the conquered mayonnaise in the refrigerator, juggled butter with two wooden paddles, put the resulting balls on a plate, and the plate beside the mayonnaise until wanted. Meanwhile I learned that Aaron Dudley was a Dunkard preacher, who gave his time and services as a preacher quite without remuneration, counting it but reasonable service. I learned that he owned two sections of highly productive Iowa farm land, and that he hired two agricultural experts to run his farm for him, under his personal supervision, of course. Moreover, Uncle Aaron owned a store in a little town eight or ten miles away, with one of his own sons in charge as a high-salaried manager. Uncle Aaron seemed to be quite remarkably successful, as farmer and merchant as well as preacher. Besides all this, he was an aluminum-ware highwayman.

Aunt Amanda, busy opening jams and jellies for this jack-of-all-trades who succeeded in each, suddenly called to me:

"There he comes! Run, open the gate for him, Hester, so he won't have to get out."

As though propelled by her urgent cry, I shot out the door and down the driveway through the shimmering heat to open the gate for this Yankee saint, who should by right come jogging up in a buggy drawn by a freckled, white mare, but who did nothing of the sort. As I swung the gate open barely in time, a wonderful horse, that I afterward learned was a thoroughbred Arabian, flashed past me; I caught a keen look from eyes that were far from mild, though they were kindly, as the driver lifted his broad-brimmed hat; and then I stood staring after a racy-looking runabout, which immediately disappeared in the shadowy driveway of my uncle's barn. I closed the gate and walked back to the house with exasperated deliberation. As I went, I heard the rich old voice say to one of my uncle's men:

"Better blanket the Desert Queen, and walk her about a spell before you feed and water her, Tom"; then to my uncle in the same breath: "Ain't she a beauty, John? And speedy! I'm right glad to see you. Who is that young woman that opened the gate for me?"

I doubt if Uncle John had noticed my services, but as I was the only stranger about, he replied, laconically, with his easy drawl: "My sister's girl. How are you, Uncle Aaron? How's the world using you?"

"Fine, fine. Just get that case, the big one, out from under the seat, will you, John? I am going to sell Mandy some aluminum-ware after dinner."

I heard uncle's amused, friendly laugh as they came out and started toward the house. I hurried to the kitchen to finish my labors toward this remarkable man's dinner.

As the two men came up on the porch, my aunt appeared in a fresh lawn dress and a starchy apron. I guessed that Martha had consented to act as maid for once and had helped her, for it was a change an actress might have envied for its quickness; yes, and its result. My aunt looked charming.

I heard Aaron Dudley's voice saying: "Well, well, Mandy Tracy! I'm just right pleased to see you. Says I to mother, when I started out this morning, 'I'm going to try to make it to John Tracy's by noon. I haven't seen Mandy since Gladys was married, and I'd like a little visit with her before I show her my new aluminum-ware.' It's warm, ain't it? But it's fine weather for the corn—fine. John, Mandy is gettin prettier. I declare, Browning was right when he said, 'Grow old along with me the best is yet to be.' Ain't it so, John The best yet to be. Yes, sir, 'the last fo

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which the first is fashioned' certainly is the best."

They were in the house by that time, laughing heartily together.

I did not meet Aaron Dudley until we all came into the dining-room at a quarter to one. To Aunt Amanda's "Uncle Aaron, this is Mrs. Knight, John's niece," he walked around the table to shake hands with me, saying: "I haven't thanked you yet for opening the gate for me, Hester. I could call you Mrs. Knight, but I like best to say Hester. Now, who do you 'mind me of? Have I ever met you before?"

"I'm sure not, Mr. Dudley," I smiled.

"Tut, every one calls me Uncle Aaron, Hester. I hardly know myself as Mr. Dudley. You do 'mind me of some one. But we are all hungry; I won't keep us waiting."

Rather to my surprise, he placed my aunt's chair quite as a matter of course and turned again to me, but I was in my place. When he and Uncle John were seated, Uncle Aaron "said grace." It was an easy, unaffected, grateful acknowledgment of favors past, present, and to come, with a word of blessing for the hands that prepared the dinner and a committing of us all to the care of an infinite Father who seemed tangibly near at the earnest amen.

Uncle Aaron talked all through the meal about silos and silage, with only an occasional word to Aunt Amanda and me. We all ate heartily of the bountiful, hot meal, notwithstanding that, had Uncle Aaron not come, we should have eaten a cold luncheon with hot-weather listlessness. Aaron Dudley's vast vigor was contagious.

After dinner the three of them went out into the screened porch, and I cleared the table and washed the dishes, according to my promise. I even hurried, for I did not want to miss an exhibition of Uncle Aaron's prowess as an aluminum-brigand. I joined them just in time.

Uncle Aaron had the case open, and was saying to Aunt Amanda, who had her chair drawn up the better to see: "Now, Mandy Tracy, you'll be sure to find just what you need here. I have got a whole new line, with the latest things in aluminum cooking utensils."

Uncle John's chair was tilted against the porch rail, his head leaning against the vine-covered screen, and he was watching them with a faint twinkle in his lazy blue eyes. On my way to the long, low wicker chair, where one faded *Godey's Magazine* still lay open face down at the tin-peddler's story, I glanced at Uncle John. He winked at me in calm amusement, and I batted both eyes at him in return.

Uncle Aaron spread everything out, talking volubly, and Aunt Amanda sat looking at the array with appraising and acquisitive eyes.

"My enameled double-boiler is about worn out, John," she said, tentatively. "I believe I'll get just this cereal-cooker."

"Help yourself," grinned Uncle John; and Aaron Dudley said, heartily:

"You'll never regret getting that cereal-cooker, Mandy. I been thinkin', too, you might want one for Gladys."

Aunt Amanda looked doubtful about one for my cousin, but her face softened at the magical name.

"Why, I don't know. How'd she get it? I guess I'll just take one for me, Uncle Aaron. Still—" She hesitated and turned to my uncle. "John, if we'd had some things like this given to us when we set up housekeeping, it would have been a great help. But Ralph isn't so poor as you were then, is he? Still, if I knew how to get it to her—"

Uncle John came over beside me where I was sitting with my elbows on my knees and my chin in my hands, a delighted looker-on. and said as he sat down:

"If I cough at you, they'll notice. I came over here so's I could nudge you. Amanda 'll buy every blamed thing he's got; you see if she don't."

"If she doesn't duplicate her order for Gladys, you'll be in luck," I grinned back.

Uncle Aaron recovered the fallen pan, the clatter of which had drowned our little aside, and as he passed it to my aunt he turned shrewd, dark eyes on us. After a second he smiled and turned back to my aunt.

"Anything you'd like for Gladys to have I'll just order sent straight to her from the house. You wouldn't have to bother at all, Mandy."

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"Well, you might send her that cereal-cooker. I imagine she is using an enameled one; and with so much appendicitis one can't be too careful."

Uncle Aaron wrote the order in his book and handed my aunt a superior waffle-iron, without any comment.

Uncle John's elbow nearest me had every symptom of acute St. Vitus's dance.

"John," said Uncle Aaron, "I meant to tell you. I was talking to Henry Davis this morning. That Dunston bank is fixin' to get his farm, but all Henry notices is they are advancing the money for that tiling and a lot of other improvements. Improvin' is all right as you get around to it; but mortgagin' your farm to those Dunston people to improve is just about the same as giving it to them. I talked to Henry about it this morning. He didn't like it none too well, but he had to listen, and he had to admit that I wasn't one of those improvident preachers that preaches because he hasn't any business sense and has to live somehow. Said I, 'Henry, you know that John Tracy and I are about the most successful farmers anywhere about, and handle more acres of farm-land profitably. Now I ask you, Henry, to think what the Dunstons did to the Stott farm. They aren't quite straight; and if you don't want your wife to lose her home here, where she's lived so long, you harken to me.' Says I: 'Wait a year for those improvements. You've got along all right so far.' What say, Mandy? Oh, two waffle-irons? Yes, I'll order one sent right to Gladys, with the cereal-cooker."

He wrote the order, handed Aunt Amanda a combination cooker that was as bafflingly intricate as a child's puzzle, and turned back to Uncle John.

"Come day after to-morrow, John; you just run your car up past Davis's place and stop to pass the time o' day. And don't you give him any advice; you just laugh to yourself a little, and say you heard the Dunstons were after him, and just insinuate that the Dunstons must think he is easy. Then you change the subject, and drive in a minute. You laughin', after my scoldin', will fix him about right. He won't like a successful man like you just actin' as if it's too amusin' to need a word of warnin'. I don't like to interfere with a man's business, but I do hate to see him lose all he's worked for, especially if he has a wife, just for *lack* of a little interference.'"

Uncle John nodded thoughtfully, and Uncle Aaron turned back to Aunt Amanda. She was absorbed in the combination cooker, trying to get it together again, with a do-or-die expression. Uncle Aaron showed her how simple it was. He would have been a wizard at sleight-of-hand. While he was extolling the virtues of the puzzle cooker, Aunt Amanda asked, with sudden irrelevance:

"Where's Ann Dudley, Uncle Aaron? I haven't seen her for the longest time. I was thinking about her just yesterday."

"Ann?" Uncle Aaron gave the cooker back to my aunt, took off his glasses and polished them with a red-silk handkerchief, a slow smile spreading over his face, a smile of such unqualified satisfaction I found myself smiling with him. Uncle Aaron replaced his glasses. "Ann is in Chicago, studyin' music," he said and laughed aloud. "She was plannin' to marry Ned Stillwell. I never objected to Ned's comin' to the house when he begun to come, because if I had they'd likely have seen each other somewheres else. But I'd been turnin' it over in my mind how to have him stop comin' without my appearin' to meddle. Meddlin'—that is, caught at it—is fatal," chuckled Uncle Aaron. "Well, sir, while I was plannin' some way to stop his comin', without them noticin' it was me, Ann she up and tell me right before Ned one evenin' that they were goin' to be married come September."

He drew a long sigh, reached out to direct an unsuccessful attempt of Aunt Amanda's to put the aluminum Humpty-Dumpty together again, and continued:

"Now, John, you know Ned Stillwell. What say, Mandy? Oh! Why, Ned is a—well, *one* of his shortcomin's is he's lazy. So, while I was shakin' hands with Ned, who expected me to raise Cain by the set of his jaw and the defiance in his eye, I was thinkin' real hard. Think I, 'I've got to be quick about whatever I'm goin' to do.' And right while I was shakin' his hand (sometimes I'm a fa

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Drawn by Walter Biggs — I FOUND MYSELF SMILING WITH HIM — *Engraved by Frank E. Pettit*

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good combination of the serpent and the dove)—right while I was shakin' his hand and smilin' into his surprised and shiftin' eyes, it come to me what to do. I says—I had my left arm around Ann and she was all stiffened up with no response to me in her, mind or body—I says: 'My lands! is it all set for September? Well, then, my plan for your birthday present in August won't interest you none at all, will it, Ann? My, my, how you young folks do grow up! Here I was figurin' that you was just a little girl yet, and I planned to make you a birthday present come August that would keep you busy three four years and make you independent all your life. But there, we won't talk about it. I sure do hope you'll be happy, Ann.' Then I turns to Ned, whose hand I was still a-holdin', some against his inclination. Did you ever notice, John, that hands are as nervous and shifty as eyes if there ain't integrity back of 'em? I says to Ned, 'Ann's only eighteen, Ned; it's quite a responsibility we men take askin' girls to share our lives, but if you do by her the way you'd like another man to do by your sister, I'll be satisfied.' Well, he got kind o' red, then white. My lands! he'd hate like anything for his kind of a man to marry Sylvia Stillwell. He got his hand away, and asked Ann if she was goin' with him for a drive. But Ann, she was plumb curious about her birthday present that she wasn't goin' to get. 'Let's stay home, Ned,' she says. 'Grandpa, what were you goin' to give me?' she says, wheedlin'-like."

Uncle Aaron laughed, once more indicated what was the trouble with the complicated cooker, without saying anything to Aunt Amanda, and continued:

"They set down, lookin' at me expectant. Ned, I see, was hopin' for a quarter-section at the very least. 'Ann,' says I, 'I was just seein' my way clear to sendin' you to the Musical College at Chicago to study music. You'd done so well on the piano here at home, I just wondered if you couldn't do somethin' right special if you had a chance; but if you're goin' to be married in September I'll just give you a set of dishes for a weddin'-present.' Then mother called me, and I left them. But say, John, you should 'a' seen Ann's eyes, they were so big and round and eager. Mother was cryin'—Ann had told her, too. 'Pshaw!' says I to mother, 'don't you worry. You just plan for her to settle down to farmin'. Not your kind of farmin', mother, with nothin' to do but what you like, but *beginnin'* farmin'! You just call to mind all the hard side of it, and encourage her not to mind. Talk a lot about it. Plan like you was right pleased she is goin' to settle down.'

"I went off to the barn so's Ann couldn't call me back. Ned went home earlier 'n usual. Seems like Ann couldn't get interested in anything he said; she was so excited about that music study she almost got. At breakfast next mornin' she up and said: 'Grandpa, I been thinkin'. I'm goin' to ask Ned if we couldn't put off gettin' married one year and me go to Chicago. I'd like to study one year, grandpa. Couldn't you let me do that?' *Would* I, John? But I never let on. 'Now, Ann,' says I, 'that would be throwin' money away. You can play well enough for a busy farmer's wife. You'd a sight better take the money for a washin'-machine and irons, and useful things like that. No, I don't see that one year would pay. Three or four years, now, would make a competent teacher of you, but you don't want to teach. Anyhow, I don't believe in long engagements.' I sighed real gusty and disappointed, and we finished our breakfast without any more talk. As I was startin' toward the barns I heard mother say: 'Come, Ann, we must get out the quiltin'-frames, and to-morrow you must help make that apple-butter. You'll have to help with all the fruit this summer; Ned seems to enjoy my preserves and things.' I heard Ann sigh, and I whistled all mornin'.

"When I got to town that day I just naturally telegraphed to the Chicago Musical College to send out all their literature on courses and all; I wanted 'em quick. So three four days later along came a lot of little folders and terms and things. I looked 'em through before Ann, and sighed and threw 'em in the waste-basket; then I went out to the barn. When I come back they weren't in the basket, and mother was tryin' to explain to Ann about how to

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run our incubator—and mother don't know how to run it herself! At the same time she was makin' side remarks about how to plant things in the vegetable garden, and how to dry corn. Ann looked pretty harassed; she says, real tart-like, 'Grandma, ain't there anything but work after a person's married?' Mother, she see me standin' in the door, but she pretended she didn't, and said kind o' pert-like: 'Child, marryin' any man from the least to the greatest is a hazardous thing, with work as the only thing you're certain sure of. Now in canning beans I always—' But Ann, she didn't wait to hear; she begin to cry, and went up-stairs. I come on in. Mother was lookin' after her kind of sorry, and I says, 'Mother, wasn't you a leetle mite hard on men in general?'

"She laughed. 'Well, maybe. But that isn't here nor there, father,' she says. 'Ann is just about hectored to death between us. She actually snapped at Ned over the telephone about an hour ago.'

"'Well,' says I, 'she better be hectored to death bein' talked to about work than actually worked to death later, with a disillusioned mind and a heavy heart besides. You call up Ned and ask him over to dinner Sunday; we want to make him right at home here.'

"The upshot of it was," smiled Uncle Aaron, "Ann begged so hard to have one year, still engaged to Ned, at the Musical College, that I give in. I went to Chicago with her, to get settled. I put a sum of money in a bank for her there, and give her a check-book, and I says, 'Now I don't aim to send you a dab now and then. Here's a checkin' account twice as big as the book says you need for tuition and room and board and all. You use your own judgment, and make it last as long as you can, in reason. And of course, Ann,' I says, 'I figure that what looks in reason to a Dunkard preacher and to a girl that was brought up careful but hasn't made any profession of faith are two different kinds of reason. You'll want to dress like the other girls for this year at least, and I 'ain't no notion whatever how much that's goin' to cost. You're in the same house with a lot of girls, and I want you to be one of 'em, always remember' that your grandmother feels extra responsible for her son's motherless girl, and so not do anything to make her sorry. Mother, she'll understand all about silly clothes and those electric chafin'-dish things I read about. So you do good work in music, and have the best time you can, and when you need more money, you write to me. I'll come after you Christmas, and don't you be shiftless about writin' to Ned. Write to him regular; I been young myself and waited for letters.

"'He's comin' to see me at Thanksgiving,' she said, and kissed me good-by.

"Well, Ned went at Thanksgiving. When he come back I asked him out to dinner. Folks thought I'd gone crazy, encouragin' Ned Stillwell. Ned he was kind of glum. When Ann come home Christmas, we had Ned over and was real pointed about leavin' them alone; it sort of fretted Ann. Come spring, Ned went to see her again. When he got back he was all put out. Told me, when I brought him out to supper, that Ann seemed to be quite a favorite. Said she was playin' accompaniments for a fool who played the violin. I'd met him at Christmas, knew who he meant—fine-appearin' chap, who looked you in the eye and didn't have shifty hands—but I acted real concerned at Ned's talk. I says, 'Now I'll write to Ann. I don't believe in engaged girls philanderin' around with other men. Violinist, did you say? Pshaw! Well, Ned, Ann is young, and girls will be girls. If boys bein' boys was only as harmless, as a rule, it would be a good world now, wouldn't it? You be as patient with Ann as you'd like Ann to be with you, maybe.' He turned kind of purple at that, and went home early. 'Long in May he went back to Chicago. When he came home, first time I see him, I asked him home to supper with me, friendly as usual, but he wouldn't come. Made some excuse; but said Ann was well when I asked him—said she played for him and played well, and got away from me as quick as he could. My lands! John, I just about wore Desert Queen out drivin' home, I felt so kind of rejoiced.

"Sure enough, three four days later come a letter from Ann telling me she

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wasn't engaged to Ned any more, and she intimated that she was wise to my duplicity. She said when she compared Ned with ambitious, working, hoping boys and girls, that about all there was to him was his particular kind of looks, which, she had come to see, wasn't good looks at all—just a sort of striking looks that appeared cheap among earnest people; and she up and wrote, 'Just for penance for your wily ways, grandad, you can add about a fourth more to each of the next three years' checking accounts you're goin' to put in the bank for me, for I'm takin' the rest of my birthday present.'

"Yes, Ann's studyin' music. Doin' right well, too; and she looked powerful nice in some plain-lookin' clothes—somethin' like Hester's there, that I don't see how on earth could cost what they do. Why Ann she dresses almost as austere as a Dunkard girl, but it's a plainness that costs like sixty. Four of these pans apiece, Mandy? Yes, I'm writin' the orders separate. And I tell you I'm more than glad to pay for Ann's plain-lookin' clothes, now that she's workin' and full of purpose and growin' into a fine woman with eyes trained to see men and women as they *are*, right through pretense and shams. These pancake-griddles are fine, Mandy. See—you put four on this side, and then you flop 'em right over on to this side and put in four more."

He put the griddle into Aunt Amanda's hands and turned to me. "Where's your home, Hester?"

I told him Seattle, at which he exclaimed: "That's what you mind me of—the West. 'Twas locality, not a person."

"What do you mean?" I asked, amused.

"Now that's hard to tell, Hester, but near as I can hit it, Western people give you a sense of roominess. I heard an artist friend of Ann's call it perspective. Anyhow, Hester, it's a good look—I'm talkin' about Western-ness, not Westy-ness. I saw both kinds when I was out West two years ago. I was over in Wenatchee to visit one of my sons, and I saw both kinds—the typical kind that everybody likes, and the aggressive kind that nobody likes. Now, you're a typical Westerner with some little Eastern touches to you. I take it you been East a year or two. Am I right?"

I nodded, smiling.

"Study music in New York?" he questioned, while Aunt Amanda let the aluminum pancake-griddle hypnotize her.

"No, not music," I told him; "interior decoration."

"Umm-m-m. John, you keep Hester here. I don't want her to meet mother. Mother knows too much along that line already," laughed Uncle Aaron.

"Two of those griddles, Mandy? Now don't you order anything you won't find use for; but you can't make a mistake on those griddles, or these gem-pans."

He put some in her lap.

"They *are* useful. Mother she has gems or custards or something in hers about all the time. Last night we had some little gelatine things, you know, made in molds. Well, these gem-pans hold a dozen little puddings altogether, and no fuss. Two? Yes, I'm dividin' the order. You can give me Gladys's exact address before I go, and she'll get them all prepaid. You haven't seen this coffee-pot yet, have you, Mandy? We like it fine. There is no use talkin', percolated coffee *is* the best. What say, John? Oh, you were talkin' to Hester!"

A glimmering smile lighted his eyes as he turned back to Aunt Amanda.

"He knows we're tickled to death," I murmured to Uncle John, who nodded, "Sure he does; and he's just as tickled as we are."

When Aunt Amanda ordered two coffee-pots and turned her attention to a roaster that was big enough for the father of all turkeys, Uncle Aaron seemed to have a sudden recollection.

"I near forgot, Mandy, something I wanted to speak to you about. Some day about two weeks from now I want you to go over and call on Rachel Myers."

Aunt Amanda stiffened. Uncle John looked shrewdly at Aaron Dudley with his slow smile.

"Now, now, Mandy," rebuked Uncle Aaron, "you don't belong to my church, but you do belong to *a* church, and we all teach from the same Bible. Rachel Myers is just about the age of your

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Gladys and my Ann. In her heart she's just as good as either of them. Now, Mandy, she *is;* she isn't a bad girl at all! She was just a foolish one. I had a talk with Jim Myers not long ago. Jim feels pretty bad because he hadn't been more trustworthy. He says Rachel thinks if some of the older ladies would just be a little nicer to her, the girls—her own girl friends, you know—would come in again like they used to. Rachel had such merry ways a year back, Mandy! I've kind of set my heart on seein' her happy again. They have a pretty little home, mother says. She was over one day last week, 'most all afternoon. Rachel made a nice lunch, or whatever girls call it, and served it right pretty. Mother says the baby's a bright, pretty little tyke, and is kept so sweet and dainty she couldn't keep her hands off of it. I thought you might *like* to go over and take Rachel for a ride some afternoon and let her serve *you* a pretty lunch. If it was Gladys, you'd be glad enough to have somebody go. Then you might ask Rachel over some evening with other young folks, because you're lonesome and miss Gladys; and it would help Rachel and Jim a lot, and wouldn't hurt you any. Don't you see, Mandy? All right, I knew I could count on you. What smilin' about, Hester?" he challenged.

"I was thinking," said I, smoothing out the old *Godey's Magazine* in my lap, "that you are really"—I hesitated, but Aaron Dudley's eyes twinkled a dare at me, so I finished—"you are really just a belated tin-peddler."

"Hester!" gasped my aunt, looking at me with horrified eyes.

Uncle John looked around with a slow smile. Aaron Dudley pursed up his firm, fine old mouth, mused a second, and laughed aloud.

"I *am* an awful old gossip," he said. "I just naturally am interested in everything and everybody. I was goin' to suggest that you put on your prettiest dress and go *with* Mandy to call on Rachel. Rachel's a handy person with a needle and would likely try to copy it. If Hester goes along, Mandy, you might aim to stay till Jim comes in—just make a kind of little fuss over Rachel when you're goin' away, and if Hester has any ideas about interior decoratin' that she could share with Rachel, it 'd be kind of friendly of her to share 'em. But I don't want you to go near mother with any suggestions. Will you go, Hester?"

I nodded, and Aunt Amanda ordered two gem-pans and recklessly bought the ark of a roaster and three or four other things to make amends, unnecessarily, for my remark about tin-peddlers.

Uncle Aaron looked at his watch and whistled to himself. "Hester," he said, "you run down to the barn and have my horse hitched up while I total up these things and John writes me a check. Can you drive at all? Then you bring the rig right up to the door after me; and let me tell you, Hester, the Colonel's mare in Kipling's 'Ballad of East and West' would just about be right, if I wanted to drive a team. Know that poem? Fine, isn't it?"

When I drove up to the door a little later, Uncle Aaron came out, carrying my hat and pongee dust-coat. Aunt Amanda tossed me a pair of Gladys's gauntlets, and Uncle John put the aluminum case under the seat.

"I just wanted to show off Desert Queen, Hester," said Aaron Dudley, climbing in and taking the lines, while I slipped into the coat. As we started, he passed the reins to me.

"If she ain't home at supper-time, John, you just run your car out and bring Mandy down to my house after her. Come early enough to visit a spell with mother. Hester 'll be there—that is, if she promises to say not one word to mother about furniture or rugs. Don't forget to go up to Davis's, John; and, Mandy, you have given me your word to go over and see Rachel. Thank you for the order, Mandy. You'll enjoy that aluminum-ware, and I know Gladys 'll be surprised when she gets her box. I've just had a real pleasant time. No, you needn't go down to open the gate, John. I'll get out and open it, but I would think you'd put in somethin' more handy on an up-to-date farm like yours. I'll see you this evenin', likely."

When we were out on the road I offered to return the lines to Uncle Aaron. "No," he said, "you drive. I just want to talk to you, and I like to

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see a woman drive if she keeps a firm line."

"What did you want to talk to me about?" I asked.

"About me," he smiled. "You see too much. Bad habit to get into, Hester, bein' observin' and seein' underneath the surface, unless you happen to be a Dunkard preacher and need to be wise as a serpent and harmless as a dove. You were laughin' a lot to yourself about all that stuff Mandy bought. She didn't need it, of course, but she can use it and she can afford it. I got two satchels of aluminum; this one here—" He fished one up from somewhere and opened it. Only about half the things he had shown Aunt Amanda were in it. "This one here I take in some places I go. People who can't afford to buy I never sell to, except one thing that maybe has a premium."

"You pay for the premium?" I said.

Aaron Dudley smiled as he watched the powerful pull of the Desert Queen on the lines. "Maybe," he said. "It's like this: If I went makin' a call on the people through the country, do you suppose they'd ever open their hearts and talk to me, or let me talk to them? No! But I go on business, and we visit; and the folks get a lot of things off their minds and are better for it. There's a fine principle back of the confessional. Some of the psycho-analysts are finding that out. Well, I'm a sort of unofficial confessor for miles around. I drop in to sell aluminum-ware, and folks that need to cry, cries; and I talk the kindest and sensiblest I know how, and go on. Their hearts are lighter, and mine isn't burdened, because I've learned to pass along the burden to the Good Father. All right, I come to Mandy Tracy's. Now the money I make selling aluminum-ware goes right down here to help keep up a night school in our capital. All right. John Tracy can afford to buy all the aluminum-ware I got. Maybe he wouldn't *give* me forty-odd dollars"—his eyes twinkled—"for a night school, and then maybe he would. But if he did just up and give it to me, we wouldn't have any talk. And Mandy! She's pretty uppish about social sins, and if I came along as a *preacher* and asked her to go call on a fallen woman, would she go? She would not, and she'd never find out how just like herself in every other way a fallen woman is, and Rachel Myers wouldn't get the kind of encouragement she needs. And John likely wouldn't go up and say a word to Davis, because John's no meddler; but I kind o' point out that just a little laugh will likely save Davis, and John doesn't mind doin' that. Nobody's hurt, and everybody's kind o' helped along. I thought I'd better get you away from there before you and John laughed at Mandy. Of course, John knows *he's* bein' worked, but he doesn't mind. Mandy mightn't like it."

I turned to meet his quizzical glance, and said, earnestly: "You are a tin-peddler and a gossip; but it's a golden kind of gossip, and I'll never give you away. Shall I stop here?"

"No; I'm goin' on up the road a piece for just a word with Margaret Wells. Then I'm goin' to take you on home to see mother. While you are there, s'pose you just take a look at her sittin'-room and see what I could give her for a birthday present that's in keepin' with those period things she's picked out. Then you will order it and I'll let her think I'm gettin' to be a furniture-fancier myself. I've always been glad mother liked rugs and furniture instead of jewelry and things, because if she'd wanted earbobs, I'd 'a' got 'em for her; and how would ear-bobs look with a black-silk Dunkard bonnet?"

He laughed an amused, reminiscent laugh. "You see mother she believed in me when no one else did, account o' my gamblin' some thirty years ago, and so it seems to me that period furniture and Persian and Chinese rugs aren't a bit too good for her, considerin' I've put my gamblin' spirit to useful work, and am lucky at havin' big harvests and all, and can afford 'em. When I joke her about the awful prices she pays for rugs —second-hand little mats at that!—she just reminds me of some of the horses I've bought, and I have to subside. I haven't dared say my soul's my own since I went East and bought the Desert Queen right off the boat she come in. Mother just loves her, but she certainly uses her for an unfair argument with me. You'll like mother."

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

NOW, when the world is blind and dumb with snow, let us wheel the Easy Chair up to the glowing radiator and lose ourselves in a fable of the summer past.

"I should like to know," Lindora said, "what becomes of your famous theory that there are gains for all our losses in view of *that!* Where is the compensation for it?" She stood at the window of her cottage in Lobster Cove and indicated with an abhorrent turn of her head the smoking and snorting and stammering herd of automobiles rushing by on the newly finished State Road which had so lately been a country lane.

It seemed lately, but it was really ten or fifteen years since she had set up beside the country lane the summer Lares and Penates where they now trembled on the altar beside that awful rush of non-skidding tires. The hour of August had come when the society furnace of Lobster Cove was seven times heated, and there seemed rest neither day nor night for those tires, whirling the guests to and from the incessant lunches. Florindo turned his paper where he sat, dividing his interest for the second time between the British drive on the Somme and the great railroad strike. He wondered how the Thiepval people pronounced it; and it seemed to him that the railroad men were not bettering the instruction of the railroad masters much in that phrase which they seemed to be parroting rather than inventing.

"Nothing to arbitrate," he mused aloud, and then caught himself up in a sense of what Lindora had been saying. "It isn't a famous theory of mine; it's a line from Stoddard's poem of 'Youth' which you oughtn't to be old enough to have forgotten.

"'There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pains,'"

he began quoting, but she broke in upon him:

"No matter. What are you going to do about this hideous procession?"

"Join it," he answered, provisionally. "Get a Transit car and join it. You won't find anybody you know in the gang."

"Why, that's true," she reflected. "It's entirely strangers; not a friend or neighbor in it; and there are so many Transits that no one can despise you for having a Transit."

"But I was joking; of course you couldn't join such a procession."

"I should like to know why not," Lindora defied him. "There's such a delirium of engagements at the Cove that no one will notice we've gone before we're back. Cancel a few lunches, and there you are! Florindo, it's the very thing! Being in the procession isn't half the suffering that seeing it or hearing it is. But how shall we join it? We have no car, not even a Transit!"

"Buy one, beg one, borrow one!"

"Nonsense!"

But the notion wrought so potently with Lindora that she neither rested nor let Florindo rest till they hired a Transit from the stable where they usually got their carriages, and the first fair day out of a fortnight of foul ones saw them in the procession speeding from the shores to the hills. They meant, of course, to proceed gently, at the pace of some inner procession rather than the outer one which they joined, and they easily imagined something of the machine corresponding to the walk of a horse; but at the first hill he had to put on the power to climb it, and from then on till lunch they walked at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour.

But it was pleasant to arrive in the comely town where they dined in the proud fiction of lunch, and dined rather better than at any other hotel where the meal called dinner was served at seven o'clock.

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All the smaller towns they passed through were comely and cleanly, as from the touch of New England housekeepers. When it came to the towns being villages or hamlets or country neighborhoods, they were more and more endearing; but when it got to their being isolated farm-houses, they seemed to lose heart for looking their best, and wore a mien of forsaken age or middle age. The villages were sometimes merely elm or maple shaded avenues; rarely there were streams with old-fashioned mills or much disused factories beside them, and in all such places the houses were unaffectedly homelike in white walls, and blinds green as if the door-yard grass had painted them its color. The esthetic craze of thirty or forty years ago had spoiled them very little; and there were churches which seemed to have emanated from the religious consciousness of the days when the Trinity was still unquestioned. There did not seem many people about except the mothers and children at the thresholds or in the door-yards, and the fathers, in their up-from-town, Saturday-afternoon arrival from the station, looked the sort of summer boarders which they had themselves been of in the declining decades of the nineteenth century.

The meadows had been mown and the hay-wagons had left wisps of their burden along the edges of the road and hanging from the trees overhead. A sense of the demure beauty of the scene flattered their American, their New England pride; in their trim Transit they felt themselves a part of that beauty, and they left the glory and gave the praise of it quite unselfishly to the motorists meeting or passing them in richer or poorer types of motors, from the great, swelling Perforate-Javelin to the ramshackle, twice second-hand, cheapest Transit reduced from its first brief pride-of-life to the humble uses of farm work. Without this democracy of mechanical movement there would have been no such roads as they had been traveling all day, with occasional breaks in their route when they reverted to the old-fashioned country roads which had once sufficed for all sorts of wayfarers.

"Yes," Florindo declaimed, "the motors have done it. If it hadn't been for them we should have had no State Roads like this in a hundred years, if ever. Fancy the farmer in his old two-horse wagon objecting to the normal ruts and humps of the road past his unpainted house where it had rusted to the brown of his contemporaneous barn, or thinking it at all out of the right order of things for the travelers driving through the mountains in their family carriage to break down on his home hillside or slump into his home gully! The traveler himself never thought that at all odd; that was the way things had been since the country was settled, and that was the way it would be till the forest returned and hid it forever. But all at once a new force was in the world. A race of millionaires suddenly sprang from the mines and mills and came splendidly speeding over those ruts and gullies, and spending right and left, and roaring that they wanted something for their money. And not these millionaires alone, but innumerable minor tradesfolks and mechanics mortgaged their little homes and bought broken-down and worn-out machines, and started on pleasure trips. The very farmers, whose wives had been slowly adding egg to egg till they could hoard enough to buy a best dress, made their men look their acres over and borrow a few hundreds more from the savings-banks that owned them already, and began joy-riding, and sharing the fury of the rich folks who execrated the bad roads. Then the States woke up and began building the highways that would have amazed Macadam and brought low the pride of Napoleon.

It was not, perhaps, in such rhetorical terms that our tourists rejoiced together, and perhaps their rejoicing was for the most part tacit. But all the same it was as genuine as the State Road unwinding itself before them, sometimes like a vast serpentine pachyderm, with its tarry surface, or, where this gave way, still keeping its smoothness under the watchful tendence of men with shovels and rakes to sand it and soothe any abrasions of its length or breadth. Sometimes it took the tourists' fancy while it flowed under their Transit as a tide, where the motors meeting or

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passing them, like varying craft embarked on its broad breast; or, where its rise and fall forbade constancy to this image, it was like a smooth rapid equally easy of ascent and descent.

It was that perfect moment of the ripe summer when it seems as if its maturity must endure forever, and the autumn, stealing on to meet it, seems to come like a return of its prime. The fronds of the tall ferns were rusting in the edges of the roadside woods, but the trees that overhung the orchard walls with a willowy droop of their long boughs streamed with a rain of red and yellow apples as thickly set as if they were apple-blossoms. The goldenrod nodded richly over the gray stone borders, where the earliest asters were beginning to show their purple. The odor of the ragweed, where it triumphed in a neglected space of garden, sent its honeyed poison through the air, mixed with the sweet of the corn-patches. As yet the colors of autumn showed only in the hectic of some sick young maples in the swamp like the flush of spring; and the foliage of the village trees was not yet dashed with the hemorrhage of their doom. In the offing hovered September, and immeasurably further away the inevitable winter lurked white with snow.

The life of Lobster Cove, in half a day's run, they seemed to have left ages away. Could it be that people there were still clothing themselves in readiness to be considered like lilies of the field while they toiled not nor spun, and were stuffing one another with lunch and dinner and saturating themselves with afternoon tea? This was what Lindora asked herself, as if she had never done anything of the kind, and, getting no satisfactory answer, she asked Florindo.

"I don't know about the dressing and stuffing," he said, "but I wish I was somewhere within reach of the teaing. How very suddenly all the tea-houses have winked out! Is there such a thing as a Tea-Belt where every other cozy house has out a sign of "Afternoon Tea," and suddenly you leave the tea-belt, and all the signs have been taken in as if there never was anything like afternoon or tea in the universe."

"Yes, wasn't it strange!" Lindora responded, dreamily. "I could hardly believe it when they began to go. In fact, I didn't know it till it was too late. Why did you bring it up?"

"Because I wanted tea. Don't you?"

"Of course I do! But I shouldn't have mentioned it if I had seen you weren't thinking about it."

"Well, I didn't see you weren't."

They laughed together at finding themselves in that no-thoroughfare where they could only bruise each other by their struggles to get out. "Well," she tried to console herself, "perhaps they will give us a cup at the hotel. We shall just be in time for it before dinner. Yes," she sighed, "I suppose they will call it dinner. I've heard that they're very modern at the Pine Cone Inn. But isn't it getting beautifuler and deliciouser! Why haven't we noticed that we were in these mountains before?"

"Because we were looking for signs of Afternoon Tea."

They both laughed again, and tried to brace themselves against the disappointment which they had not counted on.

"But if we had counted on it," she mused aloud, "it wouldn't have been a disappointment."

They had indeed been almost insensibly whisking into the mountains. First, there were thin lines along the western horizon, of a sort of ashen blue, which would fade at this turn or that, and then more solidly reappear, higher up the sky than before. These had been the summits of the foothills, and then they had become the tops of the hills themselves. When the hills rose in bulk above the uplands they seemed to lose bulk, or rather to be a painting of it done by a master with a supernatural sense of color. At last their Transit bounded up a steep incline; the State Road turned into a village street, and then they were in the very Presence.

"Why, good gracious!" Lindora cried out, in the parlance of her mid-Victorian girlhood, "there's one, *now!*"

"Yes," he assented, calmly, "there's good Old Barnroof himself! How familiar he looks after all the quarter-century we haven't seen him!"

Lindora turned squarely round and stared at Florindo. "What in the world are you talking about?"

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"About Barnroof and his range. What are you?"

"About the Tea-House. Don't you see it?" she hissed.

There indeed it stood almost across their way, and more palpable than Old Barnroof himself, with a flock of hungering and thirsting motors before the pretty tea-house where, within and without, their passengers sat eating and drinking.

"Who would have believed it?" Lindora murmured, almost devoutly, as she scrambled to the running-board of their Transit. "It's like a miracle, their coming back, after they had vanished so completely. I can hardly believe it."

"You had better trust Providence a little, after this," Florindo rebuked her.

"Oh, do you suppose they'll have anything besides Oolong?" she entreated.

They had Orange Pekoe—not, indeed, her favorite brand of Ceylon, but almost the same as; and, "It's a good thing I saw this tea-house," she praised herself, while you were mooning at Old Barnroof, or we'd have gone helplessly on and plunged into the disappointment of the hotel tea."

At the hotel it was not, to be sure, the tea that disappointed them; it was the hotel itself, and so did every other hotel of their tour until the last, where, living *en prince* at a price few princes, at least foreign ones, can afford, they had board and bed and bath over a single night for money that the hardest-working laborer could have earned in a week.

The human memory is a treacherous thing, and when they remembered the far cheaper summer hotels of twenty or thirty years before as far better, they fitly distrusted their remembrance. They said to each other that they were not as fastidious then as now; that the hotels were far better now in plumbing and lighting, and they had to struggle with hordes of transients such as were unknown to the later eighteen-hundreds.

"But man cannot live by modern plumbing and electric lighting alone," Florindo rebelled. "I don't want an imitation of second-class city luxury served cold. I want country comfort fresh from the hen and cow, and right off the vine and bush, and out of the ground. I want local lamb and pig and chicken; and I want landlords who keep the rooms they have promised and who don't think that you ought to be glad to have any rooms at all."

So he fumed, and his fuming made him and Lindora friends with an old gentleman and his daughter who seemed to have been involuntarily eavesdropping his indignation. The daughter said they had just found that the adjoining rooms promised them adjoined by resting the floor of one on the ceiling of the other. They all had been in together to the supper which called itself dinner, but they remained strangers throughout their strange experiences of the table. Now, when they came out together and took neighboring chairs on the long veranda to watch the wonderful afterglow over Barnroof, they began to forget what they had suffered and to celebrate the pleasures of the day's travel on the State Roads. The sunset burned out over the mountains while they talked, and when the hovering dusk seemed about to descend and possess it, a point of fire pierced the horizon, on the comb of Old Barnroof, and began to kindle and flame along the sky in a miracle of returning sunset.

"There! There it is!" the old gentleman called out. "I've doubted it ever since I saw it last; but it's all true! Now"—he turned gaily to his daughter—"will you ever deny it again when I tell people about it?"

"But you always had an arrangement of clouds for the sunset to burn back in," she protested.

"This doesn't *need* any clouds. This is a State Sunset—leading straight to glory, like the State Roads we've been traveling, and provided at every reasonable interval with State Hotels."

"What *do* you mean?" Lindora gasped, leaning forward in her intensity.

"Why, I will tell you," the old gentleman returned.

"Not to-night, father," his daughter forbade, rising. "You mustn't excite yourself, and you know you always do when you get on those State things. Come, we must go and find our 'adjoining rooms.'"

He laughed. "Well, some other time," he said, and they all laughed a good night together.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

CENTURIES are merely artificial divisions of human time, yet the fact that some of them—like the thirteenth, the sixteenth, and especially the nineteenth—do stand out with marked individual distinction, inclines us to expect a like or greater eminence for this young century, yet in its teens. Comparison with the immediately preceding century is inevitable because of historical continuity, which is so unbroken that we are sharply reminded of the artificiality of the dividing-line between one century and another.

The last quarter of the nineteenth century is more closely linked with the early years of the twentieth than with its larger preceding segment. This is more evident in our country than in Europe. The impulses awakened by the war for the Union, closely followed by our Centennial Exposition, had done more for us in creating a new literature and a new art than the Franco-German War of 1870 had done for the Continent of Europe. The middle-aged readers of this magazine will recall, as evidenced in its pages, the outburst in full volume of the new current of creative art in that period—in the reproduction of European and American paintings and in other illustrations belonging to the golden age of wood-engraving; in the emergence of an unprecedented order of short stories, chiefly American; and in the equally surprising longer fiction of Hardy, James, and Howells, to mention only typical leaders, whose work is characteristic of a distinctive era continued into the present century. Though of these leaders only one is now actively in the field, yet so many of the writers of short stories and novels already notable in the 'eighties still remain with us, some of whom, like Booth Tarkington and Mrs. Deland, have produced their most vital fiction within the last decade, that the continuity is emphasized. Indeed we would venture to say that Meredith and James, who have passed from the scene, and Hardy, though no longer a producer of fiction, are more widely read to-day and more fully appreciated than ever before.

But the too facile habit of making a roll-call of the centuries, as if each were an individual entity, and of comparing one with another, is encouraged in the case of the nineteenth and the twentieth by at least one curiously similar circumstance occurring in the early years of each—the involvement of nearly the whole world in a great war. Even the recurrence in 1916 of a cold, wet spring, resembling that of 1816 in its unfavorable effect upon the crops, has been noted, raising among scientists the question whether a war of such dimensions affects the weather. But another question more pertinent to our consideration here is—what effect so stupendous an event may have upon literature.

We do not see how the present war could have any direct effect upon art or literature, and indirect effects are difficult to estimate. If the imagination is aroused by a great surprise, the nature of the surprise in this case is rather depressing than exhilarating. The exhaustion of the belligerents, through the destruction of material resources and the loss of the most promising lives of the present generation, will be followed by a rising wave of recuperation, and the attendant buoyancy of the human spirit will favor the revival of all creative activities. It remains to be seen whether the peoples engaged against the Central Powers will persevere to that extreme limit of exhaustion necessary to the decisive result aimed at — the destruction of Prussian militarism—especially if their adversary sues for peace when driven to his own borders.

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If the last sacrifice is refused, and the sentiment of patriotism limited to national boundaries still persists, the recuperation of Europe will be in part stimulated by smoldering hates, indignations, and revenges, sure to bring on new conflicts. No international league for peace, including all nations, will be possible. Armaments and armies will be increased on a scale hitherto unknown, heaping new burdens upon already overtaxed peoples.

Such a prospect, with whatever courage the burdens may be borne, opens no new horizons to human faith or creative genius.

Even the crushing of a great and central military autocracy is no guarantee against its revival. As pride goeth before a fall, so humiliation may precede exaltation. The only hope of a world peace is universal good-will. If the sympathy already existing in every Christian society, and abundantly shown on every poignant occasion for its expression, were realized in all international commerce and diplomacy, there would be no call for an international peace league. That realization — involving also as its corollary the operation of the same spirit in all domestic politics and industrial relations—would usher in, not the millennium, but an era of vital cooperation in the human world which would in the highest degree stimulate creative art and literature.

A devastating cataclysm, whether in the physical or moral world, can have no psychical significance by reason of its magnitude or of its power to agitate the sensibilities. The quality of heroism, in victor or vanquished, is tested by its motive. Sacrifice, suffering, and death, witnesses to the indomitable soul even in a mistaken cause, nobly maintained but lost, have an inherent virtue whereby the loss becomes gain, and which, though it may not ennoble the initial error, may redeem its unfortunate victims.

On the other hand, a cause nobly undertaken and justly won may be stained by selfishness, greed, and political perversions incident to its course or a sequel of its overwhelming triumph. Thus in our war between the States, as in the Franco-German War of 1870, the vanquished gained spiritually more than the victors. In this country, both in the Northern and Southern States, a remarkable revival of literature followed the war for the Union; but as represented in the new and brilliant group of Southern writers of short stories it was more of a surprise, as of a root out of dry ground.

The psychical significance of great events—those which mark eras in human evolution—is the essential ground of their direct effect upon creative literature, especially upon that of modern times, which is more subjective and reflective than ancient literature. The kind of events which moved Homer would not have affected Wordsworth, though we suspect that the Iliad reflected some more subtle element than appears upon the surface—some dimly conscious reaction of the Hellenic spirit against the East, so evident later in Greek drama.

Such psychical significance as we are postulating for any important direct effect of historic events upon literature could appeal to our ultra-modern sensibility only in case of contemporaneous or immediately overshadowing events. The older epic and tragedy, even down to the seventeenth century, on the contrary, derived much of their impressiveness from the remoteness of their themes. This was true of Shakespeare's tragedies, though his quality as a poet was determined by the spirit of his own time. Our modernity dates from the tendency of literature to become in spirit and form the immediate reflex of life. Hence the mastering influence of the contemporaneous event as a manifestation of new psychical impulse and vision.

At the close of the eighteenth and in the early years of the nineteenth century the epoch-making event was the French Revolution. It had its prelusive note in the American Revolution, and another precedent, a century earlier, in the English Revolution of 1688; but, unlike these events, which were confined to the nations concerned, it came in the ripeness of time for the emergence of a new world-era. Probably both the French and the American revolutions—the former in its initiative impulse, and

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the latter in its constructive ideas—owed much to the writings of Rousseau, who was a powerful and emotionally effective exponent of the doctrine of the rights of man. Certainly this writer, then at the close of his life, was idolized by the French revolutionists.

It was the spirit of the Revolution, rather than the ugly embodiment of it and its ultimate perversion in Napoleon's aggressive conquests, that survived in France and gave a new impetus to the democratic movement in Europe and America. Wordsworth was so much stirred by it that as a visitor to France he became almost a participant in its first ebullition. It was this, not the vast and dramatic spectacle of the Napoleonic wars, that inspired Shelley and Byron and exercised a real and potent influence upon literature everywhere—even in America, upon such literature as there was, which was mostly of a political character.

Poetry and music, and, next to these, popular drama, are likely to be most responsive to the sentiments and impulses aroused by a great war, though one can hardly say that the art values in these are thereby heightened. Fiction that has an esthetic appeal is little affected by contemporaneous events. The English novels of the early nineteenth century did not reflect the wars of that period. The Waverley romances were not diverted from their usual course. To-day fiction has a more extensive popular audience, and for that reason yields to an exciting theme, especially in short stories. The *Titanic* tragedy was a windfall to many an author, helping out a dramatic situation. The current war, as portrayed in the daily press, is so acutely sensational that only a writer of exceptional originality can make it serve his purpose; but how often, remotely from the actual scene, do we find it intensifying the pathos of lovers' partings, and how many stories wind up in an affecting hospital situation!

Armed conflicts for dynastic settlements are happily of the past. Those which arise from the rivalry of nations to hold or to gain their "place in the sun"—as modernly is usually the case—are confined in their effects mainly to political and economic issues. Those to which we have referred, a century ago, being a sequel of the French Revolution, profoundly reinforced the democratic movement. In England was created a new political ideal, which led on the great Reform Bill. Periodical literature, in so far as it treated political issues, reflected this idealism or the reaction to it—the latter represented by the *London Quarterly Review*, the rival competitor of the *Edinburgh Review*, and undertaken by Sir John Murray at the suggestion of Sir Walter Scott.

Possibly, as we have already intimated, the present conflict—certainly, if its issue realizes the most liberal expectations—will create a still more advanced political and social ideal, and thus a new faculty and vision in life and literature. Meanwhile a quiet revolution in the economic world may prevent one violent and ruinous, by the introduction of a new spirit that shall reconcile conflicting interests between employer and employed and between producer and consumer, to the manifest benefit of all concerned. The spirit that would work this transformation already exists in our social dynamics, and needs only economic embodiment. Not logic or legislative enforcement, but only right feeling and the clear vision it creates can lead to essential realization.

Such are the issues, themselves born of creative evolution, that renew life and, thereby, art and literature.

The social solidarity of this generation, far less manifest a century ago, and less flexible, is such that society—all of it that has creative power and intelligence—moves together, in its main currents; but the more this flowing consistency, the greater the variations. Thus the literature of our early twentieth century, more intimately the reflex of life than ever before, is almost confusing in the complexity of its specialization. We can no better forecast the possibilities of our century in this field than De Quincey, subtle interpreter that he was, could in 1816 have foreseen the literary surprises of the later Victorian era.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Strike on Jamaica Road

BY A. W. COLTON

MR. BIDDLE lived down Jamaica Road with Molly Gilleray Biddle that was his wedded wife, and next door, with a few yards between, lived Mr. Daniel O'Coolin and Mrs. Katherine O'Coolin that was his wedded wife, whereby they were men of experience and observation. And at times, when the outside of a door looked more homelike than the inside, if the two of them were sitting maybe on the front fence, it would be likely they were exchanging experience and observation. And Dan O'Coolin said (it was a Monday morning in May, themselves sitting on the front fence, with the speckled chickens cheeping in the grass, and black gloom in the heart, and the front doors eying them disconsolate)—he said:

"Biddle, I'm forninst an idjea."

"Are ye before it," asked Mr. Biddle, after consideration, "or behind it?"

"Before it; it's pushing me."

"Then get away from in front. Who'd believe there was an idea there with all that foolishness in the way?"

"Will ye listen! Them women is agreed to be a conspiracy. You and me is a laboring class under female oppression, and it's me idjea we'd form a union maybe and sthrike."

"Danny," said Mr. Biddle, "never strike a female."

"Ye're an idjet," said Mr. O'Coolin, with bitterness, and they smoked awhile in silence.

"That remark of mine wa'n't opposition, but wit," said Mr. Biddle, at length. "How'd you start in?"

"I'd post a notice, I would," said Mr. O'Coolin, "ayther man on the door of his employer, stating he'd sthruck unanimous."

"I'm a game chicken," said Mr. Biddle, getting off the fence, "and me blood is up. Let this meeting adjourn and draw up terms for them haughty capitalists."

They went down to Reuter's by the docks. Reuter gave them the paper and ink, and sat himself at the table to look on.

"I denk," he said, placidly, "dose vomans make it varm."

"YOU AND ME IS A LABORING CLASS UNDER FEMALE OPPRESSION, AND IT'S ME IDJEA WE'D FORM A UNION MAYBE AND STHRIKE"

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"'Notice,'" said Mr. Biddle, at length, reading his composition with reasonable pride—

"'NOTICE.—Undersigned has struck nor won't work for no Connubial class tyranny pending reasonable Demands below satisfied to the which attention of Operators is hereby respectfully invited.

"'For Union Men's Labor Union.
DANIEL O'COOLIN, *Pres.*
PIERSON BIDDLE, *Sec. and Treas.*'"

"'Demands,'" read Mr. O'Coolin from his paper, with pride in excess—

"'DEMANDS OF THE UNITED MEN'S LABOR UNION:

"'Art. I.—That employer hereby agrees to refrain from kicking employee in the back after 10 P.M. on excuse that he snores which is a dom lie and she do herself also like the trump of doom.

"'Art. II.—That employer will not cut down employee's beers unequal to his needs by claiming pork is rose when pork 'ain't rose. (P.S. nor roses.)

"'Art. III.—That no lockouts allowed for coming home late and cheerful or breaking a trifle of window with his just indignation he ain't to be fed come morning on cold pertaties.

"'Art. IV.—That a four-dollar hat with a purple plume and three-dollar umbrelly is indecent pride as would be scandalous waste of hard-earned wages which working-man produces all wealth and should control the same not to speak of discontent in the public mind by attracting opprobrious attention.'"

"Vomans make it varm," murmured Reuter.

"They don't fit Molly Gilleray," said Mr. Biddle, copying busily—"not all of 'em. For Art. I., read, 'That employer agrees to refrain from arguing with employee on what she don't know nothing about.' In Art. II., for 'pork' read 'eggs.' For Art. III. read, 'That twenty-four hours is enough and three weeks too much time allowance for capital to get over saying what it thinks of burning a hole in an idiotic green tablecover with disgusting tassels, without intention thereto or regret thereafter, and what's the good of the blamed thing, anyhow?' In Art. IV., for 'purple' read 'red.'

"Now write at the bottom of your copy, Danny:

"The above is agreed to without deceitfulness of intent nor no mental reservation.
"For Associated Conspiracy of Employers.
Signed—"

Returned to Jamaica Road, they posted the notices, each man on his door, and so went back to work at Jamaica Dock.

It was six o'clock when they came again to Jamaica Road, feeling milder, open to reason, and regretful of differences.

"For mark ye, Danny," said Mr. Biddle, "it's my opinion that the interests of capital and labor is united, and what injures one injures both."

"Barrin' that labor ought to be master as producers of wealth, that's true."

"Aye, but how 'll ye persuade capital what's right?"

"If ye ask me," said Mr. O'Coolin, "I don't know."

"Capital," said Mr. Biddle, thoughtfully, "is entrenched in habits of rule and domination, but it ain't bad-hearted."

So they came to the two houses, which stood side by side, white clapboarded, some twenty feet back from the sidewalk. There were posters on both doors, but they were new posters, and read the same:

Room and Board
High Class Meals
Large Front Room
$7 a Week In Advance
Inquire within.

"Strikebreakers!" said Biddle. "Scabs!"

"Biddle," said Mr. O'Coolin, with battle in his eye, "there'll be violence. I fear it."

They sat themselves on the brown rail-fence awhile, smoking and meditating.

"I've heard tell," said Mr. Biddle, at last, "that Mrs. O'Coolin can cook some good."

"She can. The thought of her oyster stew is me anguish this moment."

"I would remark, casual, as well-known and current talk, that what Molly Gilleray don't know about a pie don't exist. I recognize that there reference and guarantee of yours as competent and sufficient, and hereby takes board and lodgin' with Mrs. O'Coolin."

"Holy Mother! It's a strategy!" said Mr. O'Coolin, getting off the fence and starting for the Biddle door, as Mr. Biddle went for the O'Coolin door, and both fell to knocking, rat-tat-tat, in unison, simultaneous and symphonic.

"I see ye want a boarder," said Mr. Biddle to Mrs. O'Coolin when she opened the door—a large woman, shaped like a monument. "I'm a homeless and quiet man of the name of Biddle, ma'am, and a friend of mine tells me your board and lodging, ma'am, is the best of the world, for though he's a worthless little object of impudence and provocation himself, to be sure, ma'am, I make no doubt his words of admiration for yourself are this side of the truth, which a man like me can appreciate that's injured, but unresentful, whereby—"

"Heavenly rest!" said Mrs. O'Coolin. "Will ye talk me to death before ye eat me to poverty! Come in and be welcome, Mr. Biddle, for it comes to me mind I've heard the name somewhere, and now I think

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"SUCH GIFTS OF COURCHEOUS CONVERSATION DON'T OFTEN MEET AS LIES BETWEEN YOU AND ME"

of it—or wasn't it the name of Biddle, maybe I don't know?—but we heard say he was a fine man that only needed discipline," said Mrs. O'Coolin, showing the way to the supper-table, "and a man that don't need discipline is no kind of a man, I'm thinking. Will ye sit, Mr. Biddle?"

"Thank ye, ma'am. And it's my opinion," Mr. Biddle was saying, presently, "Mrs. O'Coolin, that such gifts of courcheous conversation don't often meet as lies between you and me, whereby this here oyster-stew—which hand of woman never made a better, ma'am—reminds me of them islanders in the Indian Ocean that once I knew, who had naught but oysters of the beach to eat, whereby the nails of their fingers and toes grew mother-of-pearl, to be sure very pretty, ma'am, and peaceable they was on that diet; but, on the other hand, they had no conversation among 'em, ma'am, and not two remarks a week, and both foolish, was made in the whole island, ma'am, until the British government introduced the cultivation of pepper and spices, whereby the conversation was more extended than improved, ma'am, for the quality of it was lively, but quarrelsome and sarcastic, till they brought in a herd of milch cows, thereby establishing the institution of the oyster stew and the perfect blend of human intercourse, which is the oyster of silence when other parties is talking, and the pepper and spice of liveliness and snap, and the milk of kindness which is of the cow, to say nothing of yourself altogether, ma'am, sitting behind the oysters and looking like a lighthouse to a sailor in a storm."

"Supposing the same is alluding at the light of me face and not the masonry of me form," said Mrs. O'Coolin, with a twinkling eye.

"Supposing right, ma'am, for the lighthouse to the sailor means the light and not the tower—"

"Supposing so, Mr. Biddle, will ye have some more stew?"

"I thank ye heartily, Mrs. O'Coolin."

So for some hours ran softly the waters of intercourse between Mr. Biddle and Mrs. O'Coolin, till Mr. Biddle went bedward with his head in the air, thinking: "Ye ain't no roustabout, Mr. Biddle. Ye have the manners of a markiss of the ancient reegime, ye have."

He thrust his proud head out of the window, where not ten yards away shone the window of the Biddle spare room, with Mr. O'Coolin smoking his pipe before it.

"Ship ahoy!" said Mr. Biddle, in muffled tones. "Where ye bound?"

"I don' know, for sure. Me compass is bewildered like. And how would ye read a byrometer if Mrs. M. G. Biddle was laughing like a hyenay two hours and a quarter without intermission, and me with the deportment I 'ain't been so iligant since I was weaned?"

"I don' know, either," said Mr. Biddle, "but I'd suspicion the barometer."

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"Would ye so? And how's the weather yonder?"

"Beaucheous beyond belief," said Mr. Biddle. "It's a balmy evening. The sea rolls easy. The billows is blinking in the sunlight. The breeze sets steady south by west. The air smells of the scents of Araby. And yet I'd ask, as you've sailed these latitudes before, I'd ask what would be your idea of good seamanship to-morrow morning?"

"Haul your main, and sail under reef and staysails awhile. If it looks a thrifle glum, clap on the hatches and lay to."

"Good! And speaking of reefs, there's more reefs in the seas you're sailing than there's water to wet 'em," said Mr. Biddle, shutting down the window and leaving Mr. O'Coolin in agony calling:

"Whisht! What d'ye mean there? What d'ye mean?"

On Saturday night at five o'clock Mrs. O'Coolin and Mrs. Biddle were walking up Jamaica Road as Mr. Biddle and Mr. O'Coolin came off the docks and followed a block behind. Upon the head of Mrs. O'Coolin rested a vast hat with a purple plume overshadowed by a pink parasol, and on the head of Mrs. Biddle a vast hat with a red plume overshadowed by a blue parasol.

Mr. Biddle marked the phenomenon. "Do ye mark it, Danny?"

"I mark it," said Mr. O'Coolin.

At seven o'clock Mr. Biddle and Mr. O'Coolin met on the fence, and each had in his hand a week's bills of butcher and grocer.

"Seven dollars apiece them women has blown in on their foolishness!" said Mr. O'Coolin. "Will we pay, I don' know."

"Foolishness!" said Mr. Biddle. "The foolishness is on this fence. Of course we'll pay. Hush up, and let him that has brains think, and him that has none let him spit on the nearest chicken that looks beguiling and be still."

"And what's your intentions and proposals coming mixed with impidence?"

"No proposals, intentions good but remote, as the young man says to the mother of the girl he ain't courting yet. I ain't exactly next an idea, Danny, but I can hear it humming in the back of beyond. And it 'll have to hum, because Molly Gilleray is the smartest woman on Jamaica Road."

"What!" said Mr. O'Coolin. "Her! I tell ye it's Kate O'Coolin has the brains of that conspiracy!"

"You're wrong, Danny. A polite woman is Mrs. O'Coolin, and an obliging woman, but not a clever woman, whereas Molly—"

"I tell ye it's Kate O'Coolin has the brains of that conspiracy—"

"Whereas Molly Gilleray—"

"That for Molly Gilleray! Giggling little fool! What d'ye mean?"

"I mean," said Mr. Biddle—calm, moderate, dangerous, firm, polite—"I mean, whom Molly Gilleray laughs at is laughable. I mean that a woman with a face like a ham, speaking respectful, what wears a purple feather and a pink parasol that never ought to exist, it's plain her foot weighs more than her head. I mean—"

"I want none of your meanings," said Mr. O'Coolin, sternly. "I'll thank ye to be civil. I wish ye good night and a hot blister on your judgment of the female mind." So he departed toward the consolation of Mrs. Biddle's spare room.

A half-hour later Mr. Biddle sat at the bedroom window in the dark, smoking, meditating, looking across at Mr. O'Coolin's preparations for sleep. To his ears there came up from below the sound of a soft, melodious laugh, and then the sepulchral tones of Mrs. O'Coolin:

"Hoosh!"

The sounds came from Mrs. O'Coolin's back door behind the rear corner of the house, some thirty feet away.

"I heard 'em plain," said Molly Gilleray. "They quarreled like sixty about which of us two had brains. My little man said it was me, and your little man said it was you."

"Hoosh!"

"Well, anyhow, won't they come galloping home to-morrow?"

"I'm thinking they will."

Followed a moment of silence while Mr. Biddle meditated; then he spoke loud and clear: "Daniel O'Coolin, ahoy!"

"Ahoy!" said Mr. O'Coolin at his window. "Don't address me when I'm undressing. What d'ye want?"

"It's a thought coming to me, Danny. It's a thought that the trouble with labor is it ain't united. Factions and them local attachments ruins it. Class solidarity and a harmonious front to the enemy is what it needs."

"'Tis the same trouble with Ireland," said Mr. O'Coolin, sitting down by the window. "Go on, Biddle. I'm harmonious like the harp in Tara's halls."

"But it's not only a solid front that labor wants. It's strategy. Labor wants not only harmony, but subtle and invidgeous scheming."

"Sure it does that."

"Then I'll trouble ye to hand me over seven dollars."

"Hoy!" said Mr. O'Coolin. "It's invidious, but it ain't subtle. Why for?"

"For payment in advance for your next week's board and lodging at my house. I'll

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give ye a written receipt, and I wouldn't ask if I didn't need it badly, but although in great poverty on account of this struggle with industrial oppression, if so be ye need the trifle of a week's board advanced to your needs being similar, as covering expenses of maintaining your own proud hearth and home, and will give written receipt for same, I don't say—"

'Say nothing, Biddle. Say no more. For your mind is a factory of intilligence. It's high finance we'll be doing to-morrow of a Sunday morn, and we'd board and lodge the week for the price of the butcher's and grocer's bills and wear glory in our hair. Say no more."

In the dark pit directly beneath the windows rose the voice of Molly Gilleray, sharp and defiant—"Boo!"

More distantly the voice of Mrs. O'Coolin, "Come back here, Molly, ye gawp!"

Urgent whisperings were heard in the darkness, while Mr. Biddle and Mr. O'Coolin each waggled a forefinger at the other.

"Boys!" called Mrs. O'Coolin at last from below. "Come down! We've signed the Demands."

"What!"

"Sure!" said Mrs. O'Coolin, plaintively. "What's two weak women against two strong men?"

"Get out of me house, inthruder!" said Mr. O'Coolin, shaking his fist at Mr. Biddle.

"I'd have ye know me wife takes no boarders, Daniel O'Coolin," Mr. Biddle said as they met in the yard, "for I'm a proud man."

Sunday morning on the fence Mr. O'Coolin was saying, "It's the great contentment of the soul a man has after he's been using his victory wid kindness and moderation."

"And I'll ask ye one question," said Mr. Biddle: "Was the heart of the strike of the United Men about hats and umbrellas, or was it not? It was. And where's them hats and umbrellas now, and who paid for 'em? I hear no answer? I ask again: If Mrs. O'Coolin agreed to kick no back, what's the matter with her fist? Nothing at all. Who decides and defines the words 'employee's needs,' Daniel O'Coolin, or can't nothing rise but pork and eggs? They can. Labor's been let in."

UPON THE HEAD OF MRS. O'COOLIN RESTED A VAST HAT WITH A PURPLE PLUME OVERSHADOWED BY A PINK PARASOL

"You're right!" said Mr. O'Coolin after a time. "But am I fierce with me indignation over it, or am I not?"

"You are. But you dissemble and subdue your feelings."

"I have 'em," said Mr. O'Coolin, "under sthrict control."

"Labor," said Mr. Biddle, thoughtfully, "if it's fed and warmed, labor ain't discontented with a pipe and a newspaper, but capital has to have ostrich-plumes and silk parasols or it ain't contented. It's the nature of 'em."

"Will ye have the truth? Will ye know the secret of the harmonious relations of capital and labor?" said Mr. O'Coolin. "It's iligant deportment."

Handicapped

AN elderly woman, slightly deaf, who is inclined to make the imperfect ear a greater handicap than it really is, was recently taken to a moving-picture show.

"And how did you enjoy the pictures?" asked her companion afterward.

"Well, on account of my poor hearing I do not get the pleasure from entertainments I used to."

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THE LITTLE FELLOW: "*Gee, I wish I was a kid again!*"

Those Useless Utilities

BY CAROLYN WELLS

THOUGH Christmas Day looks joyous to
My mind's far-seeing eye,
One crumpled rose-leaf mars my view—
My ointment shows one fly.

I know that gifts will come to me
From all my kith and kin;
And, lackaday! I know there'll be
Those things to put things in!

They always do recur each year,
(Like "Peace, Good-will to men"),
And I've a firm, well-grounded fear
That they'll recur again.

Receptacles of every shape,
Of every size and scope;
Cases for needles, thread, and tape,
Court-plaster, pins, and soap.

A case for this, a case for that,
For veils and gloves and stocks;
A linen bag to hold a hat,
A quilted jewel-box.

Weird hair-receivers, catch-alls gay,
Wall-pockets (all hand-made),
A hold-all made of linen gray
And bound with garnet braid.

A letter-rack and pencil-stand,
A little lacquered bowl,
A telephone-book cover, and
An oil-cloth traveling-roll.

Holders for sponges, spoons, and spools,
Trays for all sorts of things;
Green baskets for my garden tools
And caskets for my rings.

Pockets and pouches, bags and sacks,
Of leather, linen, silk;
And toast and pen and slipper racks,
And jars for cans of milk.

But it is useless to exhort,
For very well I know
Receptacles of every sort
My Christmas gifts will show.

For thankfulness my heart's prepared,
(Ingratitude's a sin!),
But, oh, I wish I might be spared
Those things to put things in!

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A First Consideration

A TEACHER who was firmly convinced that a knowledge of the paintings and sculpture of the world was as essential as the "rule of three" had been explaining to her young wards some of the history connected with Rodin's famous statue, "The Thinker." She then asked the children what they thought he was thinking about.

"Oh, I know," replied one little girl. "He's lost his clothes, and he's wondering where he's going to get some more."

Not Often

A TRAVELING man recently returned from the West says that the high altitude of the mountains is responsible for some of the dry humor of the natives, and tells the story of a party of tourists taking a stage-coach ride to the top of a high peak. At one point the road lay along the edge of a cliff, with the mountain towering high above it on the right and a deep chasm on the left. It was a most dangerous place, but the passengers all had confidence in the driver except one very nervous man who, after throwing one frightened glance into the valley, shrank back into his seat.

"I say, driver," he called, anxiously, "do people often fall down this cliff?"

The driver never flicked an eyelash as he answered, "No; only once."

A Level-headed Lunatic

HENRY HOLLINS, a young mill-hand in Massachusetts, having some slight mental trouble, was sent to a State asylum. After he had been there for a few weeks, a fellow-worker visited him.

"Hello, Henry!" he asked. "How are you gettin' on?"

"I'm gettin' on fine," said the patient.

"Glad to hear it. I suppose you'll be comin' back to the mill soon?"

"What!" exclaimed Henry, and a look of great surprise came to his face. "Do you think I'd leave a big, fine house like this and a grand garden to come back to work in a mill? You must think I am wrong in my head!"

What Bothered Him

A SAGINAW man tells of an Eastern college graduate who got work in a Michigan lumber-camp. He was told to get busy on one end of a cross-cut saw, the other end being in charge of an old and experienced lumberman. At first all went well, but at the end of the second day the young man's strength began to wane. Suddenly the old man stopped the saw and spat.

"Son," said he, not unkindly, "I don't mind your ridin' on this saw, but if it's just the same to you I wish you'd keep your feet off the ground."

THE FARMER: "*Hey, mister, don't dive—the creek's froze solid.*"

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BIG SISTER: "*And did you let little Tommy play with your sled half of the time?*"

JOHNNIE: "*Oh, yes, we divided up—didn't we, Tommy? You see, he played with it going up hill, and I played with it going down!*"

Half a Loaf

A COLORED congregation in Louisiana, hearing that a college in Kansas was conferring the degree of D.D. for the reasonable "consideration" of fifty dollars, decided to add to their prestige by raising the required sum and having their pastor decorated with those dignified initials. Strenuous effort failed to raise more than half the amount; but, nothing daunted, they forwarded twenty-five dollars, with the request that the college would forward the first "D," so that they could begin addressing the reverend gentleman as Doctor, a favor which they were sure would assist them very much in collecting the price of his "Divinity."

He Knew Better

"THE idea of eternity, my friends, is something too vast for the human mind to conceive," said the lecturer.

"Say, mister," cried a voice from the audience, "did you ever pay for a seven-hundred-dollar piano on the instalment plan?"

Who's to Blame?

MARGARET, aged five, had been very rude to a little guest, and after the child had gone home Margaret's mother told her very feelingly how grieved she was at her rudeness.

"I've tried so hard to make you a good child, Margaret; to teach you to be polite and kind to others, and yet, in spite of all my efforts, you are so rude and so naughty."

Margaret, deeply moved, looked sadly at her mother and said, "What a failure you are, mother!"

A Dead Loss

MRS. HARTLEY had for her cook a pompous young mulatto named Julius. One Monday morning Julius went about his work with a most lugubrious countenance. When Mrs. Hartley inquired as to the cause, he answered, dolefully:

"I'm mighty misfortunate, ma'am; that's what it is. You see, it was like this: I went to church last night, and when they come round for the collection I give a quarter. Yes'm, that's what I thought. Then when I put my hand in my pocket again I found out I had made a mistake and put that five-dollar gold piece you gave me in the basket. Five dollars!"

"Well, of course, Julius, that is a good deal," said Mrs. Hartley, sympathetically, "but don't feel too sorry about it. Just think how much good that money may do!"

"Yes'm, it ain't that; but you can't fool the Lord. He knows I only wanted to give a quarter. He won't write down in His book, 'Julius give five dollars.' No'm; He will put down in black and white, 'Julius, one quarter.' That four dollars and seventy-five cents sure is a dead loss."

Regular

THE tailor had called to collect his bill very frequently of late, but without success. Finally, in desperation, he said, vehemently, "Mr. Swift, I must insist that you make some definite arrangement with me."

"Why, surely," replied Mr. Swift, most agreeably. "Let's see. Well, suppose you call every Thursday morning."

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Painting by Howard Giles Illustration for "Washington the Cosmopolitan"

A SPACIOUS LEISURE AND GAIETY INVESTS THE SOCIAL LIFE OF THE CAPITAL

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXIV JANUARY, 1917 No. DCCC

Washington the Cosmopolitan

BY HARRISON RHODES

ANY one trying to catch and write down the individual quality of towns and cities is forever being delighted and surprised at the way in which the look of buildings, streets, and gardens betrays the character of places and their inhabitants. If some lonely stranger were to visit the capital of these United States and leave it, having talked with no one, he would, for all that, carry away shining memories of almost all that was needed for the understanding of Washington. He would first of all remember that upon a hill at one end of the town the Capitol, the most beautiful building in America, lies like a fair white cloud. At the other end of a great avenue, he would have gone by the President's House sitting upon a green lawn. From a small, smooth knoll among leafy groves near the broad river he would have seen a gleaming white shaft incredibly pierce the blue of a soft, Southern sky. And he would know that the business of governing the country is the only one going on in Washington; and that politics is, always has been, and always will be the town's one great preoccupation.

A TOUCH OF THE SOUTH CLINGS ABOUT THE CAPITAL

As Petrograd rose as if by magic from the marshes of the Neva, so did Washington, something over a century ago, from the lovely wooded hills along the Potomac. The capital grew more slowly. The stories are well known of Mrs. Adams's domestic difficulties at the White House. Outside the President's Palace, things were worse in a city which a visiting Frenchman wittily described as consisting of streets without houses and houses without streets. The early memoirs are largely concerned with carriages, freighted with elegant females, stuck in the main avenues in mud which rose to the very hubs of their wheels. Things are better now.

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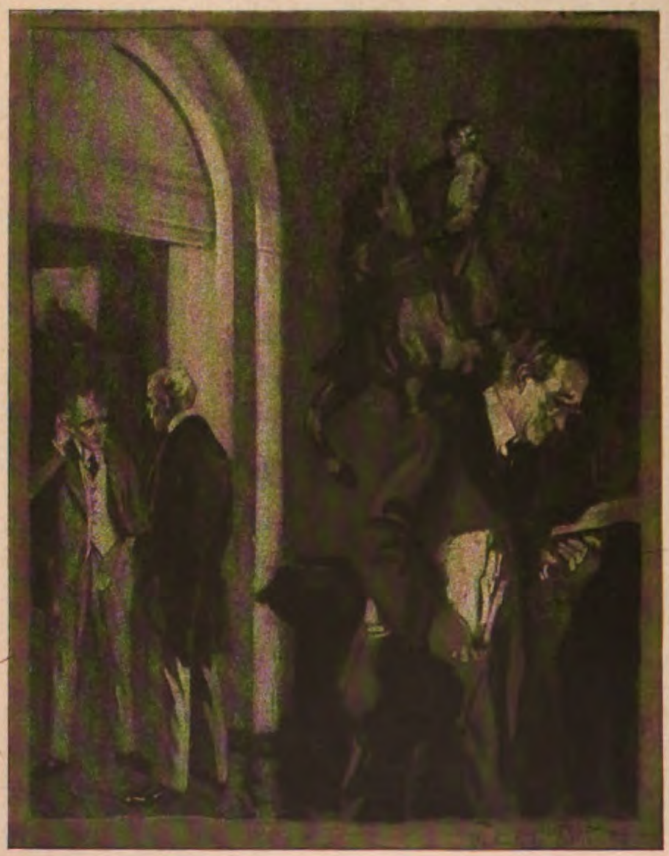
Washington has grown to be populous and well equipped. But it is still unspotted by industry; it requires the active, blundering efforts of the government itself — as lately — to build chimneys big enough to stain its clear, Southern sky. It has no trade and no manufactures. Rome is the only other uncommercial great capital in the world; and even in Rome there has been for years a persistent, though unauthenticated, story of the existence there of a corn-starch factory. Washington is the residence of political America and nothing more. If you withdrew the government of the U. S. A., it would at once vanish into thin air like an enchanted city in an Arabian tale.

Just as in New York they talk Wall Street, in Philadelphia family, and in Boston books, so in Washington they talk politics. That, outside the national capital, we do not generally discuss our national affairs is one of our American faults. It is the constant reproach of visiting foreigners, who in their own best society always find the men engaged in running the country. It is some such recognition of its own incompleteness which is behind New York's deep conviction that Washington ought to be in New York rather than in the District of Columbia. It is just this social lack at home which drives so many of even the silliest New-Yorkers to make flying trips to the Potomac. Perhaps they do not quite know it, but they go there to hear political talk and to see the American horizon widen till the Mississippi Valley and the Western mountains and the sunset over the Pacific come into view.

The non-Washingtonian must record his gratitude that Washingtonians talk politics, even if they often talk stupidly and frivolously. The great dome of the Capitol is dimly seen in the background of every Washingtonian picture. Gentlemen spitting in the lobbies of the cheaper hotels, and lovely ladies serving tea to foreign counts in Louis XVI. drawing-rooms, all talk the gossip of government. It is not too fantastic even to imagine that some sweet, underclad little débutante might in the intervals of the dance softly murmur some secret of the last Cabinet meeting. No one in Washington is so obscure as not to have some "inside information." No one but has some connection with the government, has had, or hopes to have some such connection.



POLITICS IS THE ONE SUBJECT OF THE CLUBS

The ebbing political tides leave very agreeable people on the Washingtonian rocks who linger on in idleness. Dolly Madison had a house for years just across the green from the greater residence where she had held her gay court; it is a pleasant example which might well be followed. Widows there are, and retired generals and admirals. Old gentlemen, too, who have been in the Senate and the Cabinet—too enfeebled for active political service, but quite strong enough to heave a stone at the White

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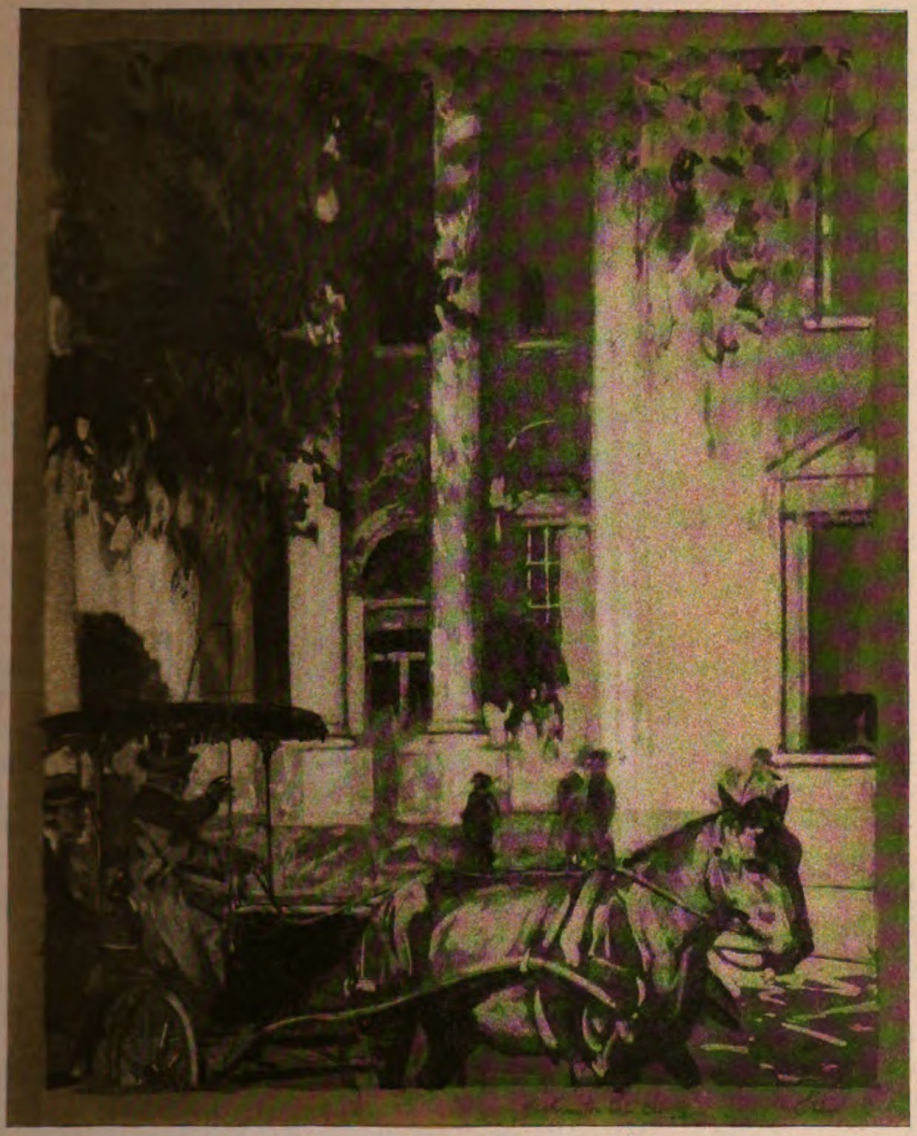

THE WHITE HOUSE IS A SORT OF NATIONAL SHRINE

House whenever the fancy takes them. Such people are immensely serviceable in such a community. But for them, Washington would be merely a transient hotel, with a great part of the population evicted every four years. New Congressmen and others come to the capital as fresh as paint, and fortunately find there these retired sages who can school them in the ancient Washingtonian tradition. Nothing in America is pleasanter than such an unofficial drawing-room, where, as dusk settles on the town and the palaces of the government, callers drop in with lightly given but authentic information as to how America stands that day in the world. There are agreeably embittered old ladies, too, who have watched statesmen come and go like the grass that is cut down. And belles through many administrations who confront life no more gaily on present-day terrapin and champagne than in old times on chicken-salad and ice-cream and coffee. Pleasant survivals of an earlier time—trained, all of them, to talk politics and to gossip.

Gossip, indeed—about serious matters and about matters of no importance whatever—forms the background of the Washington picture. The town is already in what may be called its anec-

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dotage. Washington, just by virtue of being uncommercial, is a personal town. Never anywhere in the world were there so many stories about people. They are told to-day in pleasant, leisure hours; they have been set down in many volumes of memoirs and in the innumerable records of the hordes of newspaper correspondents who have from the beginning fattened upon the capital. The stories are not always very important, not always particularly significant. Still it is agreeable, for example, to know that a female journalist of an early day secured an interview with President John Quincy Adams while that august personage was bathing in the Potomac, as was his custom, from the foot of the White House grounds, by the usual expedient of removing his clothes, and thus keeping him in the water till he had answered her questions. It is also a pleasant minor fact that our once so popular song, "Listen to the Mocking-Bird," was first heard at a White House concert given in honor of the Prince of Wales. And it is piquant to learn of an early foreign ambassador who was accustomed to beat his wife to the accompaniment of a 'cello played by his first secretary for the purpose of drowning her screams. Washington has a mellow past.

A DOCTOR OF CULINARY SCIENCE

Before tackling the majestic spectacle of the town's present, a word may be spared for the future. Not, perhaps, so much for the future as for the people of all kinds who come there with an eye upon that period—whose connection with the government is that of hope deferred. Office-seeking has, through civil-service reform, lost something of its picturesque resemblance to the locusts invading Egypt. But the axes to grind which are unpacked in hotel bedrooms are still numerous. There are the usual conventional lobbyists seeking to dredge Mud Creek or to build a hundred-thousand-dollar post-office for Bird Center. You can tell them in the hotel offices by a certain lean and hungry eagerness, and by a sort of Washington costume which they wear—it is *not* the statesman's traditional black broadcloth, and yet it somehow manages to look as if it were. Then there are, besides, odd claimants and queer pretenders. There are tired old ladies in rusty black bonnets who, perhaps, hope still to be rich from the French Spoliation Claims, or look forward to inducing Congress to pension the third cousins of descendants of those who fought in the Mexican War. Inventors, too, are to be found, some on the very highroad to prosperity *via* the Patent Office, others destined to linger on for dreary years, pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of some fantastic good fortune. In one little boarding-house in a seedy side-street half-way toward the Capitol there lately lived no less than three inventors of perpetual motion!—a situation reminiscent of a London legend of the jubilee of Queen Victoria, when, in a squalid Bloomsbury lodging-house, four empresses, if they had their rights, once took tea together. "Cranks," as we call them, wander vaguely to and fro in all the shadows of the Washingtonian picture, like harmless, amiable ghosts, for the most part—half comic, half tragic. Sometimes, however, the "crank's" eye is lit with some smoldering hate—already in the Washingtonian annals his murderous bullet has put the nation in mourning—the clouds along the murky horizon are lit occasionally

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with lightning. This queer, obscure world, this mere penumbra of the government, is always present to the imaginative observer. But it must no longer delay contemplation of the great, clearly lime-lit, official world of those who are the vessels of to-day's governmental power and glory. This is a Washington composed and recomposed almost every four years at the will of the people. These are the Washingtonians who have been defined by one old gentleman as merely the Americans who are not wanted at home. But such tart comments are negligible. This is the real Washington.

The White House is far and away the most desirable residence to let at the national capital. (This in spite of the nobility of Vice-Presidents, which of course obliges them to the generous tradition of Fillmore, who said, when he was called to the Executive Mansion, "This is my first misfortune.") It is the most personal, most picturesque of the government's possessions. Its history is the history of many of our American ideals.

In the early days of the Virginian dynasty of Presidents there were "levees" and "drawing-rooms" at the White House, and it sheltered something very like a court. The court ideal dies hard. Even now the red-velvet rope, which in more effete civilization separates the social sheep from the goats, is occasionally almost put into use when new administrations try to have receptions where the privileged few are allowed a brief encounter with the royal presence in the Blue Room, serving temporarily as a holy of holies. The White House, as is natural, is the constant theater of the conflict to be observed everywhere in American life between our wish to have an aristocracy and our wish not to. But, on the whole, the disinterested observer must adjudge victory to our deep-seated democracy which makes it really unsuitable that the White House should ever be exactly fashionable.

THE MARKETS ARE SPRAWLED OVER BROAD STREETS IN GENEROUS CONFUSION

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We never forget not only that the Presidential residence is our house, but that the President in it is our man. The almost utopian democracy of public receptions at the White House is both engaging and picturesque. In the early days Congressmen used to come to them with bowie-knives in their high, cowhide boots; and in Jackson's time guards with stout sticks beat back the guests while the food was being fetched from the kitchens. Then an evening party had all the charm of a riot. A diplomat complained not so long ago that even at the exclusive receptions for the Corps the American young ladies surreptitiously cut all the buttons off his clothes for souvenirs.

Another diplomat, new to these democratic shores, arriving late for a New-Year's day reception, was astonished to find that the negro hackman who had driven him to the White House had slipped in ahead of him and was the first to grasp the Presidential hand! He could not understand that the Executive hand is as much the people's property as the mansion. Mr. Washington did not shake hands, but since then every Presidential paw has been squeezed by the populace almost beyond the power of flaxseed poultices or massage to bring it back to anything like original shape. The shake is expected to be wholesome and hearty—even a Boston gentleman complained, under Tyler's administration, that he had caught cold from shaking the President's hand.

Even while we pay respect to Presidents, we like them to feel that they are like ourselves. An ex-President's wife tells a story of her daughter ordering shoes in Philadelphia and asking that they should be sent and charged to Mrs. William Howard Taft, The White House, Washington. The name and address were delivered with a simple, natural, and unpretentious pride. But the shop young lady merely inquired, brightly, "D. C.?"

OFFICE-SEEKERS AND LOBBYISTS CROWD THE CORRIDORS OF THE HOTELS

The White House soon ceased to be a palace and became more and more an "ideal American home." Its corridors are haunted by the domestic virtues. It supplies the feminine element so necessary in governments—and some say in religions. Let a marriage or a birth take place in the White House, and countless thousands over the land dissolve in a sentimental ecstasy of domestic emotion. It is, indeed, difficult for an inmate of the mansion to remain single or to practise race suicide there—*vox populi* seems to forbid.

The White House is, in fact, a sort of national shrine. The life of its inhabitants is closely watched by the lynx-eyed all

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over the country, ready and willing to detect any variation from the national moral standard. There is no detail of White House life or administration too small to be lit by the lime-light. As early as John Quincy Adams there was bitter criticism of the immorality of putting a billiard-table into the White House. Even the question of Presidential "cuspidors"— But no apology need be offered for grappling with a subject which in any thoughtful survey of American life and social conditions deserves an attention not hitherto given it by serious writers. Treated at length, the utensil might gain an almost epic quality; for the day was when a good aim at it gave you a position in the community in which you lived. Here it can only be used to illustrate how the White House conservatively and discreetly marks the rising tide of national refinement. President Van Buren was accused of extravagance and luxury in having equipped the official residence too freely and elegantly. Impassioned patriots from the West roused anti-administration enthusiasm by descriptions of a simple wooden box of sawdust. And yet only a comparatively few decades later, under President Arthur, the White House cuspidors were—possibly prematurely—sold at public auction!

To speak seriously, year by year the President's house pretty fairly represents our national ideals. And there are simple anecdotes in its history, like the one of a President's turning handsprings for his little sons only three hours before he was assassinated, which must move any American deeply with a sense of his genuine indigenous democracy. Americanism, as a word, sometimes seems to be a little flyblown these days. But its reality is proven by the very way in which, estimating Washington, we know we must inevitably give the precedence to the official world.

There is a heroic, almost grandiose, quality in Washington official society. And here the bare facts and figures about "calling" speak more eloquently than can any commentator upon them. In hurried centers of civilization, such as New York, "the call" is remembered merely as something mother used to make. In Washington it survives not quaintly, but in full vigor.

BELLES OF FORGOTTEN ADMINISTRATIONS STILL LINGER IN THE CITY

A woman whose husband is fairly high up in governmental cricles makes, if she does her duty, between fifteen and eighteen hundred calls a winter! These calls have to be made on the official day of each hostess—the Senate ladies, for example, receive only on Thursdays—an arrangement which ingeniously and cruelly distributes the calling over the whole season.

There is an elaborate ritual of calls,

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dependent upon official rank. Of course we are too young a country to have anything as marvelous as the table in the British Peerage by which you may learn that the Hon. Muriel Snaggs is accurately the eighteen-hundred-and-thirty-ninth most important person in the United Kingdom. But precedence flourishes in Washington. The Cabinet calls first on the Senate, but the House calls first on the Cabinet. The hardest initiation, of course, is of those who must call first on the four hundred and thirty-five representatives. Calls must be returned on the first official day, if there is no official day within three days. There is more, but this much must serve to suggest the horrors of a monstrous system.

THE AUSTERE TOWERS OF THE SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE

There have been, of course, individual revolts and concerted attempts at simplification. A "Congressional Club" was lately formed to herd women together that they might be called upon *en masse*. To give one instance, over fifty Congressional ladies living in the same hotel banded together to receive. On arrival you were confronted by baskets to receive cards—over fifty, all sweetly ornamented with bows of pink ribbon. Is the scene not one Watteau would have loved to paint? Beyond the pretty baskets were the Congressional ladies' hands, over fifty, to be shaken; over fifty lovely birds to be killed, as it were, with one stone. But, unhappily, it was soon rumored that the banded ladies did not consider this a call, but only an agreeable opportunity to make acquaintance before the formal individual visits. The car of Juggernaut was weighted a little more heavily, that was all.

A victim must be quoted: she makes eighteen hundred calls a year, not counting private or unofficial calls — pleasure calls, if you care so to describe them. She says, simply and touchingly, "I find I must give up a great deal in order to accomplish all this and not kill myself." But she goes on in a strain of impassioned and martyred optimism which,

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somehow, makes one understand that the system cannot be changed: "In one way it is a blessing. Wives from different parts of the country meet; there is an exchange of ideas and views, and a better understanding between the sections. Washington is different from any other place, and it is a pity not to enjoy it to the full as it is."

Even outside official circles, calling prevails. When Miss Harriet Martineau, years ago, arrived in Washington, four hundred strangers called on her during the first twenty-four hours. Women who have moved to Washington ostensibly for their own pleasure have been known to spend an hour every day of their lives calling. It becomes not only a habit, but a passion—a passion exemplified in the Washington lady who was described by her "friend" as "such a sweet, good-natured woman; she returns your call even when you haven't made one!"

Almost the highest comedy of democracy is said to be the first reception-days of green Congressional wives, an experience to which these gallant women advance each year in solid formation. One is almost glad to hear of a deserter. There was a wayward, rebellious, and charming Congressional creature recently who, as the fateful hour approached when she was to be "at home," suddenly put on her hat and bolted, panic-stricken, round the block. But when, forcing herself to pass her house again, she saw a group of ladies ringing her door-bell, she impulsively joined them and went in. Was she not, like them, a Congressman's wife with a right to call anywhere, even upon herself? They sat down and, while waiting for the hostess, chatted agreeably. And when, at the end of it, the callers began to comment wonderingly upon the continued absence of the lady of the house, our heroine smiled enigmatically: "I don't believe," she said, "we had any of us better wait any longer for her. I hear—" she paused and she spoke with meaning—"I hear she's very odd!" She rose, and the other ladies with her. She went on with them to call on another Congressman's wife.

Congressmen themselves do not call a great deal, it goes without saying. Their leisure is traditionally spent with their feet either high above their heads upon the mantelpiece or under the poker-table—though at the national game the Senate is supposed to surpass the House. Indeed, even more than the companionship of champagne-haired female secretaries and lobbyists, are cards supposed to fill the rakish idle hours of Senators. Foreigners, hearing statesmen whisper chucklingly to one another of "full houses," are said to have rushed vainly to Capitol Hill, expecting great events in the halls of legislation. Congressmen have, of course, been changing with the years. They motor now and play golf at Chevy Chase, and some of them "clean up and go out to dinner" when night falls. Indeed, the government itself encourages their softer side. It was for a long time possible for Congressmen to have bouquets sent free to ladies from the government greenhouses—cupid's "graft." Even the most reluctant American male cannot wholly withstand the influence of a town which is essentially human and intimate, in the sense that its inhabitants are extraordinarily dependent upon one another for all their amusement. Indeed, what else have they upon which they could depend?

Upon this point the diplomatic colony, accustomed to the *agréments* of the capitals of the world, might be consulted, if they only dared to speak frankly. Washingtonians they have always found hospitable and agreeable, but Washington, as a town, a desert. There are few restaurants. There is no opera and little music. There are theaters, and there was once a happy period for their managers when rival political parties demonstrated their social strength by going to the play in large and brilliant bands. But the capital is now a "bad show-town." Washingtonian audiences visit the theater (or more often do not) in an apologetic and subtly amateurish way, as if at heart they realized that they ought instead to be at an evening party.

Everybody in Washington can be at an evening party, for everybody is in society of some sort. There are no lower classes, manual labor being performed almost exclusively by blacks, who, without unfriendliness, may be described as socially non-existent. Ev-

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erybody has some one to call upon and to be entertained by. So aggravated does Washington's social activity sometimes seem that it has been described as "a town where the streets are always empty and the houses always crowded."

Early in Washingtonian history the packed sardine became the social ideal. A successful evening at the White House in Mrs. Madison's time was colloquially termed a "squeeze," while its melancholy opposite was described as a "thin" drawing-room. A philosophic female critic of those days put forth the theory that Washington women had a position far in advance of any others in the country because their parties were so crowded that ladies could not sit and wait decorously for gentlemen to approach them, but instead stood, walked about, and even sometimes ventured to speak first themselves! The habit of crowding extends beyond the White House. Once at one of the Oriental embassies some four or five hundred quite uninvited guests forced their way in and left only when the sly Easterners actually put burning pepper in a jar to drive them out!

There is a story always prevalent at the capital of a strange race of indigenous inhabitants who antedate its establishment. These are supposed to be the descendants of the aristocratic first families of Georgetown—that now faded, lovely little city near which the founders of Washington built. To them, it is alleged, the governmental town still seems modern and vulgar, and its inhabitants simply people one does not know. In their shabby but exquisite Georgian drawing-rooms they lurk, sipping China tea out of thin, ancestral cups. No one knows them, visits them, or, indeed, has ever seen them. This is, of course, what makes possible the pretty legend. Every one should try to believe it; it lends a soft, fragrant, Southern bloom to the shadows of the somewhat over-colored picture of national society gathered from every corner of the country.

Outside "official" society there has been from the beginning a smaller and more fashionable circle at the capital, to which many of the chosen of the people from the remoter districts have seemed a little uncouth. (A Philadelphian Washingtonian of the early days was amused by two Senators who had never seen a "forte-piano," as she termed that musical instrument.)

Politics—and Senators—are sometimes the fashion with this set, sometimes not. Just now they are pretty much in vogue, having come in with intelligence and "uplift," and broader interests and other fashionable fads. But the day, not so far back, can be remembered in Washington when in the *beau monde* ladies said, "We had the Senator to dine last night," it was quite clear who was meant, as there was only one Senator who could be trusted to eat in the open. And, so little as ten years ago, gay parties were made up to visit the Capitol, rather as one went to the Zoo, to see a representative who was said never to have washed. Even now you can hear in Washington that an administration is or is not fashionable, and learn of periods when it is not at all "the thing" to go to the White House. All this is pleasant and piquant, though we, the plain people, know in our hearts that the third cousin of a Congressman's wife in white wool and rubbers, making her way on the street-car to "pour" at an afternoon tea is more the real thing than the most fashionable unofficial lady, in whatever corresponds in modern life to the traditional point-lace and diamonds, going out in the most inclosed limousine to dine at an embassy. The more elegant of the two females is, after all, only a camp-follower, an exquisite *vivandière* in attendance upon the great political army.

So many settlers have frankly migrated to the capital for its softer climate and its greater social advantages that Washington has become a national clearing-house for agreeable people from all regions of the country. The capital is, in our land, about the only place except the grave to which people may "retire" with any hope of peace. Indeed, its air of leisure and its freedom from commerce make it in certain aspects almost like a watering-place, a health resort.

Every one is welcome in Washington—though this is no complete catalogue.

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The capital is, to take one example, "peculiarly indicated," as they say abroad in pamphlets about watering-places, for rich widows, who, in a mild interest in politics and in the soothing conversation of the younger diplomats, find some assuagement. They build their lovely palaces and spin their frail webs in all the principal cross-roads. And every year ladies who are, like Mélisande, not quite happy at home move to Washington. There are Bostonians who cannot bear Boston, and Chicagoans who cannot stand Chicago. Also many who cannot quite decide to live abroad, and so compromise on the capital. Washington is, in fact, almost the great American social adventure, the melting-pot of Americans themselves.

Washington used to be a city of boarding-houses—at one of them in the '40's a distinguished foreign visitor quite by chance had Mr. Henry Clay next her at the breakfast-table—and even now it is permissible for a Vice-President to inhabit a hotel. But the glory of the boarding-house is waning. Nowadays there are plenty of palaces, much elegance, and excellent champagne. There are moments when Washington, even official Washington, seems merely gay and fashionable. But through it all there is the homely homespun quality which we can still claim as American. There was a story, not long ago, of a Secretary of State who met a newly arrived ambassador of a great European Power for the first time at an evening party.

"The boys up at the Department were telling me this morning," began Mr. Secretary, genially, "that there were some difficulties between your country and mine."

"Yes, yes," murmured the astonished foreigner, who had been sent especially to discuss this serious matter of a lapsed treaty.

"Oh, that's all right," pursued the Secretary. "I told the boys I didn't know much about it, but I was sure the trouble wasn't as serious as they thought. We'll fix it." And here he turned to where the ambassador's proud and distinguished wife stood, talking to Mrs. Secretary. "If your husband and I can't get this straightened out," said he, beamingly, "then you and mamma must put your heads together and do it for us—that's all!"

In a town where primitive democratic simplicity stands thus unabashed before effete Europe, it is obvious that much social gaiety is essentially tentative and educational. Washington is our great national school of "dining-out."

With all the development of American civilization, "dining-out" has still—let us be honest—for the greater part of the native-born a character at once semi-sacred and terrifying. The magazine advertisements give glimpses of our easier, more genuinely characteristic circles, where the arrival of guests is signalized by the decanning of some beans and the opening of a bottle of Ohio champagne. And ladies may arrive in Washington with the conception, so prevalent in the most popular books and plays, that a butterfly of fashion is mainly occupied with bridge parties and afternoon teas. But at the capital they soon wake to the fact that even a "ladies' lunch," however prettily the table and the salad may be decorated, gets them nowhere; and that only formal, concerted, night feeding is socially valuable.

In Washington, however, as everywhere in America, man lags behind in all social activities. The burden of eating and overeating always falls heavily on a comparatively small band of dining males. You take in the same lady pretty often. Apropos of this, there is a story of a weary young Washingtonian who proposed marriage in this impassioned phrase, "You see, dear, if we are married they'll *have* to stop putting us next each other at dinner."

It is needless to insist upon the value, in such a society, of aliens, who eat out easily. Indeed, it can scarcely be wondered at if second, third, and fourth secretaries of the embassies come to believe that the services expected of them are wholly gastronomic. There was a preposterous story at the time when Washington's chief club burned that, in its very smoking ruins, young diplomats were seen by the firemen hurriedly counting their boiled shirts to make sure that they could still dine out every night that week!

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A young American girl may learn to reject foreigners almost as well in Washington as abroad—or to marry them. Since the beginning, the ladies of the capital have made distinguished, picturesque, romantic alliances with Europe, from the Georgetown girl who married the Russian ambassador and became the famous Madame Bodesco, to Jackson's Peggy Eaton, who in her old age married an Italian dancing-master who rewarded her by eloping with her fortune and her favorite grandchild!

American men are not linguists, and an ambassador was once introduced to a gentleman who immediately described himself, "*Moi, je suis le sénateur qui parle français.*" Yet, somehow, even without the languages, agreeable relations go on, and pleasant friendships are made. Washington, perhaps more than travels, teaches us how like ourselves foreigners really are. And they have made notable contributions to our American civilization. Ice-cream—pie's only rival in our national affections—was actually introduced as a novelty at a party at the French ambassador's, and it is significant that, as a chronicler of the time reports, "the guests were so impatient for it that there was great disorder."

The war, with its resultant solemn and tragic inhibitions, has for the moment somewhat withdrawn foreigners from the Washingtonian picture. But they will again diversify and enliven it as they have from its earliest days. It is but simple justice to say that they contribute enormously to the capital's famous "pleasantness," to its half-gay, half-cultured air of ease. Art has no special place in Washington, certainly no Bohemian haunts; but it has, as it were, an excellent social position. Foreigners, who have all been on easy terms with it in the capitals of Europe, find it neither unnatural nor unmanly to speak of it here without shame. It is not obligatory in Washington to have cultivated tastes, but on the whole they are not thought badly of. Indeed, many advantages of life abroad are to be had by the Potomac, including leisure. Washington is not merely a city of magnificent distances—to quote the phrase for which it is indebted to a Portuguese diplomat of its earliest days—it is also a town of spacious leisure for amusement. Perhaps the most powerful impression it makes upon the stranger is of its broad, sunlit idleness. The great, sleepy avenues are typical of the town's immunity from toil. Government, the only business there, cannot be carried on without some slight effort, but the servants of a democracy are rarely overworked. The eight-hour day has long been an intolerable burden to Washingtonians. Clerks leave the departments for the day at an hour when hard-working New York brokers are just recovering from the luncheon champagne and preparing to tackle the afternoon's business. Washingtonians, indeed, always seem to have time for all the things for which the inhabitants of our huge, lively commercial centers have no time—for morning walks, for pleasant afternoon talks, and for knowing everything about one another's affairs. It is, as some foreigner aptly put it, the *salon* of America.

Though Washingtonians pass, Washington itself lives. The city has an individuality, a tone which cannot but affect its inhabitants. Its amazing, though only half-appreciated, architectural beauty must, even though they are unconscious of it, transmute somewhat the arid New-Englander and the uncouth Westerner. A bland climate where the crocus often pushes through the grass in late January must help teach people how to be idle and amiably gossipy. The town is pleasant—that is almost its most obvious characteristic—and pleasant in a warm, well-fed, Southern way which is irresistible. The Washingtonian airs are almost as redolent of good cooking as the Philadelphian. The capital lies in the great food-belt of the Chesapeake Bay and the Virginian tidewater country. Washington always seems near the source of supplies. You used occasionally to see in the main shopping streets countrymen with three or four ducks to sell. And even now the game laws are mysteriously relaxed for the benefit of the capital—many a New-Yorker takes the trip to Washington just to eat quail. The markets are sprawled over broad streets in a generous confusion. Here and there toiling blacks

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and turbaned negresses make you realize that this is Southern plenty. In spite of all the improvements to the hotels, the best and most characteristic eating-place is the famous oyster-house of nineteenth-century furniture and odors, where the bivalve, roasted, is served with a sauce such as never was by sea or land by grinning, cheerful black waiters, and an even blacker cook whom you instinctively address as "Snowball."

The traditional Washingtonian cook is a happy person of color, preparing his admirable dishes with gusto and abandon. He grows rarer, of course, as the old South passes. But to encounter such a one is good fortune, even if it be for nothing more than a half-hour's gastronomic gossip. The occasion is here seized to record such a brief meeting with a distinguished old gentleman of color, described by a competent authority as the best cook in America. As a boy, so he explained, he had been apprenticed in Philadelphia to a famous cook who was then an old man. His cooking recipes thus go back to Revolutionary days, with only one transference from hand to hand. It is impossible not to feel that these formulas, never committed to writing or to print, are the sacred secrets of an ancient and honorable profession. It is absurd, perhaps, but a vivid, pleasant sense of the country's long history is warmed into patriotic being as one thinks that Mr. Washington may have eaten with relish of, shall we say, "snapping-turtle soup"? This, says the old man who now alone can prepare it, "we used to make when the season for terrapin was over"; and he adds, in a decorous, courtly, Southern way, "It was considered one of the best of our riverside dishes." Does not the last phrase suggest delightfully the great Potomac, and the pleasant country, and, more, that the capital has by the famous river's course eaten this many a year good food and drunk good wine and talked good talk?

Washington, when the day's work of governing the land is over, is a great, warm, sunlit, spacious, idle drawing-room where one can savor to the full the flavor, of our own American land. Even the dullest imagination must, on Capitol Hill, stir to some sense of the pageant of our history, to some memories of all the great Americans who have through the years streamed here to the country's heart. The town's name must, even while we are gay and idle and gossipy, mean something, commemorate somehow the Father of his Country. He who rode horseback over the lovely, wooded Maryland hills to choose its site does indeed still haunt them; now they are crowned with marble. He lives. And Lincoln, perhaps. And many others if we have heart and eyes to see them. They, too, make the town pleasant.

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A Gold Slipper

BY WILLA SIBERT CATHER

MARSHALL McKANN followed his wife and her friend Mrs. Post down the aisle and up the steps to the stage of the Carnegie Music Hall with an ill-concealed feeling of grievance. Heaven knew he never went to concerts, and to be mounted upon the stage in this fashion, as if he were a crank from Sewickley, or some unfortunate with a musical wife, was ludicrous. A man went to concerts when he was courting, while he was a junior partner. When he became a person of substance he stopped that sort of nonsense. His wife, too, was a sensible person, the daughter of an old Pittsburg family as solid and well-rooted as the McKanns. She would never have bothered him about this concert had not the meddlesome Mrs. Post arrived to pay her a visit. Mrs. Post was an old school friend of Mrs. McKann, and because she lived in Cincinnati she was always keeping up with the world and talking about things in which no one else was interested, music among them. She was an aggressive lady, with weighty opinions, and a deep voice like a jovial bassoon. She had arrived only last night, and at dinner she brought it out that she could on no account miss Kitty Ayrshire's recital; it was, she said, the sort of thing one couldn't afford to miss.

When McKann went into town in the morning he found that every seat in the music-hall was sold. He telephoned his wife to that effect, and, thinking he had settled the matter, made his reservation on the 11.25 train for New York. He was unable to get a drawing-room because this same Kitty Ayrshire had taken the last one. He had not intended going to New York until the following week, but he preferred to be absent during Mrs. Post's incumbency.

In the middle of the morning, when he was deep in his correspondence, his wife called him up to say the enterprising Mrs. Post had telephoned some musical friends in Sewickley and had found that two hundred folding-chairs were to be placed on the stage of the concert-hall, behind the piano, and that they would be on sale at noon. Would he please get seats in the front row? McKann asked if they would not excuse him, since he was going over to New York on the late train, would be tired, and would not have time to dress, etc. No, not at all. It would be foolish for two women to trail up to the stage unattended. Mrs. Post's husband always accompanied her to concerts, and she expected that much attention from her host. He needn't dress, and he could take a taxi from the concert-hall to the East Liberty station.

The outcome of it all was that, though his bag was at the station, here was McKann, in the worst possible humor, facing the large audience to which he was well known, and sitting among a lot of music students and excitable old maids. Only the desperately zealous or the morbidly curious would endure two hours in those wooden chairs, and he sat in the front row of this hectic body, somehow made a party to a transaction for which he had the utmost contempt.

When McKann had been in Paris, Kitty Ayrshire was singing at the Comique, and he wouldn't go to hear her—even there, where one found so little that was better to do. She was too much talked about, too much advertised; always being thrust in an American's face as if she were something to be proud of. Perfumes and petticoats and cutlets were named for her. Some one had pointed Kitty out to him one afternoon when she was driving in the Bois with a French composer—old enough, he judged, to be her father—who was said to be infatuated, overwhelmed with her, and had told him that this was one of the historic passions of old age. McKann

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had looked at her, but she was so befrilled and befeathered that he caught nothing but a graceful outline and a small, dark head above a white ostrich boa. He noted with disgust the stooped shoulders and white imperial of the silk-hatted man beside her, and the senescent line of his back. McKann had told his wife about this unpleasing sight the night before, while he was undressing, when he was making every possible effort to avert this concert party. But Bessie only looked superior and said that she wished to hear Kitty Ayrshire sing, and that her "private life" was something in which she had no interest.

Well, here he was, hot and uncomfortable, in a chair much too small for him, with a row of blinding footlights glaring in his eyes. Suddenly the door at his right elbow opened. Their seats were at one end of the front row; he had thought they would be less conspicuous there than in the center, and he had not foreseen that the singer would walk over him every time she came upon the stage. Her velvet train brushed against his trousers as she passed him. The applause which greeted her was neither overwhelming nor prolonged. Her conservative audience did not know exactly how to accept her toilette. They were accustomed to dignified concert gowns, like those which Pittsburg matrons wore at their daughters' coming-out tea. Kitty's gown that evening was really quite outrageous—the repartee of a conscienceless Parisian designer who took her hint that she wished something that would be entirely novel in the States. To-day, after we have all of us, even in the uttermost provinces, been educated by Baskt and the various Ballets Russes, we would accept such a gown without distrust; but then it was a little disconcerting, even to the well-disposed. It was constructed of a yard or two of green velvet—a reviling, shrieking green which would have made a fright of any woman who had not inextinguishable beauty—and it was made without armholes, a device to which we were then so unaccustomed that it was nothing less than alarming. The velvet skirt split back from a transparent gold-lace petticoat, gold stockings, gold slippers. The narrow train was, apparently, looped to both ankles, and it kept curling about her feet like a serpent's tail, turning up its gold lining as if it were squirming over on its back. It was not, we felt, a costume in which to sing Mozart and Handel and Beethoven. Kitty felt the chill in the air, and it amused her. She liked to be thought a brilliant artist by other artists, but by the world at large she liked to be thought a daring creature. She had every reason to believe, from experience and from example, that to shock the great crowd was the surest way to get its money and to make her name a household word. Nobody ever became a household word by being an artist, surely, and you were not a thoroughly paying proposition until your name meant something on the sidewalk and in the barber-shop. Kitty studied her audience with an appraising eye. She liked the stimulus of this disapprobation. There was some zest about getting through to a hard-shelled public. She felt keen and interested; she knew that she would give such a recital as cannot often be heard for money. She nodded gaily to the young man at the piano, fell into an attitude of seriousness, and began the group of Beethoven and Mozart songs.

Though McKann would not have admitted it, there were really a great many people in the concert-hall who knew what the prodigal daughter of their country was singing, and how well she was doing it. They thawed gradually under the beauty of her voice and the subtlety of her interpretation. She had sung seldom in concert then, and they had supposed her very dependent upon the accessories of opera. Clean singing, finished artistry, were not what they expected from her. They began to feel, even, the wayward charm of her personality.

McKann, who stared coldly up at the balconies during her first song, during the second began to glance cautiously at the green apparition before him. He was vexed with her for having retained a débutante figure. He comfortably classed all singers—especially operatic singers—as "fat Dutchwomen" or "shifty Sadies," and Kitty would not fit into his clever generalization. She dis-

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played, under his nose, the only kind of figure he considered worth having at all —that of a very young girl, supple and sinuous and quicksilverish; thin, eager shoulders, polished white arms that were nowhere too fat and nowhere too thin. McKann found it agreeable to look at Kitty, but when he saw that the authoritative Mrs. Post, red as a turkey-cock with opinions she was bursting to impart, was studying and appraising the singer through her lorgnette, he looked indifferently out into the house again. He felt for his watch, but his wife touched him warningly with her elbow—which he noticed was not at all like Kitty's.

When Miss Ayrshire finished her first group of songs, her audience expressed its approval positively, but guardedly. She smiled bewitchingly upon the people in front of her, glanced up at the balconies, and then turned to the company huddled on the stage behind her. After her gay and careless bows, she retreated toward the stage door. As she passed McKann, she again brushed lightly against him, and this time she paused long enough to glance down at him and murmur, "Pardon." In the moment her bright, curious eyes rested upon him McKann seemed to see himself as if she were holding a mirror up before him. He beheld himself a heavy, solid figure, unsuitably clad for the time and place, with a florid, square face, well-vizored with good living and sane opinions—an inexpressive countenance. Not a rock face, exactly, but a kind of pressed-brick-and-cement face, a "business" face upon which years and feelings had made no mark—in which cocktails might eventually blast out a few hollows. He had never seen himself so distinctly in his shaving-glass as he did in that instant when Kitty Ayrshire's liquid eye held him, when her bright, inquiring glance roamed over his person. When her prehensile train curled over his boot and she was gone, his wife turned to him and said in the tone of approbation one uses when an infant manifests its groping intelligence, "Very gracious of her, I'm sure." Mrs. Post nodded oracularly. McKann grunted.

Kitty began her second number, a group of romantic German songs which were altogether more her affair than her first number. When she turned once to acknowledge the applause behind her, she caught McKann in the act of yawning behind his hand—he of course wore no gloves—and he thought she frowned a little. This did not embarrass him, but it somehow made him feel important. When she retired after the second part of the programme, she again looked him over curiously as she passed, and she took marked precaution that her dress did not touch him. Mrs. Post and his wife again remarked upon her consideration.

The final number was made up of modern French songs which Kitty sang enchantingly, and at last had her way with her frigid public. While she was coming back again and again to smile and curtsy, McKann whispered to his wife that if there were to be encores he had better make a dash for his train.

"Not at all," put in Mrs. Post. "Kitty is going on the same train. She sings in 'Faust' at the opera to-morrow night, so she'll take no chances."

McKann once more told himself how sorry he felt for Post. At last Miss Ayrshire returned, escorted by her accompanist, and gave the people what she of course knew they wanted, the most popular aria from the French opera of which the title-rôle had become synonymous with her name—an opera written for her and to her and round about her by the veteran French composer who so much admired her, the last and not the palest flash of his creative fire. This brought her audience all the way. They clamored for more of it, but she was not to be coerced. She had been unyielding through storms to which this was a summer breeze. She came on once more, shrugged her shoulders, blew them a kiss, and was gone. Her last smile was for that uncomfortable part of her audience seated behind her, and she looked with recognition at McKann and his ladies as she nodded good night to the wooden chairs.

McKann hurried his charges into the foyer by the nearest exit and put them into his motor. Then he went over to the Schenley to have a glass of beer and a rarebit before train time. He had not, he admitted to himself, been so much

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bored as he pretended. The minx herself was well enough, but it was absurd in his fellow-townsmen to look owlish and uplifted about her. He had no rooted dislike for pretty women; he even didn't deny that gay girls had their place in the world, but they ought to be kept in their place. He was born a Presbyterian, just as he was born a McKann. He sat in his pew in the First Church every Sunday, and he never missed a presbytery meeting when he was in town. His religion was not very spiritual, certainly, but it was substantial and concrete, made up of good, hard convictions and opinions. It had something to do with citizenship, with whom one ought to marry, with the coal business, in which his own name was powerful, with the Republican party, and with all majorities and established precedents. He was hostile to fads, to enthusiasms, to individualism, to all changes except in mining machinery and in methods of transportation.

His equanimity restored by his lunch at the Schenley, McKann lit a big cigar, got into his taxi, and bowled off through the sleet. There was not a sound to be heard or a light to be seen. The ice glittered on the pavement and on the naked trees. No restless feet were abroad. At eleven o'clock the rows of small, comfortable houses looked as empty of the troublesome bubble of life as the Allegheny cemetery itself. Suddenly the cab stopped, and McKann thrust his head out of the window. A woman was standing in the middle of the street addressing his driver in a tone of excitement. Over against the curb a lone electric stood despondent in the storm. The young woman, her cloak blowing about her, turned from the driver to McKann himself, speaking rapidly and somewhat incoherently.

"Could you not be so kind as to help us? It is Mees Ayrshire, the singer. The juice is gone out and we cannot move. We must get to the station. Mademoiselle cannot miss the train; she sings to-morrow night in New York. It is very important. Could you not take us to the station at East Liberty?"

McKann opened the door. "That's all right, but you'll have to hurry. It's eleven-ten now. You've only got fifteen minutes to make the train. Tell her to come along."

The maid drew back and looked up at him in amazement. "But, the hand-luggage to carry, and Mademoiselle to walk! The street is like glass!"

McKann threw away his cigar and followed her. He stood silent by the door of the derelict, while the maid explained that she had found help. Miss Ayrshire seemed not at all apprehensive; she had not doubted that a rescuer would be forthcoming. She moved deliberately; out of a whirl of skirts she thrust one fur-topped shoe—McKann saw the flash of the gold stocking above it by the street lamp—and alighted. "So kind of you! So fortunate for us!" she murmured. One hand she placed upon his sleeve, and with the other she guarded an armful of roses that had been sent up to the concert stage. The petals showered upon the sooty, sleety pavement as she picked her way along. They would be lying there to-morrow morning, and the children in those houses would wonder if there had been a funeral. The maid followed with two leather bags. As soon as he had lifted Kitty into his cab she exclaimed:

"My jewel-case! I have forgotten it. It is on the back seat, please. I am so careless!"

He dashed back, ran his hand along the cushions, and discovered a small leather bag. When he returned he found the maid and the luggage bestowed on the front seat, and a place left for him on the back seat beside Kitty and her flowers.

"Shall we be taking you far out of your way?" she asked, sweetly. "I haven't an idea where the station is. I'm not even sure about the name. Céline thinks it is East Liberty, but I think it is West Liberty. An odd name, anyway. It is a Bohemian quarter, perhaps? A district where the law relaxes a trifle?"

McKann replied grimly that he didn't think the name referred to that kind of liberty.

"So much the better," sighed Kitty. "I am a Californian, you know; that's the only part of America I know very well, and out there, when we called a place Liberty Hill or Liberty Hollow—

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well, we meant it. You will excuse me if I'm uncommunicative, won't you? I must not talk in this raw air. My throat is sensitive after a long programme." She lay back in her corner and closed her eyes.

When the cab rolled down the incline at East Liberty station, the New York express was whistling in. A porter opened the door. McKann sprang out, gave him a claim check and his Pullman ticket, and told him to get his bag at the check-stand and rush it on that train.

Miss Ayrshire, having gathered up her flowers, put out her hand to take his arm. "Why, it's you!" she exclaimed, as she saw his face in the light. "What a coincidence!" She made no further move to alight, but sat smiling as if she had just seated herself in a drawing-room and were ready for talk and a cup of tea.

McKann caught her arm. "You must hurry, Miss Ayrshire, if you mean to catch that train. It stops here only a moment. Can you run?"

"Can I run!" she laughed. "Try me!"

As they raced through the tunnel and up the inside stairway, McKann admitted that he had never before made a dash with feet so quick and sure stepping out beside him. The white-furred boots chased each other like lambs at play, the gold stockings flashed like the spokes of a bicycle wheel in the sun. They reached the door of Miss Ayrshire's state-room just as the train began to pull out. McKann was ashamed of the way he was panting, for Kitty's breathing was as soft and regular as when she was reclining on the back seat of his taxi. It had somehow run in his head that all these stage women were a poor lot physically—unsound, overfed creatures, like canaries that are kept in a cage and stuffed with song-restorer. He retreated to escape her thanks. "Good night! Pleasant journey! Pleasant dreams!" He gave a friendly nod in Kitty's direction and closed the door behind him.

He was somewhat surprised to find his own bag, his Pullman ticket in the strap, on the seat just outside Kitty's door. But there was nothing strange about it. He had got the last section left on the train, No. 13, next the drawing-room. Every other berth on the train was made up. He was just starting to look for the porter when the door of the state-room opened and Kitty Ayrshire came out. She seated herself carelessly in the front seat beside his bag.

"Please talk to me a little," she said, coaxingly. "I'm always wakeful after I sing; and I have to hunt some one to talk to. Céline and I get so tired of each other. We can speak very low, and we shall not disturb any one." She crossed her feet and rested her elbow on his Gladstone. Though she still wore her gold slippers and stockings, she did not, he thanked Heaven, have on her concert gown, but a very demure black-velvet one with some sort of pearl trimming about the neck. "Wasn't it funny," she proceeded, "that it happened to be you who picked me up? I wanted a word with you, anyway."

McKann smiled in a way that meant he wasn't being taken in. "Did you? We are not very old acquaintances."

"No, perhaps not. But you disapproved to-night, and I thought I was singing very well. You are very critical in such matters?"

He had been standing, but now he sat down. "My dear young lady, I am not critical at all. I know nothing about such matters."

"And care less?" she said for him. "Well, then we know where we are, in so far as that is concerned. What did displease you? My gown, perhaps? It may seem a little *outré* here, but it's the sort of thing all the imaginative designers abroad are doing, and somebody has to be a missionary and spread the new idea. You like the English sort of concert gown better?"

"About gowns," said McKann, "I know even less than about music. If I looked uncomfortable, it was probably because I was uncomfortable. The seats were bad and the lights were annoying."

Kitty looked up with solicitude. "I was sorry they sold those seats. I don't like to make people uncomfortable in any way. Did the lights give you a headache? They are very trying. They

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burn one's eyes out in the end, I believe." She paused and waved the porter away with a smile as he came toward them. Half-clad Pittsburgers were tramping up and down the aisle, casting sidelong glances at McKann and his companion. "How much better they look with all their clothes on," she murmured. Then, turning directly to McKann again: "I saw you were not well seated, but I felt something quite hostile and personal. You were displeased with me. Doubtless many people are, but I so seldom get an opportunity to question them. You would be really generous if you took the trouble to tell me why you were displeased."

She spoke frankly, pleasantly, without a shadow of challenge or hauteur. She did not seem to be angling for compliments. McKann settled himself in his seat. He thought he would try her out. She had come for it, and he would let her have it. He found, however, that it was harder to formulate the grounds of his disapproval than he would have supposed. Now that he sat face to face with her, now that she was leaning against his bag, he had no wish to hurt her.

"I'm a hard-headed business man," he said, evasively, "and I don't much believe in any of you fluffy-ruffles people. I have a sort of natural distrust of them all, the men more than the women."

She looked thoughtful. "Artists, you mean?" drawing her words slowly. "What is your business?"

"Coal."

"I don't feel any natural distrust of business men, and I know ever so many. I don't know any coal-men, but I think I could become very much interested in coal. Am I larger-minded than you?"

McKann laughed. "I don't think you know when you are interested or when you are not. I don't believe you know what it feels like to be really interested. There is so much fake about your job. It's an affectation on both sides. I know a great many of the people who went to hear you to-night, and I know that most of them neither know nor care anything about music. They imagine they do because it's supposed to be a fine thing."

Kitty sat upright and looked interested. She was certainly a lovely creature—the only one of her tribe he had ever seen that he would cross the street to see again. Those were remarkable eyes she had—curious, penetrating, restless, somewhat impudent, but not at all dulled by self-conceit. Just now they were rather fierce.

"But isn't that so in everything?" she cried. "How many of your clerks are honest because of a fine, individual sense of honor? They are honest because it is the accepted rule of good conduct in business. Do you know"—she looked at him squarely—"I thought you would have something quite definite to say to me; but this is funny-paper stuff, the sort of objection I'd expect from your office-boy."

"Then you don't think it silly for a lot of people to get together and pretend to enjoy something they know nothing about?"

"Of course I think it silly, but that's the way God made audiences. Don't people go to church in exactly the same way? If there were a spiritual-pressure test-machine at the door to test the congregation I suspect not many of you would get to your pews."

"How do you know I go to church?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "Oh, people with these old, ready-made opinions usually go to church. But you can't evade me like that." She tapped the edge of his seat with the toe of her gold slipper. "You sat there all evening, glaring at me as if you could eat me alive. Now I give you a chance to state your objections, and you merely criticize my audience. What is it? Is it merely that you happen to dislike my personality? In that case, of course, I won't press you."

"No," McKann frowned, "I perhaps dislike your professional personality. As I told you, I have a natural distrust of your variety."

"Natural, I wonder?" Kitty murmured. "I don't see why you should naturally dislike singers any more than I naturally dislike coal-men. I don't classify people by their jobs. Doubtless I should find some coal-men repulsive, and you may find some singers so. But I have reason to believe that, at least, I'm one of the less repelling."

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"I don't doubt it," McKann laughed, "and you're a shrewd woman to boot. But you are, all of you, according to my standards, light people. You're brilliant, some of you, but you've no depth."

Kitty seemed to assent, with a dive of her girlish head. "Well, it's a merit in some things to be heavy, and in others to be light. Some things are meant to go deep, and others to go high. Do you want all the women in the world to be profound, or of cast-iron?"

"You are all," he went on steadily, watching her with indulgence, "fed on hectic emotions. You are pampered. You don't help to carry the burdens of the world. You are self-indulgent and appetent."

"Yes, I am," she assented, with a candor which he did not expect. "Not all artists are, but I am. Why not? If I could once get a convincing statement as to why I should not be self-indulgent, I might change my ways. As for the burdens of the world—" Kitty rested her chin on her clasped hands and looked thoughtful. "One should give pleasure to others. My dear sir, granting that the great majority of people can't enjoy anything very keenly, you'll admit that I give pleasure to many more people than you do. One should help others who are less fortunate; at present I am supporting just eighteen people, besides those I hire. There was never another family in California that had so many cripples and hard-luckers as that into which I had the honor to be born. The only ones who could take care of themselves were ruined by the San Francisco earthquake some time ago. One should make personal sacrifices. I do; I give money and time and effort to talented students. Oh, I give something much more than that! something that you probably have never given to any one. I give, to the really gifted ones, my *wish*, my desire, my light, if I have any; and that, sometimes, when I am tired to death. That, Mr. Worldly Wiseman, is like giving one's blood. It's the kind of thing you prudent people never give. That is what was in the box of precious ointment." Kitty threw off her fervor with a slight gesture, as if it were a scarf, and leaned back in her seat, tucking her slipper up on the edge of his. "If you saw the houses I keep up," she sighed, "and the people I employ, and the motor-cars I run—And, after all, I've only this to do it with." She indicated her slender person, which Marshall could almost have broken in two with his bare hands.

She was, he thought, very much like any other charming woman, except that she was more so. Her familiarity was natural and simple. She was at ease because she was not afraid of him or of herself, or of certain half-clad acquaintances of his who had been wandering up and down the car oftener than was necessary. Well, he was not afraid, either.

Kitty put her arms over her head and sighed again, feeling the smooth part of her black hair. Her head was small—capable of great agitation, like a bird's; or of great resignation, like a nun's. "I can't see why I shouldn't be self-indulgent, when I indulge others. I can't understand your equivocal scheme of ethics. Now I can understand Count Tolstoy's, perfectly. I had a long talk with him once, about his book *What is Art?* As nearly as I could get it, he believes that we are a race who can exist only by gratifying appetites; the appetites are evil, and the existence they carry on is evil. We were always sad, he says, without knowing why; even the stone men. In some miraculous way a divine ideal was disclosed to us, directly at variance with our appetites. It gave us a new craving, which we could only satisfy by starving all the other hungers in us. Happiness lies in ceasing to be and to cause being, because the thing revealed to us is dearer than any existence our appetites can ever get for us. I can understand that. It's something one often feels in art. It is even the subject of the greatest of all operas, which, because I can never hope to sing it, I love more than all the others." Kitty pulled herself up. "Perhaps you agree with Tolstoy?" she added, languidly.

"No; I think he's a crank," said McKann, cheerfully.

"What do you mean by a crank?"

"I mean an extremist."

Kitty laughed. "Weighty word! You'll always have a world full of people

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who keep to the golden mean. Why bother yourself about me and Tolstoy?"

"I don't, except when you bother me."

"Poor man! It's true this isn't your fault. Still, you did provoke it by glaring at me. Why did you go to the concert?"

"I was dragged."

"I might have known!" she chuckled, and shook her head. "No, you don't give me any good reasons. Your morality seems to me the compromise of cowardice, apologetic and sneaking. When righteousness becomes alive and burning, you hate it as much as you do beauty. You want a little of each in your life, perhaps—adulterated, sterilized, with the sting taken out. It's true enough they are both fearsome things when they get loose in the world; they don't, often."

McKann hated tall talk. "My views on women," he said, slowly, "are simple."

"Doubtless," Kitty responded, dryly, "but are they consistent? Do you apply them to your stenographers as well as to me? I take it for granted you have unmarried stenographers. Their position, economically, is the same as mine."

McKann studied the toe of her shoe. "With a woman, everything comes back to one thing." His manner was judicial.

She laughed indulgently. "So we are getting down to brass tacks, eh? I have beaten you in argument, and now you are leading trumps." She put her hands behind her head and her lips parted in a half-yawn. "Does everything come back to one thing? I wish I knew. It's more than likely that, under the same conditions, I should have been very like your stenographers—if they are good ones. Whatever I was, I would have been a good one. I think people are a good deal alike. You are more different than any one I have met for some time, but I know that there are a great many more at home like you. And even you—I believe there is a real creature down under these custom-made prejudices that save you the trouble of thinking. If you and I were shipwrecked on a desert island, I have no doubt that we would come to a simple and natural understanding. I'm neither a coward nor a shirk. You would find, if you had to undertake any enterprise of danger or difficulty with a woman, that there are several qualifications quite as important as the one to which you doubtless refer."

McKann felt nervously for his watch-chain. "Of course," he brought out, "I am not laying down any generalizations—" His brows wrinkled.

"Oh, aren't you?" murmured Kitty. "Then I totally misunderstood. But remember"—holding up a finger—"it is you, not I, who are afraid to pursue this subject further. Now, I'll tell you something." She leaned forward and clasped her slim, white hands about her velvet knee. "I am as much a victim of these ineradicable prejudices as you. Your stenographer seems to you a better sort. Well, she does to me. Just because her life is, presumably, grayer than mine, she seems better. My mind tells me that dullness, and a mediocre order of ability, and poverty are not in themselves admirable things. Yet in my heart I always feel that the saleswomen in shops and the working girls in factories are more meritorious than I. Many of them, with my opportunities, would be more selfish than I. Some of them, with their own opportunities, are more selfish. Yet I make this sentimental genuflection before the nun and the charwoman. Tell me, haven't you any weakness? Isn't there any foolish natural thing that unbends you a trifle and makes you feel gay?"

"I like to go fishing."

"To see how many fish you can catch?"

"No, I like the woods and the weather. I like to play a fish and work hard for him. I like the pussy-willows and the cold; and the sky, whether it's blue or gray—night coming on, everything about it."

He spoke devoutly, and Kitty watched him through half-closed eyes. "And you like to feel that there are light-minded girls like me, who only care about the inside of shops and theaters and hotels, eh? You amuse me, you and your fish! But I mustn't keep you any longer. Haven't I given you every opportunity to state your case against me? I thought you would have more to say for yourself. Do you know, I

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believe it's not a case you have at all, but a grudge. I believe you are envious; that you'd like to be a tenor, and a perfect lady-killer!" She rose, smiling, and paused with her hand on the door of her state-room. "Anyhow, thank you for a pleasant evening. And, by the way, dream of me to-night, and not of either of those ladies who sat beside you. It does not matter much whom we live with in this world, but it matters a great deal whom we dream of." She noticed his bricky flush. "You are very naïf, after all, but, oh, so cautious! You are naturally afraid of everything new, just as I naturally want to try everything: new people, new religions—new miseries, even. If only there were more new things— If only you were really new! I might learn something. I'm like the Queen of Sheba—I'm not above learning. But you, my friend, would be afraid to try a new breakfast food. It isn't gravitation that holds the world in place; it's the lazy, obese cowardice of the people on it. All the same"—taking his hand and smiling encouragingly—"I'm going to haunt you a little. *Adios!*"

When Kitty entered her state-room, Céline, in her dressing-gown, was nodding by the window.

"Mademoiselle found the fat gentleman interesting?" she asked. "It is nearly one."

"Negatively interesting. His kind always say the same thing. If I could find one really intelligent man who held his views, I should adopt them."

"Monsieur did not look like an original," murmured Céline, as she began to take down her lady's hair.

McKann slept heavily, as usual, and the porter had to shake him in the morning. He sat up in his berth, and, after composing his hair with his fingers, began to hunt about for his clothes. As he put up the window-blind some bright object in the little hammock over his bed caught the sunlight and glittered. He stared and picked up a delicately turned gold slipper. "Minx! hussy!" he ejaculated. "All that tall talk—! Probably got it from some man who hangs about; learned it off like a parrot. Did she poke this in here herself last night, or did she send that sneak-faced Frenchwoman? It's outrageous!" He wondered whether he might have been breathing audibly when the intruder thrust her head between his curtains. He was conscious that he did not look a Prince Charming in his sleep. He dressed as fast as he could, and, when he was ready to go to the wash-room, glared at the slipper. If the porter should start to make up his berth in his absence— He caught the slipper, wrapped it in his pajama jacket, and thrust it into his bag. He escaped from the train without seeing his tormentor again.

Later McKann threw the slipper into the waste-basket in his room at the Knickerbocker, but the chambermaid, seeing that it was new and mateless, thought there must be a mistake, and placed it in his clothes-closet. He found it there when he returned from the theater that evening. Considerably mellowed by food and drink and cheerful company, he took the thing in his hand and decided to keep it as a reminder that absurd things could happen to people of the most clocklike deportment. When he got back to Pittsburg, he stuck it in a lock-box in his vault, safe from prying clerks.

McKann has been ill for five years now, poor fellow! He still goes to the office, because it is the only place that interests him, but his partners do most of the work, and his clerks find him sadly changed—"morbid," they call his state of mind. He has had the pine-trees in his yard cut down because they remind him of cemeteries. On Sundays or holidays, when the office is empty, and he takes his will or his insurance-policies out of his lock-box, he often puts the tarnished gold slipper on his desk and looks at it. Somehow it suggests life to his tired mind, as his pine-trees suggested death—life and youth. When he drops over some day his executors will be puzzled by the slipper.

As for Kitty Ayrshire, she has played so many jokes, practical and impractical, since then, that she has long ago forgotten the night when she threw away a slipper to be a thorn in the side of a just man.

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My Trip to the Front

BY MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT

The author was permitted, last August, to accompany, in one of his inspection trips to the lines, Mr. A. Piatt Andrew, Inspector-General of the Field Service of the American Ambulance. They stopped for several days with the sections working in the Verdun and St.-Mihiel sectors, and, so far as was possible for a visitor, Mrs. Vanderbilt was allowed to share and to take part in the life of the front. She visited several dressing-stations near the trenches, including one within a few hundred yards of the German lines; she was in Pont-à-Mousson during a heavy bombardment, and was forced, with French poilus and American drivers on duty at headquarters, to spend part of the night in a cellar; she passed through the ruins of Verdun, visiting successively four groups of Americans working in its vicinity, and then returned to Paris by way of Rheims.

I AM not in any special sense identified with the field service of the American Ambulance. Before our volunteers began to work at the front with the armies, I had, so to speak, promised my whole energies to the American Ambulance Hospital and other work of that sort. I became interested in the field service through knowing well several men who had worked in it. I had been told that no woman had ever visited these camps of American boys, and I was invited to make the trip, with the assurance that a woman's eye might see and a woman's experience might help to provide some needed comforts for them and for the wounded soldiers they carry.

We left the new Paris headquarters of the Field Service, 21 rue Raynouard, about eight o'clock on a glorious summer morning. Mr. Andrew is always accompanied in his trips to the front by an officer detached for this work by the army. On our trip this officer was the Duc de Clermont-Tonnerre, the bearer of one of the oldest titles in France and a volunteer in the army, as he is some years over the military age. He proved a pleasant companion and a reckless but skilful automobilist, for he frequently relieved at the wheel the military chauffeur who drove us. We took the road to Epernay, leaving Paris by the Porte de Pantin, and I remember that we were talking at that time about the bombardment of the Cathedral of Rheims, and I looked back, as we left Paris, for a last view of Notre Dame, which, although spared the fate of many of the churches of France, still shows the mark of a bomb dropped from a German aeroplane in the early days of the war.

I have known the country from Paris to Epernay very well for many years. But before this trip I had not been over the road since the time of the battle of the Marne. What I remembered as a battle-field was now a smiling countryside, *le doux pays de France*, cleansed of the marks of German occupation and of the scars of battle except for the pathetic wooden crosses that, sometimes singly and sometimes in measured rows, dot the bright fields of beets and wheat.

The town of Epernay was occupied by the Germans at the time of the battle of the Marne, but they committed no depredation, not even making any substantial inroads upon the millions of bottles of champagne stored in its cellars, perhaps because they had expected to stay there, but were driven out too quickly; perhaps because they had one of the great battles of the war on their hands and were too busy. Anyhow, we found Epernay as untouched as Paris, and we stopped at the railway station and had luncheon in the *buvette* among many soldiers.

Leaving Epernay, we started for Bar-le-Duc. A few kilometers outside of

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the city we were stopped by a gendarme who demanded our papers. I noticed that this gendarme stared hard at me during the whole time that he spoke with us, and when we were again in motion de Clermont-Tonnerre asked me to take off the heavy blue veil that I wore, the only part of my costume which was not strictly that of an American Ambulance nurse. "The veil gives you an air of mystery," he said, "and the regulations at the front against officers' wives are almost as severe as against spies."

We stopped for a few minutes at Bar-le-Duc, one of the most interesting towns "at the back of the front." It was the organizing point of the magnificent train of ammunition and supplies that saved Verdun, and the road from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun, ever since the anxious first days of the great German drive, has been called the "Voie Sacrée." Bar-le-Duc is also to-day the headquarters of the American Escadrille, and I had hoped to have a chance to see some of my friends who are fliers. But it turned out that this was not to be, so we pushed on to Toul, where we had tea in a very chic tea-room, filled with officers, aviators, and an unusual number of *petits bluets*, or young soldiers given this name because they are the last class called and always look very fresh and spick and span in their clean blue uniforms. Mr. Andrew and de Clermont-Tonnerre met a number of friends, but we did not stay here very long, as we wished by sundown to reach Pont-à-Mousson, the headquarters of the first field section that we were going to visit. At Dieulouard, about four kilometers this side of Pont-à-Mousson, we were surprised to find about half of the cars and men of the section. They were stationed there because Pont-à-Mousson was considered too dangerous a place to keep any more cars and men than were necessary. We took the Acting Chief, Henry M. Suckley, a young Harvard graduate, into our car and went on to Pont-à-Mousson.

It is a quaint old town, typical of the north of France, built on both sides of the Moselle, which at this point is very broad and, although sluggish near the banks, runs so swiftly in the middle that it is possible to drop a message in the river and have it float down into the German lines about a kilometer beyond the city. Indeed, they told me that in the early days of the war German spies communicated in this way. The section of the American Ambulance now stationed at Pont-à-Mousson is known officially as Section Sanitaire Américaine No. 3. It was the first section to reach the actual front, and its first headquarters, the little town of Saint-Maurice in the Vosges, was within a few hundred yards of the source of the Moselle. That was nearly eighteen months ago, and since then the section has been shifted up and down the front from Hartmannsweilerkopf to Verdun; but it has never been far or for long away from the Moselle, and the boys have come to look upon it as their own especial river. And I can well understand their affection for the Moselle, because I shall always remember this river as I saw it that August afternoon, streaked with silver and checkered with shadows in the slanting light of my first sunset at the front.

The town of Pont-à-Mousson has been bombarded officially more than two hundred times. The arcades of the square and the windows of most of the houses are propped up with sandbags to withstand the detonations, but no part of the city can be described as "in ruins." The course of the shells has been freakish, here a house crumbled up, there a street filled with debris. Ever since a year ago last May, with the exception of a few months, some American Ambulance section has been stationed at this place.

The American drivers at Pont-à-Mousson are housed in a villa in the outskirts of the town. But we did not stop there at this time, as, much to my surprise and interest, we found there was a chance to push on to a *poste de secours* between this villa and the German lines, that has long been famous in the traditions of the American Ambulance.

On the right of the road to the *poste de secours* we passed by the famous Bois le Prêtre, once a wood, now a wilderness. Here is the grave of André Champollion, an American, killed in the

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LOOKING FOR MIGNOT'S GRAVE

early months of the war, whose great-great-grandfather had been a savant with Napoleon in Egypt. Some of this young man's letters home have been published, and they make one of the less known, but, I think, most interesting, books of the war. I wanted to get out of the car and put some flowers on his grave, but was forbidden and told that if we once ventured beyond the screen that hid the road we should be fair targets for the German machine-guns in the trenches, which, with a wave of the hand, were always located "just over there."

All the men also by this time had put on their steel helmets, but no helmet had been provided for me, and this occasioned much chaffing, I being in a muslin cap. But I honestly don't think I should have worn one of those steel helmets if a dozen had been at hand. I was conscious of no sense of fear, not because I am brave, but because I had to take sharp hold of my thoughts to remember I was at the front, on a road only about fourteen hundred yards from the German trenches. I don't know what my conception of the front could have been. I know I always thought of it as one thinks of another world or rather of another age, as we must think of any place that has long been vividly in mind and yet only realized in books or through the description of others. Somehow, I did not feel as if I were really at the front. There were, it is true, lots of soldiers and other suggestions of war in the background, but for two years there had been soldiers and suggestions of war everywhere in France. And on the whole trip I had scarcely seen a wounded man, and I had not once heard a gun fired.

"I am going to lie like a trooper when I get back to Paris," I said to Mr. Andrew; "you will never catch me admitting that I did not hear a gun." He only smiled. Indeed, he did not have time to do anything else. At that very moment a battery of 75's, concealed in a wood at the edge of the road, opened fire with ear-splitting detonations, and, almost simultaneously, a German shell whistled over our heads and, landing in a near-by field, splashed dirt and smoke over us. It was enough for me. I have never felt any further desire to be under fire.

The dressing-station is a long, narrow building with a sloping roof, that looks

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like a primitive down-at-the-heel New England farm-house. It has been struck many times by shells or pieces of shell, and the holes have been only roughly mended. The ground around it has also been cut into and torn up by artillery fire, and across the road two telephone poles tilt crazily against each other. The wounded are carried from the trenches by hand on stretchers into the building, where they are given temporary surgical attention before being loaded into an ambulance. Inside, the post is furnished with simple rudeness—pine tables, straw cots, boarded-up windows. But the medicine and dressings were neatly arranged in a large cupboard.

AT A POSTE DE SECOURS

One of the stretcher-bearers very kindly took me a little way into a communication trench and showed me the amazing telephone system which connects front-line artillery observation posts with batteries miles in the rear. But what astonished me more than any of the apparatus of war were the trailing vines and other wild flowers that covered these descents into hell as if they had been peaceful garden walks. When we came back to the post I happened to wander a few feet away from the rest of the group. "I should not stay there if I were you," a soldier said to me. "Half an hour ago a man was picked off by a mitrailleuse right where you are standing."

The villa to which we returned is a big building, gaudy and modern-looking without, and within a riot of color. They say that before the war it belonged to a German. It has a large flower and vegetable garden which the boys of the section try to keep up. There are for ambulance-drivers inevitably long, lazy hours of idleness at headquarters, and many of the fellows at Pont-à-Mousson put in a part of this time in planting and weeding. The house is looked after and the meals prepared by a Madame Marin, an elderly Frenchwoman who has been through more bombardments than many colonels, and who thinks that there is nobody on earth like the American Ambulance drivers, whom she has been taking care of at the front ever since the first section came to Pont-à-Mousson, more than eighteen months ago.

I shall never forget my first dinner at the front with the boys of the section. There were eleven of us at the table. Twelve sat down, but a call came for an extra car almost before we began to eat. "It is your turn to roll," Mr. Suckley said, looking at one of the drivers, and without a word the boy put down knife and fork and was gone. I was not expected for dinner, because Mr. Andrew's telegram had been vague as to time of arrival, and had said, "with Vanderbilt," which everybody took to mean my husband.

At first the boys were very shy, and seemed to think that I must be placed

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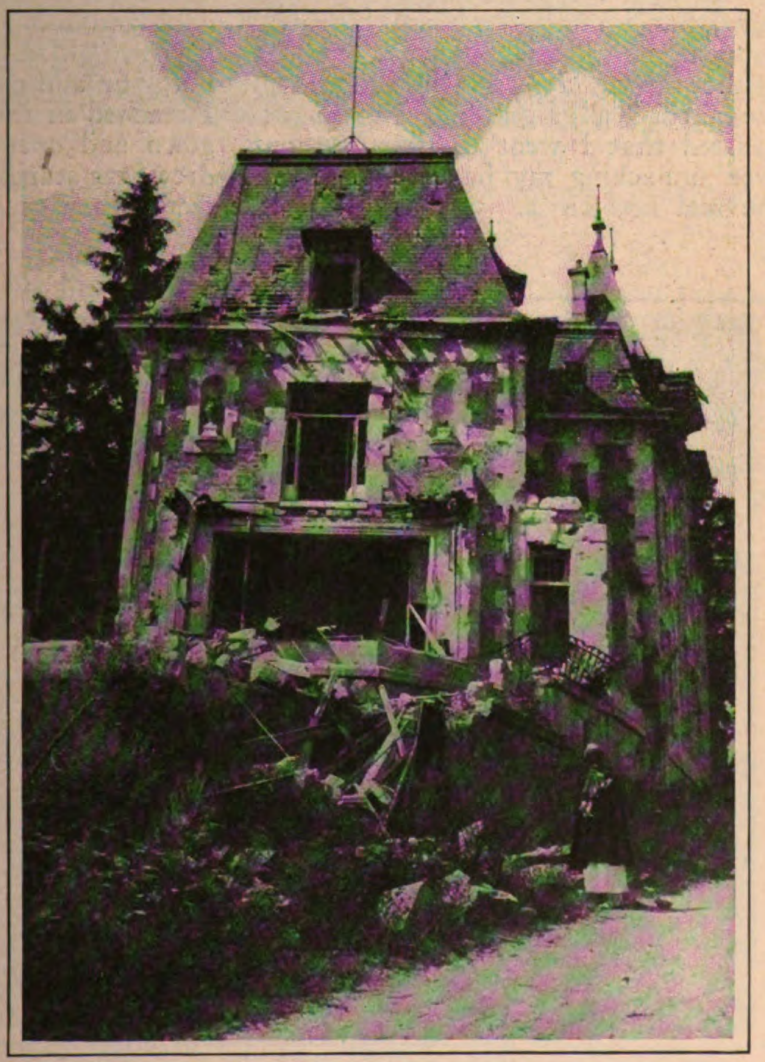
between the superior officers. So, finally, I took the situation in my own hand and sat down between two drivers just returned from a day's work at a dressing-station very much like the one we had visited. Conversation, too, soon became general. "The new oil is too thick; it gums up the spark-plugs," one would say. "I wish you would come out after dinner and see what's the matter with my car. It knocks badly on high," another would put in. And I gladly did more listening than talking.

The dinner principally consisted of the regular army rations. Everything that we had to eat was referred to by the men at the table in terms of *poilu* slang that at first I could not understand at all. They called the corned beef "singe," the coffee "jus," the wine "pinard." Patriotism and "pinard," one man told me, were winning the war for France.

After dinner, in the long twilight of August in northern France, made longer by the Government's order advancing the clock an hour, some of us started out to stroll around the town. The volunteer who was guiding us pointed out many historic places in the story of the American Ambulance at Pont-à-Mousson: here the dooryard of the section's old headquarters, where one of the section's orderlies, Mignot, was killed; there a shell-shattered house beneath the crumbling walls of which one of the drivers had calmly loaded wounded into his car while the shells were falling and won the Croix de Guerre. There was, in fact, some story connected with almost every street, some story that made me understand, as I had never understood before, the life and work of the American corps at the front.

Lieutenant Derode, the French officer attached to the section, gave us before we set out the password for the evening. I whispered it to the first sentry who challenged us, a bearded, middle-aged *poilu* on guard by a bridge that we had some difficulty in making him allow us to cross. I can still see his half-laughing eyes, I can still feel the thrill I experienced when he said, "*Passez amie.*" But except for instances like this and for the continual pop, pop, pop, and tat, tat, tat of the mitrailleuses in the sur-



PRESIDENT POINCARÉ'S HOUSE AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT

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rounding hills, it was very hard to think of myself as within sight of the German lines and encircled on all sides by trenches and cannon. It was possible to catch the ripple of the river's current; the reeds along the bank shook gently in the air, and the reflections of the tall poplars on the shores touched one another in midstream. Pont-à-Mousson was still and smothered in shadow; the church of St.-Martin's, with its tower toppled over by a shell, stood in dim outline against the horizon.

We all—that is, our party and such of the boys who had not gone off on night duty—went to bed about eleven o'clock. Just before saying good night, Mr. Andrew turned to me and remarked, "You had better show me which is your room, in case anything happens during the night." I replied, laughingly: "All right, but I don't think anything will happen. It will probably turn out that neither the Germans nor the French will fire a shell all night." I was so exhausted that I went to sleep without even unpacking my bag excepting for the real necessities.

About twelve-thirty I woke up with a start and felt as if the whole house was coming down on my head. I reached for a light, but without success. I did not seem to be thinking at all, and the idea that a bombardment was going on, or even that it was the explosion of a shell which had waked me up, did not at the first moment occur to me. But explosion followed explosion with great rapidity, and as the whistle of one shell died away the shrill shriek of another was audible. I knew at last that I was in for a real bombardment. I do not think I had much sense of fear, but I instinctively made myself as small as I could in my bed, and with each explosion wondered if the next shell might not land in my room.

I must confess that I was greatly relieved when some one knocked on my door and I heard Mr. Andrew's voice saying, "Mrs. Vanderbilt, you must hurry up and come down in the cellar." I reached in the dark for my dressing-gown and opened the door. Mr. Andrew was standing there in his stocking feet with a great-coat thrown over his

AN AMERICAN AMBULANCE IN A SHELL-TORN STREET OF VERDUN

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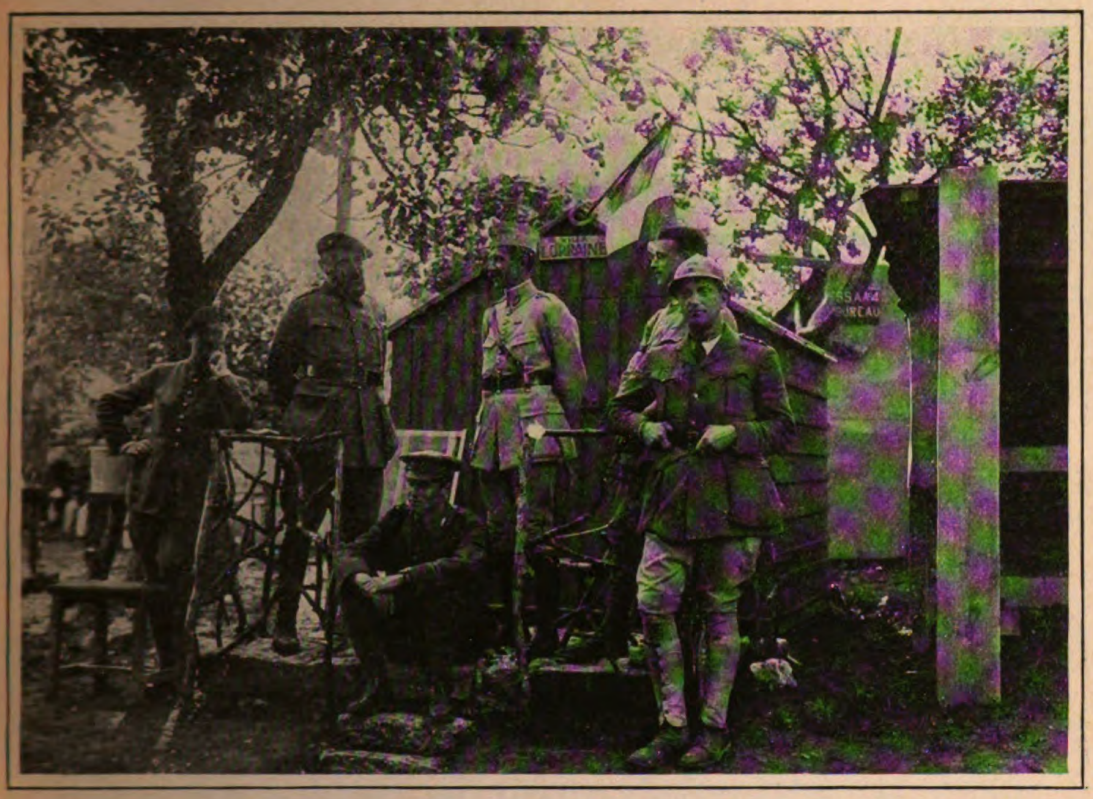

A GROUP OF OFFICERS AT "VILLA LORRAINE"—BARON DE TURCKHEIM'S PORTABLE QUARTERS

pajamas and a candle in his hand. I did not think of my own appearance at that time, but a little later I realized that my hair was streaming down my back and that I had no stockings on. But three or four shells, some seemingly very near, exploded simultaneously, and, hardly saying a word, Mr. Andrew hurried me down to the cellar.

All the boys, Madame Marin, and a constantly increasing number of French soldiers, who rushed in from houses where there were no cellars, had already assembled there. It was very dark and cold, and we all sat together without talking much except to count the explosions and to watch through a cellar window a house which had been set on fire by a shell. Then when the bombardment slackened somewhat we went outside, but not far from the cellar door as long as the shells continued to arrive. However, they stopped as suddenly, as unreasonably, as they had begun, and I went back to bed and almost immediately to sleep, for the ordinary silence of the night seemed very soothing. The next morning we learned that the bombardment had been a reprisal for some bombs dropped on Metz. As we walked round the streets, perfectly still and almost sparkling in the summer sunlight, the past night, with its midnight bombardment, the houses on fire, the disordered groups of ambulance-drivers and French soldiers in the cellar, seemed as unreal as a nasty nightmare. In front of a house with a great hole in one of its walls we fell into conversation with a French *sous-officier*. He said that it was his house, that he was home from the Somme front for six days' permission, but that he was hurrying back to the trenches, which he felt were safer than Pont-à-Mousson.

I was anxious to see the grave of Mignot, so we made our way to the bridge which we had crossed the night before. We were stopped by a sentry at the same spot where we had formerly been asked for the password. This sentry refused at first to let us pass, saying that some German gunners might very well see us and fire; but, finally, we

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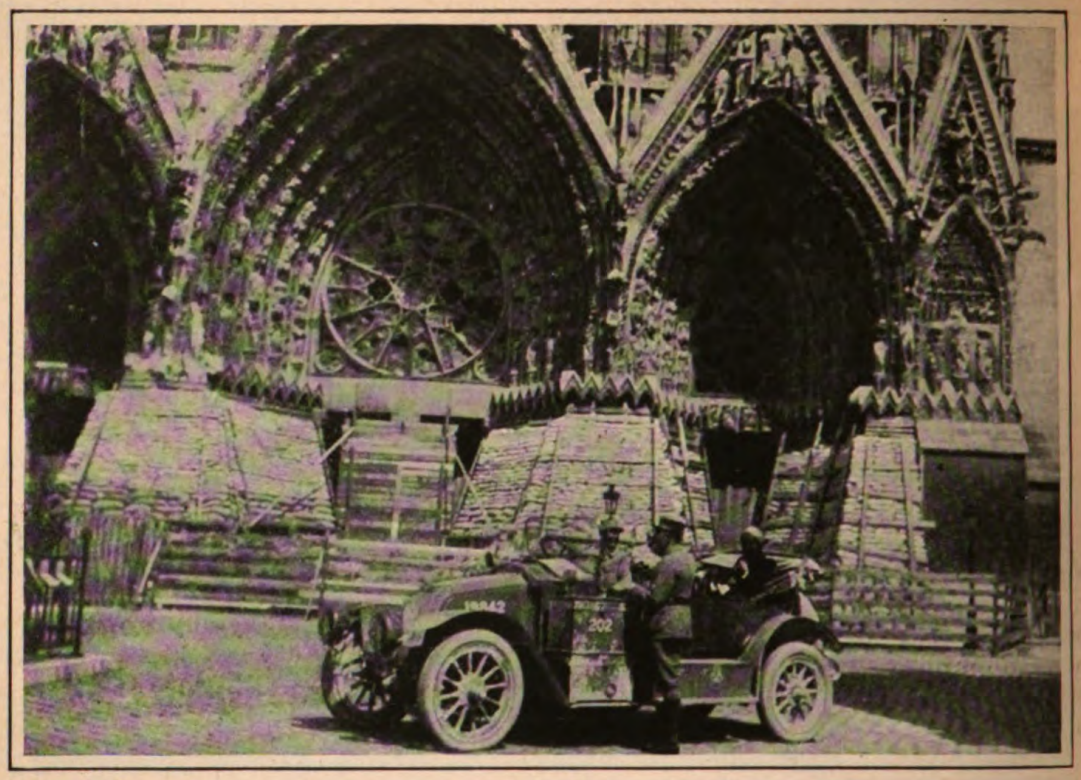

IN FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL OF RHEIMS

persuaded him to allow us to cross one at a time. And crossing this bridge by myself, after having just been told that it was a popular target for the Germans, gave me quite an uncomfortable feeling. However, we all got safely to the cemetery. But, much to my disappointment, we could not find the wooden cross which identified Mignot's grave. The cemetery has been raked more than once by the enemy's guns, and graves have given up their dead until the debris of dislodged tombs makes it difficult even to walk about.

From Pont-à-Mousson, after warm good-byes to all the boys, we took the road to Commercy. Our destination was Verdun, but, as a glance at the map will show, it was necessary for us to run back around St.-Mihiel, which is held by the Germans, and then along the lines to Verdun. We were told that the road southeast of St.-Mihiel was the nearest to the lines which it is considered safe to motor over. But before we got there our driver turned off sharply on a road that leads to Verdun, but which was also marked in great, plain letters, "*Interdite aux voitures le jour*," and which was screened all the way with a care that plainly showed how visible it was to the Germans.

Gunners always think a single large automobile dashing along a road known to be dangerous is a staff car taking chances because it is important that it get somewhere quickly. But our driver only shrugged his shoulders and said, "They won't hit us if they fire." I think I was more nervous than at the *poste de secours* the night before or during the bombardment of Pont-à-Mousson. Fear—that is, fear which is plainly distinguished from excitement and astonishment, takes time to make itself realized. As we sped along that road behind those ghastly screens, never out of range of the German guns, I was conscious of a nervous excitement. Then a 75 close to the road blazed away, the shell whistling over our heads, and I remember sympathizing very strongly at that moment with John Brown, a colored man in our hospital, who, when I asked him why he had joined the Foreign Legion, said, "Well, madam,

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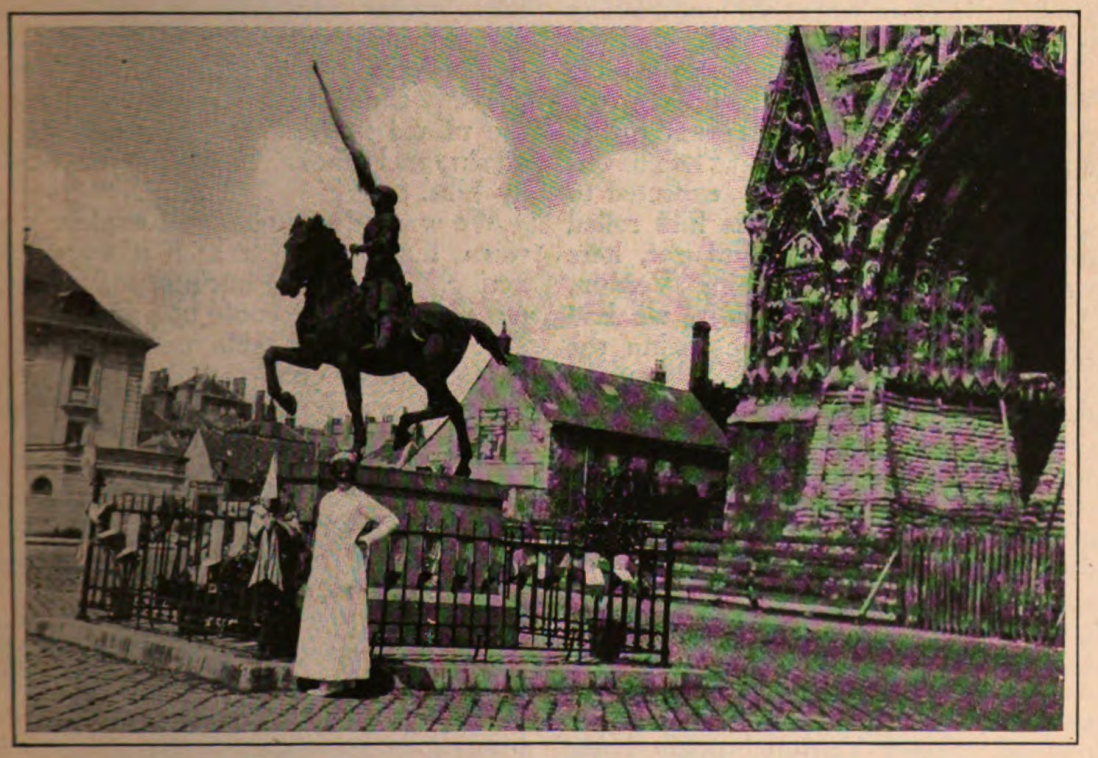
I think more out of curiosity than intelligence."

We did not break our journey until we came to Sampigny, where President Poincaré has—or rather had—a summer home, for the Germans have pretty well riddled the house with shrapnel. But the garden looked as lovely as ever, and the roses were so fresh and inviting that we stopped and picked some of them.

About five miles outside of Verdun we came upon a little village where Section 2 is quartered in a barn. There we had lunch and a long talk with the boys. This section has seen nearly eighteen months of heavy work at Pont-à-Mousson near St.-Mihiel and near Verdun. But at this time it was relatively *en repos* for repairs, and the boys were chafing at their enforced idleness, and begged Mr. Andrew to see what he could do toward having them ordered back into the fighting line.

After luncheon I visited a large hospital established in a château near the boys' quarters. To this hospital those wounded who cannot stand a train journey are brought, many of them, of course, to die. Never before had I been in a hospital where no women nurses were allowed, and I remember this visit as the only unpleasant experience of my whole trip. There are many things that only a woman is able to do, and if ever a woman was needed anywhere it was there in that hospital, looking after and comforting, as only a woman can, the recovery or the death of those desperately wounded men. I still feel too deeply to bring myself to talk about this. I am told it is one of the inevitable horrors of war, and it is useless to dwell upon what cannot be remedied.

From this place we drove in less than half an hour to Section 8, installed very near Verdun in tents. It had just been through a spell of exceedingly severe and dangerous work, driving at night without lights of any kind over roads encumbered with artillery, troops, and *ravitaillement*, and continually exposed to shells and gas-bombs, and I thought, as I listened to the boys talking to Mr. Andrew, that the drivers would be glad to change places for a little while with Section 2. But we did not linger here



THE STATUE OF JEANNE D'ARC, STILL UNSCATHED

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GERMAN PRISONERS WE MET ON THE ROAD

very long. A short chat with the leader, Mr. Austin Mason, a graduate of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, a brief inspection of the tents, a look around the place where the ambulances were parked, and we were off for Verdun.

Verdun! The very name thrilled me. Verdun, the city that had been the center of the world's attention for so many months, the place that I had never, even in my wildest dreams, expected to see until the tide of battle had rolled forever away from it. And yet, here we were really approaching Verdun. And then, before I knew it, we had passed the walls and were within the city itself, entering not by the usual route along the Paris road, but from the opposite side, by way of the citadel, which brought us directly into the principal street and gave us at once a view of the ruined town. But being in Verdun did not give me any idea of the gigantic battle to which this city has given its name. It made me realize, as nothing else could, that battles today, although they are named after cities and rivers, are fought over entire regions. Seeing Verdun brought home to me that the "Battle of Verdun" means ammunition-trains at Bar-le-Duc and Révigny, means countless *postes de secours*, means shells exploding over miles and miles of fields and wooded hills, means aeroplanes in the clouds and mines down in the earth beneath the deepest trench. In Verdun itself the only things that suggested war were the ruined houses and the white puffs of shrapnel smoke visible on the near-by hills.

We wanted to linger and explore the town, but we all felt as if it were not fitting. We had no business in Verdun, our presence there could help in no way, and it was impossible not to realize that the place was far too sacred for sight-seeing. So we did not even get out of our automobile.

We left Verdun on the road for ——, where we expected to find and have tea with Section 4. The first eight or ten kilometers of this journey was in many ways the most interesting part of my whole trip. The road ran through a huge, flat forest and plain where an army in reserve was waiting. Never in my life have I been in the midst of so many men, so much activity. The forest teemed with soldiers. There were

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thousands of great trucks carrying supplies, there were horses, mules, ammunition-trains, big guns—indeed, everything that goes to make up a great modern army. My eyes could not take it all in, my mind could not digest what I saw. I sank back in the motor, exhausted, as we left behind us this endless army and found ourselves once more upon a quiet, well-nigh deserted strip of road.

At —— we were welcomed by the French lieutenant attached to the section, Baron de Turckheim, a typical French officer, suave and immaculate. Indeed, his shining boots and spotless clothes were in striking contrast to the uniforms of our boys, who literally crawled out from under the cars they were repairing to come to tea. After tea I threw myself on the grass, and many of the boys gathered around me, very anxious to hear my experiences and the latest Paris gossip.

More than fifty American universities and colleges have been represented in the field service, and the type was well disclosed in the men stretched around me on the grass that afternoon. They were from all parts of America, and included graduates of some six universities or colleges. It was hard, of course, to get them to talk about anything so self-revealing as why they were doing ambulance-work at the front. But I do not believe that a sense of adventure was the impelling motive in most instances. They did not look the part of the soldier of fortune who gives his loyalty lightly to any cause. And Mr. Andrew says that the records of the men in the field service, as on file at headquarters in Paris, bear out this statement. They are men who have been leaders in college, who have made a good start in business, or law, or engineering, who have arranged to give six months to the cause of France and her allies, because they believe in France and the things for which she and her allies are fighting. The only time they ever showed signs of discontent was when they were not having hard work to do, and I tried to impress upon them that no matter what they were doing or in what part of the service they were working, it was all for the same big cause, carrying the message of love and sympathy to France.

We were pressed to stay to dinner and visit in the night the *poste de secours* served by the section in the vicinity of Mort-Homme. For sleeping-quarters I was offered Baron de Turckheim's tent—a tiny, portable room that went by the name of "Villa Lorraine." But we decided after dinner to push on to Chalons for the night.

The drive to Chalons was indescribably picturesque, for we skirted along the Argonne hills, which were lighted up by the constant glimmer of trench fusées. *En route* we found Section 1 in a lovely glade, their smart, freshly painted cars parked among their tents. This section has seen service all along the front, in Flanders, on the Aisne, and on the Somme before the last two months in the sector of Verdun. They, too, pressed us to spend the night, but we only lingered long enough for Mr. Andrew to go over the report of the section chief, Mr. Townsend, a charming graduate of Princeton.

The night at Chalons passed without adventure, except that I was awakened once by anti-aircraft guns popping away at a Taube. In the morning, after walking around the town, we set out for Rheims, and entered it on the road marked "Chalons-Charleville"—Chalons, where we had spent the night; Charleville, where, they say, are the Great Headquarters of all the German armies in the field. Here again I don't know what I had expected to see. I believe I had thought of Rheims as a city empty and desolate, ruined by shell and fire, as are the little villages I had been in near Verdun. But the first impression was otherwise. Children ran across the street, a trolley-car stopped to let off a middle-aged woman, a dilapidated fiacre drifted by us, searching for a fare. One felt that there were not enough people about, that there was less life than the streets and houses led one to expect, but such activity as there was seemed normal, and for many blocks I saw no destruction.

But we passed very quickly through this part of the city. The cathedral, our destination, of course, may be said to stand in a sea of ruins, except for

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the unscathed statue of Jeanne d'Arc. The archbishop's palace gives the impression of an abandoned wreck thrown up on the shore. Many of the houses have been burned down to their cellars; in others the floors dangle from the walls and the walls lean against one another. The ruin, one felt, was final, unredeemed, and I was prepared for the same emotions when I stood by the cathedral.

The outer roof of the cathedral, which was made of wood, is entirely destroyed, as all the world knows; much masonry has been crumbled by shells; statues have lost heads and hands; the most delicate tracery of the Middle Ages is obliterated; a pathetic amount of the patient, reverent, inspired toil of many centuries and countless hands has been swept away and blotted out forever. But as I stood in front of the great edifice I felt none of the depression and sense of unrelieved loss conveyed by the ruined villages near Verdun, and even the ruined stores and houses of Rheims. The famous cathedral—noted architects to the contrary—is for me more wonderful than ever. It still stands in all the grandeur of its magnificent outlines. Its burned roof, its pierced walls, its broken statues envelop it with a new nobility, because these scars tell and will tell forever of the great tragedy through which France is passing. The hand of the restorer should never touch the cathedral of Rheims except so far as is required for its preservation. History has always been written on its walls, and the courage and faith in the heart of France to-day are worthy of this recording.

I can only liken the appearance of the Cathedral of Rheims, as I saw it, to the face of a beautiful woman which has lost the smooth freshness of youth, but which has attained a new beauty through the marks that the sorrows and vicissitudes of life have left upon it.

Reunion

BY OSCAR C. A. CHILD

RUN fast, my little lad, and bring your toys,
I would not have you leave e'en one behind;
Bring all your simple, childish woes and joys,
But follow quickly; run, run like the wind.

Stride on, young man, at pace and catch me up,
Bring with you what you've found upon the way—
A flag, a kerchief, or a jeweled cup—
But hasten, hasten, while it is yet day.

And now at last we three together stand
For just a pause; 'tis darkening, growing late.
I lean on you, my youth; child, take my hand—
Together then we enter yonder gate.

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Mister Antonio

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

PART I

Act One

A CITY bar-room of the "lower class." The windows, above the shades, show the reverse of the painted words, "Tug's European Café," in the yellow and strong sunshine of the April morning. Tug, himself, white jacketed and aproned, a sleek, blond Germanic type, healthy and strong, is setting out "free lunch" upon the counter—a bowl of crackers, some cheese, and pickles, and sausage. A man is lying asleep on a worn old bench against the wall.

There enters a New York cockney street girl of twenty, or thereabout, hard, seemingly careless, rather handsome. She wears an exaggeration of a "smart" street costume—a little spoon hat on one side, with raked feathers; a feather boa; a shirt-waist and jacket; a plain skirt, even shorter than the alleged fashion; black stockings, and shoes with noticeable tops. There are two round tables in the room; she goes to the nearer, placing her gloves and a red-leather bag upon the table.

Tug (*as she seats herself*).—Jeest, Poil! Whatcha doin'? Aincha out oily?

Pearl.—Why not? I don't get no sleep anyways. You make me a Swiss Ess, Tug. I don't expect to live no longer 'n noon! Whoo! (*She rubs her forehead.*) Rough night.

Tug.—It *was* some rough.

Pearl (*alluding to the man sleeping upon the bench*).—I see we still got our millionaire frien' with us!

Tug.—He's no good.

Pearl.—Been there all night?

Tug.—Yep.

Pearl (*apathetically*).—Las' thing before *I* lef', about two G.M., he was goin' to marry me. He was goin' to marry *all* we girls. I bet—I bet he's got a wife an' ten childern!

Tug.—Yep. Strick with 'em, too, I expeck.

Pearl.—Whatcha goin' do with him?

Tug.—I'm goin' to wake him up an' kick him out in about ten minutes.

Pearl (*dully amused*).—My! He says he was the King of Siam, las' night. We was callin' him Si fer short. He never said his real name, did he, Tug?

Tug.—Naw. What's the use? He didn't look like no Central Park West to *you*, did he? Small-town stuff.

Pearl.—Uh-uh. To the big burg on biznus—tears loose among the pink drinks and the pink stockin's—then home to mother out on the pike—and "Never no more!"

Tug.—Them kind got jest sense enough to come to New York to git drunk. Home, where he lives, C'lumbus, Ohio, or Saint Looie, maybe, or Skweedunk, Pennsylvania, he'll prob'ly beat the life out o' one his kids fer drinkin' a glass o' beer.

Pearl.—Yeh. Or fer tryin' to kiss the school-teacher!

Tug.—They's thousands o' prom'nent guys from all them jay towns git on the trains fer N' Yoik every day in the year — comin' here "on biz'nus" — that's what they let on to themselves. They git the biz'nus done in twenty minutes; then they git jagged fer three days! 'S like what the feller says, "My, how they hate it!"

Pearl.—Well, one way it does good, though, Tug. You gotta hand 'em this much: they bring money int' the town.

Tug.—"Bring money int' the town?" Who gits it? Them big hotels!

Pearl.—He gimme half a dollar. (*She laughs loudly, dips her fingers in the glass of water and flicks some drops upon the recumbent form.*) He put a half a dollar—

Tug.—T'row the whole glass at him. *I* wouldn't care! I used to live in one

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them jay towns. I know what them birds are when they're— (*He pauses, listening to the distant sound of a hurdy-gurdy, very sweet and gay in tone, playing the preliminary music of the "Toreador" song from "Carmen."*)

PEARL (*staring at* TUG, *her glass poised half-way to her lips.*)—What's matter?

TUG.—Hear that?

PEARL.—Hoidy-goidy?

TUG.—I bet five dollars cash it's Tony Cameradonio. Yessir!

PEARL.—Whatcha mean? You can't tell one hoidy-goidy from another, can you?

TUG.—Sure you can! They's as much diff'ence in hoidy-goidies as they is in diff'ent kinds o' liquor. (*He smiles.*) That's Tony. He's got the best. Cost money, too! That's a great little Dago, Poil. Yessir, I'm glad to hear it playin'. One thing, it's the foist I knowed spring's come 'round again.

PEARL (*in a dead voice*).—"Spring"?

TUG.—Yessir! Tony keeps a little flower-stand up here a ways in the winter. But 'long about the foist week in April he outs with his hoidy-goidy an' he'll play around New York two three weeks, maybe; then he'll woik out through the country. 'Fore he's back again he'll woik way out—fur as Chicago, maybe.

PEARL.—He must be a sport!

TUG.—He'll go anywhere he takes a notion to—an' he'll come back here in October with a roll as big as Fat Carrie's arm! That Tony, he's all right; he swings the Dago vote in his ward—y' oughta hear that guy talk oncet, Poil! He's a hel'va fella, that Dago guy—an' when you hear that hoidy-goidy o' his, that's when you know springtime's come 'round again. (*He laughs.*) I like to hear it!

[*The music continues to be heard a little longer, and the sleeper appears to be disturbed by it. He moans and tosses—slightly at first; then he groans and tries to ease the position of his head; he tries to turn over.*

PEARL.—Looks to me like the King o' Siam's goin' to fall out o' bed. Oh, look at him! He's tryin' to pull the covers up! (*She flicks water at him.*) Better get under the quilt, Si—it's rainin'!

TUG.—Rain some more, Poil.

THE MAN (*moaning*).—Oof! Oh, mercy! What—what's matter? What you want, ma?

PEARL (*chuckling*).—"Whatcha want, ma?" Didj' git that "ma," Tug? F'revanses' sakes!

TUG (*roaring at the man suddenly*).—Come *to*, there, you!

THE MAN.—What?

TUG.—How long you 'spect to lay there?

THE MAN (*hoarsely*).—Lay where? (*He sits up wretchedly upon the bench, groaning and rubbing his forehead and eyes with shaking hands. He is revealed as a sturdily built man in the fifties; his flushed face—a Midland type—is ordinarily smooth-shaven, but now his grizzled beard has a two days' growth. There are discolorations upon his face and a piece of black court-plaster runs across his temple. His tousled hair is gray. He wears no collar, no tie, no coat.*) Where is it?

TUG.—Where's what?

THE MAN.—Where's *this?* (PEARL *emits a brief shriek of laughter.*) Where'm I?

PEARL.—*Look!* He's feelin' fer his watch!

TUG (*bitterly*).—Yep; that's it! That's the way these jay-town jags get a straight guy in trouble if you don't t'row 'em out on the street. Say, *you!* You di'n' have no watch on you when you come in here. You di'n' have nuttin' but a piece o' busted watch-chain hangin' loose on ya. You try to make out your watch got lifted in my place, and I'll—

THE MAN (*appealingly*).—What place is it? *Where* is it?

TUG.—Thoid Avenue!

PEARL.—Thoid Avenue, N' Yoik City!

THE MAN.—Yes—I know I'm in New York.

PEARL.—Got brains! Right up to date, ain't he!

THE MAN.—I came to New York on business. But how'd I get *here?*

TUG.—You *come* here! Nobody ast you!

PEARL.—Walked right in the door—an' fell right on the floor!

THE MAN.—I—I can't remember!

[*He gets up shakily but quickly, his eye*

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having fallen upon the glass of water on PEARL'S *table. He seizes it briskly and drains it quickly. There is something decided in the way he does this—even in his miserable state of nerves, he shows that he is a man used to taking what he wants.*

PEARL (*satirically, as he takes the glass*).—The house is yours, Mister King o' Siam. (*As he sets it down empty:*) Thanks, lady!

THE MAN.—I—haven't touched liquor for four years.

TUG.—Not sence the las' time you was in N' Yoik, huh?

THE MAN.—Yes. (*He returns to the bench limping, and sits.*) I—I— Now, how'd such a thing happen? I got everything all finished up and I was going to take the train at five-thirty yesterday afternoon—yesterday— Yesterday was Wednesday, wasn't it?

PEARL.—Friday, Sport. Bad Friday, I guess! This is Satady.

THE MAN (*wretchedly*).—Ah-h! *Me!*

PEARL.—Ja get that "me," Tug? What *will* ole aunt an' Deacon Jones say if they ever hear how Uncle Si cut up on his trip to the city?

THE MAN.—That's enough! You be careful who you're speaking to!

PEARL.—*Oh*—ex-cuse *me!*

THE MAN.—Bartender, I'd like to know what's become of my coat and overcoat.

TUG.—An' yer hat, too, mister? Don't you want yer hat? (*He stoops and picks up the rim of a hat from the floor behind the bar.*) I saved it fer you. It's all you left of it after you done a dance on it.

THE MAN.—I'll have to buy another.

TUG.—Whatcha goin' buy it with?

THE MAN.—Well, where *is* my money?

TUG (*nodding grimly to* PEARL).—Di'n' I tell ya? (*To* THE MAN, *with satirical and threatening deference:*) How much did you have, mister?

THE MAN.—I had a hundred and twenty dollars, and my railroad tickets —and my watch.

TUG.—Still his *watch!* Well, mister, I guess maybe you think it's kind o' funny you wakin' up here without none o' them things on you—

THE MAN.—Yes, I do.

TUG.—Well, an' s'pose I couldn't account fer none of 'em, you might feel kind o' like puttin' in a complaint to a cop, huh? Git the place pulled, maybe?

THE MAN (*frowning*).—Well, I guess you don't want that.

TUG.—An' so I better dig up yer watch an' yer money an' yer railroad tickets an' yer coat an' overcoat an' a hunert an' twunty dollars. You 'ain't missed yer collar an' tie an' yer scarf-pin yet, have yer?

THE MAN.—Oh yes, I have!

TUG.—An' I might be responsible, as it were?

THE MAN.—*Some*body is. *Some*body got 'em, and I'm going to get 'em back!

PEARL.—He's goin' to have us all sent away, Tug! *My*, an' think how *frien'ly* he was las' *night!* Ain't he the good fella!

TUG (*He comes out from behind the bar to the bench. He speaks fiercely*).—Stan' up! (THE MAN *rises mechanically, but quickly* TUG *strikes him violently across the forehead, knocking him back upon the bench.*) You set there an' listen while I tell you somep'm, an' then I'm goin' to t'row ya out in the street! You drawed a blank since Wunsty, an' wake up in my place Satady mornin' an' put up a *squeal!* (*To* PEARL.) Di'n' I t'ought that's the way it ud be? Di'n' I said so?

PEARL.—You hat his number.

TUG.—You fell in here las' night out the street, an' nobody in the place never laid eyes on ya before. Oh, you was the jolly gent' *then;* some skoit had got yer watch long 'fore you hit here, an' you said she was welcome to it! You was awful liberal—an' you had jest four dollars to be liberal wit'! Then you sold yer overcoat to a strange fella fer a dollar, an' yer coat to another fer twenty cents —an' you spent two dollars an' fifty-five cents at my bar an' give the rest an' what was left o' yer watch-chain round among the goils! (*He seizes* THE MAN *by the shoulders and jerks him to his feet.*) Now you go out an' tell a cop about it! You'll find one on the corner.

THE MAN.—Let me alone! Take your hands off me!

TUG.—Go on tell him! He's a frien' o' mine.

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THE MAN (*resisting*).—What you doing?

TUG.—I'm t'rowin' you out in the street; that's all!

THE MAN.—Don't do that! Don't!

TUG.—Get out o' my place! Go on! Go on! Go on!

THE MAN.—Don't do that! Oh, *don't!* I *can't* go out like this! I can't go out in this *condition!* Don't put me out till I find a coat!

[*They struggle.*

TUG.—Go on!

[THE MAN'S *detaining hold upon* TUG'S *arm breaks, and he is thrown, staggering, but saves himself from falling by clutching the bar, where he hangs panting. The sound of the hurdy-gurdy bursts loudly upon the air in the jubilant "A Frangesa" march. It is now just outside the door. Children's voices are heard shouting and singing with the hurdy-gurdy, and there is the shuffling of footsteps dancing upon the sidewalk. Then the voices of two men are heard singing a run in the melody, and the gay call of* TONY *shouting "Aha! Bravo! Tessess?" ("Ten cents," he means.) "Tessess, please! Somebody geef tessess for a pretty music? Bravo! Aha!"*

THE MAN.—You've got no right to—

TUG.—Shut up!

PEARL.—Listen. It's pretty.

TUG.—It's that Tony! (*He goes to the screen at the door and looks out chuckling.*) Kids dancin'! Hay! You Tony! Who's yer friend?

TONY (*outside*).—Aha, Meesterr Tug! How you do? Aha! (*The music is the "Toreador" song.*)

TUG.—You come in here! I got somep'm fer you! (*He goes behind the bar.* THE MAN, *meanwhile, apprehensively gets himself back to the bench.* TUG *sets two wine-glasses on the bar.*) You Tony, come in here!

[*He places a flask of Chianti beside the glasses. The music and noise outside reach a high pitch of enthusiasm.*

TONY (*just outside the door, calling gaily:*)—Tessess? A nick'? Somebody geef a nick' for a pretty music? (*This call of his is jocular, particularly now as he is entering the bar of his friend. He means it only in joke. He enters with flamboyant gaiety, half shouting, and holding his hat in extended hand, moving it as if for contributions, his other arm extended also, and keeping time to the music.*) Ain't nobody geef one nick' for a crazy littla man like me? Aha, Meesterr Tug, you make so moch money, you goin' pay me for all de beeg crowd I bring in a front you' house. Aha? (*He laughs loudly, withdrawing his hat and tossing a silver dollar on the bar.*) No! You too rich! Keep de money! Only a poor people pay Tony! I pay! You pour one glass Chianti for Tony! I invite to join me in one glass o' wine—(*With expansive gesture, as though inviting a multitude, his eye falls on* PEARL. *He advances toward her as he speaks, his step and gesture rhythmic with the continuing "Carmen" music outside. He bows to her.*) Laydee! I make some interodoos. Will you 'ave one glass wine weet Meesterr Antonio Cameradonio? Aha! Dat ees *me!*

[*She nods, laughing. He laughs, too, as if everything were all a good joke. He is in the prime of life, strong and healthy. His hair is dark and curly, his face brown. He wears a corduroy coat and trousers of brown-green, old but clean, and old, hobnailed shoes; his hat is soft, old gray; what shape it has is volcanic—a sort of cone. His shirt is tan, with a large black-and-red handkerchief for neckwear. His expression and his picturesque and frequent gestures are the incarnation of gaiety—and in all there is a humorous exaggeration, as if he played a part for you and joined with you in making fun of it.*

TUG.—Tell her about that music like you done that day.

[*He is chucklingly amused with everything that* TONY *does. The music has reached the characteristic "Toreador" swinging air.*

TONY (*with a flourish*).—Oho! Dat ees "Toreador"—like in Espain, wair dey fight bool. I make me a po-tree about some bool-fight like in Espain wair dey allaways keel dat bool. So! (*He burlesques the stabs of toreador and picador.*)

Oh, de tor-torea-tor-torea-toreador,
An' de pic-picka-pic-picka-picador!

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Eef do bool 'ad a gun,
Den you see a littla fun,
But you wouldn' see no pic—nor no toreador!

Aha! How you like dat po-tree? (*He laughs with them at his nonsense; he swings back to the bar, and, after extending his hand for his glass, draws it back suddenly, struck with a thought.*) No! We bring Joe; 'e mus' drink good healt' weet us!

TUG (*amused*).—Joe? Is he that wreck you got toinin' the hoidy-goidy handle fer you?

TONY (*gaily*).—Joe, 'e my new partner. (*Confidentially.*) I tell you. (*Tapping his head.*) Not so good 'ere, but plenty good—(*touching the muscle of his arm and turning an imaginary crank*)—for turn dat 'andle. I *call* 'im my partner; dat make 'im please. I tell you: I take good care dat poor Joe. He was in asylum. Dey don't treat 'im nice. No. Slug 'im. *So*—'e run away. Well, you see 'e come 'ome to 'is fam'ly; dey goin' sen' 'im back. Oho, dat poor Joe 'e scairt! I say no, I take 'im—'e can turn 'andle for me. 'E fine man to turn 'andle. Joe 'e turn 'andle w'ile I pass de 'at. *So!* Oh, dat Joe, 'e turn 'andle *fine!* So now I am goin' invite 'im drink one glass o' wine weet us. (*Calls:*) Joe!

PEARL.—I'm scairt o' them nuts!

TONY (*gaily*).—Oh, Joe, 'e fine man!

[*He has taken a metal whistle from his pocket, and he blows shrilly upon it. Instantly the music ceases, and* JOE *rushes in, holding a pistol in each hand leveled at* TONY'S *breast.* PEARL *shrieks, and* TUG, *with an inarticulate cry, ducks behind the bar;* THE MAN *cries out and covers his face with his arm.* TONY *laughs, and* JOE *fires directly at him, within a foot of him. The pistols have the appearance, at first sight, of actual revolvers, but they are boys' Fourth-of-July toys.*

PEARL.—Fer Gosh sake! *Cap* pistols. I thought—

TUG (*laughing*).—One on *me*, bo!

TONY.—'E's fine man! Shoot Tony! Dat's right! (JOE *puts his pistols in his belt, much pleased. He wears a shabby, shapeless, old patched suit; his black derby hat is so old that it is soft and irregular in outline; he has printed in white chalk upon it, in front, the letters "G. A. R." He is about forty.* TONY *continues:*) Aha! You goin' drink one glass o' wine weet me, partner! Joe, 'e 'ave gran' time if you let 'im shoot pistol. If you don' let—den, oh, 'e suffer so bad! So, well, I buy 'im cap pistol: 'e feel fine! But 'e wan' shoot everabody! 'E goin' shoot everabody wot come listen to music. Scare some people, yes. So I feex dat up weet 'im. 'E can shoot all 'e want—but I say, "Joe, you *allaways* shoot Tony, nobody else!" (JOE *laughs and nods.*) Yes, sir, 'e soon shoot me as anybody; so now 'e got dat in 'is 'ead good. Allaways shoot Tony! Dat make fun for de crowd, you see. Dat's good! 'E like dat, too—eh, Joe? Some time 'e shoot me fifty—eighty time a day! I got 'im train' fine. 'E don' scare nobody an' dat don' do me no 'arm—git shoot weet cap pistol. I like 'im do dat!

JOE (*cunningly*).—I want to shoot you so I can scare that feller again.

TONY.—What fella?

JOE (*pointing to* THE MAN, *who has been sitting upon the bench in a dejected attitude*).—That feller!

TONY (*remorsefully*).—Ah! (*Taking a step toward* THE MAN.) Meesterr, you 'scuse me? I invite you drink one glass o' wine weet me.

TUG.—Dontcha invite him to drink nuttin'! *I'm* goin' to invite him wit' my foot to fall out in the middle o' the sidewalk. Here, you! I fergot you fer a minute. Clear out, now!

THE MAN (*shrinking*). — I *can't! Won't* you give me a hat and coat—

TUG.—Yah, if you was any good you'd been at the telephone long ago, gittin' somebody 't knowed you to bring you some clo'es an' some dough. Go on, before I—

THE MAN.—There isn't anybody in New York I *can* telephone to like that. I *have* got some business acquaintances here, but I *can't* ask them to—

TUG.—But you ast *me*, do ya? (*Dashing at him and grasping him in a "bouncer's hold."*) Git out! *This* time you're goin' to land plum' on the sidewalk!

THE MAN (*desperately*). — Don't! *Don't* do that to me! It 'll kill me!

TONY.—You wait one minute, Mee-

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sterr Tug; I ask you please. (TUG, *surprised, desists, while* THE MAN, *shaking and wholly demoralized, supports himself by leaning upon the bar.* TONY *instantly smiles indulgently.*) Wot make so moch troub'?

TUG.—This here beat, he come in here las' night, spent two dollars an' fifty-five cents on my bar an' dam' near bust up my business. 'While ago he was goin' to have the place pulled because he'd been on a three-days an' woke up wit' a grouch.

TONY (*to* THE MAN).—Wot *you* say?

THE MAN (*his lips unsteady*).—This is a horrible thing to happen to *me*—

PEARL.—That "*me*" again!

THE MAN.—I *can't* call on anybody in this town to help me out—not in a—not in a case like this. (*To* TUG.) If you'd just have the decent Christian kindness to let me have an overcoat to cover me up—and a hat—

TUG (*sardonically*).—Uh-uh! Go on.

THE MAN.—And if you'd let me have a dollar—or—or maybe seventy-five cents, I could telegraph for money and get it. I'd be all right if you'd do that.

TUG.—You got a fat chance to be "all right," then! See here—

TONY (*interrupting, cheerfully*).—Wait, Meesterr Tug, please! I tell you somet'ing: dees gentiman 'e is from some place— (*Touching* THE MAN'S *waistcoat lightly.*) It's good clot'! 'E is fine man at 'ome.

TUG.—Yep. Prom'nent guy in a jay burg!

TONY (*with friendly cheerfulness*).—Yes! Go to church weet 'ees family. Yes! So, 'e come to New York; 'e is talk 'ees bizaness weet some gentimens; dey are gentimens like *'im;* dey go to church weet *their* family. 'E cannot telaphone to soch a kind of gentimens dat 'e 'as gone on a spree—everat'ing stole from 'im, smash face, bust open, shot to piece, 'igh as Geelroy's kite! No! Deese bizaness-church gentimens, 'e don' know well enough; 'e make *bizaness* weet them. 'E don' wan' *know* 'e bust loose. But if 'e write, telagraph 'ome, 'e git 'is money to-day; explain somet'ing w'en 'e *reach* 'ome, w'y 'e make dat telagraph. You see?

THE MAN (*anxiously*).—*That's* the way it is—that's *just* it.

TONY (*heartily*).—I bet you! I been bust mysel'. Now, see: Meesterr Tug you geef dees gentiman one glass o' wisky; I pay. One glass 'e need bad. (TUG *goes behind the bar rather sullenly, obeying;* TONY *continuing:*) Joe, you finish you' glass o' wine? Well, we are all pack up to trav'. In my pack in de cart is one ole overcoat. Joe, you go out, open de pack, bring me dat overcoat.

TUG.—Aw, g'wan! You ain't goin' to hand this beat—

TONY.—Listen! You know, I wan' tell you somet'ing. Dees Chianti, she is a good wine. Ha! dat's a fine glass o' wine! She make de heart warm. I wouldn' geef dees fella one penny if I hadn't take a drink!

PEARL.—You goin' to give him yer overcoat?

TONY.—I tell you. (*Tapping his breast.*) I got a dam' fool inside o' me. W'en I was right yo'ng fella, twenty, twenty-one year ole, I see peopla 'ave troub', I see peopla cry—some woman 'ave dead baby, maybe—I din' care; I look on. I 'ave plenty troub' belong to *me.* I t'ink dat troub' wot belong to me dat's all de troub' in de worl'. But wait! I got littla more ole; I begin 'ave some troub' about dat troub' wot din' belong to me. *Yes,* sir! I begin to make a remember about dat woman 'ave a baby dead, maybe, w'en I look on, not even say somet'ing to dat woman. W'en I close my eye, I see dat woman' face—my ear', dey hear dat woman cry! Long time go by; all time I git more a dam' fool dat way. I see somebody have bad troub', an' if I go 'way, don' do somet'ing at all, den after I see dat somebody' face; it make a cry at me. "W'y di'n' you do somet'ing to 'elp my troub'?" it say. So den I git a 'urt an' can't sleep. So, now, I know if I don' do somet'ing for dees gentiman—'e's got soch a beeg troub'—maybe I would go all day, nex' day, maybe, be 'appy all time—but some night come, w'en Joe an' me sleep out in a fiel', maybe, an' I see dat face. "W'y di'n' you do somet'ing?" it say to me, an' I can't sleep all night. (JOE *enters with an overcoat—an old, patched one.* TONY *takes it from him and hands it to* THE MAN. I am a dam' fool. I

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'ate mysel'! But I got to geef 'im dees overcoat, or else sometime I make a remember 'ow I di'n' do somet'ing when was a beeg troub'. 'Ere, take 'er! It's a rotten overcoat, anyway; I only geef 'er 'way 'cause I gotta buy a new one!

PEARL (*sharply, to* THE MAN, *who is holding the coat and staring at it*).—Put it *on!*

[*He does so quickly.*

TONY (*gaily*).—Aha! Now, Meesterr Tug, you got a extra 'at some place 'ere; I know dat! Wot you goin' do weet dat extra 'at?

TUG.—Aw, rats!

[*He reaches down behind the bar and throws an old cap at* THE MAN, *who catches it and puts it on his head.*

TONY (*congratulating* THE MAN).—Aha! All ri'? Yes! Now you can make a telagraph. Aha! (*He gives him some dimes and quarters quickly.*) You feel fine to-night, meesterr!

THE MAN.—I—I'm much obliged. I won't forget you. You've been mighty kind. I—

TONY.—You make dat telagraph! You hurry! All ri', now! Good-by!

THE MAN.—Well, good-by.

[*He goes out quickly.*

TUG.—Whatcha give that dub yer overcoat an' a dollar, an' git *me* to give him a cap fer?

TONY.—*I* di'n' git you to geef 'im anat'ing. *You* geef dat to 'im 'cause you know if you di'n', sometime you wake up in de night an' you 'ear a dam' fool in you' inside say to you, "Ha, Meesterr Tug, w'y di'n' you geef dat fella no 'at?"

TUG.—Aw! Say, he wouldn't give *you* nuttin' if you been in *his* place. An' I betcha if you was ever to meet him again, he wouldn't lift his finger fer ya, if he could.

TONY.—No, no! Now, 'e be fine man to me if I meet 'im sometime.

TONY.—I bet he wouldn't. I bet he—

TONY.—Aha! I bet you ten dollar'.

TUG.—I gotcha! Shake on it. Ten dollars.

TONY (*shaking hands with him across the bar*).—Ten dollar'! 'Tis a bet! I got you!

TUG.—*I* know them small-town birds! They're meaner 'n *any*body you see in the city. Most people *any*where 's mean, fer that matter.

TONY.—No! *No*body ees mean.

TUG.—Huh?

TONY.—No! Jus'—*asleep.*

TUG.—Well, I got ten dollars that says *that* feller 'll be mean if you ever run acrost him again! You notice he never even took your name to send your dollar and your overcoat back, didn't you?

TONY.—Poora man! 'E too seek—'e too rattle. Now we mus' go, Joe an' me. Laydee, dat 'ealt' I wan' drink, it's *yours!* (*He finishes his glass with a flourish and bow to her. She finishes hers and smiles to him.*) So! You 'ear dat music? Aha, Joe an' me we go out like picador an' toreador to fight de bool! Our bool, 'e de bad weather—but, sunshine or rain, we play to get laydee' smile an' t'row a nick', tessess—sometime a quarter—half a dollar to Joe an' Tony!

TUG.—Good-by, Tony. I reckon you'll never see that guy again, but if you do you'll be sorry you bet on him. You don't know them kind o' guy like I do.

TONY.—My frien', I *do* know 'im. 'E 'ad me 'rested las' May in Avalonia, Pennsylvania, for play 'on de street on Sunday. 'E is de mayor of Avalonia, an' Joe an' me we are goin' to be in Avalonia six week' from to-day! I sen' you postal card w'ich one win de bet. Good-by, Meesterr Tug! Laydee, good-by! (*He lifts his arms as he goes out, waving his cap as though appealing to the crowd for contributions.*) Tessess, please? Somebody geef tessess—a nick'—tessess for a pretty music? Bravo! Bravo! Aha!

ACT TWO

A SUNSHINY, summer morning in an American town of eight or ten thousand people. Two houses are seen: one is of two stories, with an attic window in the gable; there is a small side-porch, giving access to the front door—and this house is more pretentious than its neighbor, a one-story house, but neat and complacent. Both are painted white, with green shutters. There are no fences; but the cement sidewalk is connected

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with each front door by a neat, straight cement path through the lawn, and between the two houses is a big clump of lilac in blossom. Narrow geranium-beds border the larger house, showing gleams of red over a low, green-painted wire protector; and the single large window in front of the smaller house sports a flowering window-box. The windows are open and fly-screened.

These purlieus are near the end of the principal "residence street," and upon the fringes of the little town. Maple shade-trees line the sidewalk, and everything is quiet and bright and empty — and commonplace and familiar.

In the distance a church organ is heard, playing the last bars of a recessional hymn, and after a moment two Sunday-dressed-up boys pass on their way home from church. One "tags" the other, and runs off, pursued by his fellow. Then JUNE RAMSEY enters from the direction of the church. She is an attractive young woman, in the early twenties, but her expression is worried and driven. She is dressed in dark clothes that give her an impoverished, country-school-teacher effect—not quite that good—but she has made a pathetically violent and unsuccessful effort for color, one bit of evidence of this struggle being a cheap blue feather stuck into a second-hand elderly hat, where it is obviously out of place. She carries a slip of paper in her hand, a "missionary leaflet," and as she comes she is twisting it into a tight, contorted roll. She gives a quick, anxious glance over her shoulder, and drops the paper in the corner of the yard of the smaller house. Hurrying on, she glances back again, apprehensively, and then scurries into the larger house by the front door. Then a few dressed-up young people and one or two elderly ones, and some sedate children, all carrying "missionary leaflets," pass along the sidewalk.

MINNIE RIDDLE, a youngish matron, comes from the direction of the church, humming the recent hymn-tune decorously, and fanning herself with a small, Sunday-like black fan. She is dressed in the modern Sunday best of the soberer well-to-do or church-going gentry of the town, and she walks slowly. She is followed at a distance of five or six feet by a wicker baby-carriage propelled by GEORGE RIDDLE, a thin, pale man of thirty. He is of her class and type; he wears lump-toed shoes recently "shined"; dark, striped trousers, a "Prince Albert" coat—rather new, but not of a fashionable shape—unbuttoned. His waistcoat is black, and his "four-in-hand" tie of narrow white lawn. His cuffs, shirt, and collar are hard and shining, the collar—a standing one, but very low—exposing the "Adam's apple." Upon his head he wears a black Derby hat; his expression, like his wife's, is placid and lifeless. He half whistles the hymn as he wheels the carriage into the yard of the larger house; she lifts the baby from the carriage and carries it into the house, still humming her tune, and the man seats himself upon the porch steps, and fans himself with his hat.

Then (on the sidewalk) AVALONIA enters with EARL; they are walking home from church together. AVALONIA is a very pretty girl of twenty, dressed in a charming summer gown and hat—not Newport, but sufficiently modish. She wears no gloves, but carries a little parasol; and she is pleased with the day, with herself, and more than pleased with her companion. EARL is a good-looking youth of twenty-three or so; he wears a stiff straw hat, a black "sack suit," low shoes, and a white, stiff collar and shirt, and a white "Ascot" tie. He is somewhat distrait and anxious-looking.

AVALONIA.—Well, and I said, "Well, papa, what's the use your being mayor of the city 'nless you have the best pew in the church?" Well, so he— (*She breaks off, observing* EARL, *who leans behind her quickly and picks up the paper* JUNE *has dropped.*) What's that, Earl?

EARL.—Nothing. Mother hates to see papers thrown on our grass.

AVALONIA.—It's this morning's "missionary leaflet." It's got something written on it. Let's see it—

EARL.—Avalonia, give that back!

AVALONIA.—I don't have to obey till we're married. Listen! It says: "I ain't going to tell on you. You needn't be scared." That's funny. It's in pencil—with the letters *printed*—like some one trying to disguise their hand.

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EARL (*taking it from her*).—No. It's boys—it's nothing but boys writing notes in Sunday-school.

[*He tears the paper into bits.*

AVALONIA.—I expect so. Well, I thought your father preached a *fine* sermon, especially his paying papa such a compliment about the way he runs the town, and—

MRS. JORNY (AVALONIA'S *mother*).—Avvy, why'n't you ask Earl to go 'an sit with you on the porch awhile—not stand out in the sun? (*She speaks as she comes into view upon the sidewalk.* MRS. JORNY *is a sweet-faced woman of fifty; she wears the Sunday best of a prosperous, "provincial" matron of some sprightliness—a blue silk, with a hat which does not match her dress very well. She carries a black-silk parasol, open, and a "missionary leaflet."* MRS. JORNY'S *expression is a cheerful one—she is proud of her husband, as is shown when she looks at him; and she admires him for being a successful man, not only the head of the town, but the head of his own house. She calls to him over her shoulder:*) Come on, pa! He's been hangin' back, Earl, waitin' to tell your father what a good sermon he preached.

JORNY (*coming on, smiling*).—Well, of course *I* thought it was a good sermon! (*His wife tucks her arm fondly into his, and they join* EARL *and* AVALONIA *at the head of the path to the larger house,* JORNY *continuing his remarks as they walk. He is not too easily recognizable as the unfortunate misadventurer of* TUG'S *European Café. The principal change is in his expression, which is cheerfully dominant and assured. He wears black trousers and a white waistcoat, the latter open at the two top buttons, and sporting a gold watch-chain with large emblems of secret orders; his "sack" coat of black silk, very thin, is loose and cool; his shoes are well-polished. He wears a stiff white shirt, a round collar and round cuffs, a starched, white "four-in-hand" tie. His grayish hair is smooth, parted on the side, and decorous under a straw hat. He carries a small Bible, a "missionary leaflet," and a palm-leaf fan. He goes on, smilingly:*) I don't suppose there's many mayors in this country get that kind of compliments from the pulpit, and I don't mind saying I'm proud of it. Avvy, how about it? Get an idea maybe your daddy's considerable of a man?

AVALONIA.—Well, you may know how to run the town, but you don't know much about takin' care of yourself.

JORNY.—How's that?

AVALONIA.—That time you went to New York to give your lecture on "A Model Town" and lost your pocketbook and watch on the elevated railroad and had to telegraph the bank for—

MRS. JORNY.—Now, Avvy, your papa's tired bein' teased about that!

JORNY.—George, where's the baby?

GEORGE.—Minnie. She's helpin' June set dinner.

JORNY.—Come in, Earl; come in.

[*The four move toward the porch.*

MRS. JORNY.—What struck *me* as so *smart*, Earl, was the way your father made that point in the sermon about our town bein' run the way the Holy Ghost would run it.

JORNY.—Sit down, Earl; sit down.

[MRS. JORNY *seats herself in a chair upon the porch, fanning herself with a "missionary leaflet."* AVALONIA *and* EARL *sit on the steps.* JORNY *stops by the baby-carriage, resting his hand upon it, and moving it absently backward and forward.*

MRS. JORNY.—Avvy, can you say the text?

AVALONIA.—What for?

MRS. JORNY.—You needn't be so smart! Pa, you hand her that Bible. Now, Avalonia, you just read that passage out loud; the leaf's turned down.

AVALONIA.—All right. (*She reads, sweetly:*) "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead." That was all the text, mamma. I like *this* part of the story best: "But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him. And went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him." That's the best part!

JORNY.—That wasn't the point the minister made. The point *he* made was that it wasn't on the road, but *in Jeri-*

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cho, that it happened, and it showed that *there were thieves in Jericho!* The man would have been safe if there hadn't been.

AVALONIA.—Well, why didn't he keep away from 'em, then? There were probably plenty nice people in Jericho; he oughtn't to been running around with thieves!

JORNY.—He "fell" among them! We aren't told how it happened. We don't know whether it was by accident or through some temptation he was not enough on his guard against, or couldn't control when it come over him and the temptation was *around* him. The point that the minister made—and it was the best point I ever heard in a sermon—was that *this* town, thanks to the God-fearing people that control it, doesn't *need* a good Samaritan! (*Becoming triumphant and a little oratorical.*) *That's* what he said! And it's true! He said that we've made it a town that has no thieves to fall *among*. It's not a big city; but it's a splendid little town, and I named my daughter for it. I don't want to take too much credit to myself, but I've been mayor of this town four terms now—

GEORGE.—You'll be mayor long as you'll take it.

JORNY.—I guess so. And I've made it the cleanest town in this State, or any other State. The stranger of good intentions is welcome to come here and to stay here as long as he wants; but bad characters, loose characters, idle characters, wanton characters—people who get other people in trouble—they'd better be on their way! And the bad characters that *were* here; we've got them all weeded out. They could go where they pleased—they could go to Jericho if they wanted to, but they couldn't stay in Avalonia! That's *my* policy.

GEORGE (*patronizingly*).—That's the talk!

[*The* REV. JESSE WALPOLE *and* MRS. WALPOLE *come into view upon the sidewalk.* MRS. JORNY *nods and waves her hand to them.*

JORNY (*greeting them*).—I want to thank you for that sermon.

[*The* REV. JESSE WALPOLE *is an excessively clean-looking man — a washed, scrubbed, and brushed looking man. His hair is thin and scrupulous; his close-clipped, white mustache is as neat as his hair. He wears a black Derby hat and a black frock-suit, the trousers neither shapeless nor definitely creased. He wears a narrow, crisp, white tie—tied in a trim bow with ends an inch longer than the bow; his eyes, behind gold-rimmed glasses, are earnest and benevolent, but he is a man utterly without humor. And his wife is similarly unequipped. She is about his age—that is, nearing sixty. Her black dress and bonnet are not without pretensions to elegance of a sober and out-of-fashion sort, and over her forehead she wears a primly waved "front" of dark hair, too young for her face and the gray hair upon the back of her head. Her expression of serious and energetic benevolence is exactly like her husband's. Both have now a look of excited determination.*

WALPOLE.—I preached that sermon on purpose! I preached it straight at you.

MRS. JORNY.—Come in and sit down, neighbors.

WALPOLE (*as they come to the porch*).—I preached it from the old version: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho"—not "was going down." I preached that sermon because— I'm sorry, but I've got something very unpleasant to say to you and to all your family.

MRS. JORNY.—*Un*pleasant?

MRS. WALPOLE.—*I* thought it might be postponed until after you had your dinner and we had ours, but it has to be done—

WALPOLE (*with sincere feeling*).—If a surgeon has to use the knife, then the sooner it's done the better, isn't it?

JORNY.—I suppose so. Yes.

WALPOLE.—As mayor you sit on the bench in the police-court, a judge. When bad characters are brought before you, you give them twenty-four hours to leave town, or you send them to jail. That is your practice.

JORNY.—Yes, that's it.

WALPOLE.—Mister Mayor, could you sit on that bench and pass such sentence on a wanderer, if you left one in your own home unpunished?

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JORNY.—What's that!

MRS. JORNY.—Good gracious!

JORNY.—Well—what is it?

WALPOLE.—The *revised* version of the New Testament says, "A certain man was *going* down from Jerusalem to Jericho and he fell among thieves." What about allowing bad characters on the *wayside?* Not five miles from here, on the Millersville road, there is a nest of vice and corruption—

JORNY (*with a long, loud exclamation of comprehension*).—*O-o-oh!* you mean that road-house! (*He sinks to a seat upon the steps, weak and smiling with relief, fanning himself with his hat.*) Well, Brother Walpole, you know that's not in Avalonia; that's five miles beyond *my* jurisdiction. I've never even seen it.

WALPOLE.—*I* have! (*Pointing to* GEORGE.) Your son-in-law has!

MRS. JORNY.—Why, George!

WALPOLE.—So has another in your house! I couldn't live next door and *not* see that something was wrong over here.

MRS. WALPOLE.—I saw it first.

WALPOLE.—I spoke to your son-in-law confidentially about it, and he had exactly the same belief as I had—that a member of this household was behaving in a very suspicious way. Now, I'm of the Church Militant, and I believe in action. Last night George and I watched this house in the dark from my study window.

GEORGE.—Yes, sir. Minnie knew about it, too.

WALPOLE.—After nine o'clock, when you'd all gone to bed, some one slipped out of the kitchen door, and George and I followed her.

AVALONIA.—"*Her*"?

MRS. WALPOLE.—It was June Ramsey.

MRS. JORNY.—Oh, my goodness, I was afraid so!

WALPOLE (*lamenting sincerely*).—Oh, this is a pitiful case, but it's a bad case. It would be very simple if it were just a case of an ordinary hired girl going wrong—

MRS. JORNY.—Oh, my! oh, my!

WALPOLE.—But June Ramsey isn't just an ordinary hired girl; she's—she's—she *is* some relation to you, isn't she?

JORNY.—Well, not really; she's the daughter of a step-second-cousin of mine that wasn't much use. I certainly thought we'd taught her to be a good girl.

WALPOLE (*gently*).—No. But it's too painful for me to tell you. I'd prefer for George to say what we saw.

GEORGE.—Well, we followed her to the Square, and saw her get on the Millersville Interurban. I kind o' guessed where she was goin' then, so I hitched up my buggy and drove Brother Walpole out there to Taylor's road-house. Well, they was havin' a big Saturday night in there; they had a hurdy-gurdy goin' and a lot of 'em dancin' to it. We didn't go in; just looked through the window—*but we saw June!* She'd been dancin'—you could tell by the way she was wipin' her face—and she was just sittin' down at a table with a feller, and there was two glasses of beer on the table. The feller had his back to us, and there was couples kept dancin' in between us and them, so we couldn't tell much what the feller looked like. Anyway, we must of stood too close to the window, or the light struck on our faces—because right away June saw us. Oh, she knows *she's* caught, all right! Soon 's she saw us she said something to the feller, and the both of 'em ducked out of a door behind 'em. Caught the trolley and beat us back to town. Anyway, when I got back I told Minnie to go to June's room, and she says June was in bed and pretendin' to be asleep.

MRS. JORNY.—Oh!

GEORGE.—I forgot to say, before we left the road-house I asked a rough that works out there if he knew June. I didn't give her name—I just described her. Well, he says no, he didn't know her, but she'd been there before—twice, he says, and both times she met the same young feller. Says he didn't know him, either. Says both times they stayed till after 'leven o'clock at night.

JORNY (*frowning with the weight of judicial duty*).—Jennie. (*This to his wife, who sniffles.*) Jennie, is June in there getting dinner?

MINNIE (*suddenly appearing in the doorway*).—She's about through, and I guess she knows what's comin'. (*Calling:*) June!

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[*There is a moment's pause, then* JUNE *comes out of the door. Her eyes are fixed upon her hands, which she is slowly wiping upon a dish-towel. She is bareheaded, and wears a checked apron over her dress. With eyes still downcast, she comes down the steps in silence, and stands before* JORNY *and* WALPOLE, *as if she knew that was expected of her.*

JUNE.—Well—go ahead.

JORNY (*in the voice of a judge, interrogating*).—Did you leave my house secretly, last night, after nine o'clock?

JUNE (*dismally*).—Yep.

JORNY.—Where did you go?

JUNE (*quickly, with a momentary flash*).—Ask *him.* (*She points to* GEORGE, *then to* WALPOLE.) Or the minister. What's the use?

JORNY.—Who was the man you met there?

JUNE.—I'll never tell you.

JORNY.—Now, you'd better—

MRS. JORNY (*with agitation*).—Wait a minute, Milton! Avvy, you go in the house now. (AVALONIA *at once quietly obeys.* MRS. JORNY *takes a step toward* JUNE, *but does not come close to her.*) June, you better tell his name, because you're—you're in an awful bad fix. You know you can't stay here any more—right with Avalonia in the same house.

JUNE.—Why?

MRS. WALPOLE (*gently*).—Do you think a bad girl can stay in this neighborhood?

JUNE (*inquiring merely*).—Am I bad?

MRS. JORNY.—If you'd tell us his name maybe we could make him do the right thing by you.

MRS. WALPOLE.—Earl, you step away! These things aren't for a youth to hear.

[EARL *obeys.*

JUNE (*mildly surprised*).—Do you think I'm that bad!

MRS. WALPOLE.—You met a man out at that vile place. You were out twice with him till far into the night—

JUNE (*with eyes downcast*).—I might 'a' let him kiss me a couple o' times—wasn't anything worse 'n that.

MRS. WALPOLE.—How do we *know?*

JUNE.—You mean you believe if people have a chance to be bad you think they would be?

MRS. JORNY (*sadly*).—How can we *tell?*

MRS. WALPOLE.—Before I was married I was never out alone with a young man after half-past eight in the evening in my life—not even with Mr. Walpole.

JUNE.—Were they afraid to let you?

MRS. JORNY.—Shame on you to speak like that! After the way I've tried to bring you up—

JUNE.—You didn't bring me up. I was sixteen years old when you took me in. You didn't give me any education—

MRS. JORNY.—You were too old to educate then.

JUNE (*as one stating facts, not accusations*).—You just let me be your hired girl. That's all I am—and I reckon I behave like it!

MRS. JORNY.—June, haven't we treated you almost like one of the family?

JUNE.—That's the trouble. I *been* nothin' but a hired girl. But I couldn't go with other hired girls and have a little company or somep'm, because I was kind of one of the family, too! My life hasn't been anything but one meal after another, and I had to *cook* 'em! Cook—set table—wash dishes! Thursday and Saturday afternoons I could take a walk! (*Swallowing.*) That's a privilege—in this dern town!

MRS. WALPOLE.—Oh! She's *hardened!*

MRS. JORNY.—Oh, June! What on earth ever made you turn out like this?

JUNE (*with the calmness of desperation*).—Well, I'll tell you, and you won't understand it. I was just tired of nothin' happenin'!

JORNY.—Let me. (*Like a prosecuting attorney.*) Now, this man that you went to meet out there—

JUNE.—You needn't blame it on him. I was kind of mashed on him, maybe, a little, but I didn't have any business to be, because he's got another girl.

JORNY.—Well, now, who is he?

JUNE (*doggedly*).—You'll never find *that* out!

JORNY.—I won't?

JUNE.—No, you won't. I don't know his name myself.

JORNY.—You said you knew he had another girl.

JUNE.—He told me so. But he never told me his name. He's a travelin' man;

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he spoke to me on the street one day. This was his last trip. He ain't coming here any more.

[MRS. JORNY *and* MRS. WALPOLE *cry out,* "*Oh!*" *at* JUNE'S *confession. The others indicate that the case is worse than they thought.* EARL *goes slowly to the steps of the smaller house and sits in despondent attitude.*

JORNY (*slowly*).—You admit that you went there with a strange man who spoke to you on the street?

JUNE.—Yes. (*She does not seem to plead, or in any way ask for mercy.*) Well, what you goin' to do to me? Goin' to turn me off?

WALPOLE.—My heart's sore for this poor creature, but you've no right to send her out to find a place in another family. There might be young *men* in that family, and—

MRS. WALPOLE (*gently*). — She couldn't get a place here after this.

MRS. JORNY (*distressed and flurried*). —You don't think we ought to *keep* a—a girl like that? I never *heard* of anybody that would keep a girl after they found out like this. I don't—

WALPOLE.—Listen, Mrs. Jorny. Your husband knows what to do.

JORNY (*with his hands behind him, as though beginning a solemn address*).—I know we're all sorry for this girl from the bottom of our hearts. But what would this town say of its mayor if I let pity govern my treatment of her? Everybody would hear of it—

WALPOLE. — Yes, they would, and I'm afraid they ought to. (*Sympathetically.*) It's hard, but you must do what's right.

JORNY.—Now, I don't send many bad characters back to jail when they're brought before me; I just send 'em out of town. That's how I do, and it keeps the town pure. But will I get much credit for keeping the town pure if I don't keep my own home pure?

GEORGE.—You bet you won't!

JORNY (*with an undercurrent of emotion*).—I've got to keep *both* pure. June Ramsey, you weren't really even a distant relation, but you've had kind treatment, and you've had training in the church, but you— (*With sudden sincere pained indignation:*) June, you've brought *shame* into our home, and I haven't the *right* to send our shame out into the town that I'm responsible for. After what we know about you now I haven't the *right* to treat you differently from the others.

JUNE.—I got nowhere to go.

JORNY.—I'm not going to be harsh; I'll buy you a ticket to-morrow for any town you decide to go to, and I'll give you five dollars.

JUNE. — I wouldn't know what to do.

JORNY.—Ah, you should have thought of that before you got into this trouble. It's too late now! (JUNE *suddenly goes to the lilac-bush between the two houses and sinks down in the grass, her head bent so far over that her face cannot be seen.* JORNY *goes on:*) I'm sorry—we're all sorry—but that's all we can do for you; and now, after what's happened, it's the *kindest* thing. And what would people say of me if I let you stay here? (*Lifting his voice:*) June Ramsey, it is my duty—(*Her head is bowed lower at this. He pauses briefly, a puzzled expression upon his face.*)—it is my duty to—(*He pauses again, listening.*)—my duty—

MRS. JORNY.—What's the matter, Milton? Go on.

JORNY.—What *is* that? What is that sound?

[*They listen, puzzled. The sound is heard faintly, from a distance—a hurdy-gurdy playing the prelude to the "Toreador" song.*

MRS. JORNY.—It's only some one playin' a piano. Go on, Milton.

JORNY.—June, you better pack up this afternoon. After what you have done— *That* isn't a piano!

[*The music has suddenly grown considerably louder, as if the hurdy-gurdy had turned a corner.* JORNY *stands rigid, his mouth open. The music and a murmur of voices grow louder.*

GEORGE.—It's a hurdy-gurdy!

WALPOLE (*indignantly*).—On the Sabbath? Do you *allow* that?

GEORGE.—I'll 'tend to *him!*

MINNIE.—Dinner's ready. You wait till after dinner, George.

WALPOLE.—Mr. Mayor, this thing ought to be stopped!

JORNY (*huskily*).—I'll see.

[*The music grows louder and the cara-*

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van appears. TONY *comes first; he is half dancing a jaunty step, mostly up and down in the air, and not covering much ground, his right arm high, flourishing his hat, his left arm akimbo, the stem of a red rose in the corner of his mouth. Three or four feet behind him a small, fat, shaggy jackass emerges, drawing the low hurdy-gurdy wagon, with* JOE *grinning and turning the handle; the wagon halts in the street.*

TONY.—

Eef de bool 'ad a gun,
You would see a littla fun,
But you wouldn' see no pic'—nor no toreador!

(*Bowing with a flourish to the group.*) Laydee an' gentimens, I make some interodoos: Meesterr Antonio Cameradonio, dat is me! (*Introducing* JOE, *who bobs his head, laughing:*) Dees Joe! (*Introducing the donkey:*) Dees Capitano! We make you some littla music! (*He steps upon the sidewalk, flourishing his hat.*)—Somebody geef a dime, maybe? Aha? (*He gestures unconsciously toward the porch;* JORNY *plunges into the house.*) Tessess, you please, laydee an' gentiman?

Oh, de pic-picka-pic-picka-pica-dor!
An' de tor-torea-tor-torea-torea-dor!
Eef de bool—

WALPOLE.—It's an outrage!

GEORGE (*bellowing at* TONY).—Stop it! Stop that noise! You stop it!

TONY (*surprised*).—Eh? Wot de troub'? You say—

GEORGE (*shouting*).—You stop that thing!

[TONY *waves to* JOE. JOE *ceases to turn the handle, and sits on the edge of the wagon, smiling.*

TONY (*hurt*).—You don' like? (*He seems dumfounded, extending both his hands appealingly to them all.*) You don' wan' Joe an' me make dat music?

WALPOLE (*indignantly*).—Don't you know this is the Sabbath day?

TONY (*with renewed gaiety*).—*Ye-e-es!* (*Almost sings the word, nodding jubilantly.*) Certumalee! Dat ees one day wen God, 'E want 'Is childrun all to be 'appy! Ye-e-es!

MRS. WALPOLE.—He ought to be arrested!

TONY.—So? You t'ink Sunday is *bad* day? Me, I t'ink it is one day for play some tune. You say, "No! Sunday is one day for jail!"

GEORGE (*ominously*).—Well, I guess that's where you'll go!

TONY (*ruefully*).—She's wair I wen' *las'* year, w'en I came dees town. (*Turning to the donkey.*) Capitano, you are one wicked jackass! Dey goin' put you an' me an' Joe wair you don' get somet'ing at all to eat but one slice bread an' wat'. But you ain' goin' min' dat, Capitano, because in dat lockup you be so busy to scratch, you don' 'ave no time to eat, any'ow!

MINNIE (*in the doorway*).—Everything's gettin' cold. Pa's already at table.

MRS. WALPOLE.—He ought to tell George Riddle to arrest this man.

MRS. JORNY.—If you *haf* to 'rest him, George, can't you wait till after dinner?

TONY (*as if curious*).—Who is dat wot goin' take us to jail?

GEORGE.—Me.

TONY.—Wot are *you?*

GEORGE (*curtly*).—Chief P'leece.

[*He throws back his coat and shows a gold badge.*

TONY (*in gentle confidence, addressing the donkey*).—Dees such a nice town dey don' *need* a real one!

GEORGE.—I got a notion to go without my dinner and take you right down now!

TONY (*earnestly*).—Meesterr, you go *eat!*

[*A dinner-bell rings within the smaller house.* MRS. WALPOLE *touches her husband's sleeve.*

MRS. WALPOLE.—Come, Mr. Walpole.

TONY (*to* GEORGE).—But w'en you eat, don' make a belief you put me in dat jail! Capitano an' Joe an' me, we ain' go in dat jail. Las' year, yes! De mayor of dees town, Avalonia, 'e 'eard I was play down in de square one Sunday; 'e sen' brass-button police to 'rest me. Nex' day 'e fine me ten dollar; fire me from town queeck. Dees year, *no!* Ha! (*Taking a paper from his pocket and slapping it with the back of his hand.*) I got license from de *county!* It not say

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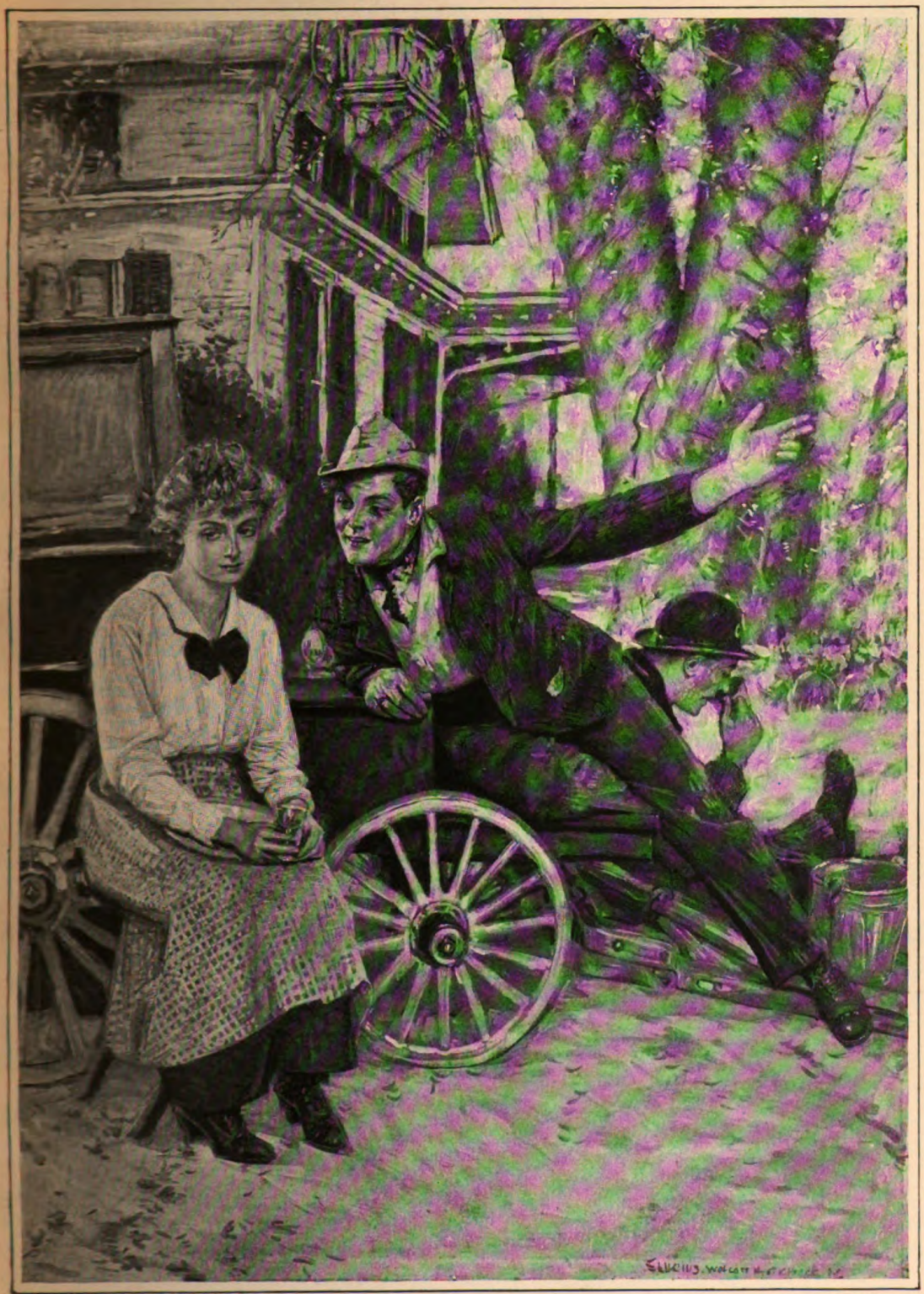

Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock Engraved by S. G. Putnam

"YOU WON' EAT IN DAT 'OUSE, YOU COME EAT WEET US"

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somet'ing about not play on a Sunday. (*Hotly.*) I know de law! Any one wan' 'rest me 'e got make complain' before de mayor of dees town for disturb de peace, an' de mayor 'e got make warran' to 'rest me; an I got ten-dollar bet 'e won' make no warran' for 'rest one 'urdy-gurd' man! I bet *you* one ten-dollar bet 'e won' do it! I play all I want! Joe, turn de 'andle!

[JOE *jumps up and grasps handle, but stops at an angry shout from* GEORGE.

GEORGE.—Stop that! I can get a warrant from the mayor in two minutes, but I don't need it. We got an ord'nance here says any person's to be arrested that makes any noise of any kind *unbefitting the Sabbath.* Now, you jest give the handle of that machine one more crank, and I'll—

TONY (*jubilantly interrupting*).—"Unbefit' de Sabb'!" Aha! Numero t'ree! Joe, turn de 'andle!

GEORGE (*fiercely*).—Better not!

TONY (*marching gaily, as* JOE *begins to turn, and the hurdy-gurdy plays the hymn*).—"On-ward Chris-chain so-ho-hol-jers!" You goin' 'rest me for play dat *'ymn?* (*Marching and singing.*) "Mar-chen' out to war!" You call dat unbefit' de Sabb'? "On-ward Chris-chain soljers!" (*Discomfited,* GEORGE *turns angrily upon his heel and goes into the house, after* AVALONIA *and* MRS. JORNY. MR. *and* MRS. WALPOLE *indignantly retire into the other house,* EARL *preceding them.* TONY *flourishes his cap, calling, mockingly:*) Tessess? Somebody geef a one dime? Tessess, please, for a pretty music? (*Turns to* JOE, *motioning him to silence.*) Enough, Joe! "Chris-chain soljers" all gone! (TONY *becomes suddenly pensive and rueful.*) Well, Joe, we di'n' make so much money from dees crowd! I guess we been in jail aw ri' if 'adn't been dey got to eat! (*He comes gaily to Capitano.*) Now, we make to eat our own sel'. Capitano, you like one beeg drink o' wat'? (JOE *and* TONY *remove Capitano's harness,* TONY *continuing:*) Aha! Capitano, 'e get a little rest from 'is 'arness. 'E stan' in de shade an' wag 'is tail for de flies to ride on. (*Puts a nose-bag on Capitano.*) Eh? dees de las' of de oat! Joe, we got fin' some oat before Capitano 'ave 'is supper. 'E mighty strong jackass, Joe; 'itch 'im to strong, beeg tree so 'e don' pull 'er down! (JOE *fires his pistols at* TONY *and laughs.*) I am dead; much oblige! (TONY *takes a water-bucket from the wagon.* JOE *leads Capitano off,* TONY *swinging his bucket and walking beside Capitano.*) Capitano, I am goin' fin' de bes' pump in one 'alf-mile for get you one beeg drink o' wat'. You got walk all over dees town yet to-day, 'cause I am goin' fin' dat mayor an' make you interodoos before dark come to-night. You an' me, we got win dat bet!

[*They go off.* EARL *looks cautiously out from the door of his father's house. Then he goes near the lilac-bush.*

EARL (*calling cautiously*).—June?

[JUNE *comes out from the shrubberies.*

JUNE.—You better go back; you might get caught.

EARL.—I told 'em I didn't feel like eating. June, I acted like a dog. If it weren't for busting up both families the way it would, I'd tell on myself. But I *can't* do it! I do care for Avalonia, June.

JUNE.—Yes!

EARL.—You understood about my making love to you a little, June; it was just the way you said yourself; things were so dead around here I thought I'd have to do something a little sporty or I'd die! And that part of it didn't hurt *you,* June; you said so yourself.

JUNE.—Yep. I said so.

EARL.—June, I'm sick! You think I'm a whelp, don't you?

JUNE.—I'll never tell on you, Earl. Anyway, I'll be—(*She falters*)—I'll be somewheres else to-morrow.

[TONY *is heard singing from "Carmen."*

EARL (*alarmed*).—That Dago saw me at the road-house with you.

JUNE.—Good-by, Earl.

EARL.—Good-by.

[*He goes back into the house.* JUNE *moves slowly away among the shrubberies.*

TONY (*calling over his shoulder as he comes on*).—Let Capitano drink de' 'ole bucket, Joe. (*Humming, he takes a carpet-topped camp-stool from the wagon, sits, produces from the wagon a slim bottle of red wine, a knife, two forks, sausage and bread, also a plate upon which he places lettuce. He mixes a salad-dressing of oil and vinegar from two*

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bottles, and speaks absently as he pours oil with infinite care.) You watch; one drop too littla—she is spoil'. One drop too much, she is ruin'! (*He pours slowly, in silence, both watching keenly;* JOE *kneeling to look the closer. The sound of a quick-caught breath, half sob, is heard in the silence.* TONY *jumps up, and looks over the hurdy-gurdy in the direction whence the sound has come. He sees* JUNE, *sets the bottle quickly down in the wagon, utters an exclamation of excitement, and goes to her eagerly.*) 'Tis *you*, laydee! Aha! wair you run away las' night, an' wot for you make to cry to-day? You know somet'ing; aha! w'ile de old 'urdy-gurd' she play, las' night in dat place, I was watch you dance weet dat young man? Aha! All time I was watch you, an' I say, "By Goll'! she dance like de bubbla dance in de wine!" You make a remember 'ow all time I come to ask *you* w'ich tune you like for de old 'urdy-gurd' she play?

JUNE (*murmuring*).—Yes.

TONY.—Dees people, dey all gone eat on de table; w'y you stay 'ere to cry an' ain' gone eat weet 'em?

JUNE (*choking*).—I'm not goin' to eat another meal in *that* house!

TONY.—Dees 'ouse. she wair you' poppa live?

JUNE.—No. I'm the hired girl. I *was*. I got turned off!

TONY.—Wair you go?

JUNE.—I don' know. I got to leave town.

TONY.—Wot town you go to?

JUNE (*gulping*).—I don' know. I never been anywheres else.

TONY (*excitedly*).—'Ere! You look 'ere! I been all over de country. Look! You come eat weet Joe an' me. See! Dat Joe; 'e is fine man; 'e don' 'urt nobody! Me? Well, you talk to me las' night; an' now I make some interodoos: Meesterr Antonio Cameradonio, dat is *me!* So now you acquaint' weet me. I tell you 'bout some town to go. You won' eat in dat 'ouse, you come eat weet us.

JUNE.—I don' want anything t' eat.

TONY (*affecting ruefulness*).—You been a 'ire' girl; aha! Too good to eat weet a 'urdy-gurd' man! Aw ri'! (JUNE *gives a desolate laugh at this, looks briefly and contemptuously at* JORNY'S *house, and walks quickly down to the hurdy-gurdy.* TONY *runs ahead and places a camp-stool for her.*) So! (*She sits; he pours a glass of wine for her.*) You goin' eat one littla bite. (*He puts a plate of food in her lap.*) People w'en dey in troub' *some*body got to make 'em eat somet'ing. (JOE *eats, sitting on the ground.* TONY, *with bread and a glass of wine in his hands, sits on the edge of the wagon.*) You goin' drink one glass o' wine, an' I goin' tell you wot you ask 'bout some town you want to go.

JUNE.—It couldn't do me harm now, anyways.

TONY (*gaily*).—Den w'y *not?* (*She drinks half the glass, like a stupid child doing what it is told.*) Aha! I drink your 'ealt'! Laydee, you tell me your name?

JUNE.—June—June Ramsey.

TONY.—Miss Jiuna—Miss June Ramsey. Ah, 'tis a fine name! Miss June Ramsey, I am goin' tell you somet'ing! Now I got one glass o' wine insides, I am goin' tell you! Aha! Dat make some diff'rent! (JUNE *smiles at him pathetically; he waves his hand to the smile.*) Aha! You see? Well, las' night, w'en I stop at dat place, somebody come out, say, "Bring de 'urdy-gurd' inside for to let some people make to dance." Well, pretty soon Miss June Ramsee, she come an' make to dance, an', by Goll'! one 'urdy-gurd' man, 'e wish *'e* make to dance weet Miss June Ramsey, I bet you! Miss June Ramsey, let me tell you: I keep me one littla flower-stan' in de winter. Sometime some rose fall to piece' maybe; de rose-leaf dey lie on my counter, an' somebody come in, open dat door, an' de win' she blow dem rose-leaf on my counter, poof! up in de air—make a *rain* o' rose-leaf! Miss June Ramsey, w'en you dance in dat place las' night dat rose-leaf rain is wot de 'urdy-gurd' man see w'en 'e look at you!

JUNE (*dumfounded*).—Me?

TONY.—Aha! But once I turn aroun' an' wair is Miss June Ramsey? Pft! Like dat she ron away, an' I wait an' I wait, an' we play an' we play, but she don' come back—she dance no more! (*He makes a gesture of utter despair.*) Well, I got somet'ing queer in my inside, like somebody is my boss—I can't do wot I wan' to; I got to do wot *'e* say

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I do. Las' night I wan' to go to sleep. *No!* Dat boss inside me—(*tapping his breast*)—'e keep me awake; 'e make picture o' Miss June Ramsey all night long! "By Goll'!" I say, "I like to sleep some time!" "By Goll'! you don'!" 'e say. "You goin' watch dat girl dance like rose-leaf in de air!" An' 'e win de battle, dat bigga boss! I don' sleep till day'ight! All my life I am like dat: if I see some cloud, maybe, w'en de sun rise—if I see some prima-rose open w'en de sun set—if I go in dat top gallery in de opera in New York, an' dey sing "La Bohème," Pagliacci, "Tosca," "Carmen," "Madama Butterfly"—all night long I got to lie awake! An' so las' night de same: Miss June Ramsey she dance; Antonio Cameradonio, 'e mus' lie awake!

JUNE.—I guess you *must* be queer if you kept awake thinkin' about me!

TONY (*bursting into laughter*).—It ain' *me!* It's dat boss in my inside! (*Becoming serious.*) Now! You tell me wot for las' night you make to dance, to-day you make to cry?

JUNE.—They turned me off for goin' out to that place to dance.

TONY (*philosophically, his head on one side*).—Well, she's a bad place; but you are good. If all good people go to a bad place, she be a good place.

JUNE.—*They'd* never believe I was good after I went there.

TONY.—De mos' good people, dey can't 'elp belief de mos' bad *t'ing!* It make dem feel fine!

JUNE.—And that young man I went with—he's got another girl. I knew he had—but—

TONY.—You like 'im a good deal, maybe?

JUNE (*wiping her eyes, nodding*).—I didn't have any *business* to— It doesn't matter. I got to get out o' town, an' I haven't got any kin, and I don't know where to go.

TONY.—But *w'y* you leave dees town?

JUNE.—I *got* to. He said he had to treat me just like—like the others. I got to get out o' town in twenty-four hours.

TONY (*becoming greatly excited*).—*Who* say so? *Who* tell you, you goin' leave town so queeck?

JUNE.—The man I worked for—Mr. Jorny. He's the mayor.

TONY (*with still increasing excitement, pointing to the larger house*).—'E live in dees 'ouse? De mayor of Avalonia? 'E is de man who sen' you away?

JUNE.—Yes.

[GEORGE *comes out of the door, smoking a cigar.*

TONY.—By Goll'! I have found dat man! I am goin' get 'im come out 'ere an' make a littla talk weet me! (*To* GEORGE:) By Goll'! you ask dat mayor come out 'ere, 'ave littla talk weet one 'urdy-gurd' man!

GEORGE.—If you don't clear out in ten minutes I'll just take the trouble to get a *warrant* from the mayor for you!

TONY (*rapturously*).—You get dat warran'! You tell dat mayor 'e sign dat warran', 'e sit on dat bench to-morrow an' face one 'urdy-gurd' man dat's los' 'is overcoat! You ask dat mayor come out, order me under 'rest 'imsel'! By Goll', I wan' to *see* dat fella! Aha! I bet we can make noise enough to get 'im! Joe, turn de 'andle!

GEORGE (*fiercely*).—You better be careful to make it a hymn!

TONY (*shouting*).—I play wot I dam' please! By Goll', I am goin' play in front o' dees 'ouse all day!

[*The hurdy-gurdy bursts defiantly into "Onward, Christian Soldiers."*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Ideals

BY MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

AS Charlesworth drove his electric car slowly homeward, he caught sight of his elder daughter Meta walking with Howard Bayne, the portrait-painter. She was so absorbed that she did not see him. Charlesworth frowned; often enough in the past five years he had heard men in his club laughingly relate Bayne's latest attempt and failure to ensnare an heiress. Then Charlesworth's brow cleared; there was no reason why his twenty-year-old Meta should not prove in this matter as sensible as other girls.

He drove up to the old-fashioned, big, ugly house that was his home, and which he loved with a devotion due to more than mere brick and wood. Carefully carrying a big florist's box, he got out and entered the house. From the doorway he could see that his wife was with a caller in the living-room. He stepped into the library and began to arrange the flowers which he had got for her—anniversary flowers.

Twenty-two years before, he had sought her out, attracted by her money. As a youth in college his exceptional good looks and clever talk had marked him for favor. Rich young men of position had made him, in spite of his poverty and lack of connections, one of themselves. His early idealism had shriveled away in those four years of dependence on the social charity of his wealthy companions. All he had was himself, and he meant to win with it all that these other men had. He had made his bow to rich Helen Wells with the determination to marry her. It was just twenty-one years since their wedding-day, and he had loved her with a passion that had never lost its freshness. Through that love he had won back a large measure of his idealism; through her eyes he had learned to look at values and to estimate human relations.

His flowers arranged, he stood at the door of the library, gazing at Helen. She had risen now, and was standing with her caller. His eyes rested proudly on her lovely face, so full of sweetness and spirit. Her hair was as golden as a guinea; her eyes were as blue as flax-flowers after rain. At a little distance she looked as young as she had on her wedding-day. He had never been sorry that Meta and Grace had not inherited their mother's beauty; there should be in the world only one face like Helen's.

Her head was bent with an air of absorbed attentiveness toward her caller; he had seen that pretty manner of hers a hundred times when she was listening to the hopes of some struggling writer or sculptor. More than one worker in the fine arts had dated his first sound faith in himself from his friendship with Helen Charlesworth. The caller moved toward the door, and Charlesworth stepped into the library, surprise on his face—for she was Mrs. Cannon, a smart society person whom he very much disliked, and whom he and Helen had agreed, years before, not to include among their friends.

Mrs. Cannon having departed, Charlesworth hastened with his flowers to Helen. Her face sprang into joy at the sight of him.

"You remembered!" she said.

"Remember what is always with me?" he asked.

They looked at each other radiantly. They knew their good fortune in love, and kept it the more burnished by their keen consciousness of it.

They sat down before the west window, from which they liked to watch the sunset.

"Where else in the city could we get such a clear sweep of view as this?" he asked.

Helen did not make her usual reply. She looked out at the September foliage, already beginning to show the grasp of

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autumn, and her face wore an expression half musing, half distressed.

The front door opened and Meta entered, followed by Bayne. She was a tall girl, with a rather clumsy, thick figure and a dull complexion. She had her mother's regular features, but they lacked that subtle fusion which means beauty or charm. For the moment, however, some secret animation had given a little color to her cheeks, a little fire to her eyes. Bayne, lounging easily behind her, wore his usual air of being humorously at home—an air which amused the fashionable groups to the outskirts of which he belonged. He was a dozen years older than Meta, good-looking, fresh-faced, worldly, facile, ready to be easily pleased if only the fleshpots of life were his, and, withal, as even Charlesworth had to admit, a good painter and a sufficiently diligent worker.

"Mother," said Meta, coming forward a little heavily, "here is Mr. Bayne. Will you give us some tea?"

Helen rose and busied herself at the tea-table, while Charlesworth said a few words to Bayne. Meta gazed at the advancing sunset, a happy smile on her face.

"We had a wonderful walk," Bayne said to Helen after he had taken tea to Meta; "Miss Charlesworth knows how to cover the ground. We did three miles. If I could take a little exercise with her now and then I'd never grow fat."

"I'M GLAD YOU LIKE IT," HELEN SAID, EVENLY, "FOR YOUR FATHER AND I HAVE TAKEN IT"

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"And, mother," Meta said, "as we passed the Henry house we saw the Henrys going away in a motor with traveling-bags."

"Oh, there's no doubt Henry's failed," Bayne said. "That's the way with those men that make a little money on the Board of Trade. They put it in a magnificent house, and plunge ahead, sure that they'll have as much money next year as this. For that matter, we of the Bohemian cult do it, too."

"It's a wonderful house," Meta said. "Mr. Bayne tells me they've a private theater; no other house in the city has that."

"I'm glad you like it," Helen said, evenly, "for your father and I have taken it."

Charlesworth stiffened, and glanced quickly at his wife. She did not meet his eyes.

"Oh, mother!" breathed Meta; "oh, mother! really?"

Helen smiled a little wanly. "Are you so pleased, dear?"

"Pleased!"

"I do congratulate you all," Bayne said; "it's the most wonderful place for entertaining. Miss Charlesworth, you could have a roller skating-rink made. You were saying you'd like it. There's oceans of room."

"Oh, father," Meta said; "it's just the house I'd rather be in than in any other place in the world."

Charlesworth smiled stiffly. He and Helen had chosen to live in a relatively small house, with three servants instead of a dozen or more. Their friends were chiefly of the professional class, people who cared more for work than play, more for some continuous line of endeavor than for a succession of fads. They gave much to the fine arts, and much in charities. Their names rarely appeared in the social columns in the newspapers, but were inscribed on the registers of most of the institutions that had for their object the welfare of the city.

"Of course you've got lovely grounds here," Bayne put in, "but it is a bit far out."

"Surely there are enough cars in the world," Charlesworth thought. "If people want to come to one—"

"It's only a matter of ten or fifteen minutes more, to be sure," Bayne said, as if answering Charlesworth's thought; "but that's quite a bit when girls and men have as many engagements as they do nowadays."

"There's Grace in the garden," Meta said. "I must call her in to tea."

She passed out through one of the long west windows. The sisters met on the terrace, and Charlesworth, whose ears were keen, heard their greeting.

"Meta," Grace said, happily, "I'm going out to dinner!"

Grace was almost as tall as Meta, but dark, like her father. She was plain, almost to ugliness, though her sweetness of expression went far in redemption.

"Meta, some one has dropped out of a dinner Mrs. Cannon is giving, and she has asked mother, as a great favor, to let me fill in."

"How nice!" Meta replied. "Mr. Bayne is here for tea."

"I'm glad," Grace said, squeezing her sister's hand.

The two re-entered the room. When Grace had had her tea, Bayne took his departure. The sisters went up-stairs, and on the landing their rather flat voices broke into an animated duet. For a few moments Charlesworth did not look at his wife. Then he said, sharply:

"I didn't like the way Jack Cannon hung around Grace at the country club last week—a dissolute, rotten young cub!"

"There's no danger for Grace," Helen murmured.

"What's become of that young graduate student — young Chiltern — that Grace played tennis with all summer?"

"He's gone out to Arizona to teach. He's not very strong, I'm afraid. Grace was grieved. That's why I'm glad she's interested in even being asked to be an eleventh-hour guest at Mary Cannon's dinner."

Charlesworth arose and came to his wife. He lifted her face to his. "Helen, dearest," he asked, "why did you do it?"

"I—I hadn't the courage to discuss it with you," she said. "I knew what you'd think and feel—"

"We've thought and felt alike for twenty years till now," Charlesworth said, slowly.

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"HELEN, DEAREST," HE ASKED, "WHY DID YOU DO IT?"

"Ah, don't be hard on me," Helen said. "I have not had the courage to do it, and to talk about it, too."

"But why?"

"It's for the children, Marvin. Somehow, with the friends we have chosen, they don't seem to have a very good time."

"They spend a good many hours with us," Charlesworth said, thinking of the walks and rides the four took.

"It's been a wonderful family life for you and me," she returned, slipping her hand into his. "But the children naturally want something more."

"People are always dining here," he protested.

"Yes, but we give more dinners than we are asked to. That's natural, in a way. But haven't you noticed that the children aren't asked out to dine very much? They go to luncheons and to theater-parties, but they don't come back with especially happy faces. I've been thinking that they ought perhaps to be thrown with the children of the women I was brought up with. But such young people would not care to come to this old-fashioned house—" She paused, looking to him for help. As he remained silent, she added, tentatively: "You could not expect young people brought up as they have been to have a sense of real values. They value mere things; we'd have to meet their standards."

Charlesworth remembered how, in those first years of his own spiritual regeneration, he and she had despised mere things, mere worldly assets. They had said that they would accept or reject people for themselves, testing them

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by mind and soul and character, and by no other standard. Background should not count; fictitious accessories must be ignored. It was on such grounds that they wished to take others and be themselves taken.

"We've lived very happily by our creed," Charlesworth said.

"Only last week," Helen murmured, "I heard Mary Cannon say that she could not understand the ethics of a woman who could pay five thousand dollars for a painting and dressed her plain daughters like chambermaids. She meant me. It isn't that I care what Mary Cannon says; it's only—I've been wondering if it is fair to the children to have them judged so mercilessly. At least, oughtn't we to give them the chance of meeting other standards?"

Charlesworth kept his face averted, and then—for they could read each other well—Helen spoke plainly and passionately:

"Oh, Marvin, Marvin, did you see Meta's face? And Bayne is the laughing-stock of every one he knows! He has been rejected by at least ten rich girls. I want to save her from him by putting her in a position where she can meet other men, where they can have a chance to find out how dear and clever she is. And Jack Cannon— I know that it's only because they've lost their money that he is thinking of Grace. I don't mean him to have her. But don't you see, if we entertain lavishly, in the Henry house, it will give people a chance to find out what the children are really like?"

"Yes," said Charlesworth, half bitterly, "when a young man eats your food he's got to talk to your daughter. Maybe, after several millions of words he may really begin to listen to her. Maybe, if we have to accept fortune-hunters, we'd better have a choice of them. Possibly a real man could be found—"

Helen broke into tears.

"Forgive me, dearest," he said, taking her into his arms. "I was unkind. But it's like raising ghosts that were laid—"

"You were never like Ned Bayne or Jack Cannon," Helen said, proudly; "you were a man, blinded by a false light, and stumbling for a little while in wrong paths. If either of the children could meet a man like you—"

He silenced her gently. "It's strange," he said, "that among these young doctors and lawyers and writers—"

Helen shook her head. "They gained their sweethearts in college; and some of them, whose aims were like Ned Bayne's, I nipped in the bud."

"They're good children," said Charlesworth, after a pause. "They've never asked for more than we've given, never questioned any decision. Well, Helen, let it be the Henry house."

"If it proves to be a mistake," Helen said, "we can always retreat."

He shook his head; retreat was not easy.

"We could choose for ourselves," Helen said; "I do not know how far we have the right to choose for the children."

Charlesworth put his arm close about her. "Come, let us look at the sunset," he said. "We'll go together in this as in everything. You and I can make our own world in the Henry house, as here."

"Oh yes," said Helen, eagerly. "Ideals can keep their integrity, Marvin, no matter what their setting is."

In a month the Charlesworths were in their new home, and in two months Charlesworth felt as if he were living in a new world, a new age. They had spent before perhaps fifteen thousand a year, his own legal earnings. Now they were spending of Helen's money a hundred and fifty thousand a year, and many charities were mourning their dwindled subscriptions. Charlesworth, passing through their huge reception-rooms, felt as if he were in a hotel or a museum. Helen had arranged for themselves a suite which had the sun all day long, but the sunset views they had loved were marred by ugly lines of roofs, and the little haven she had hoped to create for them was only a makeshift. Never for a moment could Charlesworth create the illusion that they were in the old home where he had learned to love his wife and where their children had been born.

Helen, moving back into the circles of her youth, had been received as one returning from an unnecessary exile. Her friends frankly rejoiced in the fact that

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the Henry house was to be used for their amusement. Meta and Grace no longer walked or rode in the morning. Like all the other girls whose play they shared, they slept until noon, and gave up the rest of the day and night to pleasure. The civic work they had done was passed into other hands. They spent their lives in a round of luncheons, matinées, dinners, dances, theaters, and operas. Helen saw to it that their clothes were beautiful and abundant.

As the weeks wore on, Charlesworth watched, almost morbidly, the change in his family relations. He missed the companionship of his daughters, and still more that of his wife. For the old, intimate hours he and Helen had spent together were no more. She tried to make the time, but her new social demands taxed almost every hour. When she did gain an evening with him, some element of constraint entered into their talk. They took refuge in reading aloud, each of them poignantly aware of the division that had come between them.

"DO YOU LIKE THE CHANGE IN META?" HE ASKED, SHARPLY

Charlesworth's first comment on the alteration in his family life came one day late in winter. The four were to sit down to dinner alone. They were waiting in the least museum-like of the reception-rooms for Grace.

"Do you realize," Charlesworth said to his wife, "that this is the first time in weeks that we have all sat down to a meal together?"

"There's so much going on," murmured Helen.

'We wouldn't be together now," Meta said, "if Grace hadn't backed out of Mrs. Cannon's dinner."

"She's late," Charlesworth said, glancing at his watch.

"Oh, she's finishing a letter to that lunger of hers."

"'Lunger?'" asked Charlesworth, coldly.

"Mr. Chiltern," explained Meta—"that man she used to play tennis with last summer. I suppose he's a lunger, Dad; I don't see why he'd elect to live in Arizona if he wasn't. I don't see, either, why Grace wants to bother to write to him. She'll never see him again. No one but Grace ever saw anything in him. Ned Bayne couldn't endure him."

"Chiltern worked harder than Bayne ever did," said Charlesworth, still cold-

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ly, "and he chose a different sort of play for his free hours. If that constitutes a basis for dislike—"

Meta made a heavy caper toward her father. "Oh, come, Dad; don't be cross. Of course people can't have any use for other people who aren't doing the same things they are. That's the real basis of congeniality—doing the same things. Tom Chiltern's just a dub."

"I THINK HE DOES CARE A LITTLE FOR ME, MOTHER"

"Meta!" Helen protested.

"Truly, mother. He's not half so interesting as Jack Cannon, but Grace had a tiff with Jack yesterday, and to punish him got out of old Mother Cannon's dinner."

"Is that what you call Mrs. Cannon?" said Charlesworth, in a tone of hard distaste.

Meta laughed rather shrilly. "Oh, Dad, it's just a manner of speaking. Every one calls her that because she's so anxious to get her sons married off. One reason Grace was glad to get out of the dinner was that she's tired of always being planked down beside Jack whenever the Cannons or any of their cronies give a dinner. I'll run up and tear Grace away from her letter so you can have your food."

Charlesworth looked after Meta as she walked off with unbecoming sprightliness. Then he turned to his wife.

"Do you like the change in Meta?" he asked, sharply.

"Of course she is slangy," Helen said, her eyes downcast, "but many of the débutantes are. It's only a manner that passes. Next year Meta will have found herself. And she's happy, Marvin."

"She's noisy," Charlesworth returned, "noisy and forever in motion. She's too occupied to know whether she's happy or not."

"Isn't it the same thing?" Helen asked. "She's always saying what a good time she is having, and contrasting it with the dullness of last year."

"She's growing flippant and cynical," Charlesworth said, bitterly; "her sense of values is distorted. She's working to get an assured manner, and she's got a loud one. She and Grace have a whole horde of Bayneses and Jack Cannons surrounding them, and not one real man in the lot."

"The children are coming back," Helen said, painfully. "We'll talk of this again, Marvin."

Yet neither of them returned to the

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subject. Charlesworth knew that Helen had decided to carry her plan through for at least a year. He could not deny that Meta and Grace looked happier than they had, felt that they were more a part of life than they had ever felt before, and his sense of justice urged him to believe that his wife was within her rights in giving them the chances to choose how they should spend their youth.

Midwinter passed, and Lent came, with its opportunity for older people to rest from social diversions. But Meta and Grace and their friends kept on at their breathless round of gaiety. As the months passed, Charlesworth's discontent increased to a definite unhappiness. He thought he saw a change, too, in Helen's point of view. After they had given up their old life she had been, for a time, merely detached. Now, it seemed to him, she was slipping into the amused, half-cynical attitude which was the hall-mark of the fashionable set which counted on her, or rather on her house and her powers of entertaining, as a large source of their pleasure.

It was not his own unhappiness that concerned Charlesworth so much as his increasing conviction that the life they were leading was not good for his daughters. What if they did like it? Surely Meta, only twenty, was not wise enough to know what her environment ought to be. Surely a life that had in it no sense of real duty to parents, or to the old, or to the unfortunate, no sense of reverence for age, no time for reading or for quiet pleasure—surely such a life would draw the health from any one's soul. And yet he could not speak to Helen, could not act. For the first time in twenty years he remembered clearly that she was rich, that it was her money that they were living on. More and more keenly, now that he was oppressed with wealth, with things, with mere accessories, he saw how simple, how unclogged their old life had been.

It was spring when the situation resolved itself. One evening, toward dinner-time, Meta entered her mother's room with an anxious face.

"Mother," she said, "do you know where Grace is?"

Helen ran over Grace's schedule for the day. "She went to the gymnasium this morning," she said; "then she was to take luncheon with some one at the Woman's Athletic Club, and go to the matinée. Perhaps she'd have tea, too. Yes, I'm sure she would, for she told me she'd scarcely be home before half-past six."

Meta sat down heavily. "Mother, if you don't really know where she is—But of course you wouldn't, if I don't," she said, incoherently. "She didn't go to the gymnasium, nor to the luncheon, nor to the matinée, for I've telephoned—"

At the sound of her distressed voice Charlesworth came in from his room.

"What's this?" he asked.

"They were saying—I overheard some girls talking at tea this afternoon," said Meta, breathlessly. "They said that Jack was drunk last night, at one of his clubs, and boasted that he was going to elope with Grace—"

"Nonsense!" said Helen. "Grace wouldn't—couldn't—"

"She told me only last month that she wouldn't dream of marrying Jack," Meta said; "but people change so; I'm sure he's no worse than lots of men, and Grace could twist him round her little finger—"

Helen had seized the house telephone. "If Miss Grace is in her room," she directed, "please ask her to come to mine." To Meta she added: "She must have come in. You're talking nonsense."

"An elopement, however romantic, wouldn't be half the fun of a real wedding," Meta giggled. "And Jack would look too handsome as a bridegroom."

"I will ask you," Charlesworth said to Meta, in a tone of contempt, "not to speak in such a silly fashion. I'd rather see Grace dead than married to Cannon."

The house telephone sounded. Helen picked up the receiver, listened, spoke a word or two, and then said:

"Grace isn't in yet; but it's not seven o'clock. She's been delayed."

"I could ask Ned Bayne to see if he could find Jack," proposed Meta.

"You will please leave this affair in charge of your mother and me, Meta," Charlesworth said, irritably. "When I need assistance from that time-server

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"MARVIN, DEAREST," SHE SAID, "WON'T YOU TAKE ME BACK?"

and lickspittle Bayne, I'll let you know."

A flood of violent color rushed over Meta's face. Then she said, with a kind of clumsy dignity: "Please, father, don't say that of Ned. You hurt me when you do. For I love him, and we're going to be married."

Charlesworth had been walking toward the door; he paused, Grace forgotten in Meta's announcement.

"Meta!" cried Helen.

"Yes, mother," Meta said, quietly; "I know I've dined and danced with plenty of other men, but I just haven't seen anybody since that day last September when he first walked with me."

"I suppose you know we think you're talking nonsense," said Charlesworth, crisply.

"Oh, I know a great deal more than you fancy I do," said Meta, her voice breaking. "I know I'm not attractive, and that a young, rich, handsome man wouldn't be drawn to me. I have to work very much harder than you think, in spite of our money, to keep my place. I pay for all the good times I have, but I want them—and I want Ned."

"Meta, I told you his— You know what I told you," Helen said.

"That he has been trying for years to marry a rich girl? Yes, and you may be sure my sweet girl friends have told me

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so, too," Meta sobbed. "But I—I think he does care a little for me, mother, and —and I think I can make him care more. I—I'd just buy him, if I had to, but I don't want it to be that way. And if it is that way I—I won't have to believe it. I—I want to be happy in my own way on any terms, father."

She buried her head on Charlesworth's shoulder and cried quietly. He looked at Helen, whose face was white and strained. They were standing so when Grace entered.

"Oh, what is it, Meta? Why are you crying?" she said.

"Where have you been, Grace?" Helen asked.

"I've been all day in the country with Tom Chiltern, mother," Grace said, her face radiant. "He came back for a week, because his school is closed on account of an epidemic of something—I don't care what. He came just to see me, for he loves me. And, father and mother, can't I marry him after a while, and live in Arizona on his salary? He's down-stairs, waiting to ask you."

No one spoke, and Grace went on:

"I hate all this rushing around, working so hard just to be gay. I hate everybody wanting me to marry Jack Cannon just because he needs money. I want to be quiet, the way we were last year. Nobody paid attention to me then, and they only pay attention now to the money I stand for. You used to like Tom, father. And, truly, his lungs are strong in Arizona."

Helen held out her arms with a little cry, and Grace ran into them.

"I'll go down and ask Tom to stay to dinner," Charlesworth said.

Late that night Helen came home from the dance where she had been chaperoning Meta. Charlesworth was reading in their little sitting-room. He looked up, and rose as she came slowly toward him.

"Marvin, dearest," she said, "won't you take me back?"

"Take you back, Helen?"

"I want to go home to the ugly, dear old house. Let Meta have this—"

He put his arms about her and led her to the window. The spring air was sweet, and a young moon rode high.

"You and I had so much," Helen said. "We didn't need money. I couldn't say it to you—and you never saw that the girls had failed socially."

"A father's blindness," he said.

"For ourselves," went on Helen, "I wanted to live forever by the old ideals. But there is the other point of view—that of the fashionable world which values its assets of money and position as frankly as a lawyer values his mind, the actress her emotional power, the musician his hands—"

"I have been stupid," Charlesworth said.

"Money isn't quite the same thing as popularity," Helen said, a little sadly, "but it can achieve a pretty accurate counterfeit presentment of it. Well, Marvin, we've one child that stood a test, Grace. And Meta has the right to what we can give her," sighed Helen. "We'll go back to our old home, and let Ned and Meta have this house."

"Who knows," reflected Charlesworth, happy in their reunion—"who knows what alchemy may work in Bayne? When I think what I was—"

Helen put her hand over his mouth. "My beloved, the best proof I have of what you are now is that you didn't know what I was doing—your blessed stupidity. Your ideals were so pure that they blinded you. Oh, Marvin—I don't think I'll miss even the children if only I can keep you always just as you are."

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From "Horseless Carriage" to Automobile

BY WALDEMAR KAEMPFFERT

TWENTY-TWO years ago a few enthusiastic "horseless - carriage" manufacturers decided that the time was ripe for a race. As we look back at it now, the contest was a mechanical jest. The vehicles started bravely and then stopped lamely, while their drivers made repairs. One inventor followed his mechanical wonder with a team of horses. The winner of the race had averaged the mad speed of seven and one-half miles an hour. His engine, carefully tested after the feverish contest was over, was found to develop an amazing four horse-power.

Consider now the three and one-half million automobiles in the United States. Their average horse-power is twenty-five. So trustworthy are their engines, so stanch their construction, that they can travel day after day at an average speed of twenty miles an hour. Many of them spurt over fine stretches of road at sixty miles an hour.

What a contrast between the swift, sleek, silent, engine-driven conveyance of to-day and the rattling, untrustworthy racer of 1895! Surely there must be a romantic technical reason for a development so romantically rapid. What industrial miracle makes it possible to sell in 1917 at an average price of $750 a vehicle far superior to the automobile that commanded an average price of $1,600 even so late as 1905?

To reply that fully 1,200,000 automobiles were made in 1916 and only 25,000 in 1905 explains nothing.

The essential difference between the old horseless carriage and the newest automobile is one of manufacturing methods. Automobiles were once hammered and sawed out by inventive but untutored blacksmiths and carpenters; they are now made by technically trained engineers and physicists. The microscope is as much a part of a modern automobile factory's equipment as a lathe. Without the aid of the chemist the extraordinarily cheap and excellent car of to-day could not be manufactured. The ten thousand admirably organized machine operators of a factory produce the axles, steering-rods, engines, bolts, and springs; but the spirit that broods over them is the spirit of the laboratory. If automobiles are improved from year to year, it is not alone because there are fashions in mechanism as well as in Parisian gowns, but also because the scientific research, deliberately conducted by every great factory, reveals new possibilities in carbureters, engines, rubber, and gasolene.

Quaint as it has already become, even though it is a product of our own generation, the old horseless carriage was not different from the automobile of 1917 in operative principle. Power is generated to-day from gasolene exactly as it was when Gottlieb Daimler made the first commercial automobile in 1883. The seven- or eight-hundred-dollar touring-car of 1917 differs from the young antiques that were the butt of comic-weekly jokes scarcely a decade ago more in the materials of which it is made than in its mechanism.

Before the automobile came, only the cannon-maker, the tool-forger, and the armor-plate roller had made any scientific study of steel. It is significant that millionaires' automobiles of fifteen years ago, which alone had axles and shafts that would not break, were made, at a cost of perhaps ten thousand dollars each, of gun, battle-ship, or tool steel. The automobile industry was compelled to develop its own metal. And so the research laboratory became part of the factory. Now the cheapest roadster is composed of material better than that utilized when motoring was young. Even the iron industry of the country has profited. If the United States is at

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last able to compete with Europe in the quality and variety of its steel products, no small share of the credit belongs to the automobile industry.

Writers of historical fiction perpetuate the notion that the art of the old armorer has perished. And yet in cars sold for only a few hundred dollars, axles and crankshafts are to be found infinitely superior in texture to the weapons of famous swordsmiths. The tales of supple yet tough blades that could be bent into circles without snapping are eclipsed in the less artfully phrased reports of tests conducted with crankshaft steel in the metallurgical laboratory of any large automobile factory. Could the old swords be twisted through six complete turns before they broke? An axle-shaft can be so twisted. What was the tensile strength of the mace that Godfrey of Bouillon or Richard the Lion Heart wielded? How far, in other words, could it have been stretched lengthwise before it parted? No one knows. But the automobile metallurgist is sure that it was not the equal in that respect of a modern valve-stem—a slim little member that can be extended half its length in a testing-machine before it snaps in two.

As soon as the metallurgist discovered that the properties of steel could be subtly changed by the addition of very small quantities of such elements as chromium, carbon, manganese, nickel, tungsten, or vanadium—as soon, in other words, as the problem of making the automobile durable and safe had been solved by research—the designer ventured to consider the economics of motoring. Heavy automobiles endure, but they consume much fuel, and they wear out expensive tires very rapidly. Light automobiles are more cheaply maintained. And so new demands were made on the laboratory in the effort to save weight without sacrificing strength or safety. Is a gear required with teeth on the outside as hard as tool-steel and yet with a core that shall be soft and tough, a gear that shall not weigh more than a given number of ounces? The metallurgist is asked not only to discover the formula for a steel out of which a part can be made and which must be examined with the microscope to detect the wear to which it has been subjected after having run ten thousand miles, but also to indicate the methods that must be followed by the furnacemen in heat-treating the metal. Without the laboratory the designer would be helpless. There would be little progress from year to year.

But the designing engineer was not the only one who profited by the scientific quest for suitable materials. Metallurgical success was accompanied by a truly astonishing development in production methods. Despite the fact that the automobile manufacturer of Flint, Detroit, Toledo, and Cleveland is in direct competition with foreign governments, willing to spend fifteen thousand dollars to kill or maim a single enemy in the trenches; despite the fact that the price of raw material has increased one hundred, two hundred, even three hundred per cent., the price of automobiles has either remained stationary, on the whole, or has actually decreased in a few instances.

The industrial system that has made this remarkable achievement possible is daring in its originality. Nowhere in the United States, nowhere in the world, is the doctrine of efficiency applied with such thoroughness as in the automobile factory. The work of human hands has been subdivided with a minuteness that seems meticulous, but that has resulted in almost incredible reductions in costs. The broad idea, to be sure, is old. But new and very bold is the conversion of the entire factory into a transportation system which is operated with a precision never attained by the most admirably conducted railway.

Everything moves in an automobile factory—moves at a scientifically determined speed from workman to workman. Each subdivided task has been so minutely analyzed that the exact time required for its proper accomplishment is known to the second; and because part follows part with inexorable, clocklike regularity, it is impossible for any man to idle away a minute. He is not hurried. His task is so simple—the mere insertion of a screw-bolt, the mere tightening of a nut, the mere fitting of a valve to its seat—that he can perform it comfortably. But never must he

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falter. If he does he is deluged with the work that follows.

This piecemeal fitting together of the thousand parts that comprise an automobile, technically known as "progressive assembling," is effected with the aid of slides or tracks on which pieces are pushed from man to man; and of traveling chain-conveyers, incessantly moved by power. The spectacle of the conveyers in operation is one never to be forgotten. At one end of a conveyer the parts of a rear axle are placed; at the other, the completed chassis rolls off on its own wheels, propelled by its own motor. The entire process of assembling the chassis has been carried out in perhaps half an hour. At a definite point along the conveyer the motor has been lowered into place; at another the ignition system has been installed; at a third, the wheels are slipped on their axles; at a fourth, the gasolene-tank is added; at a fifth, the tank is filled; at a sixth, a man mounts the chassis and drives away.

The steam-engine or the electric motor by which the chain-conveyer is driven is the inflexible commander of the chassis assemblers. No regiment is better disciplined than they. A machine is their general. A baseball team is not so admirably co-ordinated.

The conversion of an entire factory into a huge transportation system made it possible for seven companies alone to produce no less than one million automobiles in 1916. When the United States lent the Allies five hundred million dollars last spring, newspapers published editorials for a week on the enormity of the financial transaction. As much as that is spent in a year on tires alone. The loan is hopelessly dwarfed by the fabulous earnings of the motor companies themselves. The value of the automobiles manufactured in the United States in 1916 is over one billion dollars. The largest of all companies has a cash bank balance of fifty million dollars; two other companies have balances of twenty-six million dollars and twenty million dollars respectively. The gross earnings of a great Detroit factory are larger than those of a prosperous railway.

What will be the effect of these millions of mechanical vehicles on our life? Will the horse disappear? Mr. G. Arthur Bell, of the Bureau of Animal Industry, has given that question some thought. He assures us that, despite the widening utilization of the automobile, horses have increased in number five per cent. since 1910. There are twenty-four million horses in the United States, of which three million are to be found in our cities. Horses are worth twice as much now as they were fifteen years ago. Automobiles have decreased in cost about fifty per cent. And yet farmers are buying more and more horses!

Statistics are worthless unless they are interpreted. The increasing popularity of the horse is no reflection on the automobile. More land is under cultivation now than ever before, but farm labor is scarcer and costlier. Obviously, machinery must be used, most of it horse-drawn. It follows that the increase in our horse population is merely a sociological phenomenon.

Nor is it likely that even in the near future will the horse be displaced by the motor. There are more than six million farms in the country, which means that there are but four horses to the average farm. Unless the motor-truck can take the place of more than four draught animals, it is not a profitable investment. Paradoxical as it may seem, the faster our horse population increases the better for the general introduction of the motor-truck. Not until the average number of horses for each farm exceeds four will it pay to substitute motors for muscles.

In cities it is otherwise. Dray horses are disappearing from the streets of Chicago at the rate of 3,500 a year. The records of the Chicago Bureau of Licenses reveal that the number of horse-drawn vehicles decreased from 58,115 in 1910–1911 to 49,582 in 1915–1916, and that motor-vehicles increased from 11,088 to 43,129 during the same five-year period. In twenty years horses will no longer be seen on the streets of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, and other large cities.

Far more is to be expected of the automobile than the elimination of the horse. The motor will not in itself solve

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the problem of distribution—the great economic problem of our day—but it will exert a profound influence in bringing about the improvement of our highways, and thus it will play its part in reducing the cost of living. When MacAdam was appointed to supervise the furnishing of supplies to the British Navy, he found himself hampered by the lamentable condition of English roads. In one county, people starved to death; in the next, agricultural products rotted in the fields for lack of roads needed to transport them. Accordingly, he invented the type of highway that bears his name. Most of the roads in the United States are no better than those that gave MacAdam so much concern. England had no railways in his time, for which reason the distribution of food was difficult. Were it not for our locomotives and freight-cars, our steamers and canal barges, some of us might feel the pinch of want even in this enlightened day.

That this picture is not overdrawn follows from statistics compiled by the Office of Rural Engineering. In 1906 but little more than eight per cent. of our roads had been improved by hard surfacing. Even at the present time only 50,000 of our 2,312,000 miles of roads are permanent highways—less than ten per cent. The automobile and the motor-truck obviously require a smooth support in order to be truly efficient. Invent a system of rapid transportation and a new road must also be devised. A passenger-train traveling between New York and Chicago in twenty hours is unthinkable on anything but steel rails.

The effect of the improvements wrought as the result of the self-propelled vehicle's influence is already strikingly apparent. When Franklin County, New York, voted $500,000 in bonds to improve its system of roads, twenty-five cans of milk, weighing one hundred and twenty pounds each, constituted the average two-horse load. After the money raised by the bond issue had been spent, motor-trucks hauled fifty cans to the load. With the sum of $28,000 the twelve-mile stretch of road leading from Spottsylvania Court House to Fredericksburg was improved. In a single year $14,000 was saved in draying.

The estimated cost of hauling the corn, wheat, oats, potatoes, cotton, and hay crops of the country is annually $153,000,000. No one knows how much of that vast sum could be saved if motors were able to ply between the farm and the railway station. Very few cities have compiled statistics. Some light is shed on the subject in a report prepared by the Chicago municipal markets —not so much on the influence of good roads as on the reduction in haulage costs, which is effected by self-propelled vehicles running on fine pavements. It appears that it costs eleven and one-quarter cents to carry one ton a mile by motor in the city of Chicago, and seventeen and three-quarter cents by horse. The average cost of delivering a package by the department - stores, grocery-stores, and meat-markets of the city is approximately eight cents by motor and sixteen cents by horse for each mile. Apply these figures to the cities of the entire country, and consider further that motor-trucks can deliver goods directly from the farm to the city retailer, and it seems not unreasonable to expect that the cost of living must at least be held stationary, if it is not actually reduced by the wider introduction of mechanical road vehicles. Surely the horse must eventually disappear in our towns, at least, if the city consumer pays an average of one dollar and ninety cents for vegetables which the farmer sells for one dollar; if it costs more to haul by horse one hundred pounds of produce five miles from Chicago wharves to the householder or the retail store than to ship it by boat from the shores of Lake Michigan to Chicago; if it costs nearly half as much to deliver a ton of coal by horse from the railroad tracks to the business district of Chicago as it does to ship it four hundred miles by rail from southern Illinois to the city.

But the more general adoption of automobile transportation must inevitably affect the petroleum industry profoundly. As it is, the ingenious production methods which have made it possible for one out of every thirty-five of us to buy an automobile have brought us face to face with a very critical situation. The truth is, that the world's supply of gasolene is rapidly nearing

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exhaustion. Twenty years ago gasolene was well-nigh useless; kerosene was the profitable fraction distilled from petroleum. Now oil companies must send commercial missionaries to China and India to teach the Orient the virtues of the kerosene-lamp. At the present rate of consumption the automobile demand for gasolene can hardly be supplied for another twenty years.

When we think of power, we are apt to think of steam-engines and of coal shoveled by grimy stokers into fiery furnaces. Few realize that our gasolene-engines, those that are used on the farm and on the water as well as on the road, generate more than twice the power of all our steam plants. Our pleasure automobiles alone drive us through the country at a staggering total expenditure of eighty-five million horse-power. If all the gasolene-engines in the country were to run for only ten hours a day, our gasolene supply would be exhausted in a month.

It is abundantly evident that within the next decade a new fuel must be found for the automobile. Germany has demonstrated the possibility of driving motor-vehicles with benzole, a by-product obtained in the manufacture of coke. But since benzole is not produced in sufficiently large quantities, and since, moreover, it is required in the manufacture of explosives, dyes, and chemicals, it is not likely to take the place of gasolene.

Kerosene must drive the automobile of to-morrow. Unfortunately, it does not vaporize so readily as gasolene. Nor can it be efficiently utilized for road locomotion in engines that now consume gasolene. New feeding devices must be invented; a new, simple type of carbureter must be devised; a new kind of engine must be created. All this automobile manufacturers have foreseen. For many months their research engineers have been at work. When the price of gasolene reaches sixty cents or more a gallon, the kerosene automobile will appear.

Since the crude oil supply of the world is steadily dwindling, the invention of a satisfactory kerosene-engine must inevitably prove but a makeshift which will tide us over for a decade or two. What then? Either the alcohol-engine or the electric storage-battery will be intensively developed for mechanical propulsion.

Of alcohol there can never be a shortage, simply because it can be distilled from anything that has grown out of the soil—from rotting stumpage, from sawdust, from grain, from wood, from dry husks of corn—in a word, from vegetation, living or dead. Here we have both a chemical and an engineering problem. The chemist must discover some cheap way of converting the vegetal wastes of the farm and the lumber wastes of the forest and sawmill into alcohol, and the engineer must design an engine which will burn the new fuel satisfactorily. Long before the kerosene situation shall have become crucial, long before gasolene shall have ceased to drive automobiles, that problem will have been solved. So great is the need for industrial alcohol that whether or not we consider the future of our motor pleasures, it must be obtained in large quantities.

It is more difficult to forecast the part which electricity will play in the future automobile. The storage-battery of our day is not adapted for long-distance journeying; it is also heavy, even in its more improved form. Until Thomas A. Edison, about twenty years ago, began the experiments which culminated in a type of battery entirely new in principle, no substantial improvement had been made for half a century in methods of storing electricity. The marked success of the electric commercial truck in cities, the need of a battery which will be far lighter, far more miserly in its expenditure of energy than any storage cell with which we are at present familiar, is in itself a stimulus to invention in a field which only Edison seems to have explored with conspicuous success. Moreover, the cost of our current is steadily decreasing as the electrical applications of water-power are broadened. When the long-distance electric automobile comes, we shall ride, in a sense, on waterfalls.

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The White People

BY FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

PART II

SYNOPSIS OF PART I.—*In a wild and remote corner of Scotland, Ysobel, the youthful mistress of Muircarrie Castle, dwells alone in her ancestral home, cared for by two faithful kinsfolk, her nurse, Jean Braidfute, and the librarian, Angus Macayre. A tragic moment in the annals of the family has marked her birth: her father was killed while hunting, and her mother, prostrated by the event, lingered only until little Ysobel was born. When Ysobel grows to girlhood her nurse tells her how her mother in her last moments seemed mysteriously aware of her dead husband's presence. Something of this eerie sense of presences beyond this world develops in the child. One day, on the fog-covered moors, she beholds a mysterious and shadowy band of ancient warriors file by—the White People—among them a child—wee Brown Elspeth, with whom she plays. In later years she goes to mingle in the great world of London, and there meets the genius Hector MacNairn, whose books have long delighted her and with whom she feels a spiritual kinship.*

I WENT to tea under the big apple-tree. It was very big and old and wonderful. No wonder Mr. MacNairn and his mother loved it. Its great branches spread out farther than I had ever seen the branches of an apple-tree spread before. They were gnarled and knotted and beautiful with age. Their shadows upon the grass were velvet, deep and soft. Such a tree could only have lived its life in such a garden. At least it seemed so to me. The high, dim-colored walls, with their curious, low-cornered towers and the leafage of the wall fruits spread against their brick, inclosed it embracingly, as if they were there to take care of it and its beauty. But the tree itself seemed to have grown there in all its dignified loveliness of shadow to take care of Mrs. MacNairn who sat under it. I felt as if it loved and was proud of her.

I have heard clever literary people speak of Mrs. MacNairn as "survival of type." Sometimes clever people bewilder me by the terms they use, but I thought I understood what they meant in her case. She was quite unlike the modern elderly woman, and yet she was not in the least old-fashioned or *démodée*. She was only exquisitely distinct.

When she rose from her chair under the apple-tree boughs and came forward to meet me that afternoon, the first things which struck me were her height and slenderness and her light step. Then I saw that her clear profile seemed cut out of ivory, and that her head was a beautiful shape and was beautifully set. Its every turn and movement was exquisite. The mere fact that both her long, ivory hands enfolded mine thrilled me. I wondered if it were possible that she could be unaware of her loveliness. Beautiful people are thrilling to me, and Mrs. MacNairn has always seemed more so than any one else. This is what her son once said of her:

"She is not merely beautiful; she is Beauty—Beauty's very spirit moving about among us mortals; pure Beauty."

She drew me to a chair under her tree, and we sat down together. I felt as if she were glad that I had come. The watching look I had seen in her son's eyes was in hers also. They watched me as we talked, and I found myself telling her about my home as I had found myself telling him. He had evidently talked to her about it himself. I had never met any one who thought of Muircarrie as I did, but it seemed as if they who were strangers were drawn by its wild, beautiful loneliness as I was.

I was happy. In my secret heart I began to ask myself if it could be true that they made me feel a little as if I somehow belonged to some one. I had always seemed so detached from every one. I had not been miserable about it, and I had not complained to myself;

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I only accepted the detachment as part of my kind of life.

Mr. MacNairn came into the garden later, and several other people came in to tea. It was apparently a sort of daily custom—that people who evidently adored Mrs. MacNairn dropped in to see and talk to her every afternoon. She talked wonderfully, and her friends' joy in her was wonderful, too. It evidently made people happy to be near her. All she said and did was like her light step and the movements of her delicate, fine head—gracious and soft and arrestingly lovely. She did not let me drift away and sit in a corner looking on, as I usually did among strangers. She kept me near her, and in some subtle, gentle way made me a part of all that was happening—the talk, the charming circle under the spreading boughs of the apple-tree, the charm of everything. Sometimes she would put out her exquisite, long-fingered hand and touch me very lightly, and each time she did it I felt as if she had given me new life.

There was an interesting elderly man who came among the rest of the guests. I was interested in him even before she spoke to me of him. He had a handsome aquiline face which looked very clever. His talk was brilliantly witty. When he spoke people paused as if they could not bear to lose a phrase or even a word. But in the midst of the trills of laughter surrounding him his eyes were unchangingly sad. His face laughed or smiled, but his eyes never.

"He is the greatest artist in England and the most brilliant man," Mrs. MacNairn said to me, quietly. "But he is the saddest, too. He had a lovely daughter who was killed instantly, in his presence, by a fall. They had been inseparable companions and she was the delight of his life. That strange, fixed look has been in his eyes ever since. I know you have noticed it."

We were walking about among the flower-beds after tea, and Mr. MacNairn was showing me a cloud of blue larkspurs in a corner when I saw something which made me turn toward him rather quickly.

"There is one!" I said. "Do look at her! Now you see what I mean! The girl standing with her hand on Mr. Le Breton's arm."

Mr. Le Breton was the brilliant man with the sad eyes. He was standing looking at a mass of white-and-purple iris at the other side of the garden. There were two or three people with him, but it seemed as if for a moment he had forgotten them—had forgotten where he was. I wondered suddenly if his daughter had been fond of irises. He was looking at them with such a tender, lost expression. The girl, who was a lovely, fair thing, was standing quite close to him with her hand in his arm, and she was smiling, too—such a smile!

"Mr. Le Breton!" Mr. MacNairn said in a rather startled tone. "The girl with her hand in his arm?"

"Yes. You see how fair she is," I answered. "And she has that transparent look. It is so lovely. Don't you think so? *She* is one of the White People."

He stood very still, looking across the flowers at the group. There was a singular interest and intensity in his expression. He watched the pair silently for a whole minute, I think.

"Ye-es," he said slowly at last, "I do see what you mean—and it *is* lovely. I don't seem to know her well. She must be a new friend of my mother's. So she is one of the White People?"

"She looks like a white iris herself, doesn't she?" I said. "Now you know."

"Yes; now I know," he answered.

I asked Mrs. MacNairn later who the girl was, but she didn't seem to recognize my description of her. Mr. Le Breton had gone away by that time, and so had the girl herself.

"The tall, very fair one in the misty, pale-gray dress," I said. "She was near Mr. Le Breton when he was looking at the iris-bed. You were cutting some roses only a few yards away from her. That *very* fair girl?"

Mrs. MacNairn paused a moment and looked puzzled.

"Mildred Keith is fair," she reflected, "but she was not there then. I don't recall seeing a girl. I was cutting some buds for Mrs. Anstruther. I—" She paused again and turned toward her son, who was standing watching us. I saw their eyes meet in a rather arrested way.

"It was not Mildred Keith," he said. "Miss Muircarrie is inquiring because this girl was one of those she calls the

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White People. She was not any one I had seen here before."

There was a second's silence before Mrs. MacNairn smilingly gave me one of her light, thrilling touches on my arm.

"Ah! I remember," she said. "Hector told me about the White People. He rather fancied I might be one."

I am afraid I rather stared at her as I slowly shook my head. You see she was almost one, but not quite.

"I was so busy with my roses that I did not notice who was standing near Mr. Le Breton," she said. "Perhaps it was Anabel Mere. She is a more transparent sort of girl than Mildred, and she is more blond. And you don't know her, Hector? I dare say it was she."

I remained in London several weeks. I stayed because the MacNairns were so good to me. I could not have told any one how I loved Mrs. MacNairn, and how different everything seemed when I was with her. I was never shy when we were together. There seemed to be no such thing as shyness in the world. I was not shy with Mr. MacNairn, either. After I had sat under the big apple-tree boughs in the walled garden a few times I realized that I had begun to belong to somebody. Those two marvelous people cared for me in that way—in a way that made me feel as if I were a real girl, not merely a queer little awkward ghost in a far-away castle which nobody wanted to visit because it was so dull and desolate and far from London. They were so clever, and knew all the interesting things in the world, but their cleverness and experience never bewildered or overwhelmed me.

"You were born a wonderful little creature, and Angus Macayre has filled your mind with strange, rich furnishings and marvelous color and form," Mrs. MacNairn actually said to me one day when we were sitting together and she was holding my hand and softly, slowly patting it. She had a way of doing that, and she had also a way of keeping me very near her whenever she could. She said once that she liked to touch me now and then to make sure that I was quite real and would not melt away. I did not know then why she said it, but I understood afterward.

Sometimes we sat under the apple-tree until the long twilight deepened into shadow, which closed round us, and a nightingale that lived in the garden began to sing. We all three loved the nightingale, and felt as though it knew that we were listening to it. It is a wonderful thing to sit quite still listening to a bird singing in the dark, and to dare to feel that while it sings it knows how your soul adores it. It is like a kind of worship.

We had been sitting listening for quite a long time, and the nightingale had just ceased and left the darkness an exquisite silence which fell suddenly but softly as the last note dropped, when Mrs. MacNairn began to talk for the first time of what she called The Fear.

I don't remember just how she began, and for a few minutes I did not quite understand what she meant. But as she went on, and Mr. MacNairn joined in the talk, their meaning became a clear thing to me, and I knew that they were only talking quite simply of something they had often talked of before. They were not as afraid of The Fear as most people are because they had thought of and reasoned about it so much, and always calmly and with clear and open minds.

By The Fear they meant that mysterious horror most people feel at the thought of passing out of the world they know into the one they don't know at all.

How quiet, how still it was inside the walls of the old garden, as we three sat under the boughs and talked about it! And what sweet night scents of leaves and sleeping flowers were in every breath we drew! And how one's heart moved and lifted when the nightingale broke out again!

"If one had seen or heard one little thing, if one's mortal being could catch one glimpse of light in the dark," Mrs. MacNairn's low voice said out of the shadow near me, "The Fear would be gone forever."

"Perhaps the whole mystery is as simple as this," said her son's voice—"as simple as this: that as there are tones of music too fine to be registered by the human ear, so there may be vibrations of light not to be seen by the

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human eye; form and color as well as sounds; just beyond earthly perception, and yet as real as ourselves, as formed as ourselves, only existing in that other dimension."

There was an intenseness which was almost a note of anguish in Mrs. MacNairn's answer, even though her voice was very low. I involuntarily turned my head to look at her, though of course it was too dark to see her face. I felt somehow as if her hands were wrung together in her lap.

"Oh!" she said, "if one only had some shadow of a proof that the mystery is only that *we* cannot see, that *we* cannot hear, though they are really quite near us, with us—the ones who seem to have gone away and whom we feel we cannot live without. If once we could be sure! There would be no Fear—there would be none!"

"Dearest"—he often called her "Dearest," and his voice had a wonderful sound in the darkness; it was caress and strength, and it seemed to speak to her of things they knew which I did not—"we have vowed to each other that we *will* believe there is no reason for The Fear. It was a vow between us."

"Yes! Yes!" she cried, breathlessly; "but sometimes, Hector—sometimes—"

"Miss Muircarrie does not feel it—"

"Please say 'Ysobel'!" I broke in. "Please do."

He went on as quietly as if he had not even paused:

"Ysobel told me the first night we met that it seemed as if she could not believe in it."

"It never seems real to me at all," I said. "Perhaps that is because I can never forget what Jean told me about my mother lying still upon her bed and listening to some one calling her." (I had told them Jean's story a few days before.) "I knew it was my father; Jean knew, too."

"How did you know?" Mrs. MacNairn's voice was almost a whisper.

"I could not tell you that. I never asked myself *how* it was. But I *knew*. We both knew. Perhaps"—I hesitated—"it was because in the Highlands people often believe things like that. One hears so many stories all one's life that in the end they don't seem strange. I have always heard them. Those things you know about people who have the second sight. And about the seals who change themselves into men and come on shore and fall in love with girls and marry them. They say they go away now and then, and no one really knows where—but it is believed that they go back to their own people and change into seals again, because they must plunge and riot about in the sea. Sometimes they come home, but sometimes they do not.

"A beautiful young stranger, with soft, dark eyes, appeared once not far from Muircarrie, and he married a boatman's daughter. He was very restless one night, and got up and left her, and she never saw him again; but a few days later a splendid dead seal covered with wounds was washed up near his cottage. The fishers say that his people had wanted to keep him from his land wife, and they had fought with him and killed him. His wife had a son with strange, velvet eyes like his father's, and she couldn't keep him away from the water. When he was old enough to swim he swam out one day, because he thought he saw some seals and wanted to get near them. He swam out too far, perhaps. He never came back, and the fishermen said his father's people had taken him. When one has heard stories like that all one's life nothing seems very strange."

"Nothing really *is* strange," said Hector MacNairn. "Again and again through all the ages we have been told the secrets of the gods and the wonders of the Law, and we have revered and echoed but never believed. When we believe and know all is simple we shall not be afraid. You are not afraid, Ysobel. Tell my mother you are not."

I turned my face toward her again in the darkness. I felt as if something was going on between them which he somehow knew I could help them in. It was as though he were calling on something in my nature which I did not myself comprehend, but which his profound mind saw and knew was stronger than I was.

Suddenly I felt as if I might trust to him and to It, and that, without being troubled or anxious, I would just say the first thing which came into my mind, be-

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cause it would be put there for me by some power which could dictate to me. I never felt younger or less clever than I did at that moment; I was only Ysobel Muircarrie, who knew almost nothing. But that did not seem to matter. It was such a simple, almost childish thing I told her. It was only about The Dream.

"The feeling you call The Fear has never come to me," I said to her. "And if it had I think it would have melted away because of a dream I once had. I don't really believe it was a dream, but I call it one. I think I really went somewhere and came back. I often wonder why I came back. It was only a short dream, so simple that there is scarcely anything to tell, and perhaps it will not convey anything to you. But it has been part of my life—that time when I was Out on the Hillside. That is what I call The Dream to myself, 'Out on the Hillside,' as if it were a kind of unearthly poem. But it wasn't. It was more real than anything I have ever felt. It was real—real! I wish that I could tell it so that you would know how real it was."

I felt almost piteous in my longing to make her know. I knew she was afraid of something, and if I could make her know how *real* that one brief dream had been she would not be afraid any more. And I loved her, I loved her so much!

"I was asleep one night at Muircarrie," I went on, "and suddenly, without any preparatory dreaming, I was standing out on a hillside in moonlight softer and more exquisite than I had ever seen or known before. Perhaps I was still in my nightgown—I don't know. My feet were bare on the grass, and I wore something light and white which did not seem to touch me. If it touched me I did not feel it. My bare feet did not feel the grass; they only knew it was beneath them.

"It was a low hill I stood on, and I was only on the side of it. And in spite of the thrilling beauty of the moon, all but the part I stood on melted into soft, beautiful shadow, all below me and above me. But I did not turn to look at or ask myself about anything. You see the difficulty is that there are no earthly words to tell it! All my being was ecstasy—pure, light ecstasy! Oh, what poor words! But I know no others. If I said that I was happy—*happy!*—it would be nothing. I *was* happiness itself, I *was* pure rapture! I did not look *at* the beauty of the night, the sky, the marvelous melting shadow. I was *part* of it all, one with it. Nothing held me—nothing! The beauty of the night, the light, the air *were* what I was, and I was only thrilling ecstasy and wonder at the rapture of it."

I stopped and covered my face with my hands, and tears wet my fingers.

"Oh, I cannot make it real! I was only there such a short, short time. Even if you had been with me I could not have found words for it, even then. It was such a short time. I only stood and lifted my face and felt the joy of it, the pure marvel of joy. I only heard myself murmuring over and over again: 'Oh, how beautiful! how beautiful! Oh, how *beautiful!*'

"And then a marvel of new joy swept through me. I said, very softly and very slowly, as if my voice were trailing away into silence: 'Oh-h! I—can—lie—down—here—on—the—grass—and—sleep . . . all—through—the—night—under—this—moonlight. . . . I can sleep—sleep—'

"I began to sink softly down, with the heavenliest feeling of relaxation and repose, as if there existed only the soul of beautiful rest. I sank so softly—and just as my cheek almost touched the grass the dream was over!"

"Oh!" cried Mrs. MacNairn. "Did you awaken?"

"No. I came back. In my sleep I suddenly found myself creeping into my bed again as if I had been away somewhere. I was wondering why I was there, how I had left the hillside, when I had left it. That part *was* a dream—but the other was not. I was allowed to go somewhere — outside — and come back."

I caught at her hand in the dark.

"The words are all wrong," I said. "It is because we have no words to describe *that.* But have I made you feel it at all? Oh! Mrs. MacNairn, have I been able to make you know that it was not a dream?"

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She lifted my hand and pressed it passionately against her cheek, and her cheek, too, was wet—wet.

"No, it was not a dream," she said. "You came back. Thank God you came back, just to tell us that those who do not come back stand awakened in that ecstasy—in that ecstasy. And The Fear is nothing. It is only The Dream. The awakening is out on the hillside, out on the hillside! Listen!" She started as she said it. "Listen! The nightingale is beginning again."

He sent forth in the dark a fountain—a rising, aspiring fountain—of golden notes which seemed to reach heaven itself. The night was made radiant by them. He flung them upward like a shower of stars into the sky. We sat and listened, almost holding our breath. Oh! the nightingale! the nightingale!

"He knows," Hector MacNairn's low voice said, "that it was not a dream."

When there was silence again I heard him leave his chair very quietly.

"Good night! good night!" he said, and went away. I felt somehow that he had left us together for a purpose, but, oh, I did not even remotely dream what the purpose was! But soon she told me, almost in a whisper.

"We love you very much, Ysobel," she said. "You know that?"

"I love you both, with all my heart," I answered. "Indeed I love you."

"We two have been more to each other than mere mother and son. We have been sufficient for each other. But he began to love you that first day when he watched you in the railway carriage. He says it was the far look in your eyes which drew him."

"I began to love him, too," I said. And I was not at all ashamed or shy in saying it.

"We three might have spent our lives together," she went on. "It would have been a perfect thing. But—but—" She stood up as if she could not remain seated. Involuntarily I stood up with her. She was trembling, and she caught and held me in her arms. "He cannot stay, Ysobel," she ended.

I could scarcely hear my own voice when I echoed the words.

"He cannot—stay?"

"Oh! the time will come," she said, "when people who love each other will not be separated, when on this very earth there will be no pain, no grief, no age, no death—when all the world has learned the Law at last. But we have not learned it yet. And here we stand! The greatest specialists have told us. There is some fatal flaw in his heart. At any moment, when he is talking to us, when he is at his work, when he is asleep, he may—cease. It will just be ceasing. At any moment. He cannot stay."

My own heart stood still for a second. Then there rose before me slowly, but clearly, a vision—the vision which was not a dream.

"Out on the Hillside," I murmured. "Out on the Hillside."

I clung to her with both arms and held her tight. I understood now why they had talked about The Fear. These two who were almost one soul were trying to believe that they were not really to be torn apart—not really. They were trying to heap up for themselves proof that they might still be near each other. And, above all, his effort was to save her from the worst, worst woe. And I understood, too, why something wiser and stronger than myself had led me to tell the dream which was not a dream at all.

But it was as she said; the world had not learned the Secret yet. And there we stood. We did not cry or talk, but we clung to each other—we *clung*. That is all human creatures can do until the Secret is known. And as we clung the nightingale broke out again.

"O nightingale! O nightingale!" she said in her low wonder of a voice. "*What* are you trying to tell us!"

What I feel sure I know by this time is that all the things we think happen by chance and accident are only part of the weaving of the scheme of life. When you begin to suspect this and to watch closely you also begin to see how trifles connect themselves with one another, and seem in the end to have led to a reason and a meaning, though we may not be clever enough to see it clearly. Nothing is an accident. We make everything happen ourselves: the wrong things because we do not know or care whether we are wrong or

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right, the right ones because we unconsciously or consciously choose the right even in the midst of our ignorance.

I dare say it sounds audacious for an ordinary girl to say such things in an ordinary way; but perhaps I have said them in spite of myself, because it is not a bad thing that they should be said by an every-day sort of person in simple words which other every-day people can understand. I am only expressing what has gradually grown into belief in my mind through reading with Angus ancient books and modern ones—books about facts and religions, books about philosophies and magics, books about what the world calls marvels but which are not marvels at all, but only workings of the Law most people have not yet reasoned about or even accepted.

Angus had read and studied them all his life before he began to read them with me, and we talked them over together sitting by the fire in the library, fascinated and staring at each other, I in one high-backed chair and he in another on the opposite side of the hearth. Angus is wonderful—wonderful! He *knows* there is no such thing as chance. He *knows* that we ourselves are the working of the Law—and that we ourselves could work what now are stupidly called "miracles" if we could only remember always what the Law is.

What I intended to say at first was merely that it was not by chance that I climbed to the shelf in the library that afternoon and pushed aside the books hiding the old manuscript which told the real story of Dark Malcolm of the Glen and Wee Brown Elspeth. It seemed like chance when it happened, but it was really the first step toward my finding out the strange, beautiful thing I knew soon afterward.

From the beginning of my friendship with the MacNairns I had hoped they would come and stay with me at Muircarrie. When they both seemed to feel such interest in all I told them of it, and not to mind its wild remoteness, I took courage and asked them if they would come to me. Most people are bored by the prospect of life in a feudal castle, howsoever picturesquely it is set in a place where there are no neighbors to count on. Its ancient stateliness is too dull. But the MacNairns were more allured by what Muircarrie offered than they were by other and more brilliant invitations. So when I went back to the castle I was only to be alone a week before they followed me.

Jean and Angus were quite happy in their quiet way when I told them whom I was expecting. They knew how glad I was myself. Jean was full of silent pleasure as she arranged the rooms I had chosen for my guests, rooms which had the most sweeping view of the moor. Angus knew that Mr. MacNairn would love the library, and he hovered about consulting his catalogues and looking over his shelves, taking down volumes here and there, holding them tenderly in his long, bony old hand as he dipped into them. He made notes of the manuscripts and books he thought Mr. MacNairn would feel the deepest interest in. He loved his library with all his being, and I knew he looked forward to talking to a man who would care for it in the same way.

He had been going over one of the highest shelves one day and had left his step-ladder leaning against it when he went elsewhere. It was when I mounted the steps, as I often did when he left them, that I came upon the manuscript which related the old story of Dark Malcolm and his child. It had been pushed behind some volumes, and I took it out because it looked so old and yellow. And I opened at once at the page where the tale began.

At first I stood reading, and then I sat down on the broad top of the ladder and forgot everything. It was a savage history of ferocious hate and barbarous reprisals. It had been a feud waged between two clans for three generations. The story of Dark Malcolm and Ian Red Hand was only part of it, but it was a gruesome thing. Pages told of the bloody deeds they wrought on each other's houses. The one human passion of Dark Malcolm's life was his love for his little daughter. She had brown eyes and brown hair, and those who most loved her called her Wee Brown Elspeth. Ian Red Hand was richer and more powerful than Malcolm of the Glen, and therefore could more easily work his cruel will. He knew well of Malcolm's worship of his

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child, and laid his plans to torture him through her. Dark Malcolm, coming back to his rude, small castle one night after a raid in which he had lost followers and weapons and strength, found that Wee Brown Elspeth had been carried away, and unspeakable taunts and threats left behind, by Ian and his men. With unbound wounds, broken dirks and hacked swords, Dark Malcolm and the remnant of his troop of fighting clansmen rushed forth into the night.

"Neither men nor weapons have we to win her back," screamed Dark Malcolm, raving mad, "but we may die fighting to get near enough to her to drive a dirk into her little breast and save her from worse."

They were a band of madmen in their black despair. How they tore through the black night; what unguarded weak spot they found in Ian's castle walls; how they fought their way through it, leaving their dead bodies in the path, none really ever knew. By what strange chance Dark Malcolm came upon Wee Brown Elspeth, craftily set to playing hide-and-seek with a child of Ian's so that she might not cry out and betray her presence; how, already wounded to his death, he caught at and drove his dirk into her child heart, the story only offers guesses at. But kill and save her he did, falling dead with her body held against his breast, her brown hair streaming over it. Not one living man went back to the small, rude castle on the Glen—not one.

I sat and read and read until the room grew dark. When I stopped I found that Angus Macayre was standing in the dimness at the foot of the ladder. He looked up at me and I down at him. For a few moments we were both quite still.

"It is the tale of Ian Red Hand and Dark Malcolm you are reading?" he said at last.

"And Wee Brown Elspeth, who was fought for and killed," I added, slowly.

Angus nodded his head with a sad face. "It was the only way for a father," he said. "A hound of hell was Ian. Such men were savage beasts in those days, not human."

I touched the manuscript with my hand questioningly. "Did this fall at the back there by accident," I asked, "or did you hide it?"

"I did," he answered. "It was no tale for a young thing to read. I have hidden many from you. You were always poking about in corners, Ysobel."

Then I sat and thought over past memories for a while and the shadows in the room deepened.

"Why," I said, laggingly, after the silence—"why did I call the child who used to play with me 'Wee Brown Elspeth'?"

"It was your own fancy," was his reply. "I used to wonder myself; but I made up my mind that you had heard some of the maids talking and the name had caught your ear. That would be a child's way."

I put my forehead in my hands and thought again. So many years had passed! I had been little more than a baby; the whole thing seemed like a half-forgotten dream when I tried to recall it—but I seemed to dimly remember strange things.

"Who were the wild men who brought her to me first—that day on the moor?" I said. "I do remember they had pale, savage, exultant faces. And torn, stained clothes. And broken dirks and swords. But they were glad of something. Who were they?"

"I did not see them. The mist was too thick," he answered. "They were some wild hunters, perhaps."

"It gives me such a strange feeling to try to remember, Angus," I said, lifting my forehead from my hands.

"Don't try," he said. "Give me the manuscript and get down from the step-ladder. Come and look at the list of books I have made for Mr. MacNairn."

I did as he told me, but I felt as if I were walking in a dream. My mind seemed to have left my body and gone back to the day when I sat a little child on the moor and heard the dull sound of horses' feet and the jingling metal and creak of leather coming nearer in the thick mist.

I felt as if Angus were in a queer, half-awake mood, too—as if two sets of thoughts were working at the same time in his mind: one his thoughts about Hector MacNairn and the books, the

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other some queer thoughts which went on in spite of him.

When I was going to leave the library and go up-stairs to dress for dinner he said a strange thing to me, and he said it slowly and in a heavy voice.

"There is a thing Jean and I have often talked of telling you," he said. "We have not known what it was best to do. Times we have been troubled because we could not make up our minds. This Mr. Hector MacNairn is no common man. He is one who is great and wise enough to decide things plain people could not be sure of. Jean and I are glad indeed that he and his mother are coming. Jean can talk to her and I can talk to him, being a man body. They will tell us whether we have been right or wrong and what we must do."

"They are wise enough to tell you anything," I answered. "It sounds as if you and Jean had known some big secret all my life. But I am not frightened. You two would go to your graves hiding it if it would hurt me."

"Eh, bairn!" he said suddenly, in a queer, moved way. "Eh, bairn!" And he took hold of both my hands and kissed them, pressing them quite long and emotionally to his lips. But he said nothing else, and when he dropped them I went out of the room.

It was wonderful when Mr. MacNairn and his mother came. It was even more beautiful than I had thought it would be. They arrived late in the afternoon, and when I took them out upon the terrace the sun was reddening the moor, and even the rough, gray towers of the castle were stained rose-color. There was that lovely evening sound of birds twittering before they went to sleep in the ivy. The glimpses of gardens below seemed like glimpses of rich tapestries set with jewels. And there was such stillness! When we drew our three chairs in a little group together and looked out on it all, I felt as if we were almost in heaven.

"Yes! yes!" Hector said, looking slowly round; "it is all here."

"Yes," his mother added, in her lovely, lovely voice. "It is what made you Ysobel."

It was so angelic of them to feel it all in that deep, quiet way, and to think that it was part of me and I a part of it. The climbing moon was trembling with beauty. Tender evening airs quivered in the heather and fern, and the late birds called like spirits.

Ever since the night when Mrs. MacNairn had held me in her arms under the apple-tree while the nightingale sang I had felt toward her son as if he were an archangel walking on the earth. Perhaps my thoughts were exaggerated, but it seemed so marvelous that he should be moving among us, doing his work, seeing and talking to his friends, and yet that he should know that at any moment the great change might come and he might awaken somewhere else, in quite another place. If he had been like other men and I had been like other girls, I suppose that after that night when I heard the truth I should have been plunged into the darkest woe and have almost sobbed myself to death. Why did I not? I do not know except—except that I felt that no darkness could come between us because no darkness could touch him. He could never be anything but alive—alive. If I could not see him it would only be because my eyes were not clear and strong enough. I seemed to be waiting for something. I wanted to keep near him.

I was full of this feeling as we sat together on the terrace and watched the moon. I could scarcely look away from him. He was rather pale that evening, but there seemed to be a light behind his pallor, and his eyes seemed to see so much more than the purple and yellow of the heather and gorse as they rested on them.

After I had watched him silently for a little while I leaned forward and pointed to a part of the moor where there was an unbroken blaze of gorse in full bloom like a big patch of gold.

"That is where I was sitting when Wee Brown Elspeth was first brought to me," I said.

He sat upright and looked. "Is it?" he answered. "Will you take me there to-morrow? I have always wanted to see the place."

"Would you like to go early in the morning? The mist is more likely to be there then, as it was that day. It is so

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mysterious and beautiful. Would you like to do that?" I asked him.

"Better than anything else!" he said. "Yes, let us go in the morning."

"Wee Brown Elspeth seems very near me this evening," I said. "I feel as if—" I broke off and began again. "I have a puzzled feeling about her. This afternoon I found some manuscript pushed behind a book on a high shelf in the library. Angus said he had hidden it there because it was a savage story he did not wish me to read. It was the history of the feud between Ian Red Hand and Dark Malcolm of the Glen. Dark Malcolm's child was called Wee Brown Elspeth hundreds of years ago—five hundred, I think. It makes me feel so bewildered when I remember the one I played with."

"It was a bloody story," he said. "I heard it only a few days before we met at Sir Ian's house in London."

That made me recall something.

"Was that why you started when I told you about Elspeth?" I asked.

"Yes. Perhaps the one you played with was a little descendant who had inherited her name," he answered, a trifle hurriedly. "I confess I was startled for a moment."

I put my hand up to my forehead and rubbed it unconsciously. I could not help seeing a woesome picture.

"Poor little soul, with the blood pouring from her heart and her brown hair spread over her dead father's breast!" I stopped, because a faint memory came back to me. "Mine," I stammered—"mine — how strange! — had a great stain on the embroideries of her dress. She looked at it—and looked. She looked as if she didn't like it—as if she didn't understand how it came there. She covered it with ferns and bluebells."

I felt as if I were being drawn away into a dream. I made a sudden effort to come back. I ceased rubbing my forehead and dropped my hand, sitting upright.

"I must ask Angus and Jean to tell me about her," I said. "Of course, they must have known. I wonder why I never thought of asking questions before.

It was a strange look I met when I involuntarily turned toward him—such an absorbed, strange, tender look!

I knew he sat quite late in the library that night, talking to Angus after his mother and I went to our rooms. Just as I was falling asleep I remember there floated through my mind a vague recollection of what Angus had said to me of asking his advice about something; and I wondered if he would reach the subject in their talk, or if they would spend all their time in poring over manuscripts and books together.

The moor wore its most mysterious look when I got up in the early morning. It had hidden itself in its softest snows of white, swathing mist. Only here and there dark fir-trees showed themselves above it, and now and then the whiteness thinned or broke and drifted. It was as I had wanted him to see it—just as I had wanted to walk through it with him.

We had met in the hall as we had planned, and, wrapped in our plaids because the early morning air was cold, we tramped away together. No one but myself could ever realize what it was like. I had never known that there could be such a feeling of companionship in the world. It would not have been necessary for us to talk at all if we had preferred silence. We should have been saying things to each other without words. But we did talk as we walked—in quiet voices which seemed made quieter by the mist, and of quiet things which such voices seemed to belong to.

We crossed the park to a stile in a hedge where a path led at once on to the moor. Part of the park itself had once been moorland, and was dark with slender firs and thick grown with heather and broom. On the moor the mist grew thicker, and if I had not so well known the path we might have lost ourselves in it. Also I knew by heart certain little streams that rushed and made guiding sounds which were sometimes loud whispers and sometimes singing babbles. The damp, sweet scent of fern and heather was in our nostrils; as we climbed we breathed its freshness.

"There is a sort of unearthly loveliness in it all," Hector MacNairn said to me. His voice was rather like his

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mother's. It always seemed to say so much more than his words.

"We might be ghosts," I answered. "We might be some of those the mist hides because they like to be hidden."

"You would not be afraid if you met one of them?" he said.

"No. I think I am sure of that. I should feel that it was only like myself, and, if I could hear, might tell me things I want to know."

"What do you want to know?" he asked me, very low. "You!"

"Only what everybody wants to know —that it is really *awakening* free, ready for wonderful new things, finding oneself in the midst of wonders. I don't mean angels with harps and crowns, but beauty such as we see now; only seeing it without burdens of fears before and behind us. And knowing there is no reason to be afraid. We have all been so afraid. We don't know how afraid we have been—of everything."

I stopped among the heather and threw my arms out wide. I drew in a great, joyous morning breath.

"Free—like that! It is the freeness, the light, splendid freeness, I think of most."

"The freeness!" he repeated. "Yes, the freeness!"

"As for beauty," I almost whispered, in a sort of reverence for visions I remembered, "I have stood on this moor a thousand times and seen loveliness which made me tremble. One's soul could want no more in any life. But 'Out on the Hillside' I *knew* I was part of it, and it was ecstasy. That was the freeness."

"Yes—it was the freeness," he answered.

We brushed through the heather and the bracken, and flower-bells shook showers of radiant drops upon us. The mist wavered and sometimes lifted before us, and opened up mystic vistas to veil them again a few minutes later. The sun tried to break through, and sometimes we walked in a golden haze.

We fell into silence. Now and then I glanced sidewise at my companion as we made our soundless way over the thick moss. He looked so strong and beautiful. His tall body was so fine, his shoulders so broad and splendid! How could it be! How could it be! As he tramped beside me he was thinking deeply, and he knew he need not talk to me. That made me glad—that he should know me so well and feel me so near. That was what he felt when he was with his mother, that she understood and that at times neither of them needed words.

Until we had reached the patch of gorse where we intended to end our walk we did not speak at all. He was thinking of things which led him far. I knew that, though I did not know what they were. When we reached the golden blaze we had seen the evening before it was a flame of gold again, because—it was only for a few moments—the mist had blown apart and the sun was shining on it.

As we stood in the midst of it together —oh, how strange and beautiful it was! —Mr. MacNairn came back. That was what it seemed to me—that he came back. He stood quite still a moment and looked about him, and then he stretched out his arms as I had stretched out mine. But he did it slowly, and a light slowly came into his face.

"If, after it was over, a man awakened as you said and found himself—the self he knew, but light, free, splendid—remembering all the ages of dark, unknowing dread, of horror of some black, aimless plunge, and suddenly seeing all the childish uselessness of it—how he would stand and smile! How he would stand —and *smile!*"

Never had I understood anything more clearly than I understood then. Yes, yes! That would be it. Remembering all the waste of fear, how he would stand and *smile!*

He was smiling himself, the golden gorse about him already losing its flame in the light returning mist-wraiths closing again over it, when I heard a sound far away and high up the moor. It sounded like the playing of a piper. He did not seem to notice it.

"We shall all be shut in again," he said. "How mysterious it is, this opening and closing! I like it more than anything else. Let us sit down, Ysobel."

He spread the plaid we had brought to sit on, and laid on it the little strapped basket Jean had made ready for us. He

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shook the mist drops from our own plaids, and as I was about to sit down I stopped a moment to listen.

"That is a tune I never heard on the pipes before," I said. "What is a piper doing out on the moor so early?"

He listened also. "It must be far away. I don't hear it," he said. "Perhaps it is a bird whistling."

"It is far away," I answered, "but it is not a bird. It's the pipes, and playing such a strange tune. There! It has stopped!"

But it was not silent long; I heard the tune begin again much nearer, and the piper was plainly coming toward us. I turned my head.

The mist was clearing, and floated about like a thin veil through which one could see objects. At a short distance above us on the moor I saw something moving. It was a man who was playing the pipes. It was the piper, and almost at once I knew him, because it was actually my own Feargus, stepping proudly through the heather with his step like a stag on the hills. His head was held high, and his face had a sort of elated delight in it as if he were enjoying himself and the morning and the music in a new way. I was so surprised that I rose to my feet and called to him.

"Feargus!" I cried. "What—"

I knew he heard me, because he turned and looked at me with the most extraordinary smile. He was usually a rather grave-faced man, but this smile had a kind of startling triumph in it. He certainly heard me, for he whipped off his bonnet in a salute which was as triumphant as the smile. But he did not answer, and actually passed in and out of sight in the mist.

When I rose Mr. MacNairn had risen, too. When I turned to speak in my surprise, he had fixed on me his watchful look.

"Imagine its being Feargus at this hour!" I exclaimed. "And why did he pass by in such a hurry without answering? He must have been to a wedding and have been up all night. He looked—" I stopped a second and laughed.

"How did he look?" Mr. MacNairn asked.

"Pale! That won't do—though he certainly didn't look ill." I laughed again. "I'm laughing because he looked almost like one of the White People."

"Are you sure it was Feargus?" he said.

"Quite sure. No one else is the least like Feargus. Didn't you see him yourself?"

"I don't know him as well as you do; and there was the mist," was his answer. "But he certainly was not one of the White People when I saw him last night."

I wondered why he looked as he did when he took my hand and drew me down to my place on the plaid again. He did not let it go when he sat down by my side. He held it in his own large, handsome one, looking down on it a moment or so; and then he bent his head and kissed it long and slowly two or three times.

"Dear little Ysobel!" he said. "Beloved, strange little Ysobel."

"Am I strange?" I said, softly.

"Yes, thank God!" he answered.

I had known that some day when we were at Muircarrie together he would tell me what his mother had told me—about what we three might have been to one another. I trembled with happiness at the thought of hearing him say it himself. I knew he was going to say it now.

He held my hand and stroked it. "My mother told you, Ysobel—what I am waiting for?" he said.

"Yes."

"Do you know I love you?" he said, very low.

"Yes. I love you, too. My whole life would have been heaven if we could always have been together," was my answer.

He drew me up into his arms so that my cheek lay against his breast as I went on, holding fast to the rough tweed of his jacket and whispering: "I should have belonged to you two, heart and body and soul. I should never have been lonely again. I should have known nothing, whatsoever happened, but tender joy."

"Whatsoever happened?" he murmured. "Whatsoever happens now, Ysobel, know nothing but tender joy. I think *you* can. 'Out on the Hillside!' Let us remember."

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"Yes, yes," I said; "'Out on the Hillside.'" And our two faces, damp with the sweet mist, were pressed together.

The mist had floated away, and the moor was drenched with golden sunshine when we went back to the castle. As we entered the hall I heard the sound of a dog howling, and spoke of it to one of the men-servants who had opened the door.

"That sounds like Gelert. Is he shut up somewhere?"

Gelert was a beautiful sheep-dog who belonged to Feargus and was his heart's friend. I allowed him to be kept in the courtyard.

The man hesitated before he answered me, with a curiously grave face.

"It is Gelert, miss. He is howling for his master. We were obliged to shut him in the stables."

"But Feargus ought to have reached here by this time," I was beginning.

I was stopped because I found Angus Macayre almost at my elbow. He had that moment come out of the library. He put his hand on my arm.

"Will ye come with me?" he said, and led me back to the room he had just left. He kept his hand on my arm when we all stood together inside, Hector and I looking at him in wondering question. He was going to tell me something—we both saw that.

"It is a sad thing you have to hear," he said. "He was a fine man, Feargus, and a faithful servant. He went to see his mother last night and came back late across the moor. There was a heavy mist, and he must have lost his way. A shepherd found his body in a tarn at daybreak. They took him back to his father's home."

I looked at Hector MacNairn and again at Angus. "But it couldn't be Feargus," I cried. "I saw him an hour ago. He passed us playing on his pipes. He was playing a new tune I had never heard before—a wonderful, joyous thing. I both heard and *saw* him!"

Angus stood still and watched me. They both stood still and watched me, and even in my excitement I saw that each of them looked a little pale.

"You said you did not hear him at first, but you surely saw him when he passed so near," I protested. "I called to him, and he took off his bonnet, though he did not stop. He was going so quickly that perhaps he did not hear me call his name."

What strange thing in Hector's look checked me? Who knows?

"You *did* see him, didn't you?" I asked of him.

Then he and Angus exchanged glances, as if asking each other to decide some grave thing. It was Hector MacNairn who decided it.

"No," he answered, very quietly, "I neither saw nor heard him, even when he passed. But you did."

"I did, quite plainly," I went on, more and more bewildered by the way in which they kept a sort of tender, awed gaze fixed on me. "You remember I even noticed that he looked pale. I laughed, you know, when I said he looked almost like one of the White People—"

Just then my breath caught itself and I stopped. I began to remember things—hundreds of things.

Angus spoke to me again just as quietly as Hector had spoken.

"Neither Jean nor I ever saw Wee Brown Elspeth," he said—"neither Jean nor I. But you did. You have always seen what the rest of us did not see, my bairn—always."

I stammered out a few words, half in a whisper. "I have always seen what you others could not see? *What—have—I—seen?*"

But I was not frightened. I suppose I could never tell any one what strange, wide, bright places seemed suddenly to open and shine before me. Not places to shrink back from—oh no! no! One could be sure, then—*sure!* Feargus had lifted his bonnet with that extraordinary triumph in his look—even Feargus, who had been rather dour.

"You called them the White People," Hector MacNairn said.

Angus and Jean had known all my life. A very old shepherd who had looked in my face when I was a baby had said I had the eyes which "*saw*." It was only the saying of an old Highlander, and might not have been re-

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membered. Later the two began to believe I had a sight they had not. The night before Wee Brown Elspeth had been brought to me Angus had read for the first time the story of Dark Malcolm, and as they sat near me on the moor they had been talking about it. That was why he forgot himself when I came to ask them where the child had gone, and told him of the big, dark man with the scar on his forehead. After that they were sure.

They had always hidden their knowledge from me because they were afraid it might frighten me to be told. I had not been a strong child. They kept the secret from my relatives because they knew they would dislike to hear it and would not believe, and also would dislike me as a queer, abnormal creature. Angus had fears of what they might do with doctors and severe efforts to obliterate from my mind my "nonsense," as they would have been sure to call it. The two wise souls had shielded me on every side.

"It was better that you should go on thinking it only a simple, natural thing," Angus said. "And as to natural, what *is* natural and what is not? Man has not learned all the laws of nature yet. Nature's a grand, rich, endless thing, always unrolling her scroll with writings that seem new on it. They're not new. They were always written there. But they were not unrolled. Never a law broken, never a new law, only laws read with stronger eyes."

Angus and I had always been very fond of the Bible—the strange old temple of wonders, full of all poems and tragedies and histories of man, his hates and battles and loves and follies, and of the Wisdom of the universe and the promises of the splendors of it, and which even those of us who think ourselves the most believing neither wholly believe nor will understand. We had pored over and talked of it. We had never thought of it as only a pious thing to do. The book was to us one of the mystic, awe-inspiring, prophetic marvels of the world.

That was what made me say, half whispering: "I have wondered and wondered what it meant—that verse in Isaiah: 'Behold the former things are come to pass and new things do I declare; before they spring forth I tell them to you.' Perhaps it means only the unrolling of the scroll."

"Aye, aye!" said Angus; "it is full of such deep sayings, and none of us will listen to them."

"It has taken man eons of time," Hector MacNairn said, thinking it out as he spoke—"eons of time to reach the point where he is beginning to know that in every stick and stone in his path may lie hidden some power he has not yet dreamed of. He has learned that lightning may be commanded, distance conquered, motion chained and utilized; but he, the one *conscious* force, has never yet begun to suspect that of all others he may be the one as yet the least explored. We are a dull lot—we human things—with a queer, obstinate conceit of ourselves."

"Complete we think we are," Angus murmured half to himself. "Finished creatures! And look at us! How many of us in a million have beauty and health and full power? And believing that the law is that we must crumple and go to pieces hour by hour! Who'd waste the time making a clock that went wrong as often? Nay, nay! We shall learn better than this as time goes on. And we'd better be beginning and setting our minds to work on it. 'Tis for us to do—the minds of us. And what's the mind of us but the Mind that made us? Simple and straight enough it is when once you begin to think it out. The spirit of you sees clearer than we do, that's all," he said to me. "When your mother brought you into the world she was listening to one outside calling to her, and it opened the way for you."

At night Hector MacNairn and his mother and I sat on the terrace under stars which seemed listening things, and we three drew nearer to one another, and nearer and nearer.

"When the poor mother stumbled into the train that day," was one of the things Hector told me, "I was thinking of The Fear and of my own mother. You looked so slight and small as you sat in your corner that I thought at first you were almost a child. Then a far look in your eyes made me begin to watch you. You were so sorry for the

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HE WHIPPED OFF HIS BONNET IN A SALUTE

Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

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poor woman that you could not look away from her, and something in your face touched and puzzled me. You leaned forward suddenly and put out your hand protectingly as she stepped down on to the platform.

"That night when you spoke quite naturally of the child, never doubting that I had seen it, I suddenly began to suspect. Because of The Fear"—he hesitated—"I had been reading and thinking many things new to me. I did not know what I believed. But you spoke so simply, and I knew you were speaking the truth. Then you spoke just as naturally of Wee Brown Elspeth. That startled me because not long before I had been told the tale in the Highlands. I saw you had never heard the story before. And yet you were telling me how you had played with the child."

"He came home and told me about you," Mrs. MacNairn said. "His fear of The Fear was more for me than for himself. He knew that if he brought you to me, you who are more complete than we are, clearer-eyed and nearer, nearer, I should begin to feel that he was not going—out. I should begin to feel a reality and nearness myself. Ah, Ysobel! How we have clung to you, and loved you! And then that wonderful afternoon! I saw no girl with her hand through Mr. Le Breton's arm; Hector saw none. But you saw her. She was *there!*"

"Yes, she was there," I answered.

What does it matter if this seems a strange story? To some it will mean something; to some it will mean nothing. To those it has a meaning for it will open wide windows into the light and lift heavy loads. Since I *knew* I have dropped the load of ages—the black burden. Out on the hillside my feet did not even feel the grass, and yet I was standing, not floating. I had no wings or crown. I was only Ysobel out on the hillside, free!

This is the way it all ended.

After one lovely day on the moor, because the sunset was of such unearthly radiance, we sat on the terrace until the last soft touch of gold had died out and left the pure, still, clear, long summer twilight.

When Mrs. MacNairn and I went in to dress for dinner, Hector lingered a little behind us because the silent beauty held him.

I came down before his mother did, and I went out upon the terrace again because I saw he was still sitting there. I went to the stone balustrade very quietly and leaned against it as I turned to look at him and speak.

Then I stood quite still and looked long—for some reason not startled, not anguished, not even feeling that he had gone. He was more beautiful than any human creature I had ever seen before. But It had happened as they said it would. He had not ceased—but something else had. Something had ceased.

It was the next evening before I came out on the terrace again. The day had been more exquisite and the sunset more wonderful than before. Mrs. MacNairn was sitting by her son's side in the bedroom whose windows looked over the moor. I am not going to say one word of what had come between the two sunsets. Mrs. MacNairn and I had clung—and clung. We had promised never to part from each other. I did not quite know why I went out on the terrace; perhaps it was because I had always loved to sit or stand there.

This evening I stood and leaned upon the balustrade, looking out far, far, far over the moor. I stood and gazed and gazed. I was thinking about the Secret and the Hillside. I was very quiet—as quiet as the twilight's self. And there came back to me the memory of what Hector had said as we stood on the golden patch of gorse when the mist had for a moment or so blown aside, what he had said of man's awakening, and, remembering all the ages of childish, useless dread, how he would stand—

I did not turn suddenly, but slowly. I was not startled in the faintest degree. He stood there close to me as he had so often stood. And he stood—and smiled.

I have seen him many times since. I shall see him many times again. And when I see him he always stands—and smiles.

[THE END.]

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The Hearing Ear

BY SUSAN GLASPELL

AN hour had gone by since I bade the Hoyts good night, and alone in my charming room at their house I was still trying to figure out why the Hoyts puzzled me. The change was in Katherine, and in Philip's manner toward Katherine, his wife. It wasn't waning interest; indeed, I had never seen him as preoccupied with her. I went on turning over the memory of this word, this glance, and all at once it came to me that that look in Philip's eyes as he watched her was a worried look.

It came to me with a shock, so completely out of line with my feeling about Katherine Hoyt was it that she should excite concern. I had known her—oh, all our lives, but I was seeing her after three years of not having seen her; for the past fifteen years I have only seen her off and on, for back there in the 'nineties I developed a lung which made it necessary I pull up stakes in Chicago and seek sunnier climes. The lung is fairly sound now, but I still seek—just for the love of the seeking.

For the most part our evening had been quite what I had anticipated. I hadn't realized that I had had such an interesting three years. That is what Katherine can do. I suppose there are a number of people who have that same feeling I have of being at their best with her, and of course that makes her immensely popular—for who pleases you so much as the person who causes you to be pleased with yourself? She is called a brilliant conversationalist. To me that is too definite and a little ponderous for Katherine, so light is the touch with which she distils the amusing from everything, and so peculiarly personal her gift for letting the amusing go out as a light over the rest of life. When you are with Katherine things come to life anew.

She had developed since last I saw her, just as she had all along been developing. She had a more poignant wit and a subtler humor than in the days when she made more beautiful débutantes seem an insipid race. And yet, set against that was something else—or why should I be sitting there puzzled and a little disappointed? All at once the word "effort" came into my mind.

It was all very bewildering; I finally went to sleep without having worked it out at all. Katherine had always been so easy in her quickness; and the thing that was too much for me was that in a sense she was more easy now than ever before. But for all that there was something pulling the other way, something like strain. I remembered things now which at the moment had been swamped in the pleasure of the reunion. Particularly I remembered one look over at Philip, and then his going on with the talk, as if relieving her. Naturally I came to the conclusion that she was not well, that she must have been going too much and was nervous.

But next day Katherine took me to a tea where I would see old friends, and it was there something happened which made me determine I would talk to Philip that night—I was close enough to them for that.

The thing I mean isn't much to tell about, for it was only a look which I saw pass between two women when Katherine left them. But it was an unmistakable look of relief. You would need to know Katherine to appreciate how that bewildered and alarmed me.

Though I had made up my mind I would speak to Philip, it was Philip who, late that night as we lingered alone in the library, spoke to me.

"Wyman," he asked, abruptly, "how does Katherine seem to you?"

"She puzzles me," I answered. "There's something I don't understand."

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Drawn by Frederick A. Anderson

HE COULD WATCH KATHERINE WITHOUT HER KNOWING IT

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He nodded. "It's her hearing," he said.

I gasped, as one does when light has suddenly broken. I went over the whole thing, and at how completely it did explain it I said, with what I suppose must have been a certain satisfaction, "Oh—*that's* it."

"You don't think it's very good news, do you?" he asked, a little dryly.

"I see now that I must have been fearing something worse," I explained.

He sighed. "Well, I don't know what you had been fearing, but— Why, stop and think a minute, Wyman. Are there so many things worse than not being able to hear what people are saying?"

I was about to speak of the number of people who had difficulty with their hearing, when Phil changed my line of thinking. "For Katherine, I mean," he added.

There was some time when I did not speak—when I thought. Then I inquired if something couldn't be done.

He shook his head. "They seem to think not," he said, wearily.

He told me all about it; it seemed a relief to him to talk of it, as if he had gone over it too much by himself. It was almost two years before that he began to notice Katherine did not always hear what he said. He didn't really think of it as failing hearing until one night at the theater when he had to repeat many of the things to her. He asked her that night if she noticed any difficulty with her hearing. She wouldn't admit it at first, but finally acknowledged that she did. She said it must be just a little temporary thing that would go away of itself, and she had been distressed at his having remarked it. He insisted upon going to a doctor, and—well, they had been to many doctors since. Her hearing had grown worse—as they had said it would. They said it would go on growing worse.

"Probably you haven't noticed it so much," he said, "because you speak deliberately and clearly, and Katherine doesn't have much trouble with you. But—she doesn't get on so well with most people." He said it curtly, as we say a thing that hurts.

Phil and I talked till late that night, and it was much later still when I went to sleep, trying to see Katherine as she would be, shut out from people.

It was very hard to picture her so and see her Katherine. It struck at the thing definitely and peculiarly herself. Her gift was social; people were her medium. This threatened her as failing sight would threaten the artist.

As I turned it over that night I wondered, if she did more and more lose that easy communication with others, what new thing it might make of her. It was not hopeful thinking. With all my admiration of Katherine I never felt that she drew from deep roots. I could not see that she would have other resources because of the completeness with which she realized herself right there in her own special province on the surface. It was her gift for people that had given her social supremacy. She was used to that supremacy. In it she lived and moved and had her being.

I had expected to be in Chicago less than a month, but both Philip and Katherine pressed me to stay, and I felt they not only wanted but needed me. And in those three months Katherine never once spoke to me of her difficulty. Phil said she did not admit it to others simply because she was not admitting it to herself. I asked him if he thought this the wise way, and he answered, "Perhaps not the wise way, but it's Katherine's way." He felt we could only help her by aiding her in helping herself after her own fashion. He said, "I know it's hard to see her trying—but it might be harder yet to see her give up."

I could see that there was his fear; like me, he could not see a made-over Katherine. And in the time I was with them I saw what I think I might call one of love's miracles; more soberly speaking, I saw that love makes it possible for us to become what we could not otherwise have been. Philip had always been a quiet, serious-minded fellow, very much absorbed in what he was doing, and given to letting little things pass around him unnoticed. Socially he had always been just a little clumsy. I used to think that one reason he adored Katherine was that so many things which were hard for him were as easy as breathing for her. But now, in

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her need, his love gave him powers not native to him. It was as if he made himself over that Katherine might remain herself. He who had been slow became quick; he who in little things had seen little, now saw everything; where he had been shy, awkward, he came to be at ease in shaping a situation, in bridging a difficulty. He could watch Katherine without her knowing he was watching her, without making it apparent to others. He never seemed to hurt her confidence or shadow her pleasure by that most inept of all things—help which is not needed—but he had an apparently unfailing instinct for the moment when she should have help. He would join her group and with a light skill I could scarcely believe was Philip Hoyt's he would give things a new start. I have seen her eyes call to him. He had a way of letting her know what she had missed without actually repeating what had been said; he would say the thing in a new way, as a contribution to the conversation. He literally became a new kind of person—the kind of person who could keep the channels of communication open for Katherine.

I saw how she needed him one night when I saw her without him. Katherine and I went alone to a small reception for Zeering—the Chicago painter who had just returned after a number of years in Paris. It was a brilliant little affair—quite Katherine's sort of thing, but for her it went badly from start to finish. It's strange—the difference in our attitudes toward the deaf and the blind. The blind rouse all our tenderness, our chivalry; but we seem to resent deafness, and often we dislike the people who bring us into relation with it. The mistakes of the deaf strike us as funny; we'd hate any one who laughed at the fumblings of the blind. It doesn't speak very well for us, but I've come to the conclusion that we find deafness irritating simply because it makes trouble for us. We don't like the awkwardness of stating our ideas in a loud voice. And we seem to think because they don't hear well there's something the matter with their understanding. Time and again, since Katherine has made deafness a matter of special concern to me, I have noticed really sensible people talking to the person hard of hearing, not only in a loud voice, but as if he were also simple-minded. At this little affair for Zeering a woman began talking to Katherine as if she were one whose intellect necessitated a simplification of thought—a words-of-one-syllable manner. I saw Katherine flush and turn away. A number of times she said things which showed she had lost the thread of the conversation, and once in particular I remember how cruelly it was brought home to her that she had snarled things up. The expression of the other people made it plain that she had not gone on with what they were saying. After a moment's awkward pause they began talking of something else.

Next day, when we were invited to a dinner at the Lingate's—then the most conspicuous family in Chicago—to meet some English people who were visiting them, Katherine said, "Suppose we don't go to that, Phil." She tried to say it lightly, but she looked older and—well, as if something had gone from her. Phil said, quickly: "Why, of course we'll go, Katherine. Why not? Henry wants to go; don't you, Wyman?"

It was the last thing I went to in Chicago. I am glad we went, for I carried away an impression of Katherine as a woman who had brilliantly realized that piquant girl of twenty years before. It was amazing, almost incredible, the difference between the evening of the week before and now. It was a flash-up of her spirit that transcended her handicap, as if the thing that was herself, feeling itself threatened, defied the barrier that would shut her in. She was in the current, and I don't think any one else realized that there were several times when she would have veered from it but for the almost unseen touch of her husband. I had never seen her more radiant. The English visitors were delighted with her; she had here, at its purest, that gift of hers for heightening life, for throwing an interesting light over everything. I stood watching her as the center of an entertained group. I hold that picture of her—quick, sensitive, glowing. I noticed Katherine's ear. It was peculiarly formed—rhythmically formed, and gave the impression of an ear within an ear—an inner ear.

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I left with a feeling that it must all come right, that Katherine was too vital to break. As I thought about it on the long ride to California, I was a little sorry that, after her triumph that night at the Lingates', I had not ventured to talk with her about her situation. It seemed that the idea of "sensitiveness" was absurd in view of her beautiful power to surmount her difficulty. I would like to have told her that she had nothing to fear, that the closing of any one door could not shut her out from the world; I wished I had assured her of my feeling that the flame in her was too strong to go out under the breath of physical adversity. But I had left without talking to her, so strong is the habit of not intruding, and even that I did not too much regret, secure in my feeling that she herself would bring it right, that the life in her would find its own way. And the more I dwelt upon it the more it seemed to me that this open current between her and Philip should make up to Katherine for the closing of many little surface channels. Katherine would indeed have failed if with time she did not come to see that she had gained more than she had lost. All of my faith in life went into the feeling that she would not fail.

Once in the Pacific, I went clear to Australia, and I was in out-of-the-way places for the next few years. But Chicago people range far, and there were several times when I met people who gave me word of the Hoyts. All that I heard vindicated the feeling of hopefulness with which I had left them. Katherine Hoyt remained the most fascinating and, in an exclusive sort of way, the most popular woman in Chicago, her townspeople assured me. Yes, she was really very hard of hearing, but she was so clever it didn't seem to make much difference; she somehow got the point, and what she said herself was the thing that counted. A little later, in Japan, I met Anna Stephens, one of Katherine's closest friends. She had seen what I saw—that it was Philip who kept the way open for Katherine. "He lets her know the thing necessary for going on," she said. She told me that while she thought Katherine's hearing had grown worse, her way of coping with it had improved so that it was less conspicuous than it had been at the first. "And the team-work gets better all the time." She thought it had infringed very little upon Katherine's spirit; it had roused her will and called upon new resources. She was really more interesting than ever before.

This talk made vivid all my first feeling about Philip, freshened that sense of them as two people whom love, in a time of need, had swept into special communication with each other, breaking through the barrier of our easy-going normality. It was just after Mrs. Stephens left Japan that I one day opened my Chicago paper to see Philip Hoyt's picture on the front page. He was one of the men who went down with the *Afric*.

I couldn't believe it. Even late that night, after I had read it over and over, my mind didn't take it in. He had gone to London on a hurried business trip; his wife was not with him, but was waiting for him in New York. There was a long story, giving the facts of Philip's life. I stared down at his picture and tried to realize that he was dead. It was for me just one of those things which can't happen.

I tried many times to write a letter to Katherine before I got anything that I could send. For what could I say to her? Apart from everything else, how was she going to get along without Philip? I confess that I tried not to think of her—so well did I understand just where this left her. And I tried not to think of Philip. I couldn't bear the thought with which he must have gone down. Clumsy chance seemed making sport of our finest achievement, of that sensitiveness which flowers from our tenderness.

I had no reply from Katherine; at length I wrote to Anna Stephens, who was back in Chicago, asking for word. And she told me the most amazing thing; she said that Katherine had entirely lost her hearing. Katherine said she couldn't hear, and there was every reason to believe she could not. She made no effort to hear. She made no effort of any kind.

Again and still again I wrote to Katherine, but I did not hear from her.

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From the few things I heard through others I knew what it was that had happened. I knew it was not merely that she did not want to hear, but that she could not hear; but I know enough about the strange underlying life of our minds to suspect she could not hear because of the deep want not to hear.

The next spring I went to Paris. I had made up my mind that in the fall I would go to America. My reason for going there was to see Katherine. I determined that I could not leave her shut in by herself without a real attempt at reaching her. Philip's face would come before me and tell me I must try. I knew that at the first something in her was frozen and wanted nothing but to go to sleep and die; but I know also that time itself carries a breath of life. I thought that by fall, perhaps, Katherine would not refuse to meet me, spiritually meet me, I mean.

But with me, as with millions of others, the war changed all. I had lingered in Paris through the early summer; some American friends were there with their motor, and excursions about France with them had made July pleasant. I was on the eve of going to Norway when the Germans marched out of Germany for Paris.

I could have got away with all the other fleeing Americans, but I had an instinct for staying. . . . Late in the fall a Chicago surgeon whom I knew came to join the American ambulance corps. Through him I had later word from Katherine. He told me that she had left Chicago, had gone with only a paid companion. He heard through her lawyer that she was living in an isolated little town on the New England coast. She was going to stay there.

He told me it was true Katherine was entirely deaf; he was convinced it was genuine. He said he believed her hearing all along had been worse than we had known, because of her skill in dealing with it—and her husband's skill.

"It's strange, but not impossible," he said, "that hearing should go now. The more we work with bodies the more we have to concede to minds. Can't you see how her whole feeling about his loss might react on those nerves which had made such a particular response to him? He helped her hear; he kept her wanting to hear. She hadn't him any more—she didn't want to hear—she couldn't hear."

I felt that he was right, but I suspected intricacies in it which were not there for him. I wondered if, added to grief and to helplessness, a dissatisfaction with self was not there as a more insidious blight. Now that she had not Philip and could not hear, I wondered if there had not come a deep revulsion from all those small things which she had spent herself—and him—in trying to hear. This idea was given substance by a letter from Mrs. Stephens later in the winter.

"I went up from New York to see Katherine," she wrote. "I tried to get her to come away with me, but she was immovable. She seems in every sense just that. Of course it is very hard to communicate with her, particularly as she doesn't want to be communicated with. Of this I feel sure—Katherine does not want to come back to us. Perhaps it is that she tried too hard for too long. I wonder if she feels that she lost the best of Philip through that trying—something in her eyes made me think that one night. The only interest she has is in the sea, and I doubt if that is as much an interest in life as in death. Her house is on the outskirts of a little fishing village; it might be pleasant enough in summer, but of course terribly desolate in winter. I did what I could, but there's something in this shut-in Katherine stronger than anything in me."

That she who had been most open to living should now be shut in alone; that Katherine Hoyt, who had stood to me for life at its most vivid, should have become that greatest negation of life—the living who are not alive—was just a part of the whole break-up of those days. I do not suppose those who have their own place in life, and a place far away, can ever understand what the war meant to us who were, in one way or another, caught into it. I was caught into the work of trying to care for the wounded and those who were left destitute.

We went through that winter, through the next summer, and began another winter. I did not forget Katherine, but I did nothing for her. I still had the re-

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solve to go to her when I could, but I had lost the feeling of being able to do what I wanted to do. I did not write to her because I had nothing to offer. Those were days when there was not in my spirit either the power or the impulse to summon another back to living. And then one day, on the steps of the hospital, I met the Chicago surgeon of whom I have spoken. He talked a moment of what he had been doing, and as he was turning away he said:

"Oh, by the way, have you heard about your friend Mrs. Hoyt?"

"Heard what?" I asked, sharply.

"That she was dead?"

I do not know whether I stammered, "*Dead?*" or whether I only tried to.

"My sister wrote me that nobody seemed to know much about it," he was going on. "The woman who lived with her wrote that she always went out in the storms and that she seemed to have no idea of taking care of herself. I suppose that's a vile climate—anyhow, it was pneumonia. She was buried there where she was living—way off there by herself." He stopped talking, as if halted by that last. After a moment he murmured, "She certainly had dropped out, hadn't she?" then hurried along about his business.

The darkest moment I have ever known in my life was the moment that night when I suddenly realized it was a relief to think of Katherine as dead. I have failed utterly in my narrative of her if it is not apparent what that realization meant to me. And as all along in this strange way things had been let in to me through her, so this realization of how I felt about her let in with a rush the sense of how I felt about life. It was as if old things, things simple and happy, had gone out of the world. That world in which Katherine had been so bright a point just did not exist any more. It was back in some other existence that she and I had laughed together over those amusing things that transpired through the pattern of life and lighted it up. The *as it should be* had gone out of the world. Again things were made meaningful through her. I thought of how Katherine had not fulfilled herself, and, when I knew that, my pain for her was in that I knew why my spirit was sick. Life was not fulfilling itself.

I said as much several months later at the home of a friend of mine who is a painter, where I had gone to meet a friend of his—Gordon, the well-known sculptor. He had left Paris the first week of the war, expecting to be back soon. He had been living in America that his work might go on undisturbed by the madness of men, but the length of the war was too long a term for him to live away from Paris, and so he had come back and opened the hastily closed studio.

It was Gordon who seemed to know what I meant by my not very cheerful remark. I had been goaded to it by exasperation; Raymonds, my painter friend, had made a smug remark about the war really not affecting the things that counted. And then I asked him if the human race counted. Raymonds merely thought I was a disagreeable guest, but I met Gordon's eye and saw that he got something else. As I was taking leave, he asked me if I wouldn't one day soon come round to his studio.

I went the next afternoon, for he made me feel less alone. He showed me the work he was doing, and we talked of that, and then returned to the thing we had talked of the evening before. In the midst of that he seemed oddly to interrupt himself, for he suddenly said, "There's something I haven't unpacked yet." He got up and went to the back of his studio and took something from a box. As he brought it forward and placed it on the table before me it was still obscured by a little of the packing material. While he was brushing that off he said: "You say we are lost in the night. I wonder what you will think of this."

I can't tell it at all effectively, for the mere recounting of my first feeling affects me so strongly that I have again that feeling of being sick, of being about to sink down. The singular part of it was that I had that feeling before my mind really took in that the bust at which I was looking was a portrait of Katherine Hoyt.

I remember I brushed my hand over my eyes, as if to brush away the too

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strange fancy. And then I looked again, and I knew it was no fancy. And the thing which made me know that this was Katherine and no other was that strange formation of the ear, which was as an ear within an ear—an inner ear. I suppose I must have looked for that without realizing I was doing so.

Gordon, who had brought the bust out to see its effect on me, was caught into the artist's absorption in his own work which he is seeing after a lapse of time, and so he wasn't noticing me. Of course there was a time when I could not speak: the utter surprise of it, for one thing; the strangeness of it—that Katherine, after she had gone, should come back into my life, that I should have word from her again.

"She wasn't lost in the night, do you think?" he asked me at last.

One can't take in everything at once, and it's quite like us, it seems to me, that I had taken in first the things that were like Katherine—those definite little things of identification. But as I looked now I saw the new thing—the big thing. I looked around the studio to see if other things looked real, as they had a moment before, for the face of this friend whom I thought had died defeated was the most serenely triumphant face into which I have ever looked.

The thing I at last said must have sounded pretty banal to an artist. "But was it a good likeness?" I asked.

"If you had seen her," he said, "you'd know one wouldn't presume to do anything more interesting than a likeness." He looked at his work, then added, with authority, "As a likeness, it's the best thing I ever did."

"But where did you see her?" I asked, and I sat down, for I felt weak.

"Last summer I went to Cape's End," he told me. "I don't suppose you know it—a little neck of land way out at sea, a townful of people whose lives are made by the sea. There's a wide reach of what they call the flats left bare at low tide. One morning I had been out to the traps with the fisherman at whose house I was staying, and just after sunrise I walked in across these flats. The wet sands were magical in that first light, and it was all so fresh and strange —the freshness of strange things. And this woman was standing just behind one of those pools of color—this 'seeing' look on her face. She gave me the strangest feeling of being on a threshold. The flats suddenly seemed something that reached out—not merely from land to sea, but from life to—something else. Anyhow, she gave me a feeling of being right up to the edge of things. The next day I saw her on the beach with a little boy—a little boy who limped; they were building something in the sand. Before she saw me coming along I saw her regarding him with a certain look of—Well, here, I hope I've got a suggestion of it—the mouth, perhaps." He rose and turned the bust so I could get another aspect. "Well, I wanted to do her. She had something that I wanted to get. I felt that she *knew* something. I had just had word that Helot—the young Frenchman who worked with me, and who went to war the week I went to America, had been killed. It takes the personal to drive it home, doesn't it? for I suddenly knew what war was. My picture of that boy covering up the figure he was doing and going out to get a uniform and a gun. . . . It's as you said last night—lost threads, rude interruptions, unfulfilment. And so I had to get her, because with her things were going on!" He paused. "They will always go on with her, don't you think?"

I looked at Katherine. "It seems so," I murmured.

"It's strange," he mused, "how much that sense of some one having something can mean to us all. It is strange," he repeated, after a moment, "but no matter how much may be lost—if we can feel there's something not lost, or, rather, if we can feel that some one has got something that can't be lost—Well," he broke off, "I wanted to do her, and I suppose the reason I had no hesitancy in asking her to sit for me was the fact that what she had was bigger than herself, and my reason for wanting it was bigger than myself. So I walked up to them as she watched the little boy building on the sands. The tide was coming in, and what was in my mind was that the house the boy was building would soon be washed away, and that it was like all the other

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Drawn by Frederick A. Anderson Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

SHE WATCHED THE LITTLE BOY BUILDING ON THE SANDS.

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things people had been building. But what I said was—to her through him—'What a fine, big house!'

"She looked at me a moment and then with a smile she said, 'It's better to build something, even though it may be swept away.'

"I tell you it made me feel queer. She had answered, not what I said, but what I was feeling. I might as well tell you right now that she hadn't heard what I said. She was deaf. But the other thing is the amazing part of it. Because she couldn't hear what I said, she knew what I meant."

I sat looking at Katherine, and as I took that in, as I really got it, my eyes grew so dim I could not see her.

"In a later talk she said to me that she had for a long time been shut out from people because she knew them only through what they said. She laughed—don't get the impression that she is an austere person—and said that blurred things a lot."

If he had not been himself absorbed he would have thought me very strange throughout. I made no reply to this; to me it was way beyond any reply.

"Well," Gordon was going on, "I wrote her a note and asked her to sit for me, and she wrote back most amusingly and said she would expect pay and that she would take it in the form of a large lump of clay, that the little fellow I had seen her with might have something more stationary than sand to work with.

"She told me about him during the sittings. It seemed he had been made lame through an accident the year before. 'He's not used to lameness,' she said, with a look on her face the sculptor hasn't yet lived who could hope to get. He used to lead all the rest, and one day she saw him trying to jump with the others, and he fell very short, and afterward she found him crying. 'I am greatly indebted to him,' she told me, in a simple way she has, 'for I saw something through him.' I thought she was going to tell me what it was she saw, but she fell to thinking, and I wouldn't for the world have disturbed her, because—" He pointed to his work.

He looked at his work, and I looked at Katherine—the quiet beauty of that seeing look, the tender, brooding understanding, the loving wisdom that may follow pain. "Perhaps she meant something in her own life," he ventured. "I feel sure she has not always lived as quietly."

He was called away then, and for a time I remained alone in the studio. I do not know how long a time; I only know that it was the most important time of my life. I lived more in that time than I had lived in all the time before. I saw more. As Katherine had all along in that strange way been as a glass through which I looked, she was now a clear pool through which I saw into things not often seen. I thought of her whole life—of how she had lost where she had been strongest, and how from her weakness she had won what she could not have had through her strength. I knew what it was she had seen through the little lame boy. I saw through her what she had seen through him—that channels cut off may make deeper channels, that the end may be the beginning. Of course I longed for my friend, and yet more than ever before I had my friend. A sense of the whole wonder of life, a deeply refreshing sense of the beauty of life, opened thus from Katherine's experience, after I had thought her gone, coming back into my life—a light in the darkness. And as there was something in her stronger than anything that could happen to her, so I knew now that there was something in life stronger than anything that could happen to life. That was my deathless word from Katherine, a word which had the authority of one bright star in a clouded night.

Gordon came back and stood beside me and looked with me. He is deeply the artist, for he said not a word. At last I thanked him and went away. Once outside it occurred to me as strange that I hadn't told him either that I knew Katherine or that she was dead. But was it strange, after all—when those two things mattered so much less than other things mattered.

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My Boat Trip through the Guiana Wilderness

BY A. HYATT VERRILL

WHERE the Mazaruni and the Cuyuni rivers, flowing north through the center of British Guiana, pour their coffee-colored waters into the turbid flood of the Essequibo, Bartica perches upon the river's bank.

A tiny village of scarce more than a score of buildings separated by grassy lanes, Bartica owes its existence to its position, for the countless gold-diggers and diamond-miners—bound to or from the "diggings" of the upper Mazaruni and Cuyuni districts—find the little port a convenient stopping-point. Daily river steamboats ply between Bartica and Georgetown, sixty miles distant; smaller launches make regular trips up the rivers to the rapids; and from the gold-fields fortunes in the yellow metal annually pass through this little hamlet on the borders of the wild.

It was at Bartica that our boat trip through Guiana's wilderness really began, for the voyage up the great Essequibo from Georgetown, while full of interest and novelty, paled into insignificance compared with our journey from Bartica through the falls and rapids to Rockstone.

Although neither a long nor an arduous trip, yet it was not without excitement at times. It was novel; and in many ways it was one of the most interesting experiences of my many years in the American tropics. We selected this particular route for several reasons. Lewis, the geologist, in search of certain minerals, thought this section of British Guiana promised well; I wished to secure photographs of subjects which the district afforded; and, in addition, it seemed the least-known trip which could be accomplished in the limited time at our disposal.

As far as we could discover, no white man, save Mr. Anderson, the Lands and Mines Commissioner, had ever traveled from Bartica to Rockstone *up* the rapids. Even the Sprostons, who maintain the river-steamboat services, could give us no definite information about the trip, and every one agreed that it was dangerous and inadvisable. But this only made us the more determined to undertake the journey, and, as I suspected, we found the perils vastly exaggerated, and the trip merely fraught with enough danger and excitement to make it interesting.

At Bartica we secured our boat and crew, the former a heavy, strongly built affair twenty-eight feet in length, of the universal tent-boat type peculiar to Guiana, and admirably adapted to navigating the falls and rock-filled rapids of the great South-American rivers.

To get a crew together was by no means easy. No one, save the captain and bowman, appeared anxious to take the trip, even though the wages offered were high; and one after another the men we engaged backed out. When at last, after innumerable delays, we secured enough men to handle our boat, we had a motley crew indeed.

The captain, Abraham Boters, was half Indian and half negro; the bowman Glasgow and the stern-paddler Chung were half negro and half Chinese; Correia was a Portuguese; and the other two hands were negroes, black as ebony. Last, but by no means least, was Small, general factotum, majordomo, steward, cook, padrone, and man of all work combined, a colored man of "the legal line," as he expressed it, and equally efficient in all his various capacities.

By the time our dunnage and that of the men, our provisions and the crew's supplies, were on board and stowed beneath the huge tarpaulin which was to

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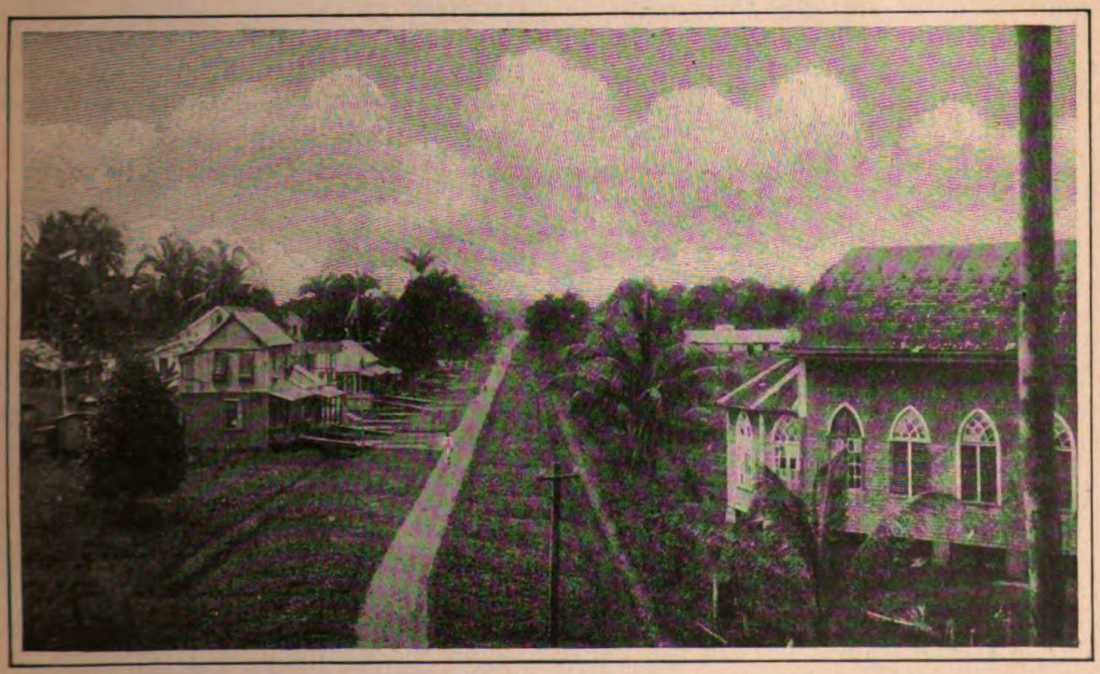
serve as our shelter at night, the *Erin* was deeply laden. We were still short-handed, and planned to pick up two Indians on the way, to act as paddlemen while traveling, and as hunters and fishermen while in camp.

With a goodly portion of Bartica's population gathered at the waterside to see us off, the boat was pushed from the beach, the six paddles dug into the water together, and our trip through the wilderness began.

The method of paddling adopted by these men is very peculiar and consists of about a dozen short-arm strokes, all the paddles being slid along the gunwales on the recovery. Then, at a shout of "Yep yai!" and the signal of a raised paddle, given by the bow paddler, the stroke suddenly changes. At the signal the paddles are dug deeply into the water with the full power of brawny arms and backs, the water is thrown upward in a miniature cataract at the end of each stroke, and the heavy boat is fairly lifted from the water, until, at another signal, the short, lazy arm-stroke is resumed. All is done in perfect time and unison, the brown arms rising and falling, the bronzed backs bending, and the paddles flashing like one, while on the prow the bowman perches with his enormous paddle ready to swing the craft to right or left at sight of submerged rock or sunken snag; and at the stern stands the captain, the big steering-paddle slung to the gunwale by a bight of rope, and its handle gripped firmly in his hands. Of all the crew the captain is the most important. He must be skilled in handling the boat, and must know every eddy, current, rock, rapid, snag, and island of the river. He is responsible for the safety of the boat and passengers, for he is licensed by the government, after a long and searching examination, and his word is law when afloat upon the river.

Until one has traveled through the rapids with these men, one cannot realize what consummate skill and knowledge they possess. On every hand are the jutting rocks with foaming, roaring torrents rushing between, and everywhere upon the black waters are swirling eddies indicating sunken reefs or dangerous currents. There are no marks, no buoys, no beacons to guide, and far and near are countless wooded islands separated by winding, tortuous waterways, one so like another that no one who had not spent his life upon the river could distinguish them.

For several miles after leaving Bar-



BARTICA, THE "JUMPING OFF" PLACE—OUR STARTING-POINT

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tica we swung along close to shore, past the outlying thatched huts and cultivated gardens, past the well-tilled rubber-groves and lime-orchards of Agatash, and between the mangrove-fringed shores and wooded islands of the river beyond.

In a few hours all signs of civilization were left astern, and the mile-broad, tranquil river, the interminable mangroves, and the vast forest stretched before us. A little after noon we headed inshore toward a darker patch upon the greenery of the bush, and presently entered the mouth of Kureai Creek.

There is something wonderfully fascinating about paddling up these little sluggish creeks in the wilderness, where deepest silence reigns, only broken by the harsh screams of parrots or the curious human-like cries of toucans; where vine-draped trees, graceful palms, and great forest giants rise in a wall of greenery on either side. Arches of tangled lianas and spreading branches meet above the water; mangroves sprawl their strange, aerial roots in the muddy shallows; giant, lily-like *Arums* form miniature islands; strange orchids and air-plants bedeck the vines and trees; and giant, brilliant, shimmering *Morpho* butterflies flit back and forth, their cerulean, flashing wings reflected in wondrous manner upon the dark surface of the creek.

Here passing breezes never ruffle the water, which is stained a deep brown by the vegetation, and has a thick, oily appearance that reflects the surroundings to marvelous perfection. It is as if one were floating on a gigantic mirror, and every leaf, twig, and detail is duplicated so perfectly that the eye can scarce distinguish the real from the unreal, nor can one say which is water and which land. Here and there great fallen trees, or "tacubas," bar the way and force the occupants of intruding boats to crouch low as they pass beneath the tangled mass, while submerged logs and snags grind against the bottom of the craft with imminent danger of capsizing it.

But by twisting and turning, swinging to right or left, and following leads only visible to the trained eyes of the river-men, mile after mile is traversed in safety through this forest wonderland, where the traveler may see the strange plants and luxuriant growth of the tropic forest, may watch the brilliant butterflies, may see rare and beautiful forms of bird life in their native haunts, and, in short, may enjoy all the novelty of a trip through the heart of the jungle without the exertion and difficulties of tramping and hewing one's way through the bush.

Along the creeks' banks, little coves or lagoons stretch into the forest, and here one may see frail dugouts, or "wood-skins"—canoes made from the bark of a forest tree—moored to the banks, and primitive ladders, formed by cutting deep notches in a log, leading upward from the water to the land. These mark the landing-places of the Indians, whose gardens and houses are hidden in the bush beyond, and who, though nominally civilized, lead lives almost as free and unconventional as did their ancestors before the advent of the white men.

It was in search of one of these Indian settlements that we entered Kureai Creek, for Lewis had heard that a "buck" known as Hermanas knew where there was a deposit of the mineral he desired, while our captain was confident that from Hermanas's camp he could obtain the two men required to complete our crew.

Soon after entering the creek we sighted a little opening, with two boats moored among the trees, while perched upon the bank, amid banana and palm trees, was a thatched hut, from which a man stepped forth at our bowman's hail. He was no Indian, but a white man, and, strangely enough, proved to be a Boer from the Transvaal, an ex-prisoner of war, who had chosen to remain in Guiana rather than return to his native veldt when hostilities were ended. He informed us that Hermanas's place was "Not too far top side creek"—for he spoke in the queer, talky-talky jargon of the aborigines—and with this vague information we resumed our journey.

Several miles beyond the home of the voluntary Boer exile, we spied several canoes hidden among the trees, and near them a larger boat in which a man was preparing to embark. He was a half-

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AN INDIAN "BENAB," OR HOUSE, ON THE UPPER ESSEQUIBO

breed, just returning from the Indians' camp, and offered to guide us to Hermanas's home. At the summit of the bank stood two well-built *logis*, or Indian houses, and here we decided to make camp for the night, as it would be impossible to visit the Indians, return to the boat, and reach another good camp-site ere nightfall.

These Indian *logis* are found scattered through the bush and serve as temporary resting-places for the natives when traveling about. They are merely great open sheds timbered with poles and roofed with palm-leaves, beautifully thatched and supported on strong posts some five or six feet in height. They are identical in form and construction with the houses, or *benabs*, used by the Indians for their permanent homes. Light poles resting on the rafters form an overhead platform upon which household utensils and belongings are stored; hammocks swung from side to side between the upright posts serve as chairs and beds; and with a fire or two built at the ends of the building to keep the interior dry and provide means for cooking, the Indian's home is complete.

The Guiana Indians are a wonderfully honest people, and have a sublime confidence in the integrity of others. Their own honesty, and their belief that all men possess the same trait, was most vividly illustrated when we took up our quarters in the *logi* by the creek shore. Upon the rafters, hanging under the eaves and tucked away among the thatch, were various belongings of the Indians. Even their most cherished and valuable possessions were there, such as trunks and canisters of clothing, ammunition, cooking-utensils, machetes, and even a new breech-loading shot-gun still in the original box, as sent from the factory in Massachusetts. Here they were left unguarded and within reach of any passer-by, the simple aborigines trusting solely to the integrity of strangers for the safety of their goods. Any traveler was welcome to come and go and take possession of the *logis* for as long as he saw fit, provided the contents were left undisturbed. To the credit of the blacks and whites, the half-breeds, and the innumerable other natives who put the Indian *logis* to their own use, the red men's faith in human nature is seldom shattered, although the fact that this is not due entirely to moral principles was proven by the naïve remark of one of our men who, in reply to my question, answered, "No, sir, we never takes the bucks'

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things; we bound to be shot up if we does."

Soon after we reached the *logis* an Indian canoe arrived with a young buck, accompanied by his squaw, or *buckeen*, and a youngster about two years old. The man and his wife were garbed, as are all the Indians when near the settlements or when out of their forest fastnesses, in civilized clothes, but their boy was innocent of all adornment and was as bright and interesting a little savage as one could wish. His sixteen-year-old mother carried a huge load in a basket secured by a strip of bark around her forehead, and seemed little inconvenienced by her burden, even when climbing up the steep and slippery path from the creekside. Like our own North-American Indians, the Guiana red men leave to their women most of the manual labor, with the exception of felling timber, clearing land, and hunting; but they are by no means lazy or indolent, for all that, and are hard, tireless workers once they can be induced to work at all. Their disinclination to labor is due more to inborn independence than inherent laziness, and, while always friendly, they still possess a distrust and contempt for strangers. Once you have won their friendship and respect, they will do anything in their power for you, and will remember a kindness or an injury for years and return it in kind when opportunity offers.

We had been assured in Georgetown that we would find no interesting Indians on our proposed trip; that all the aborigines in the section we would traverse were thoroughly civilized and Christianized; and that to see the bucks in their natural state, clad in loin-cloths, or *laps*, and armed with bows and arrows, and to secure specimens of genuine savage handiwork, we must travel far into the interior, to the savanna country on the Brazilian borderland.

Under these circumstances, imagine our surprise when, after walking scarce a hundred yards into the forest on the way to the Indians' camp, we came face to face with a naked savage—bow and arrows in one hand, a beaded girdle about his waist, and his only garment a scant *lap*. He was a splendid figure, a statue of glowing bronze, but we had scarce time to glimpse him ere he slipped into the forest and melted into the shadows of the great trees like a spirit of the jungle.

This incident somewhat shattered our faith in the reliability of information vouchsafed us in the city. Our hopes rose accordingly, and, while throughout our trip we saw none but apparently civilized and Christian Indians, we yet found that beneath the surface the aborigines were all we desired. The women might deck themselves in slatternly gowns, but under their unbecoming rags they still wore their beautifully woven bead aprons; and the men, who appeared like vagabonds in ill-fitting trousers and calico shirts, were transformed to ideal savages when, casting such things aside, they slipped through dim forest aisles or breasted foaming rapids clad only in their blue or scarlet loin-cloths.

Our path from the *logis* to Hermanas's camp led for a mile or more through the virgin forest, where great trees reared their vast heights for many scores of feet, and vines and lianas trailed downward in a tangled maze. In the tree-tops parrots screamed and toucans croaked and clattered, and from far-off glens the wonderful notes of the bell-birds rang in silvery tones.

Emerging from the forest and passing a strip of half-cleared land, we entered a little garden of cassava and plantains, in the midst of which stood several thatched Indian huts. In one an old woman was busy cleaning manioc roots, while the young squaw we had already seen sat nursing her two-year-old son. In the larger house close by, a number of Indians swung lazily in luxurious hammocks, and, without deigning to turn their heads, grunted guttural "Howdies" as we entered.

At our guide's call of "Hermanas," an old buck raised himself from the depths of his hammock and inquired, "What you want um?"

He was a shrewd-faced, small man, with head swathed in a white rag, and showed every evidence of being ill. To his question we answered that we had come to ask him to show us the mineral deposit Lewis sought.

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"Give me two hundred dollar, I show um," replied the wily old chief.

"Eh, man! Why you make um sport?" exclaimed Small, who acted as our spokesman. "You no got um nothing for sell. How we know you find um? Gentlemen must for see um first. Mebbe good, mebbe no good. S'pose um good; you get um plenty work, plenty money. S'pose um no good, gentlemen pay for you show um."

"Me no dam' fool," the Indian assured us. "Me catch um plenty rockstone like um want. No pay two hundred dollar, no show um."

A little further conversation disclosed the fact that a certain enterprising employee of the Lands and Mines Department at Bartica had heard of Hermanas's find, and had assured the Indian that he could obtain two hundred dollars for guiding Lewis to the deposit, for which valuable advice he was to receive a goodly share of the amount.

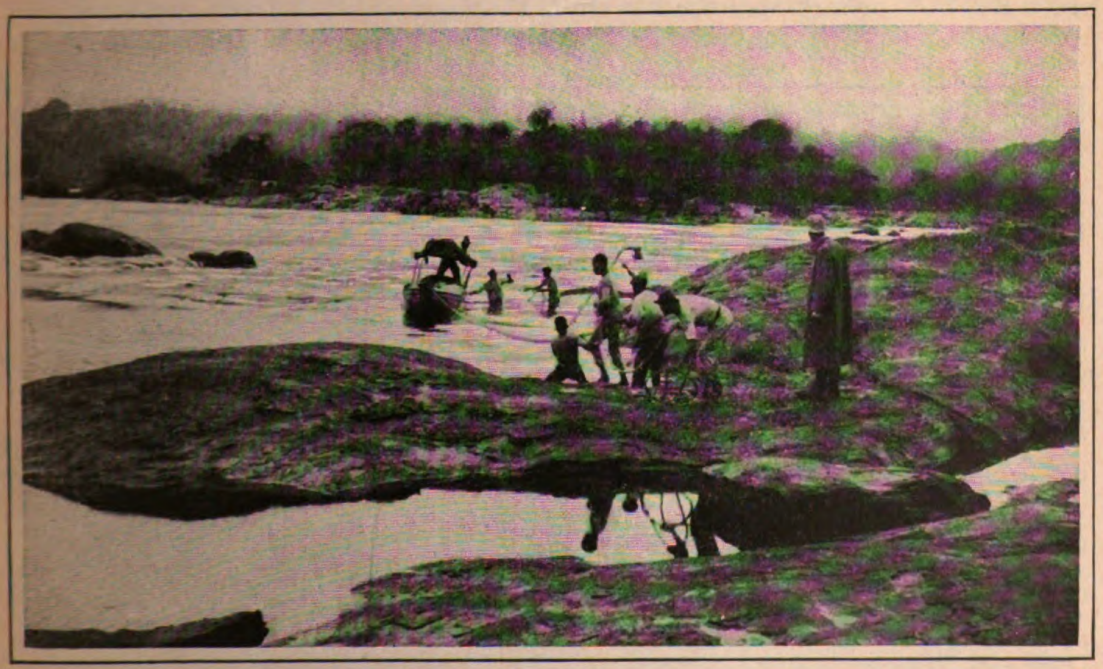
Lewis explained how ridiculous such a proposition was, and how it was impossible to determine the quality, value, or extent of the deposit until he had seen and examined it. To all of this Hermanas listened silently, and, even when Lewis offered him a large sum for his services, with a promise of more if the deposit proved valuable, the Indian still maintained his stoical attitude.

"Me much sick man," he declared. "No can walk um too far."

At this juncture I offered to cure his neuralgic headache—which was apparently his only trouble—and, while he still seemed obdurate, he was really wavering. At last, after a deal of arguing, coaxing, and flattery, the old chief stretched out his hand for the bill Lewis temptingly displayed, and then, rising, picked up his gun, slipped bark sandals on his feet, and without a word led the way toward the forest.

Through jungles so thick we were forced to hew our way, through deep, muddy creeks, across treacherous bogs on slender trunks of trees, up hill and down the trail led. For an hour or more we hurried on, stopping only for a moment or two to catch our breath, and with the old Indian ever in the lead, until at last we toiled up a steep hillside. Reaching the summit, Hermanas suddenly halted, squatted down, and with a grin exclaimed, "Now gimme two hundred dollar." He was sitting upon an outcrop of the mineral we sought.

The return was by a shorter though harder route, and we reached Hermanas's camp as darkness fell upon the forest.



A TIGHT PLACE. HAULING THE EMPTY BOAT THROUGH A BAD WHIRLPOOL

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"S'pose you catch um sick like me, you no take um walk 'tall," was the Indian's only comment as he pocketed the balance of his money. The truth of his statement we could not deny.

Two young Indians were engaged as hunters and boat-hands, and, telling Hermanas to join us at supper, when we would give him the promised medicine, we turned away from his camp and followed the dim trail through the dark forest to our *logi* by the creekside.

Presently Hermanas and the two young bucks appeared in the light of our fires, seeming to spring by magic from the shadows. A hearty meal was furnished them, and the chief was given a five-grain compound phenacetin tablet. He seemed highly amused at the idea of the tiny pellet curing his pain, but he swallowed it, nevertheless, and a few moments later disappeared as silently and mysteriously as he had arrived.

This was our first night in the bush. All about were the mysterious noises of the forest. An owl hooted from the thicket; innumerable frogs boomed, trilled, and croaked in the creek and among the weeds; and with a tremendous roaring crash some forest giant toppled, and fell prone to earth within the neighboring woods. But we slept soundly, despite the danger of vampire bats which the Indians said abounded in the district, and we were only awakened when an inquiring *yuarri*, or opossum, invaded our *logi* as the howling monkeys filled the early morning air with their fiendish cries.

Before sun-up Hermanas and his family arrived on their way to Bartica to spend his newly acquired wealth, and, much to my satisfaction, he informed us: "Head no hot; make um all right this time."

Apparently I had won quite a reputation as a *piaiman*, or medicine-man, and to show his gratitude Hermanas presented me with a beautifully wrought bead apron, or *queyu*, in its half-finished state, which I had seen hanging in his home the day before, and which at that time he had refused to sell at any price.

These *queyus* were formerly the sole article of wearing apparel used by the women, and, while civilized clothing has been adopted by all but the most remote tribes, the bead apron is still retained and worn under the conventional costume. Although the aprons of all the tribes and sub-tribes are more or less similar, yet they vary greatly in design and pattern, and, upon inquiry, I was told that each pattern indicates a certain woman's family—a sort of feminine coat-of-arms, as it were.

With a full crew of eight men, we left the *logi*, paddled down the creek, and,

THE MEN LIFTED THE BOAT BODILY OVER ROCKS

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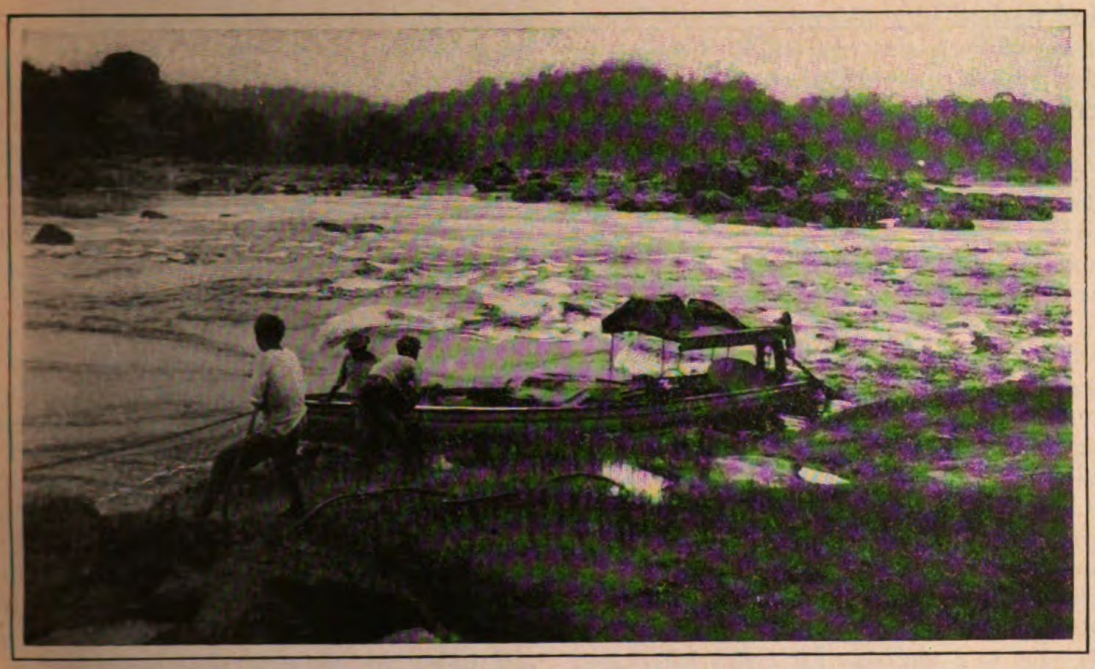

SAFELY THROUGH A BAD STRETCH. THE DEPRESSION BEYOND BOW OF BOAT WAS CAUSED BY A WHIRLPOOL

entering the Essequibo, headed upstream toward the distant rapids. It was flood-tide, for, strange as it may seem, the tide rises and falls for a distance of nearly one hundred miles inland on these great sluggish rivers, and we traveled easily and rapidly, following the shore that stretched in an endless green wall of jungle as far as eye could see. Hazy and dim, a similar line of greenery marked the opposite bank of the river, but so numerous and so large were the wooded islands in the stream that seldom was it possible to distinguish the farther shore with certainty or to tell the islands from the main. By mid-afternoon the islands had changed in character, and instead of being densely wooded from base to summit, bold, rocky shores and exposed granite ledges jutted from the water, and the strong current of the river became noticeable. More and more rocky grew the islands, lines of reefs rose menacingly between them, shelving beaches of creamy sand gleamed here and there, and far ahead could be seen the flashing glimmer of the first rapids.

Now the rocks assumed strange, fantastic forms, and one in particular attracted attention from its marvelous resemblance to a titanic toad, perfect even to the mouth, eyes, and limbs. Just beyond this striking example of natural sculpture the boat was run upon the sandy beach of a wooded island, and the men bustled about preparing camp. It was a charming spot, densely wooded, ringed by a crescent of golden-yellow sand, and surrounded by jutting rocks and swirling water. Here, close to the shore, the huge tarpaulin was stretched between the trees.

In its shelter the hammocks were swung, and, lolling in them, we listened to the quaint expressions and odd jargon of the men as they prepared the evening meal. As the velvet-black tropic night descended upon river and on forest, a wonderful picture was presented, a scene beyond the power of brush to paint or of pen to describe. Against the background of the great trees glowed the camp-fires, touching the orchid-covered trunks with ruddy lights, filling the air with the aromatic scent of burning gum, and transforming the stained old tarpaulin to a canopy of gold. Squatting on their haunches, leaning against the trees, or lounging in their hammocks, the men rested from their labors, their brawny limbs and half-savage faces gleaming like bronze in the fitful light, while all about great fireflies twinkled

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and flashed like animated stars. Borne from afar on the cool night breeze, we could hear the muffled roar of the falls. From the forest on the main a jaguar screamed; a soft-winged goatsucker cried querulously as it flitted by; a startled capibara splashed noisily in the river. Soon came a sudden shower and quenched the last glowing embers of the fire, and darkness and silence fell like a curtain over all. With everything carefully stowed and covered with tightly lashed tarpaulins, we started early the next morning for the most difficult and supposedly dangerous portion of our trip—the ascent of the rapids.

Within a half-mile of camp we met the first falls, in reality a rapid, with the brown water churned to yellow foam where it swirled and eddied over hidden rocks between jutting fangs of granite. At the base of the falls the boat was paddled alongside a mass of rocks, and the passengers stepped ashore, while the boatmen uncoiled long bow and stern lines and prepared to haul their craft through the boiling waters.

Waist-deep in the rushing flood, they struggled up against the current, secured precarious footholds on slippery, submerged boulders, and bent their backs to the strain of the rope. Others exerted all their strength upon the stern lines, while, paddle in hand, the captain stood erect in his boat, directing, encouraging, and guarding his craft from being smashed to bits against the rocks. Slowly the boat forged ahead to the drag of five pairs of knotted muscular arms; the water dashed and roared high about her bow; the stern was swung deftly by line and paddle, and a minute later the heavy craft emerged from the maelstrom and floated quietly on a smooth backwater above the falls.

On every side were thousands of rocks and ledges, surrounded by water, rushing and roaring like a mill-race, and every rock and boulder was completely overgrown with a curious, sedgelike plant which gave the granite a most remarkable, unshaven appearance, as if it was covered with a stubbly beard. How these plants found foothold was a source of wonder, for the rocks were absolutely bare of soil, and the surface was worn smooth by the water, which in the rainy season rises fourteen or fifteen feet, as proved by the high-water marks on the larger islands and ledges. Yet throughout eight or ten miles of rapids every rock and stone, every reef and ledge which projected above the river's surface, was thickly overgrown with this curious vegetation. Later I discovered that this tiny red weed is not the only form of vegetation which covers the nakedness of these rapid-washed rocks, for at certain seasons a still more remarkable plant supersedes it—a great, coarse, fleshy growth, which resembles leafless rhubarb stalks. So luxuriantly does this plant grow upon the rocks that it forms a pad or cushion which protects the boats when running the rapids, but its value in this respect is more than offset by the fact that under water it becomes a tough, slimy mass which often entangles or throws the boatmen as they strive to secure a foothold on the rocks.

Within five minutes after entering the boat above the first rapids we were compelled to disembark again as another series of falls were reached. Throughout the day we did little else than climb in and out of the boat, as one rapid succeeded another.

Soon after passing the second falls we had our first taste of danger, when, in paddling furiously to stem a series of small rapids, our boat was caught by an unseen whirlpool and, despite the frantic efforts of the men, dashed full upon a submerged rock. With a blow that almost threw us from our seats, the heavy craft crashed against the reef, rode half its length upon it, swung as on a pivot to the rushing waters, and tipped perilously. Ere it could capsize or fill, the men leaped overboard, some breast-deep, others buried in the torrent to their mouths, and others swimming, and by dint of sheer strength they lifted the boat and pushed it into deep water. Then, with the agility of monkeys, they clambered over the gunwales, grasped their paddles once more, and drove the craft through the rapids in safety. It was a splendid exhibition of skill, pluck, and concerted, instantaneous action. Had they hesitated, had one failed at the critical moment, nothing could have prevented a capsize and probable loss of life.

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It is seldom indeed that a fatal or serious accident occurs in navigating the Guiana rapids and falls, and this speaks volumes for the skill of the captains and crews and their intimate knowledge of the stream. Despite this, however, accidents do at times occur, and hundreds of lives have been lost in the rapids. Indeed, so dangerous are some considered that the shooting of them is prohibited by a law that makes penal servitude for life the punishment for a captain's infraction of it. One perilous fall was pointed out by our captain as we swept by—a rock-filled cataract, in which not long before a boat and thirty-five men had been lost. Once in the grip of its impetuous current, we saw that nothing could save any craft or its passengers.

As we navigated such spots as this, as the boat alternately banged into rocks, grated on reefs, and was hauled through churning, fang-dotted rapids, we realized why these river boats are keelless, built so strongly and heavily, and rounded from stem to stern. Stanch and tough indeed must be a craft to withstand the hard knocks, the terrific strains, and the fearful thumpings our boat underwent, for a hundred times and more we were driven on rocks, hauled over jagged reefs, and dragged between ledges which would have staved in anything not built of the strongest hardwood planks and timbers. Here, too, the spoon-like shape demonstrated its superiority, for a smooth, rounded surface was always presented to the rocks, and it was always possible to slide the boat off in some direction, while the absence of keel, or straight stem and stern, allowed the craft to be swung about as if on a pivot, and, in any spot where the loss of a few seconds in turning spells disaster, this is of vital importance.

How many falls we passed I dare not state, for, long before we had reached half-way through the rapids, we had lost all count. Suffice it to say that for nearly ten miles the river was one continuous series of rapids, threatening eddies, great whirlpools, and racing currents dotted with rocks, interspersed by reefs, filled with ledges, and bending, twisting, and turning around and about innumerable lovely wooded islands.

In places the raging waters tore between rocky barriers scarce wide enough to let the boat pass through; in other spots the waters above the falls ran deep and black, and the men were forced to swim ahead with the tow-ropes grasped in their teeth in order to reach a foothold from which to pull the craft upstream. Now and again the water roared over shallow, dam-like barriers where the boat could not float, and in such stretches, by herculean efforts, the sweating, toiling men actually lifted their craft and dragged her up to deeper water by main strength.

But the men never hesitated, never grumbled, never shirked. Their lives and ours were at stake, and though the waters were infested with the dreaded perai fish, though the cry of "Cayman!" often caused the men to glance apprehensively about, and though ever and again some man would lose his foothold and be swept from the line, they still took it all in the light of a frolic and laughed lustily at one another's mishaps.

It was not all broken water that we passed through, however. Between the falls the river often stretched for a mile or more in a broad, unbroken, tranquil stream, placid as an inland lake, bordered and walled by the primeval bush, and with the forests reflected on the oil-like waters as on a polished mirror.

No sign of man or his handiwork was visible. We could scarce believe that fellow human beings had ever passed that way, and we felt that we were in the very heart of the wilderness, in a land untamed, untouched, and all but unknown.

Here and there amid the rich green of myriad shades gleamed vivid masses of scarlet flowers; strange orchids filled the air with fragrance, clambering vines drooped yard-long racemes of waxen-white blooms above the dark and shadowy shores, and enormous flowering trees rose in billowy masses of magenta, lavender, and purple, from which fell gorgeous showers of blossoms that, floating on the still surface of the river, formed vast rafts of marvelous hues. Overhead, toucans, parrots, and macaws winged their noisy way; a crested eagle soared majestically above our boat; great-billed terns and pied skimmers

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preened their sleek plumage on golden sand-bars; jumble-birds flitted on noiseless wings from rock to rock as we approached; stately white egrets flopped reluctantly from the shallows; thousands of steel-blue, dainty swallows rose in vast clouds from resting-places on the stubble-covered ledges, and queer, day-flying bats fluttered up from fallen tree trunks and overhanging limbs only to wing their uncertain course a few yards ere again flattening themselves against the bark of other trees. From tranquil reaches fresh-water flying-fish sprang from the surface of the stream and skittered off like skipping stones before our boat; and once a giant otter rose and, followed by a trailing wake of silver, swam slowly toward the shore.

On the whole, however, bird, animal, and insect life was scarce, and our Indian hunters seemed to have little prospect of supplying us with game. Once, when about to pull the boat through a rapid, Theophilus, one of our Indians, seized bow and arrows, and, with a gesture for silence, dashed ahead, stringing his bow as he ran. Then, standing upon a rock, he drew his weapon as if to shoot, for his keen eyes had detected a flash of silver amid the eddies which told him of the presence of a huge river fish. But the creature darted out of bowshot, and the Indian, with one hand grasping his weapons, sprang into the rushing torrent and through the seething rapids swam to a distant ledge. Again and again the fish eluded him, and again and again the Indian breasted the rapids, until finally, abandoning the pursuit, he regained the boat and fell lustily to work hauling on the tow-line with his comrades, as if swimming rapids with one hand was the most simple and every-day matter, as indeed it was to him.

Although the Guiana Indians all use guns for hunting game, they still adhere to bows and arrows for killing fish, and employ blow-guns and *wourali*—poisoned darts—for securing birds and small animals. The bows are usually of letter-wood, about five feet in length, and very powerful. The arrows vary according to the purpose for which they are designed, but all are long—from five to six feet—with shafts of arrow-cane and a shank of hardwood fitted at one end. This piece is tipped by a steel point or head which is fixed immovably if the arrow is for shooting birds or small fish; or, if used for killing turtle and large fish, is equipped with a socketed head, attached to a long, strong, cotton line. When a large fish is struck, the shaft floats free from the socketed head, which acts as a toggle, and turns at right angles when a strain is put on the line. By means of this harpoon-like arrangement the fish or turtle is hauled in. Neither fish nor turtle arrows are feathered, but those used in hunting birds are provided with two feathers which seem far too small to serve any useful purpose. With these simple weapons the Indians creep along the rocky edges of the streams and eddies and with marvelous dexterity shoot the fish which only their hawklike eyes can discern deep beneath the surface. Naked, save for a *lap*, or loin-cloth, the hunter stands motionless as a statue, with drawn bow and poised arrow, and, if no fish are visible within range, he "calls them" by a peculiar beckoning motion of his hand and a low whistle. Whether or not the fish actually respond to this command I cannot say, but the Indians affirm that they do, and, when this method fails, the savages resort to attracting the fish within range by throwing certain pods and seeds into the water.

On most matters pertaining to the habits, beliefs, and customs of their race, our two Indians were not at all reticent, and, while shy at first, they soon became very friendly, and from them I obtained a vast amount of interesting lore regarding the various primitive races of Guiana. After the day's work was done, and we rested comfortably in our hammocks beneath the shelter of our camps in the forest, the two red men would regale me for hours with quaint folk-tales of bird and beast, and accounts of dances and tribal customs, all of the most intense interest.

While most of our traveling was by water, we nevertheless made many long trips into the forest or "bush," which was quite different from any tropical jungle I had ever seen. Many of the trees were enormous, especially the greenheart, wallaba, and mora trees, but

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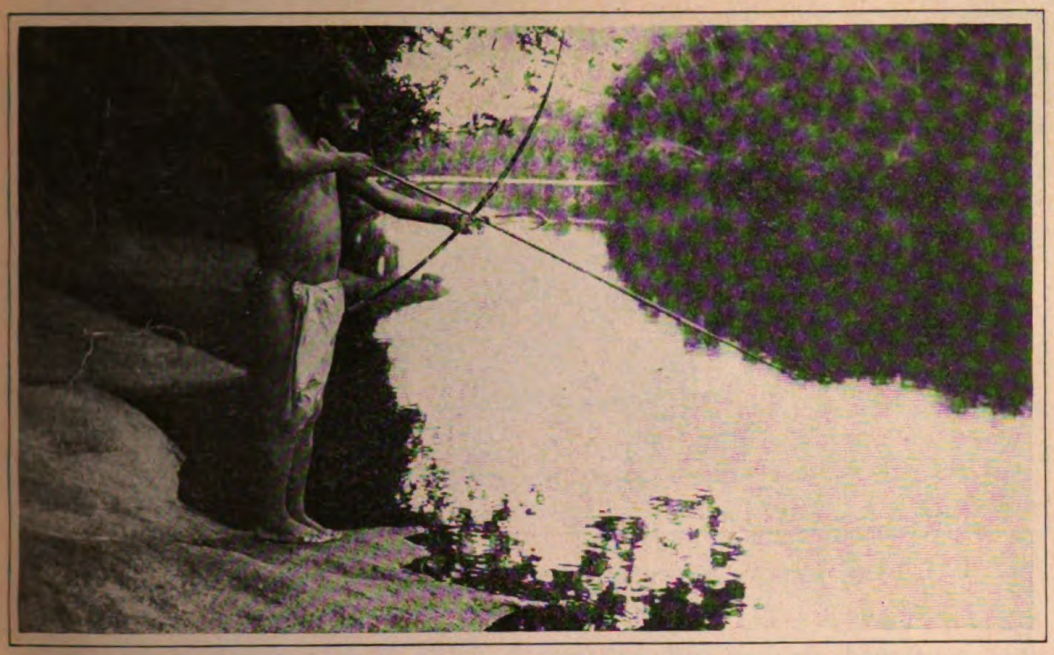

HE DREW HIS WEAPON AS IF TO SHOOT

they were not numerous and were scattered, while their majestic proportions were largely obscured by the dense growth of underbrush and small trees. So thick was this low growth in most places that it was necessary to hew one's way, even when traveling a short distance. In place of the hanging maze of gigantic, ropelike lianas depending from the lofty tree-tops to which I was accustomed, the lianas and vines of this Guiana forest were mainly small, and sprawled over the ground or trailed across and through the undergrowth, binding the whole together in a tangled, impenetrable mass. As the country was perfectly flat, save for an occasional hill fifty or sixty feet in height, the bush was almost uniform in character from the edges of the rivers to the depths of the interior, and was, in a sense, exceedingly monotonous. Bird and animal life is not abundant in these forests, for while the aggregate number of individuals is tremendous and the number of species is surprising, yet the flat country presents no impediments to the forest creatures which range far and near and are never crowded into narrow valleys or confined to isolated localities as in many tropical lands. Throughout our trip of some three hundred miles we saw scarcely more than one hundred species of birds, not over a dozen mammals, and not a single snake, crocodile, or alligator. Even insects were by no means abundant. The great blue forest butterflies were, to be sure, everywhere; ants were legion, as usual; and an occasional scorpion or centipede would appear in camp; but beetles, moths, bees, flies, etc., were conspicuously lacking, and mosquito-nets were never required.

Moreover, this relative scarcity of forest life is not confined to one portion of Guiana, nor is it due to hunting or the presence of man. Indeed, birds and animals are far more numerous near the settlements, about the clearings, and along the creeks than in the dense primeval forest jungle. Our Indians assured us that, were they obliged to depend upon hunting for a livelihood, they would soon starve to death.

For days the solitude of the river and the wilderness was unbroken, and we saw no sign of human beings other than ourselves. Then one morning our Indians' sharp eyes caught the flash of paddles against the shadowy shores of a distant island, and a few minutes later the approaching craft resolved itself into a large dugout canoe, or *coorial*, deeply laden, and with an arched hut-like shelter of palm leaves amidships.

As we drew alongside we found the

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WE MET A CANOE FULL OF WAUPISANA INDIANS FROM BRAZIL

canoe contained twelve Indians, five men and seven women, several of whom hastily donned conventional garments as we came near. They were of quite a distinct type from any natives we had seen, and our Indian Theophilus informed us they were Waupisanas from the savanna district near the Brazilian border.

As neither of our red men could speak Waupisana, and as none of the strangers spoke English or any dialect our men could understand, there seemed little chance of carrying on a conversation or of purchasing various articles of handiwork which were stowed under the palm thatch of the canoe. Lewis spoke Portuguese, however, and just on chance addressed the Indians in that tongue. Much to our satisfaction, the bowman replied in the same language, and a medium of intercourse was thus established.

At first the Waupisanas insisted they had nothing to sell, but after some insistence one of the men drew forth a splendid letter-wood bow and a number of arrows which he was willing to dispose of. When the girls and women saw the silver coins their cupidity overcame their scruples, and, much to our amusement, they deftly removed the bead *queyus* from beneath their outer garments and handed them over. A splendid cotton hammock of gigantic size was next procured, and, to round out our collection, we purchased several of the spindles used with marvelous skill by the women for spinning the native wild cotton.

Lewis was anxious to secure a paddle, and, in exchange for one of our own implements, he obtained a highly decorated one which had been used by the Waupisana bowman during the trip.

A short time after parting from the Waupisanas, we entered the last or upper falls, and, a few hours later, having towed, hauled, paddled, lifted, and dragged the boat through the rapids, we came safely into the smooth reaches of the river beyond.

Swiftly our willing crew drove the craft forward on the last stretch of the journey, and presently, rounding a wooded bend, we saw the broad, cleared lands and the scattered buildings of Rockstone ahead.

Half an hour later our boat glided alongside the tiny dock before the railway station, and, watched by a curious crowd, who had never before seen white men arrive by this route, we stepped once more into civilization.

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The Deserted Garden

BY ALICE BROWN

ARISE, for it is time! The vernal sun
Hath trumpeted to his dear sylvan throng.
The birds are winging hereward, one by one
Or in full quiring of numbered song.
Cocoons are out of wear; and the light breeze
Is drenched with dewy ichorous food for plants and trees.

Now in a world so fecund at the tryst,
So madly laughing underneath the spell
Of birth, gigantic riotous mother, kist
By blood-compelling godhead, who shall tell
What sad, small corner holds an ache at heart,
What once belovèd flower dwells forlorn apart?

There was a garden, child of beauty's eye;
Wings winnowed over it, and clouds as well
Halted their caravans a space, to spy
What miracle of blooming here befell.
O thou dear garden! who could ever guess
That thou shouldst fail and fade in blight of loneliness!

What foolish human fantasy of deeds
Beckoned thy lover from his tendance dear,
The while that basest lineage of weeds
Made haste to sap through thee the growing year?
Was there no prescience mothering in the sky
That thou, the well-belov'd, shouldst see thy lovelings die?

Not all—for larkspur still enskies the light.
Gay old sweet-william straggles yet apace.
Here's flower-de-luce, in veinèd bravery dight;
And small, stanch heartsease prims her darling face.
So dost thou prove that thou more constant art
Than he who made thee live, and now doth live apart.

Faint cups of light stand filled lest he should come.
The trembling tips of silver-tinted trees
Adown the pollened way where wild bees hum
Still quire in lisping, infant harmonies.
Do these for succor call? or do they yearn
To be where every image lives in joy eterne?

Wonder of life! of hurrying stem and root
Quick on the summons to immortal birth!
Wonder of each untimely blighted shoot
Fainting to spring afresh in nobler earth!
O thou dear garden, child of world's despite!
Thou art the pattern perfected of all delight.

E.H.

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Dolliver's Devil

BY MARGARET CAMERON

THIS is another of those preposterous things that everybody knows could not happen, notwithstanding the fact that something equally incredible has happened at least once within everybody's immediate knowledge. That this sort of thing not only occurred, but recurred many times in the Dolliver's experience was undoubtedly due in part to their joyous unworldliness. Although never actually formulating their faith, they assumed that the Golden Rule, being a good rule, must necessarily work both ways, and that therefore most other people were not only animated by motives as sincere and kindly as were their own, but were also moved to responses as unfailing.

Consistently put into practice, this philosophy is capable of producing astonishing results, and the time inevitably came when the young couple took sweet counsel together—bitter-sweet, it may have been—and agreed, in self-defense, to curb their altruistic impulses. They firmly—even sternly—resolved to have no more adventures. But somebody once described them as "the sort of people things happen to," and perhaps there is something, after all, in that theory of psychological currents that carry us each to his own particular type of dilemma, however he may struggle to escape.

Be that as it may, Dolliver, driving alone along a mountain road in the dusk of a gray October day, stopped without second thought when he saw the distressed face of the young man working over a disabled car. He was a very young man, scarcely more than a boy.

"Want any help?" Dolliver called. "Tools, or anything?"

"No—thanks. It isn't that. At least—" The youth looked up into the other's pleasant, interested face. "Are you in a great hurry?"

"I'm going to be late to dinner, anyhow. I might as well be a little later."

"I wonder if you'd be willing to take a girl—a trained nurse—over to Hartsville in time to catch the down express? She's Dad's regular nurse—he's an invalid, you see—and she came up here with some other girls to rest." He was evidently very anxious, and it was difficult for Dolliver to understand his hurried utterance. "But he's worse, and the family wired me—I've been camping with some fellows over on Little Crow Lake—they wired me to bring her down to-night. I 'phoned her—helped myself to this car—it belongs to one of the fellows who wasn't there—and now the damn fan's busted! She's waiting at a cross-road about two miles ahead. Got somebody to bring her that far to save time. Will you take her on to that train? It's thirty miles."

"Sure! Come along!"

"Can't! This isn't my car. 'Twouldn't be square to leave it on the road. I can get back to the village with it, somehow. Here's the money for her fare. I'll arrange to have somebody meet her in New York. And I'll come by the five-sixteen in the morning. Awfully good of you!"

"That's all right! Pleasure!" Dolliver was figuring that he could reach Hartsville and telephone to Marjorie before she would have time to become very much alarmed. They were camping with the Holdens, on Mirror Lake, several miles off the main road. Not being clairvoyant, he had no means of knowing that friends of their host's had arrived immediately after his departure that afternoon, bent on taking them all to their own distant camp for a couple of days' fishing, and that Marjorie, perceiving how greatly the Holdens desired to go, had bundled them off, insisting that it would be a lark for her-

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self and Page to keep house alone in the wilderness during their absence.

"You'll have to hustle," the young man said. "Know the road?"

"No—but I'll find it."

"You've only fifty minutes, and there's a bad detour. Can you make it?"

"I can try, anyhow. Good luck!" Waving his hand above his head in farewell, Dolliver called the last words over his shoulder, and presently the boy in the road, listening to the hum of the engine as the speeding car took the next hill on high, wagged his head and gave a little sigh.

"He'll make it, all right," he said to himself. "Golly! I wonder who he is? I never thought to ask — or to give him my card! Oh, well—Lucy 'll fix that."

All the summer hotels were closed, and except for an occasional party of hunters or anglers in some remote camp the only people for miles around were the few mountaineers, who rarely ventured forth at night, so Dolliver had the road to himself, and he made the most of it. His speedometer showed a mile and a half when he saw a cross-road ahead and slowed down, but he could discover no waiting woman. A mile farther on he began to wonder whether he had passed her in the deepening dusk, and at two miles he was about to turn back when he caught sight of her standing at the side of the road, peering at the approaching car. As he drew nearer she nervously caught up the suit-case at her feet, looking over her shoulder down the crossroad through which she had evidently come. He thought she seemed frightened.

"Good evening," he called. "You're waiting for a young man to take you to Hartsville to the train, aren't you?"

"Y-yes," she admitted, apparently startled.

"His car broke down about three miles back. I happened along—he explained the situation—and asked me to take you on." By this time he was standing beside her, cap in hand. "Let me have your suit-case."

"But—I don't understand." She refused to yield the suit-case. "Why—why should I go—with you? Couldn't he come—with you?"

"He couldn't leave the car in the road. It was borrowed."

"Borrowed! What happened to his own car?"

"I don't know." He smiled and shook his head, speaking very rapidly. "I never saw him before—don't even know now what his name is. All I know is that he asked me to hurry you to that train. He said he'd arrange to have some one meet you in New York—here's the money for your fare—and he'll follow by the next train. Five-sixteen in the morning. Now, please don't delay. We have little enough time as it is!" He tossed the suit-case into the tonneau, and she allowed herself to be pushed in after it, apparently somewhat dazed. "Don't be frightened," he added, as he slid into his own seat. "I shall have to drive fast."

He did drive fast. Up hill and down they raced, clattering over bridges and swinging around curves, the horn almost constantly sounding, until they came to a barricade, placarded with an arrow marking the detour, when he turned off into a rough, narrow dirt road winding through thick woods. By this time it was dark, and there was a feeling of approaching rain in the air. The car rocked and jounced over the ruts, and he had to slow down, but still made the best time he dared, taking chances on the integrity of his springs. Presently the road forked, and he stopped, turning his search-lights this way and that, looking for a sign-post.

"Which way?" he asked.

"I—don't know. Left—I think."

He got out and examined all the near-by trees, in vain search for the arrow with which detours are usually marked. "There's the track of one car to the left," he said. "But the traffic seems to be to the right—and it's generally safer to follow traffic."

"Well," she assented. So he took the road to the right, which presently led them over a long, very steep grade, down even a steeper one, and then through a stretch of sticky mud, in which the car sank almost to its hubs, requiring every ounce of power the engine could produce to pull out.

"Jiminy!" Dolliver muttered to himself. "I wonder if this *is* the right

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road?" But to go back that difficult path on an uncertainty seemed madness, and he remembered the boy's warning that it was a bad detour. Therefore he kept on, across another steep hill, over an encouraging stretch of comparatively good road, and down into a bog of heavy, wet clay again. The car had almost struggled out of this, its fore wheels within a couple of yards of higher, drier ground, when without any additional protest or demonstration the laboring motor stopped.

"Good Lord!" he ejaculated, blankly, with an apprehensive glance at the rear wheels, deeply imbedded in mire.

"What's the matter?" The girl's voice sounded frightened.

"I don't know." He tried the self-starter, and found it of no avail. "But if it happens to be the crank-shaft—as it might be—"

"Well?" she questioned more sharply, as he stepped out into mud over his shoe-tops. "If it is the crank-shaft—"

"Then the Lord help us!" he solemnly returned, wading forward to the engine.

It was the crank-shaft. The strain of propelling the car through the second stretch of mud had proved too much for it. After making all the examinations and trying all the expedients customary in such emergencies, he sighed heavily. "Well—that's what it is. The blamed thing's evidently broken."

"Oh—is it?" She was only vaguely dismayed as yet. "How long will it take you to fix it?"

"That's it. It can't be fixed. Nothing but a new shaft—"

"And you haven't a new shaft with you?"

"A crank-shaft?"

"Well—but—you don't mean— We can't stay here!" Again her soft tone sharpened with alarm. "My train! I must make that train!"

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'm afraid that's out of the question now."

"But—you don't seem to understand! I *can't* miss it!"

She seemed to be growing slightly hysterical, and he spoke soothingly. "I know. I do understand. And I'm awfully sorry. I know how you must feel. He told me his father was worse—I could see how they depend upon you—and I assure you I've done my best—"

"He—he told you—*what?*"

"All about it. That you were his father's nurse—"

"*Who* told you I was a nurse?"

"But—you *are*, aren't you?"

"Certainly not!" In spite of her consternation her tone was noticeably tinged with hauteur.

"Then, in Heaven's name, who *are* you?"

"My name is Ruth Hazard."

"But you said— I asked you—"

"You never said a word about a nurse! You said he sent you—"

"You certainly said you were waiting for him—going to that train—"

"I *was* waiting for him. But I'm not a nurse—and I don't believe he ever said I was! He wouldn't do that, even if I—if we—are running away."

"Running away!"

"Yes, e—e—" She stopped, swallowed, and then said, with great dignity, "Eloping."

"Eloping!" He stood transfixed, ankle-deep in mud, staring at her dim outline. "Well—by—heck! So that's it, is it? Heh! Well, that kid is certainly one accomplished young liar!"

"What 'kid'?"

"The youngster you're trying to elope with. He put one over on me!"

"He's not a 'youngster'! He's a man!"

"Oh yes!" Dolliver shrugged his shoulders. "They're 'men' before they're out of high school these days!"

"But he *is* a man! He's as old as you are! He's thirty-two."

"Wha—what's that? Look here, my child, let's get to the bottom of this!" He waded toward her and put one hand on the door of the tonneau. "What does he look like—this 'man' you talk about?"

"He's big—and dark—and awfully good-looking!"

"Good God!" said Dolliver, and sat down suddenly on the running-board, dropping his face into his muddy hands.

"Why?" The girl slid across the seat and poked his shoulder, peering down at him over the edge of the car. "What's the matter now?"

His reply was muffled. "The chap I

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saw was about your age—and he had red hair."

"But—why, then—then where was Wallace?"

"Give it up. Where was the nurse? I never saw either of 'em!" Then he told her the story.

"But that's perfectly preposterous!" she protested. "There couldn't be two of us—on the same road—for the same train!"

"That's what I thought," he reminded her. "So here we are!"

"Well, you might have asked—"

"I thought I did. I'm awfully sorry—but I didn't know there'd be two!"

"I suppose that's so. But—oh, this is perfectly hideous! Poor Wallace! He probably thinks— Oh, I can't stay here, you know! Do something! Can't we— Well, you just must do *something!*"

"There's only one thing to do now. If you'll stay here in the car—"

"Alone? No, indeed!"

"Well, come with me, if you prefer. There must be a house on ahead somewhere. We haven't passed one since we left the State road. We may find a farmer with a car—or horses—who'll take us on. Or take us back. Anyway, we're pretty sure to find shelter for you. It's going to rain before long. And if there isn't a telephone I'll keep on going until I find one and send word to your friends — and to my wife." With a pang he pictured Marjorie's alarm when he should fail to arrive, and wondered how soon Holden would set out to look for him.

"Oh—are you married?" she asked, with apparent relief.

"I am—yes."

But he was not ready to talk about Marjorie just then. He put up the top and all the side curtains of the car, anticipating rain, and found a small log, which he dragged over to make a bridge across the deepest mud. Then they trudged up the hill, stumbling a little and not talking much. At the top they emerged from the woods, and presently he made out the vague masses of farm buildings ahead.

Their enthusiasm was short-lived, however, for everything about the place was locked and barred, and vigorous pounding on various doors brought no response. so they tramped on. The clouds settled lower, the darkness deepened, and they had difficulty in following the road. They had gone perhaps two miles farther when they felt the first drops of rain, and a little later they saw a light ahead, toward which they joyfully hurried.

Dolliver had knocked twice before a window was opened in the second story, where the light was, and a woman's voice asked, "Who be ye?"

"We're strangers—and we're lost," he replied. "There's a lady with me—"

"Fer the land sakes! Where'd ye come from?" the voice interrupted.

"Our car broke down in a mud-hole up the road a bit, and we walked here. It's beginning to rain and we want to get under cover—and to hire a team—or use your telephone—"

"Ye can't come in here."

"But, madam! I tell you there's a woman down here in the rain!"

"Well, she'd better stay in the rain. We got a little girl down with diptheria. Malignant, too, I guess," she added, with a sort of dreary enjoyment. "He's just went fer the doctor."

"Diphtheria! Oh, horrible!" Ruth whispered, shrinking.

They learned that they had taken the wrong road at the fork, eleven miles back, and that Clear Brook, the next town, was nineteen miles ahead. The nearest house was six miles on, "an' they ain't to home, neither. They're gone to visit his folks." There was no telephone, and "he" had taken the horses and would stay at Clear Brook until morning, because the team was "skittish in the dark." The doctor had an automobile.

Here Ruth suddenly announced, with a little sob, that she was going into the house; and when Dolliver caught her arm, demanding a reason, she returned: "She mustn't stay here alone all night with a sick child! That's horrible!"

Further inquiry elicited the fact that the woman's two sisters were with her and that there was nothing to do but wait for the doctor. They were sure the child had diphtheria, "'cause everybody 'round here's been hevin' it. I s'pose we'll all hev it, too, now." She added apathetically that they might

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stay in the barn if they chose—an alternative that Ruth shudderingly refused to consider. Dolliver asked the woman if she had a lantern to spare, and she told him to take the one "in the back entry," for which he was very grateful.

When he returned from getting it he found Ruth awaiting him in the road, and at his repeated suggestion that it might be wise to accept the invitation to stay in the barn she shivered.

"Oh, don't! Please don't even talk about it! I'm so afraid! Diphtheria's so horrible— My mother died—that way—and it's my terror— I couldn't!"

"But you wanted to go in!"

"I thought she was alone. Think of being alone with it—all night!"

"You little brick!" Dolliver's voice was husky. "I don't wonder that chap wanted to run away with you!"

At this she began to cry softly, and to divert her thoughts he made her decide what they should do. She decreed a return to the car, where at least they would be dry and safe until daylight, when the woman had promised to send her husband with his team to rescue the car. The episode at the house seemed to have broken down some barrier between them, and all the way back in the drizzling rain she chattered feverishly of Wallace Comstock. As he listened Dolliver perceived more and more clearly that she was very young, very inexperienced, impulsively generous, and so sensitive that she would be easily led.

He learned that she had known Comstock only two months, that his wooing had been precipitate in the extreme, and that her father—apparently a dictatorial, unsympathetic person—instead of reasoning with her had sent her up into the mountains with an ancient and arbitrary aunt, to remain until she should have renounced Wallace Comstock and all his works. Discovering her whereabouts, her lover—whom she seemed to accept unquestioningly at his face value—had followed, and, having met her through the connivance of a subsidized attendant, had swept her off her feet by the ardor of his pleading and overruled all her objections to this elopement. Again and again she interrupted her narrative to cry: "Oh, Mr. Dolliver, what could have happened? Why was he late? What will he think? What can it mean?"

Dolliver had his own opinion as to what it might mean when a man of thirty-two, who had not hesitated to take this generous, responsive child by storm, regardless of her possible sober second thought, failed himself to be at the trysting-place when she arrived. But it was not an opinion that he cared to voice at the moment, so he talked evasively of tire trouble. "All sorts of things can happen to motorists," he said. "If I should tell you some of the things Marjorie and I have been up against—" This gave him an idea, and he did tell her some of these things, beginning with the nice old ladies whom they had once picked up on a country road, and who had afterward suspected Marjorie of stealing a purse.

Meanwhile, although the lantern now made it possible for them to pick their steps, she was stumbling badly before they reached the car, and he saw that she would be unequal to the long walk to the State road which he had hoped they might undertake after a brief rest. She was desperately tired and, like himself, faint with hunger. He helped her across the log again and made her as comfortable as he could with dry rugs in the tonneau, still talking steadily of the dangers he and Marjorie had passed. Toward morning she fell asleep, leaving him free to indulge his own uneasy thoughts. He listened to the slow drip of occasional gentle showers, looked at his watch every five or ten minutes, wondering whether day and sane procedure would ever dawn, and tried to guess at what was happening back in the real world, from which they two had slipped into this interminable nightmare. But not even his excited imagination could picture adequately all the stress and circumstance of that fevered night.

Wan, preliminary streaks of gray were appearing in the east when he heard a car approaching from the State road, and stepped out on the running-board to hail this Heaven-sent wanderer. As its search-lights touched him he heard a startled, familiar cry, and called, incredulously:

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"Marjorie? Is that you, Marjorie?"

"Oh, Page! Page!" his wife's voice wailed. "Where *have* you been? I'm nearly crazy! Are you all right?"

"All right, dear—absolutely all right! You poor girl! I'm so sorry!" Blinded by the glare of the head-lights, he was unable to see the machine, but he became conscious with a shock that the motor had stopped. "Come on! Come on, you idiot!" he urged, in sudden fear. "What's the matter with you, Dick? If you stop there, you'll never get out!" He heard the engine start, and stall—and start, and stall again, in futile effort to move the car through the mire. "Can't you make it? Keep her in low!" he shouted, as the rasp of changing gears reached him. "For Heaven's sake, who's driving that car?"

"I—I am," Marjorie quavered. "And when I saw you, I—I— Oh, Pa-age!"

"You! Good Lord!" Knee-deep in heavy slush, he waded toward her, excitedly demanding: "Whose car is that? Where's Holden? Dearest, you're not alone?"

"Yes, I am! I've been out all night—hours and hours! Oh, Page, how *could* you! Why didn't you 'phone? I thought you'd been killed!"

By this time she was sobbing hysterically, in the sharp reaction following many tense, terror-ridden hours, and he climbed into the car, regardless of trailing mud, gathering her into his arms, while in broken sentences and incoherent gasps each tried at once to soothe and question and explain, neither gaining at first a very clear impression of what the other was trying to convey. She understood vaguely that he had been called upon in an emergency to take a nurse to Hartsville and had mistaken the road. And he learned, bit by bit, that for some reason the Holdens had left her alone, and that after agonizing in uncertainty and inaction until two o'clock she had set out in Holden's car, convinced that disaster had befallen him, to scour the roads until she found him.

"But what on earth brought you away over here on this devilish trail?" he asked. "If you'd broken down anywhere—in that other mud-hole—" He broke off with something between a groan and a grunt.

"I've been everywhere!" she gasped. "I was coming back from Hartsville—and I saw this road—and tracks of tires like ours—and I couldn't tell where you'd be! Nobody had seen you. They were all looking for some girl who's disappeared—and they said—oh, Page, they said you'd eloped with her!"

"You didn't believe that, Marjorie!" He held her away from him to look into her face, and neither of them was conscious that Ruth, roused from heavy sleep by their excited voices, was standing on the running-board of the other car, calling vain questions to them across the intervening bog. "You didn't!"

"Of course I didn't! I just knew you were dead!"

"Oh, my poor darling! We tried to 'phone—we walked miles—"

"'We'? Who's 'we'? Oh—the nurse?"

"Miss Hazard and— Great Scott! there she is!" For the first time since Marjorie's arrival Dolliver gave a thought to the girl in the other car, and looked up to see her waving her hand and desperately calling in her soft, unresonant voice:

"Mr. Dolliver! *Please* listen!"

"All right," he returned. "Miss Hazard, this is my wife. She's been out all night hunting for me."

"Well, what are you staying there for? Why don't you come on?"

"Jove! I'd forgotten! I think we're mired—but I'll see."

"Hazard?" Marjorie repeated dazedly, as she yielded her place behind the wheel. "Why—that's the name of the girl who eloped! Ruth Hazard."

"I know." Dolliver started the engine. "This is the girl."

"But—you said a nurse! She isn't a nurse—is she?"

"No. But I thought she was. Damn!" The engine had stalled again. "Just wait until we get out of this bog, and I'll tell you all about it."

"Oh, wait! Please—just a minute!" Ruth begged. "Mrs. Dolliver, did you meet a man—I mean—do you happen to know— Is anybody looking for me?"

"Anybody!" Marjorie laughed shortly. "The whole countryside's looking for *you!* Search-parties out in every direction — and most of them think

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you've eloped with my husband! Somebody even said you'd left a note—"

"Yes—but Wallace? Wallace Comstock? Haven't you seen him?"

"Comstock? No—I don't think I've heard anything about him. But your grandmother—or your aunt—or whoever she is—has every man within telephoning distance out looking for you."

"What's the use of looking for her if she left word she'd gone with—" Dolliver broke off sharply, smitten by an appalling thought. "See here, young woman, you said in that note that you'd gone with Comstock, didn't you? I mean—you used his name?"

"No—no, I didn't. I knew they'd know. I just said I'd gone with—with the only man I—I could ever—" Weeping, she disappeared within the curtained tonneau.

"Good Lord!" said Dolliver, giving the self-starter a vicious punch.

He was standing in the mud, adding such persuasion as he could apply to the spokes of a rear wheel, while Marjorie manipulated the willing but outmatched engine, when he saw the lights of a car coming from the direction of Clear Brook, and exclaimed: "Thank God, here comes somebody! Perhaps they'll give us a boost!"

"There they be, Doc! By gum, we got 'em!" a jubilant voice declared, as a runabout—of a breed which Dolliver scornfully called "tin bugs"—slid down the hill and stopped at the edge of the muddy stretch. Hearing new voices, Ruth again stepped out eagerly to the running-board of Dolliver's car, and the same voice exclaimed: "Hullo! There's two of 'em! What might your name be, miss?"

"Ruth Hazard."

"And shame on ye! Runnin' away with a married man!"

"I didn't!" she indignantly returned. "I was running away with somebody else! I thought Mr. Dolliver was taking me to him! He said he was! At least— How *dare* you say—!"

"Oh, he said that, did he? Where is he? Let's hear what he'll say now?"

"I'm the man you seem to be looking for," Dolliver called, "but you're making a mistake. There's been no elopement—"

"There hain't, hey? Good reason why, too!" The man laughed unpleasantly. "Go on, Doc!" The runabout started forward, but Ruth told them to take her across, so they stopped beside the disabled car, and the disagreeable man gave her his seat and stood on the running-board himself. "I thought mebbe we'd ketch ye here. We see by your tracks that ye come this way. Who's that other woman?" he asked, as the tin bug chugged unconcernedly through the sticky mass; and when she told him he laughed again. "Heh! Beat us to it, did she? Trust a woman! They say she's been chasin' him like all possessed all night! You're a nice specimen, you are!" addressing Dolliver. "Runnin' away with a young girl—an' you a married—"

"But he didn't run away with her!" Marjorie was saying at the same moment. "He thought she was a nurse—somebody asked him to take a nurse—"

"Oh, that's what he told *you!* Tells her he's takin' her to her feller—"

"Now there's been about enough of this!" Dolliver announced, as the tin bug stopped beside the mired car, into which Ruth promptly transferred herself. "You listen to me." Wherewith he began his explanation.

But the natives were not to be taken with chaff like that. He might convince a too-credulous wife—he might even persuade an innocent and inexperienced girl, admitting the story she told to be true—but men of their intelligence were not so easily deceived by a palpable invention. They now perceived him to be not only a villain, but a fool.

It transpired that the indignant and loquacious person was the husband of the woman to whom Dolliver and Ruth had applied for shelter the night before. Instead of driving to Clear Brook, he had found a willing messenger at an intermediate point, returning home himself, where he learned of the couple who had come in search of a team to carry them on. The doctor, arriving toward morning, had brought thrilling tidings of the disappearance of a girl, and of a distraught wife pursuing a missing husband, and the sum of two and two had been easily solved. Find-

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ing the ailing child to be afflicted with nothing more serious than measles, the two men had joined the chase. "An' when we git you to the village, what you'll git 'll be a-plenty! Tar an' feathers is too good fer you! Tellin' that poor girl you was takin' her to her feller, and tellin' your wife—"

"But he told me he thought I was a nurse, too!" Ruth tearfully insisted. "And he did! I know he did!"

"Nothin' to it, young lady! He's got a slick tongue, all right! But you want to git down on your knees and thank the good Lord fer savin' ye from a scalawag!"

In the end they attached a rope, which the doctor carried for such emergencies, to the rear axle of Holden's car, and the tin bug calmly and without undue effort hauled the big machine out of the mud, after which Dolliver turned it around and they all proceeded toward Crow Lake village, the indignant citizen insisting upon occupying the seat beside Dolliver, and the taciturn but vigilant doctor following.

They had passed the fatal fork and were not far from the State highway, when they met a powerful roadster, driven by a wild-eyed and pallid man who slowed down to peer at them.

"Any news?" he called.

At the same instant Ruth shrieked, and Dolliver put on his brakes with a jerk that almost threw them all out of their seats. But quick though he was, Comstock was quicker, and they found him standing beside their car without knowing how he got there.

"Ruth! For God's sake!" he said, hoarsely. "Where have you been? All night I have been searching for you!"

"Oh—*have* you? I thought—I wondered—" One glance into his face dispelled all doubt, and she stumbled out, clinging to his arm and sobbing: "Oh, Wallace, I've been so miserable! Where were you? Why didn't you come?"

"I *did* come! I was late—I couldn't help that! A freight-train broke down and blocked the crossing for an hour just the other side of Crow Lake village. I couldn't get around it—there was no other way for miles—they kept telling me the road would be open in a few minutes! When I did get through I drove like the very devil—but I was fourteen minutes late the best I could do—and you weren't there!"

"Oh, Wallace! Did you think—"

"I thought you'd walked on! Then I thought you hadn't come! I 'phoned the house—they said you'd gone out. Then I began to hunt—up and down these roads—for hours! Then I 'phoned your aunt—she'd found your note—that indefinite note, Ruth! Then we heard that some married woman was looking for a missing husband—"

"Wallace! You didn't think—"

"Think! My God! Is there anything I *haven't* thought? Where *were* you?"

"I was all right! I was with Mr. Dolliver—"

"Dolliver? Who's Dolliver?"

"I'm Dolliver—and this is my wife." By this time they were all standing in the road—a disheveled, gray-faced group, their pallor accentuated by the dun morning light.

The indignant citizen, who had made several futile attempts to attract Comstock's attention, now seized his opportunity, shrilly declaring: "He's the man! He had this poor girl! An' ef his machine hadn't 'a' broke down out near my place—"

"Stop!" Dolliver commanded.

"Is that true?" Comstock demanded of Ruth, his hands clenching.

"But I thought he was taking me to you—"

"And he thought she was a nurse—" Marjorie interrupted.

"They come to my house together in the middle o' the night—"

"You damned scoundrel!"

"Take that back!"

Dolliver and Comstock, each with a woman clinging to his arm, confronted each other furiously.

"*Listen*, can't you?" Marjorie flamed at Ruth's lover. "Aren't you man enough to listen to an explanation? He's suffered more than you have! I know it—and I'm his wife!"

"Well—be quick!"

For a moment Dolliver stood rigid, staring back at the other, his eyes like points of fire in an ashen face. Then, with obvious effort at restraint, he said: "Perhaps we'd all better—better remember that it's been a hard night—

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for everybody. None of us is quite—normal. These are the facts."

Once more he told his incredible story, with Marjorie watching Comstock's angry, unresponsive face, the indignant citizen emitting contemptuous snorts, and Ruth occasionally sobbing out little phrases of corroboration.

When Dolliver had finished the girl said: "That's all perfectly true, Wallace. That's just what happened."

"H'm!" her lover returned, perceiving that she at least was convinced. "If it's true, it's very extraordinary. And if it isn't, it's—ingenious." Again Dolliver started angrily, but Comstock went on, watching Ruth. "There are one or two points that don't seem quite clear. For example, when did he tell you that he thought you were a nurse? Not when he picked you up?"

"Why, no! If he had I wouldn't have gone!"

"Precisely! When did he tell you?"

"After we broke down. But he did think I was a nurse, Wallace! Anybody could see he did!" she urged, replying to a twist of his lips.

"Very well. Grant that — for the moment. Then what became of the nurse? You say you didn't see her." He spoke to Dolliver. "I came along that road four minutes after you. *I* didn't see her. In all this hue and cry nobody has seen her—or heard of her. If there was a nurse, what became of her?"

"She may not have kept the appointment," Marjorie suggested. "Or she misunderstood the time."

"She'd have kept that appointment. And if she had misunderstood the time I should have seen her afterward. I patrolled that road for hours. Who was the man who sent you for her?"

"I don't know," Dolliver admitted. "I didn't ask his name."

"You say he was camping on the lake. Perhaps—"

"He promised to take the five-sixteen train this morning."

"I see." Comstock looked at his watch. "And it is now five-twenty-three. As I said, it's rather ingenious, but— Perhaps we'd better take the ladies back to the village?"

The tense silence following this was broken by the honk of a rapidly approaching car which none of them had noticed. They stood aside as it came splashing over the wet road, and it was almost upon them when Dolliver flung up his hand with a yell.

"Hey! You!" He pointed a finger at the red-haired youth who sat beside the driver. "Did you ever see me before?"

"What? No!" The young man blinked at the mud-stained figure, and then broke into a broad smile. "Why—sure! You're the chap who went for the nurse last night! Did you get her?"

"I did not! I got a girl who was trying to elope with another man!"

"Holy Mike!" The boy spoke in awed accents. "Was that you? I've been out chasing you all night! Lost my train— Say!" He interrupted himself alertly. "What about that nurse?"

They told him they would like to know. But it was some hours before any of them learned that the nurse, an experienced and eminently modern young woman, had commandeered a passing tin bug five minutes after the appointed hour, and had gone promptly and competently on her way.

Meanwhile, still the center of an excited group huddled in the roadway, Dolliver and Comstock shook hands, amid contrite apologies, explanations, and broken laughter, while the indignant citizen and the doctor unostentatiously disappeared.

Then Ruth, with a vision of possible encounters along the way, began begging the Dollivers not to desert them until they were safely married, and in the end the boy agreed to send a clergyman from Hartsville to the Holdens' camp, where the others would await him.

"I owe you something, anyhow," he said. "I seem to have started this. If my fan hadn't busted—"

"That wouldn't have mattered," Ruth interrupted, "if Wallace had been on time."

"If that infernal freight—"

"'If' nothing!" Dolliver told them, wearily. "None of you really had anything to do with it. The plain truth is that I'm possessed with a devil!"

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A Baby's Place

BY HOWARD BRUBAKER

IT was a beautiful, unhappy Saturday afternoon in September—unhappy because it was beautiful and Saturday, and because mother had felt it necessary to go out for the afternoon, leaving Ranny in charge of the baby. He had been disarmed with an apology, then roped and branded with an exacted promise.

"I am sorry the meeting is on Saturday," mother had said, "but it was the only time the ladies could agree upon. You will take good care of her, won't you?"

Now the golden afternoon was slipping away, and tingly little breezes stirred the curtains and brought in faint sounds as of human beings enjoying life, and there he sat contorting his face for a highly critical, bald-headed row of one. Presently the tumult and the shouting lost its vagueness and became a yodel, high and insistent—a promissory note of vivid recreation.

Tom Rucker, interviewed at the front gate of the Dukes' residence, spoke in part as follows:

"C'm'on on over. We're gonta have some fun in our barn."

"I can't," Ranny replied. "I gotta stay at home an' take care of the—the house an' ever'thing. My mother's gone to a meeting."

"Aw," said Tom Rucker.

"You stay here," Ranny proposed. "We could do somethin' in the back yard. An' if any burglars would come—bing!" His gesture clearly indicated burglars going up in smoke.

But burglar-binging, it appeared, was out of the question, because Tom had left his barn to the mercy of Ted Blake, and Ted was not one to be left long with a barn that one cherished.

"Well, I promised I'd take good care of the baby," admitted Ranny.

"Where?" asked Tom.

"Huh?"

"Where did you promise you'd take care of the baby?"

"In the sitting-room. Wha's the differ'nce?"

"I don't mean that, you crazy." Tom's ears waved a little as they always did at times of intellectual strain. "I mean like this. Did you promise you'd take care of 'im right there in the house all the time?"

"It's a her," said Ranny.

"Well, *her*, then. Did you promise you wouldn't take care of 'er along to our barn? An' it could sit on the hay an' have fun. Because we 'ain't got a horse now, so nothing would step on him or anything."

"It's a *her*," said Ranny.

"Your mother wouldn't care, an' you could get home before she did, an' she wouldn't know anything about it. Them meetings always lasts about a million years. An' then they talk awhile afterwards."

"No, I guess—"

But Tom was on a new train of thought and would not get off for anybody.

"They say, 'Come an' see me,' an' then they answer back: 'Yes, I will. *You* come over.'" Tom was doing elaborate bows now, and his voice was dripping with honey. "'Goo'-by, Mrs. Flapdoodle.'" With a cunning pretense of accident, Tom backed into a tree.

Tom Rucker, companionable at all times, was irresistible when he was in his farce-comedy mood. Imagine anything more delicious than that "Mrs. Flapdoodle!" So Ranny agreed, only stipulating that they go by the private alleyway and that they carry the impediment upon the velocipede instead of taking the baby-carriage.

Having locked the door and put the key where mother could easily find it—as could any one else desiring a key—they set off, the two boys holding their

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misfortune upon the seat between them, and pushing the vehicle along, at the same time trying to carry on an intelligent conversation about the county fair, the poster advertisements of which had appeared upon the bill-boards. Ranny's young sister, in whose opinion any change was an improvement, took heartily to the new system of transportation and said something that sounded like "Glee."

"What 'd I tell you? It likes it." Tom had settled upon the neuter gender as a workable compromise.

But the alley, in the natural course, had to cross a street, and here, unhappily, the party encountered Bud Hicks, an accomplished scoffer, whose unlove-

HOLDING THEIR MISFORTUNE UPON THE SEAT BETWEEN THEM

ly face registered astonishment, then amusement. He sank so low as to tip his hat.

"How do, ladies," he said. "Ain't it a beautiful day?"

"Aw, wha's the matter with ya?" demanded Tom. "'Ain't you got no sense?"

"My goodness, what a lovely child!" Bud went on, remorselessly.

"It's a—it's a trick rider," said Tom, desperately. "You know—lady bareback rider an' ever'thing. Jumps through hoops."

"Le's see 'er do it," said Bud.

Here Ranny saw a great light.

"They's goin' to be a county fair over at Tom's," he said. "Live stock an' ever'thing like that." The idea was rapidly becoming a good one. "We are goin' to give out a blue ribbon."

"Babies ain't live stock," said Bud.

"They's goin' to be all kinds of animals," said Ranny, ignoring the technical point.

"How much?"

"How much what?"

"How much to git in?"

"A nickel," said Tom, hastily.

"Whew!" exclaimed Bud. "Nobody 'll come. Nobody 'd pay a nickel to see babies. I wouldn't pay a nickel to see a barnful of babies. I wouldn't *want* to see 'em."

"If you bring a live stock," said Tom, "you don't have to pay. That's the way it is at all fairs. They have extra red tickets for 'em. They call 'em a ex—ex—"

"Exibitter," said Ranny.

"Exibitter," said Tom.

"Yeah, I know," said Bud—"exibitter."

At this point the live stock, unaware of the fact that she had suddenly been changed from a liability to an asset, demanded less talk and more action. Bud agreed to get his cat if he could find it, and to tell "Fatty" Hartman about the fair.

At Tom's barn, which was still intact, they forestalled criticism by announcing the exposition. Ted fell into the spirit of the thing, and went off with vague ideas of getting hold of something that would come under the head of live stock. Meanwhile Tom and Ranny busied themselves with boxes and boards, and the pioneer exhibit amused herself by getting in the way. Tom decided that his own contribution would be a cow named Nellie. He would not bring his exhibit into the barn, but would leave her in the lot which she now inhabited, and any one needing to look

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at her could step over and do so without extra charge. For Nellie's last name was not Rucker; she belonged to a neighbor who might prefer that she be let alone.

The problem that next presented itself was "Fatty" Hartman, who had heard the good news from Bud, but who came without either nickel or animal.

"Are you a exibitter?" asked Ranny, always willing to show verbal goods.

The word struck "Fatty" as a toothsome one. "Exibitter, exibitter," he said, with apparent relish.

"A exibitter—" Ranny started to explain, but "Fatty" felt an attack of poetry stealing over him:

"Bitter, bitter, exibitter,
Had a wife an' couldn't
hit 'er."

Presently he set the thing to music and added a ponderous little dance, during the course of which he illegally entered the barn. Tom and Ranny started to put him out when a complication arose. It seemed that the fascinating creature had danced himself into the affections of Exhibit A, who was now puckering up her face in grief at the parting.

THE ANIMAL WAS DEPOSITED WITH THE PROPER OFFICIAL, WHO BEGAN TO COMPLAIN OF OVERWORK

"He could be the judge," said Tom.

"Huh? They gotta be a judge?" asked Ranny.

"The fella that gives out the blue ribbon."

"No," said Ranny, frankly; "he don't know enough." A fresh outburst of sorrow from Exhibit A. "Well, all right, I jes' as lief."

"You take care of the live stock till the show opens," said Tom, waving toward Ranny's sister.

"Hello, live stock!" said "Fatty," making a grimace that was well received. The tears had plowed little furrows through the barn dust upon the distressed maiden's face, which now presented the appearance of an irrigated field.

So the two problems were set to solving each other, and progress had a chance once more. But it was not long, because there presently approached a hullaballoo which resolved itself into Ted Blake trying to import another infant, some unknown Exhibit B, to compete for blue ribbons with the daughter of the house of Dukes. Ted presented as astonishing a sight as ever walked into anybody's barn. He held the little stranger in his arms, but he was bent and twisted by reason of a tightly clutched ear. In fact, he was so complicated in appearance that one could scarcely guess which way he was going. Only by causing unhappiness could he divest himself of his exhibit without giving up a cherished ear. It

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was "Fatty" again who came to the rescue.

"Exibitter, exibitter," he said, making a splendid face. Thus he entangled himself in another set of heart-strings and added to his caretaker's duties.

"That's my brother," announced Ted Blake.

"Didn't know you had one," said Ranny.

"I never told anybody," Ted replied, uneasily.

Ranny looked with suspicion upon this unsuspected baby Blake. The newcomer was no beauty, but, for that matter, neither was Ted. Whereas Miss Dukes's head was shaped like an orange slightly flattened at the poles, this baby's superstructure was narrow and high, tending slightly to resemble a lima-bean. Somehow one got the impression that he had not had any supper lately. The more Ranny looked at this baby the less he was surprised that Ted had never acknowledged him before.

Presently Bud Hicks arrived, paid an admission fee of one cat, and entered the fair-grounds. The animal was deposited with the proper official, who began to complain of overwork. But the solution of "Fatty's" troubles was at hand.

There is a juvenile wireless that circulates good news against all the laws of nature. Ranny once walked down the street of Lakeville with a basket of candy, and before he had gone three blocks he enjoyed the companionship of every youth in the center ward who was not sick in bed. Let an automobile break down in the wilderness, and presently there are four boys giving themselves up to pleasure. Plant two babies down an alley in a barn, and you will have girls buzzing around the door. Thus came Gertie Riley and Josie Kendal.

"Five cents, please," said Ranny, who was now leading an idle life as collector of nickels.

The girls gave out nothing but giggles.

"Exibitter?" Ranny tried again.

"Oh, isn't she sweet?" cried Josie. The two girls rushed in past the helpless doorman and snatched up examples of live stock from the environs of "Fatty" Hartman. Josie chose Exhibit A, and Gertie Riley made—so Ranny felt—the best of a bad bargain, and cuddled the mysterious stranger. They conversed with those infants in the disgusting language of their kind.

"They can be holders," said Ranny, who could think of no way to get the girls out short of physical force—and even that of doubtful issue.

"All right, let 'em stay," said his partner, magnanimously.

The same wireless brought to the door of the exposition hall Mary Murray, who was admitted because of her young brother, John. For John was nothing if not live stock. No longer a baby, he was still far below years of discretion; if he could not be held in the lap, neither could he be prevented from ruining the seating arrangements. Mary was told again and again to restrain her exhibit; but Mary, it seemed, had very little influence in that quarter. John was probably the poorest investment that the management had as yet made. Not even "Sausage" Buckly's dog, which presently arrived, fitted more poorly into any kind of system than did young John Murray.

When Clarence Raleigh came he did not bring that nickel which one might expect from a boy whose father was of a generous and easy nature, but got in by the ears of a rabbit, an animal in which "Sausage" Buckly's dog took an interest. Rather than have the two exhibits consolidated, Clarence held his live stock in his arms. He might better have paid his nickel and enjoyed a carefree afternoon, for he suffered mental agony to a value approaching a quarter.

At four o'clock, when Tom decided that it was time for official action, the census of Rucker's barn and annex was as follows:

Human: Management 2, other exibitters 5, judge 1, holders 2.

Live stock: Babies 2, dog 1, rabbit 1, cow 1, miscellaneous (John Murray) 1.

General public, paying admission in coin of realm and sitting quietly in seats: none.

Tom opened the proceedings with a few remarks.

"Ladies an' gent'men. We have chose for judge of this here grand exhibition and caraval Mr. Judge Hartman, the fam-e-ous judge, so he will be the

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judge and do all the judgin'." Here Tom's speech suddenly lapsed from official to human. "Hey, Josie! le's have a little piece off your hair-ribbon. Come on. We gotta have some blue ribbon."

"Oh, I wouldn't dare," Josie replied; but her tone carried so little conviction that Tom went to the house and brought the scissors. "Here, let me do it myself," said Josie. She snipped off about three inches, John Murray for the moment well-behaved through curiosity, and gave it to the rotund judge.

"This here baby is the finest live stock here," said Ted, indicating his débutante brother sitting comfortably upon his holder. Both babies had been polished for exhibition purposes. "If anybody says—"

"Hey! Wait a minute. 'Ain't you ever been to a fair?" demanded Tom. "Now we got to go 'round an' look at ever'thing."

Ranny deserted his unprofitable post at the door. "We gotta have order here," he said. "That there baby ain't either the fines'—"

There was a darkening of the doorway, a rush of air, a cry of joy and relief, and a family reunion taking place in poor Gertie Riley's lap. If there was another darkening of the door, it was as quick as the shutter of a camera. The passing of Ted Blake out of the exhibition and carnival was practically instantaneous.

"Oh, the blessed, darling dumpling! Oh, I was so scared!"

"Is it your baby, Mis' Hight?" asked Gertie. "Ted Blake said it was his brother."

"The idea!" The young mother squeezed the remaining breath out of her offspring. It seemed that a little colored girl was taking care of the baby, and Ted Blake asked to borrow him for a minute. A pair of scared, white eyes peeking into the doorway were silent witnesses to the truth of Mrs. Hight's explanation. "Who stole this one?" she concluded.

Ranny's sister was rationally explained, but Mrs. Hight was still suffering from outrage and shock.

"I'll see that your mothers know about this," she said. "It might have been gipsies or anything."

TED BLAKE ASKED TO BORROW HIM FOR A MINUTE

"Fatty" Hartman here reached the intellectual high-water mark of his career. "I'm the judge of this here fair, Mis' Hight," he said, "an' I got to give out the blue ribbon. I give out the blue ribbon"—rhetorical pause with prize suspended in air—"to that there baby. That is the fines' live stock here."

"The idea! I must say I never heard of such doings," said Mrs. Hight, taking the ribbon.

It was clear that she was gratified at finding so much discernment in so fat a person. The audience gasped, but there was no open criticism. Besides, while Mrs. Hight was pinning the order of merit upon her child, something extraor-

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dinary was happening to "Fatty's" face. In fact, Judge Hartman was handing down a colossal wink.

There was commotion now because Bud Hicks had relaxed his watchfulness over his cat—some assorted growling and spitting, an arched back, and a rush up the beam to a rafter, where Bud's cat, high above the grand exhibition and carnival, stood looking down with hate upon "Sausage" Buckly's dog. During this *divertissement* Mrs. Hight, prize-winning live stock, and colored attendant departed.

"Give us some more ribbon, Josie," said the judge. "That don't count."

Josie, seeing hope for her own charge, submitted to another operation — to John Murray's delight. This, in John's opinion, was the best thing in the show.

"Sausage" now spoke a word for dogs as compared with mere infants. They had more hair and more feet; they were "fightier," he said, and could chase things. He indicated Bud's exhibit aloft.

"Yeah," said Bud; "I s'pose they can climb better 'n a cat. Le's see it climb a little."

"C'm'on out, ever'body, an' see the finest an' biggest live stock here." Tom suddenly decided to make a mystery of it. "This will be a great supprise an' ever'body will be supprised. Step this way, Josie, an' get supprised."

"I'm *afraid* of cows," said Josie.

"Aw, listen to that, would you?" Tom appealed to the superior male. "Cows wouldn't hurt nobody. I'd jes' as leave bring a cow right here in this here barn."

The now childless Gertie elected to stay with Josie Kendal; Mary Murray had to go and get surprised along with John, and the dog went because of the rabbit. To enjoy the sight of Nellie, one had only to go down the alley a little way, crawl through a hole in a fence into a back yard, cross this, and climb a board pile. There stood Nellie.

Tom tried to create the illusion that this was the first cow that had ever been captured alive.

"It's the biggest live stock in the whole fair," he said, in conclusion. "It's got horns. Babies 'ain't got horns—have they, Ranny? Answer me that."

Ranny, thus cornered, admitted that babies did not have horns.

"My uncle's got a better cow than that," said Bud Hicks. "Much more whiter."

"I betcha he ain't! I betcha a million dollars!"

Bud clouded up and rained a few blows upon Tom's chest; Tom replied cleverly by kicking Bud upon the shin. It is a painful fact that a grand exhibition and carnival had to sit down and wait while two boys had a fight over the whiteness of the cows of Tom's neighbor and Bud's uncle.

Now there came that curious moment, not uncommon, when each contestant suddenly became afraid of the other. In the resulting lull the calm and judicial "Fatty" ruled that Bud's uncle's cow had no standing in the court; that Tom's cow could not take a prize in the fair because it was not Tom's cow and was not in the fair; that he personally cared very little for cows; and that, anyway, he could not remember what he had done with the new blue ribbon. He went through his pockets upon another hopeless quest.

"Le's go back. Mebbe I dropped it somewheres."

"Never mind," said Ranny. "Josie 'll give us another piece."

Back in the barn they met calamity. Josie was not there; neither was Gertie; nor—here Ranny's reason tottered upon its throne—was Exhibit A, the nucleus of the fair, his charge to keep, the object of his solemn pledge, that perennial nuisance and delight, his baby sister.

"Wha—where'd they go?" he asked.

Tom did his poor best; he searched the barn, suspecting a practical joke; he asked his mother, but she had not seen the girls depart—had, in fact, not known that it was ladies' day in their barn.

"What 'd that woman say about gipsies?" asked Bud Hicks, with rare tact.

"Aw, keep still, can't you?" said Ranny, miserably. "They prob'ly took 'er home."

"Well, look at that, would you," said "Fatty," indicating the miscellaneous John Murray upon the floor. John had found the missing ribbon, also the fascinating scissors. He was awarding the premium to himself on the instalment

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TOM TRIED TO CREATE THE ILLUSION THAT THIS WAS THE FIRST COW THAT HAD EVER BEEN CAPTURED ALIVE

plan. One small piece remained in his hand, and it was clear that John was about to clip this in two, parting with an unnecessary finger and thumb. What had become of the rest was obvious, for the colors of Josie's hair-ribbon had not stood the test. John's chin was blue, so also were his lips, and, as far as human knowledge went, his alimentary canal. There was no appeal from John's decision. He was the livest of all possible live stock. As Ranny hurried away, the last view he had of the fair was of Mary Murray running an unappreciated finger around in John's mouth and slapping from time to time that all too gaudy face.

Ranny hurried homeward, alternately fearing gipsies, hating girls, fearing parents, and hating himself. When he reached home he found a situation that was exactly the opposite of that which he had hoped. Mother was at home, and sister was not—mother, in fact, was out in the front yard, indicating parental anxiety.

"Where is she?" she cried. "What has happened to her?"

"Who? Oh, the baby? W'y, Josie Kendal's got 'er."

"Where is she?"

"Who, Josie? W'y—she's with Gertie Riley. You see they was a fair and caraval over at Tom's barn—" Ranny saw a look upon mother's face that was quite unlike anything he had ever seen there before. It told him that this was no time to talk of fairs and caravals. "Wait a minute; I'll get 'er!" he cried, and was off down the path. And though he ran short of breath, and he had a pain in his side, and he was hot all over, he did not stop (except to spit on a stone as a cure for side-ache) until he was at the door of Josie Kendal's home. It was Mrs. Kendal, herself, who answered Ranny's breathless query.

"Why, no, Ranny. Josie isn't at home yet." A look of fright came into her face. "What is the matter? Has anything happened to Josie?"

"Oh, nuthin'. I jes' wondered," said Ranny.

Ignoring Mrs. Kendal's distracted calls, he now puffed and panted his way to the home of Gertie Riley. Gertie

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was not at home, either. Ranny stayed only long enough to give Mrs. Riley the impression that she would never see her darling any more, and hurried away. He went just as fast as ever, in spite of the fact that he had no place to go; he could not think of any other house-

RANNY STAYED ONLY LONG ENOUGH TO GIVE MRS. RILEY THE IMPRESSION THAT SHE WOULD NEVER SEE HER DARLING ANY MORE

holds to devastate. He looked upon porches, into yards and alleys; he followed the cries of babies only to find them alien and inferior infants. Finally, with night coming on, he dragged his reluctant feet homeward.

And what a home-coming it was! Father sat upon the front porch with the evening paper in his lap—no, it was not the evening paper. It was something dear and desirable, something that he wanted to wrap his arms around and hold for one million years.

"Well, I see she got back all—aw-w—" The thing started in a natural and conversational tone, but it ended in a wail. Perhaps it was just as well, for father's mouth relaxed at this outburst of relief.

"Sit down, Randolph," he said. "Mother's telephoning. We'll go in soon."

Through the open door Ranny could hear snatches of conversation: "No, it wasn't Josie's fault. She said Tom Rucker threatened to bring in a cow, and she was afraid. . . . They stopped to show her to some girl friend. . . . Yes, I suppose they stayed longer than they intended. . . . Well, it's all right now, Mrs. Kendal. . . . No, don't feel that way. It's Ranny's fault entirely."

There was a tinkle and then another talk, in which Mrs. Riley was assured that it was not Gertie's fault, but Ranny's entirely; that possibly the girls stayed a little longer than they intended. This conversation seemed to take a zoological turn. "They are queer creatures," said mother. "One never knows what they will do next."

The scene in the Dukes' sitting-room in the September dusk was less violent than Ranny might have imagined, but even more distressing. It was made clear that he had broken all the rules of human conduct. A sister was the most beautiful thing in nature, and he had let his lie around like an old hat. It was to be understood now and forever that a baby's place was in the home. When they had finished picking his character to pieces they decreed in the time-honored way that what he needed now was not food, but sleep—although the contrary was true.

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Before the sentence could be put into effect, the telephone rang again.

"I think it's Mrs. Kendal's turn," said father. But in a moment it was obvious that this was neither of those distracted parents. Mother was saying:

"Oh, how do you do? . . . Why, pretty well. . . . That's awfully nice of you. Of course *we* think she's lovely. How's *your* baby, Mrs. Hight?"

At the mention of the name, Ranny froze fast to his chair. All he could hear was a series of noises sounding, even in this hour of trial, like the quacking of a duck, with an occasional "yes" from mother. No doubt the whole affair was coming out now. Presently he would be blamed for the kidnapping activities of Ted Blake. At last mother got a chance to put in a word. "Well, I don't know, Mrs. Hight. It sounds like a good idea. I'll talk it over with Mr. Dukes and let you know. Yes . . . Yes . . . Yes. Yes, hasn't it been beautiful? . . . Good-by."

"That Mrs. Hight," said mother—"I think her husband is a traveling-man, isn't he? Well, she's planning to get up a baby-show. Wants to know whether we will come in." Mother added, with an apologetic laugh, "I suppose she thinks her baby will get the prize."

Father gave his burden an extra squeeze. "There won't be anything there that is finer than this," he said. A ray of amusement crossed his face; mother caught it, too; they smiled together. "I suppose we might let this fellow have his supper," said father.

"Yes, if you think best," mother answered.

After supper, when the dishes and the baby had been washed and put away, and Ranny's reprieve was over, and father and mother had come in for a last good night, Ranny put the seal of his approval upon the institution of the home, and came perilously near an outburst of sentiment.

"Well, I'm glad we're all here, all right," said Randolph Harrington Dukes.

"Let There Be Light"

BY LUCINE FINCH

O GOD! O God!
How sad life is!
How difficult to live!
And yet we cling
Like vines to trees,
Passionate, wistful tendrils
To great trees . . .
Like mountain mist
To vast, remote Andes.
O God! How glad we are to live!

There must be something, then,
Different and beyond.
Some vision that the spirit sees,—
Dwelling aloof from agonies
That shred the soul.
Something whose radiancy
Dims all the stars!
Obliterates the sun!
Outshines the blazing worlds!
And makes us—*glad to live!*

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Business Women and Women in Business

BY ELIZABETH SEARS

I NEVER did think that we had been jammed into an already overcrowded sphere on a personal-benefit plan. If work had been portioned out to me as my job, it was my duty to get it out of the way as soon and as creditably as possible. The economic aspects of it did not occur to me. It would never have struck me to apologize for the fact that I worked for my living. All of the girls in my town expected to earn their own living. Most of us went to work as soon as we were graduated from college or high school, or from that condensed form of instruction known as the business college. In that Middle West town no girl dreamed of remaining at home as a burden to the family support. Sometimes strict necessity urged us forth suddenly from homes that had been a shelter and an inspiration, and sometimes we were only too glad to leave those homes and earn comforts elsewhere. When we met a new girl, we did not ask, "Who is she?" We inquired, "What does she do?"

We did not envy the girl who could remain idly at home as much as we did the girl who could procure for herself a good position. Largely, I believe it was the dread of asking the men folks of our family for current expenses and accounting for them later. I believe that is the greatest economic urge that sends women forth to fare for themselves. A man is usually more willing to pay any woman outside his family money which he is sure she does not earn than to pay to the women folks of his own family the money he knows they earn. And we, in turn, from being slaves to the men of our household, become the slaves of our jobs.

We love to be slaves to something. It is born in us. I suppose the trouble is that for centuries we have been so accustomed to looking timorously up to our men folks, or contemptuously down on them, that we cannot accustom ourselves to looking at them on calmly equal terms. And when we determine that we will no longer be slaves to them, we content ourselves by becoming the slaves of our job. It gives us a sort of pleased and martyred feeling of doing our duty. And as duty has always been interpreted to us as the doing of something disagreeable in a highly unpleasant manner, we rejoice plaintively in our own distress and wonder why people avoid us when we strive to impress it upon them.

It was a chance remark at a lecture that waked me up to a realization of the proper values of my job. The lecturer dispensed with oratory, and said, "When the business girl is trained to know the meaning of economic independence, she has made herself the boss of her job."

I thought it was rather a crude form of expression at the time. I always spoke of my work as a "position." To have a position carried with it a dignity that savored of importance. It was only the girls who earned wages, rather than a salary, who had "jobs." But gradually the dynamic force of that sentence got home to my mind and I began to know what "economic independence" was.

Not long ago a woman was telling me most pathetically that she had been forced to give up her club work. She was a victim of the old régime when every man was the overlord of his own household. She was thirty years old and unmarried, and she said her father had refused to pay her club dues any longer because the members had invited Emma Goldman, in a fit of broad-minded liberality, to speak before the club on an extremely innocent and unexciting subject. She regarded me rather dubiously when I told her I thought it served her right for expecting her father, at her age, to pay her club dues. She still feels

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that she did right in attending the lecture, for she says it broadened her mind considerably to think that the club had advanced to the point where they would admit Emma Goldman, even though it was mainly out of curiosity. But she acquiesces meekly in the refusal of her father to continue to pay her club dues. You see, she is a slave to her job of being a daughter and a parasite upon her father's bounty.

There are parasites in business as well as in the home. Personally, I have always felt it would be more of a disgrace to remain at home and coax my living from my family than it would be to get out and earn it in the open market. But all of us who are in business are not business women. The latter works because she has ability and likes her work. The woman in business works because she has to, and she cherishes a sullen resentment against the world in general and her job in particular because of it. The only solace she finds in her job is that it affords her a better chance to find a husband than if she had remained at home. She becomes a man-hunter, and stalks her prey where he most abounds. And often she marries well. Many an intrepid man-hunter has turned out to be a very happy home-maker. You never can tell.

Not long ago I attended a meeting of women who discussed the problems of the working-girl. After the meeting I walked home with a practical woman who has been a shop-girl for fifteen years. She studies the real problems of the working-girl. I asked her what she thought of the conference and its grave discussion of the morals of the shop-girl. She had her thoughts ready to offer.

"You give any girl a job and a chance to do what's right with it, and she will be the safest guardian of her own morals," she said. "If the slushologists who dote on this conference business did not have these meetings to occupy their minds, I suppose they'd be busying themselves with other things that would not be so good for them. Some day we shop-girls are going to form a society to uplift the uplifters; I believe they need it more than we do. It is dreadfully hard on us when they come to the counter and lift a sadly sympathizing eye while we are busy trying to figure out the price of two and six-eighths yards of lace at eighty-nine cents a yard, and making up our minds that we will not let another night pass over our heads without attending to those aching corns, and to have them say, 'Poor girl! Don't you get awfully tired of standing all day?' They think they've shown wonderful consideration for the working-classes when they have done that."

It is merely because we cannot get together on our problems, I suppose. We should not be qualified to handle the problems of the wealthy people who want to uplift us; but we ought to have credit for the fact that we do not attempt it. They do try to settle ours for us. And sometimes they talk a lot of nonsense about the six-dollar-a-week girl. I have always found that just as long as a girl is going to be worth no more than six dollars a week, that is all she is going to get. When she is worth more than that to herself as well as her employer, she will demand it and get it. But as long as she is a slave to her job, she need expect no more.

Business is apt to be a coldly scientific affair of balanced dollars and cents as against accredited labor. And the girl who must be helped all the time is not worth helping at all. If she were, she would help herself at the first opportunity. The trouble is that there are too many girls working, not because they are equipped for the work, but because they need the job, and they consider this reason enough to demand skilled wages for unskilled labor.

I once heard a woman who sold dogs complain most bitterly of one of her neighbors who is an expert on the care and training of toy dogs, and who has a kennel that is known the country over. The complainant said that her neighbor had sufficient income and need not sell dogs for a living, and that she was taking the bread out of her mouth.

I chanced to know that only a week before, the neighbor, sorry for her less successful competitor, had offered her an order that could not be filled from her own kennels just at that time. The condition was that the dogs be ready for inspection the next morning at eight o'clock, as the buyer was leaving.

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"But I could never get up early enough to have my dogs ready by that time," protested the complainant. "Couldn't the buyer come some other time? I wanted to go in to town tomorrow, too."

Yet she blamed an efficient woman, skilled in every branch of her business and commanding the respect of every dog-fancier about, for taking the bread out of her mouth.

Seven years ago, during a stringency in business, a corporation advertised for a girl to fill a job paying eight dollars a week. They had forty applicants. The choice eventually narrowed to two girls. One was found letter-perfect in the work required, and was given the place. The other girl made considerable fuss about it. She claimed the fortunate girl could live at home and did not need the money. The superintendent was sorry for her and literally made a place for her, but she could not hold it a week. She could not do the work. She insisted on blaming the efficient girl instead of herself.

The girl who got the place lived at home, it was true, but she was practically sending a younger sister through college. Whether or not she needed the place was not of importance to the superintendent. What he wanted was a girl who could do the work. Most employers feel the same about it, even though from long habit they still accuse us of working because we want extra pin-money. But what reasonable person will believe that a girl will crowd to work every morning, rain or shine, because she wants extra pin-money that she has no time to spend? And, given the choice between a girl who needs a job and a girl who can do the work as it should be done, the employer will inevitably give the place to the girl who is best qualified to do it.

And so he should, for the sooner the girl who needs a job learns to equip herself creditably for it, the sooner she has grasped the real meaning of economic independence and has come to the point where she can "boss her job." The business woman who succeeds seeks for work because she is qualified for it rather than because she needs the job. And while she is qualifying herself for a place in the business world she can hardly hope for the salary expected and received by skilled labor.

A friend of mine who is fond of statistics spent considerable time last summer in tracing this "bread-out-of-our-mouth" dragon to its lair. The result of her investigations showed that fully eighty-five per cent. of business women work because they must not only earn their own living, but must support, either fully or in part, some other member of the family. The human fluffs of the business world make up the other fifteen per cent. Belonging to this class is the girl who works because remaining at home is too monotonous, or because she expects to find a husband in the office. She exploits her sex in the office, consciously or unconsciously. She works cheaper because she is a woman. She wants the window continually up or down; she hints for candy and flowers and theater tickets; she embroils the entire office in petty politics; and she clouds the record for the business woman who tackles her work like any other employee in the office and who fails to see why there should be any question of personal privilege in office routine.

This fifteen per cent. always reminds me of the fluffs that annoy the housekeeper so. I suppose we have to have the human fluffs in the office, too. Any housekeeper who lives on hardwood floors knows what a floor fluff is. No one can explain them, but we all have to contend with them. The worst thing about a fluff is that it hides around in dark corners when you are industriously at work with mop and broom, and only blows airily out into the middle of the floor for public inspection when there is company and you want to put your best foot forward. Even though the company knows she has them in her own house, it casts a doubt in her mind on your housekeeping. It is the human fluff who is always seeking for the "easy job," and who forgets that the jobs with good salaries carry heavy responsibilities with them. One assumes the salary only with the responsibility. It isn't like getting through with the day's work and closing your desk and going gaily home, as it was with the six-a-week job. The big-salary jobs mean creative work,

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and there is nothing that takes it out of your mentality like responsibility in creative work. My employer steps into a limousine when he goes to lunch, and his tip alone would buy me a good dinner. But I am not envious. I draw my salary regularly and I do not have to lie awake nights to wonder how the shortage in paper will affect the business, or whether or not I can meet the obligations that will fall due next month, as he must. The lunch and the limousine are merely a part of his job.

For there is no sentiment in business. It is like an immense and relentless current—one must sweep with it or be destroyed. We may deplore the fact, we women who were raised on pretty sentiment; but we cannot alter it. The rule was here before we were, and I refuse to kick out my toes at something that will not yield to kicks. I adapt myself to the rule and avoid friction.

Every once in a while—and not so frequently as formerly—I find a business girl who rather looks on marriage as a deliverance. She is not really a business girl; she is only a girl in business. To the real business woman, marriage is getting to be as much of a side-issue as it is to a man. I can remember when there were only two vocations open to a woman: she could teach or she could enter domestic service, or she could marry and combine these occupations. If she did not succeed in marrying by the time she was thirty, she was looked upon indulgently as one who was forced to enter the business world to forget the fact that she had been a drug on the matrimonial market. My business hours are from nine to five; but, as nearly as I can learn, my married friends keep office hours eighteen hours out of the twenty-four, trying to catch up with their domestic duties.

I heard a girl in an elevator the other day discussing with a sympathizing friend her differences with a floor-walker.

"Aw," she said, "I don't have to take any more sass off'n that gink. I'm goin' to quit here, anyhow. I'm goin' to be married. No more work and no more bossing for me."

Any girl of her mental caliber who enters the married state is walking right into the hardest job she can ever hold down in her life, and totally unequipped for her position. Inside of a year, if she is as poor a wife as she has been a shop-girl, there will be another man hanging around the corner saloon trying to forget in a glass of cheap beer the confusion and the bad food in the flat at home. When she gleefully announced that she was going to stop work, the thought of the meals, the cleaning, and the laundry had evidently not occurred to her. And the floor-walker doesn't live who can hand out orders like a husband. You have to take them from a husband, too, for you cannot quit your job in matrimony as easily as you can in a shop.

The title of "Miss" and the absence of a wedding-ring mean absolutely nothing in the business world these days. Only a few days ago I met a most charming young woman who was introduced to me as Miss Brown. She wore no wedding-ring. But none of us were surprised when a very good-looking young man joined the group and was introduced to us as her husband, whose name was something else again. When we meet other interesting women, we are apt to casually inquire, as we would of a man, "Is she married?" Half the business women I know are married; but they retain the name by which they made their success. They refuse to relinquish what Bobby Burns has called the "blessed privilege of being independent."

I roomed with another girl once in my six-a-week days. We had both discovered that any young man in a new boarding-house is taken at his face value, but a girl must explain herself wherever she goes. She explains herself by her clothes and by her conduct. And often she is misunderstood. We had tired of this constant classification and of the class of boarding-house that our six-a-week entitled us to. So we followed the will-o'-the-wisp that sounds so alluring and that leads one so often, not to the end of the rainbow, but to the end of many things—the art of light housekeeping.

The art consists in cooking your meals over the landlady's gas without her finding it out. And our poor landladies! Overworked, weary, wary, and accustomed to look upon every boarder as a

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born enemy intent on cheating them in some way, they were usually very good to us. We tried to put brains into our housekeeping as we did into our jobs. When you hear sad stories about the poor working-girl who subsists on tea and crackers, put her down as lacking considerable gumption—and gumption is a necessary article in business. Long before what my room-mate called "these food sharps" had expatiated upon the delights of proteins and carbohydrates and other ingredients of food, we had discovered that brown bread and cheese contained all the satisfying elements of food that we needed. We made cocoa over a gas-plate, and a bottle of milk is food in itself. We hunted for the cheap little places where you could buy for a dime a beef stew, and first take the soup and then eat the beef and potatoes. We ate plenty of whole-wheat bread, and bought bananas and oranges when they were plentiful and cheap.

We spoke softly to the landlady, and sometimes let her unburden her tales of woe to us—how they do love a sympathetic listener!—and in turn she gave us the privilege of slipping down into the laundry, if we did not tell the other boarders, and ironing out our own shirt-waists. We made our suits last a long time, and we wore cotton hose and cheap shoes; but we lived on that six a week and had a lot of fun out of it. We looked upon it as a temporary phase of development and not as a permanent bogging-down place. And we never dreamed that we were deserving of pity. We called our bed a "sanitary grouch"—you know the affair that expands sociably into a bed at night and politely pretends to be a couch in the daytime and in the evening when you have callers.

My room-mate of those days is bossing a four-thousand-dollar job now, and it took those two years of six-a-week responsibilities to develop her for the bigger job. She knew she had to get up at six in the morning to get to the office on time, but she did not waste any time in moaning over her fate; she got up and went to work. And she never allowed either of us to slight the wash-basin. Do you know, keeping clean is a job in itself under those conditions. Soap and water are not as cheap as they are reputed to be by those who know nothing of the temperature of a furnished room at six in the morning of a winter day. Someway, since those days, I cannot find it in my heart to blame the very poor for preferring to be dirty. When you have only five cents left and have to choose between a loaf of bread and a cake of soap, you are very apt to select the bread and let the dirt take its comfortable course It takes courage, under some conditions, just to be clean.

Likewise it takes courage to ask for a job or to ask for an increase in your salary. I cannot agree with the women who are always harping on the fact that men make it difficult for us in the business world. I do not believe that they do. I believe that when such a situation does develop in any office it is largely due to the inherent antagonism of sex spirit and resentment toward their job of the women themselves. When women harp on the injustice of an unequal salary system, it is often a mark of their own inefficiency if they accept the lesser salary. When we entered competition with men in the offices we had to accept conditions as they were, and the lesser salaries with them. But I believe that women are accepted on equal terms in almost every office at the present time. For we have not crowded out the men in the division of labor. There is still plenty of work for them. Only we have made them step lively to keep up with competition.

Perhaps you remember the famous "one-day strike" of the suffragists last year. It came about from the argument of a ponderous politician of the old school that "woman's place was in the home." A clever little suffrage leader said the only way to find out where her place lay was to call a one-day strike, in which women would abstain from work of any sort. It was not intended to be taken literally, but the public took it literally. The suffragists were flooded with letters and telegrams from every state in the Union. They were mostly from men, and they feverishly pointed out that the entire economic industry of the country would suffer if this one-day strike were called. Contrary to belief, the business world

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it appears, would suffer most. Should we women strike for one day and remain "in the home," our accredited place, the business world would collapse. The home would rock along fairly well, but how business would suffer! The telephone companies could not operate, the telegraph companies would suffer, the department-stores would have to close, and many a stolid business man would be helpless in his own office in the absence of his staff of women clerks. And the very men who spoke the most tenderly of woman's place in the home voiced the most emphatic protest against the danger of doing without her in the business world.

We have to thank the business world for teaching us many things. We have discarded our petty outlook and we have opened our minds to the contemplation of many things besides our neighbors' affairs. The other day I met a business woman who has a position of great responsibility. She told me that at the close of a large business transaction the man at the other end of the deal chanced to mention his opinion that no woman should be allowed to occupy the position of responsibility she held. It disturbed her until she recognized the fact that in worrying over it she was giving way to a pettiness that had no place in the life of a successful business woman. So she dismissed it with a smile. She was right; no business woman can afford to allow personal worries to interfere with her office work.

I remember once when a personal trouble caused a friend of mine to take her despondency to the office with her. Her depression began to affect the office staff unconsciously. One day her employer, a wise man who believed in a cheerful atmosphere in the office, called her to his desk.

"I am tremendously sorry for you," he said, kindly. "I know things are breaking badly for you at home just now. But I employ you to do a certain amount of work here for me, and one of the requirements of the place is that you bring a reasonable amount of cheerfulness to bear upon your work. You may not realize it, but your state of mind is actually affecting the work in the office."

"There was only one thing to do," she told me later—for, like many another business girl, she had allowed her home worries to undermine her nerves, which should have been kept serene to tackle her office problems. "I had to choose between being a half-way business girl and a half-way home girl. I put my family on its own resources and bent every bit of my time and energy to climbing the ladder in my own office. And it did the family good, for they learned to get along by themselves."

It struck me at the time that one of the most valuable adjustments we have to make in business is to give other people their own chance to develop, whether it is our family or our washerwoman. Otherwise they are apt to take us at our own valuation and treat us something like the office cat—who ought to be glad just of the opportunity to stick around.

I used to spend dreary hours in darning hose and washing out handkerchiefs and sewing on shirt-waists that looked tacky and home-made when I was through—to save money. When I became boss of my job and discovered that leisure to use my brains and conserve my health meant money to me, I portioned out a fair and just due for such work among the seamstresses and laundresses who were better fitted for it than I was. Washing and ironing and darning and sewing were their job, and I refused longer to cheat them out of it. That I was claiming my share of economic independence was not a valid reason why I should attempt to keep other women from theirs.

A girl who sometimes eats luncheon with me recently berated me because I took issue with her concerning the ambitions of the girl who works. My friend would be pretty if she gave herself a chance; but she is deadly conscientious. She is not only a slave to her job, but to her duty. She wears flat-heeled shoes and plain hats and unbecoming gowns, not because she really likes them or feels more comfortable in them, but because it is a matter of principle with her. She believes that business women must sacrifice feminine fripperies to the exigencies of the occasion. One of the girls in her department had paid ten dollars for

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a pair of tan shoes. She thought it wicked in her. I regarded it as a step in the right direction. She said the girl had wanted the shoes so badly that she had asked for a raise in salary—and had got it.

"She deserves them if they gave her the ambition to do better work for a better salary," I contended. "Some day that girl can afford to wear fourteen-dollar shoes, because she dared to have an ambition for ten-dollar ones."

Spasmodically, society has always taken an interest in the business girl. First, because it gives its members something to do; and, finally, because society has found that business women are really worth cultivating. But they have tried to help her from the outside in. They haven't known her needs from the inside out. I remember, when I first came to New York, how I used to save on my dinners and ride on the Fifth Avenue 'bus every evening, pretending that I knew my seat-mate very well indeed, but that we didn't care to talk. I was so lonesome that I wanted to belong to somebody; I wanted to have some one make a fuss over me. I could have gone to a club or a church social and been patronized. I wanted to be met on friendly terms as an equal.

The women who want to help us, with the best of intentions, do the greatest damage sometimes. What do they know of the all-pervading, soul-searing, bitter loneliness we know? They establish for us working-girls' clubs and Jean clubs, and herd us into chilly institutions that are only one remove from a charitable institution. They put in for a matron some needy woman who needs a home and who hasn't the faintest conception of how to make one for the dozens of lonely girls who flock to it. I have lived in these homes. Like the rest, I did not want to be uplifted; it was as unpleasant for us as it was for the uplifters. We wanted to get acquainted. They mean well, these women, and perhaps we do them some good. I suppose their interest in us comes at the deadly time of life when they realize that their waist-line will never again be what it was and they find themselves being shifted to the frankly middle-aged crowd at the bridge-tables.

But when we have earned the money to buy a ticket to the theater or a concert, we do not relish having humbly to ask permission of a disapproving matron to remain out after ten-thirty. Nor do we like to have the board of directors come to visit the home and poke around through the closets and our bureau drawers to see if we keep things neat and tidy. We are not all naturally neat and tidy. My upper bureau drawer, like that of every other woman, is generally mingling with its own contents in the most sociable manner. I would not like to live with a woman who kept her upper bureau drawer neat and tidy. I would be afraid of her.

We have earned our economic independence and our right to keep our upper bureau drawer as we please, we business women. Perhaps we have had to sacrifice a few ideals and perhaps it has been better for us to sacrifice them. For, one by one, as we learn how to boss our own jobs, we are discovering that the first office order to hustle out and earn what bread was needed in the house for the day by the sweat of the brow was about the best thing that ever happened to Adam; for it taught Eve that Paradise, even with a well-stocked commissary, was a rather monotonous spot until her job opened up for her and she set forth to conquer it.

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Aunts Redundant

BY MARY BOARDMAN SHELDON

I SUPPOSE if we'd only had the courage to be perfectly truthful in the very beginning, and hadn't been so frightfully afraid of hurting their feelings—the aunts', I mean—all the trouble and fuss might have been avoided. But how *can* you be truthful with two aunts who have brought up a man ever since he was a baby, and perfectly adore him (as of course any one would adore Harry), and who took it for granted that when we were married—Harry and I, I mean—we would go and live with them in their big, old Beacon Street house in Boston?

It seemed so easy at the time to be sweet about it, and say we'd *love* being with them, only Harry thought he'd have so much better chance as a journalist if we lived near New York, and that we did wish they could come and live with us, but we knew they'd never be happy so far away from the Boston Symphony Concerts. We were even silly enough, when they said that Molly —*me*, that is—was so very young, and didn't know anything about housekeeping, to say, Yes, of course I didn't; and Harry actually told them—winking at me behind their backs—that he did hope they would give me the receipt for the buckwheat cakes they always have for breakfast every morning from Thanksgiving to Easter. Harry is so tired of the cakes that he says the very sight of the advertisement of buckwheat flour on the hoardings makes him ill, and he had told me a hundred times that if ever he had a house of his own—! And yet he said that about the receipt to Aunt Jane and Aunt Matilda!

You see, we were both so happy at the thought of the home we were going to have all to ourselves that we just couldn't bear it not to have everybody else happy, too. I could imagine better than Harry could all it must mean to the aunts to be losing him, and I was so sorry for them I never said a word when they told me they knew all Harry's tastes, and what he liked for breakfast, and how he wanted his handkerchiefs folded, and everything—as if anybody could *possibly* know more about Harry than I did!

Well, at last we convinced the poor dears that really we could not stop in Boston with them, but must go quite by ourselves and live in Morristown; but it had taken so long to get this all straightened out that by that time it was October and almost the day of the wedding, and then it *was* the day of the wedding, and—and we were married.

It is silly, I think, to talk about one's honeymoon and how happy one was, as so many girls do. I am sure very few people are as happy as Harry and I were, but I shouldn't think of saying anything at all about it. We went to California, and it was simply the most ideal trip—perfectly wonderful! I had been once before, and so had Harry, but we both thought everything had improved *so* much. The trains were hardly dusty at all, and the porters were so obliging, and at every hotel they gave us the nicest rooms, and we couldn't either of us remember afterward that it had rained a single minute while we were gone. We were away six weeks, perfectly happy every instant of the time, and I really don't know how we could ever have made up our minds to come back if it hadn't been for the thought of what was waiting for us at the other side of the continent.

The "Limited" rolled into the Grand Central Station. We had a gay little dinner at a queer, fascinating place that Harry had discovered when he used to run into New York from Harvard. Then we took the tube and the train for Morristown and *home*.

In the taxi, on the way from the station, Harry and I just sat and held

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each other's hands. We were too happy to talk much. I said, "I wonder if it's going to rain," and Harry said, as we drove up to the house, "I suppose the cook got our wire." We had engaged our maids when we were in New York on our way to California, and had telegraphed them from Chicago just when to expect us, but somehow we had forgotten to write down the cook's address, and had had to wire her to the place we thought we remembered she said she lived in.

The house was lighted, we saw, as we got out of the taxi, so at least one maid must be there, we told each other. As we went up the steps from the dear old brick walk that had, as much as anything, decided us to take the house, Harry put his arm around me and said, "It's *home*, darling!" and I was trying to answer, and feeling up my sleeve for my pocket-handkerchief, when the door opened, *and there in the light stood Aunt Jane and Aunt Matilda!*

Well— I really don't know just what happened then, or what any one said for the next few minutes. The first thing I remember is that we were all in the library and Aunt Jane was talking.

". . . But of course we knew how much you needed us, and when the Bentleys came and begged us to rent them the Beacon Street house for a year, it seemed as if Providence had arranged it so that we could go to you. And you're not to feel that we're making too great a sacrifice— We're really glad . . ."

"Bentleys" . . . "Beacon Street house" . . . "Rented for a year!" So the aunts had not come just to welcome us home—that would have been bad enough—but to *live* with us—at least for a year! I caught Harry's eye. Really, it does make a difference, doesn't it?—being a lady and being a gentleman. I don't know anything else that would have made it possible for Harry and me just then to have said, both of us at once:

"It—it was *very* good of you, Aunt Jane and Aunt Matilda."

We did manage that, but then I said, hastily, that I was *so* tired, and would Harry mind going up with me to our rooms?

Aunt Jane rang a bell, and a maid came into the library — but a maid neither Harry nor I had ever seen before.

"This is Annie," Aunt Jane said. "We brought her with us from Boston."

Annie took our bags and left the room.

"Oh!" said Harry. "We—that is, I thought we had—"

"You mean the maids you sent out here from New York?" Aunt Matilda interposed. She turned to me. "My *dear* Molly, of course you did the best you could, but both sister and I saw at once that those maids were impossible. The waitress might have done if we had not already brought Annie with us—but the cook! The woman had never lived out of New York in her life, and knew nothing, absolutely nothing, of what we have been accustomed to. Baked beans, brown bread, fish-balls, buckwheat cakes —I assure you she admitted that she had never cooked any of them in her life. Of course we dismissed her at once, and then we sent to Boston for Annie's sister, who is already here.

Like two children who have just been told, "That will do, dears—little folks mustn't argue," Harry and I silently left the library and followed Annie upstairs. The maid—we could hardly say "*our* maid," could we?—put down the bags and went away. Harry closed the door behind her, then he turned and faced me, and we just looked at each other without saying a word. Presently I saw the corners of Harry's mouth beginning to curl up, and at that I felt mine curling, and the next instant we were both sitting, perfectly limp, side by side on a couch, laughing and laughing until we nearly choked.

"Darling," Harry said, minutes and minutes after, when we were weak and teary and couldn't laugh any more, "you are an angel to take it like this. We'll just let it go to-night, shall we? And to-morrow we'll straighten the thing out some way—Lord knows how!"

That sounded so reasonable, but when the next morning came things were just as bad. We went down-stairs with our minds firmly made up to take matters into our own hands, but some way or other—we didn't.

In the first place, Harry and I both detest a cut-and-dried breakfast and a

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breakfast hour. Neither one of us wants anything more than fruit and coffee, with rolls or toast, and we like to have that either brought up to us as soon as we are awake, or else we just wander down-stairs and out onto the veranda, if it is warm weather, or into the dining-room if it is cold, and eat and talk most informally. We had planned it all a dozen times, exactly what we should do when breakfast was just for us two alone, in our own, own house.

But the morning after our home-coming we were tired and slept like the two children we had seemed the night before; and the first thing we knew there came a knock on the door, and Annie's voice said, "If you please, it's half-past seven, and breakfast is at half-past eight."

Harry's "Damn!" was such a funny, sleepy one that it made me laugh again.

"Oh, never mind, just this morning," I said, so sleepy myself that nothing seemed to matter. "We'll have to let them do just as they always have until we can explain everything and make them understand."

"Humph!" said Harry; but he got up, as I did, and we went down-stairs just on the breakfast hour, exactly as we had both done all our lives, but as we had said nothing would induce us to do once we were free and the heads of our own household.

The aunts were already at the table in the dining-room—Aunt Jane behind the coffee-urn, as if she were still in the old house in Beacon Street. Harry kissed them both as he had done every morning all his life, and I kissed them, too. When I bent over Aunt Jane's chair, she half arose.

"Will you sit here, Molly dear?" she asked me; "or would you rather not bother? I don't in the least mind pouring the coffee, really—"

Well, of course I *couldn't* put the poor old dear out of her place, as she was already seated there, could I? So I just patted her on the shoulder and said, "Oh, thank you, Aunt Jane; please don't get up—of course not," and then I went and sat down on one side of the table; and Harry, after looking at me and then at Aunt Matilda, who was seated as a matter of course opposite Aunt Jane, sat on the other side—still like two children in the home of our elders.

Aunt Jane knew, of course, just how Aunt Matilda liked her coffee and how Harry always took his, but she had to ask me about mine, and that gave me somehow a horrid feeling in my throat. I didn't *want* her to know how Harry took his coffee, and her having to find out how I liked mine made me seem a stranger—the only stranger—in my own house. It was all so very different from what I had thought our first breakfast at home would be, I had to swallow fast and blink a little before I could quite see the toast on my plate or know where my coffee-cup was.

After breakfast Harry had to start off for town. I followed him out into the hall to say good-by to him for the first time since we had been married, and I'm ashamed to say I got choky again.

"Sweetheart," Harry said, "it's all a beastly shame, but just let things go for to-day, and when I get home to-night we'll get the whole thing talked out and settled." He didn't notice that that was just what he had said the night before, and I'm sure neither of us imagined how many times it was going to be said, over and over, before things really were settled.

After Harry had gone, the aunts took me over the house and showed me how they had arranged everything: the linen in this cupboard, the china in that, the little room at the end of the passage fitted up as a sewing-room—everything just as nearly as possible as the Beacon Street house had been, and everything, I couldn't help seeing, beautifully convenient and perfectly planned. Of course the aunts did know how to keep house, and of course I didn't, and very likely I couldn't have arranged things half as well as they had. It was all just right, and they were so kind, and I tried not to care that they knew and I didn't. Only—it was my home and Harry's, and even if I *had* made mistakes . . .

But I just followed the aunts around, and said how sweet it had been of them to take so much trouble for us; and they said: No, *indeed;* they loved doing it. What were old aunts for, and what were little girls expected to know about such

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things? It was just as it had been the night before and that morning at breakfast—in fact, just as it had been in Boston before we were married; it was impossible to tell them the truth—simply impossible.

But late that afternoon I rang for Annie, the waitress, to come to me in my room. She came, looking surprised.

"Annie," I said, "I wanted to speak to you about the after-dinner coffee. I don't know what you have been accustomed to doing, but I like to have it served in the library. Will you remember, please? You may bring it to us in the library this evening."

"In the library, ma'am?" Annie spoke as if she did not understand.

"In the library," I repeated. "Yes; bring it to us in the library, immediately after dinner."

"Yes, ma'am," the girl answered, but still as if in doubt. She waited an instant, then went away.

I rather congratulated myself upon my finesse and tact. Without saying a word to the aunts, and without the slightest unpleasantness, I had, even though it was only in one small thing, begun to take the housekeeping into my own hands. *Poco á poco*, as the Spanish say so prettily—little by little—*that* was the way I should manage it. The aunts would scarcely realize what was happening; things would adjust themselves imperceptibly; nobody would be hurt. Clever little Molly! Harry would be *so* proud of me.

There was no time before dinner to tell Harry about it. He seemed relieved when, as he kissed me and asked, "Has it been a bad day, sweetheart?" I answered, "No, darling; really it hasn't." Then we went in to dinner.

Aunt Jane still sat at the head of the table, Aunt Matilda opposite, Harry and I, like good children, at the sides. I couldn't help wondering just a little that Harry didn't insist upon putting me in my own place, but I tried not to be silly; and I reminded myself that the aunts had brought Harry up, and that all his life he had been accustomed to their doing everything in their own way.

I had put on one of my pretty dresses, and I laughed and talked, and everybody was gay. But after the sweets had been brought in I happened to look up, and there was Annie coming in the door with the coffee-tray in her hands. She came into the room and put the tray down on the table before Aunt Jane, at the same time looking over at me, flushing and dropping her eyes.

"Annie," I said, quietly, though my heart was thumping, "I think you have forgotten. I said that we would have coffee served in the library. Don't you remember?"

Harry looked perfectly amazed, and so did Aunt Matilda. Aunt Jane—well, Aunt Jane just looked sorry.

"Oh, Molly dear," she said, "isn't there some mistake? Annie told me what you said to her, and I meant to go and talk with you about it, but it slipped my mind. I know you thought that was the way we have the coffee, and it was so sweet of you to remind Annie, but, really, we've never done it—no one in Beacon Street did, I think. So I just explained to Annie, and told her to serve the coffee at the table, as usual. Harry likes it that way—he's been accustomed to it all his life."

I looked over at Harry, expecting him to protest, but he seemed just worried. "Do you really like it served in another room, Molly?" he asked. "Of course, if you do, darling—"

But I saw instantly that he didn't like it that way. So the aunts were right! In this, at least, they did know better than I what Harry wanted. If we had been alone, we could have had a gay little argument about it, but before the aunts and Annie an argument would have been a scene—the very first dinner in our new home! My throat was dry, and my eyes smarted; but anything was better than a scene.

"Oh!" I managed. "Oh!—of course. Er—thank you, Aunt Jane." Some words flashed into my mind: "And the morning and the evening were the first day." I thought of my finesse and my tact—"clever little Molly. . . . Harry would be so proud!" I had an awful feeling that I was going to laugh.

Well—the aunts were with us all winter; or, rather, Harry and I were with the aunts all winter, for those first two days were only a sample of the days and

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Drawn by Walter Biggs

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weeks and months that followed. The aunts managed everything; Harry and I were always going to have a talk with them, and tell them that it really was our home and not theirs, but always the same thing happened—we let it go "just *this* time," then "just *once* more," and—the fact is, that in the beginning we were cowards, and, before we knew it, it seemed to be too late. There was absolutely nothing to find fault with; everything went like clock-work—smoothly—too smoothly. It was all so smooth that there was nothing to lay hold of; the situation slipped away from under our hands, and we couldn't seize it to stop it. Everything was done for our comfort, but it was the aunts who did it. The aunts were dear, perfectly dear, but exactly as they would have been if we had been visiting them in Boston. Harry and I were guests in our own home.

The worst of it all was that as time went on it seemed to me that little by little Harry's attitude was changing, and that he was becoming more reconciled to the aunts' régime. He was very much absorbed in his work; he left the house early in the morning and returned only just in time for dinner each night. He saw that the housekeeping was perfect; that every delicious meal was on time and beautifully served; that apparently not one single thing went wrong from morning to night, and he appeared to be drifting into forgetfulness of the fact that all day long, while he was away, it was not his wife who was at the head of his home, but his two aunts—just exactly, I thought, as if he were not married.

So it was that when, in March, the aunts told us one night at dinner—Aunt Jane still at the head of the table, and Aunt Matilda at the other end, distributing letters which had just been brought in—when they told us that they must go to Boston for three days to attend to some business matters, I was so happy that I was afraid the aunts would notice it, and I almost overdid my assurances that we should miss them. I followed Harry into his den, the minute dinner was over, and hugged him.

"They're going, they're going, they're going!" I chanted. "We're going to be all by ourselves for three days!"

Harry gave me hug for hug, but then he said: "Are you so jolly glad as all that, you little hypocrite? I thought just now at dinner you acted as if you rather dreaded having them go."

"Idiot!" I replied, twisting my fingers in his hair and pulling it, as I always do, by way of emphasis. "Would you have had me tell the poor dears the truth, then?"

Harry grinned. "Not on *my* account," he said, and went through the motions of washing his hands of the whole affair.

"Well, aren't you glad, too—that they're going?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, rather!" he declared. "I should think I am. I say," he went on, "let's celebrate. You come into town tomorrow, after they're gone, and we'll have a dinner and go to a theater, and—"

"We'll do nothing of the kind," I interrupted. "We'll have dinner at home—in our own home—just you and I." I didn't say it, but I thought, "And I shall sit at the head of my own table!"

"Oh, *very* well!" Harry approved, gaily. "Twenty dollars to the good! We dine at home!"

The aunts left the next afternoon at five o'clock. I waved them off in their taxi, and then my first thought was of dinner. I called the cook into the library and began to tell her what I wanted her to prepare for that night.

"Miss Matilda gave me her orders befcre she left, ma'am," cook said, respectfully, but, it seemed to me, a little decidedly.

"Orders for to-night's dinner?" I exclaimed in amazement.

"Yes, ma'am, and for every meal while they're gone, ma'am," was cook's astounding reply.

I thought I was being very calm and self-possessed when I only said with dignity: "It was very kind of Miss Matilda, but I will give you my own orders while she is away, I think. Now, for dinner this evening, I want a Philadelphia capon—"

"I beg pardon, ma'am, but sure the butcher is after leaving the roast of mutton Miss Matilda ordered, and it's

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goin' on to six o'clock; and, if I may say so, ma'am, it's too late to be orderin' anything different now."

Cook was still perfectly respectful, but I had an uneasy consciousness that she was reasoning with me as she would have done with an irrational child; also, it was maddening to know that she was quite right and I was wrong. Luckily, I had presence of mind enough to stop just where I was.

"Oh, very well," I yielded, indifferently. "I had really forgotten the time. We will have the dinner to-night as Miss Matilda arranged, but to-morrow do not get anything until you come to me for orders."

The dinner was perfect, as usual, and, manlike, Harry accepted it without a thought. I am sure the question of who had ordered the meal, or of how it got there, never occurred to him. When we came to the table we found that Annie had arranged for Harry and me to sit just where we always did, at the sides. It would have been too silly to have had everything changed then, so we took our accustomed seats, as if the aunts were there. The dinner I had looked forward to so happily was as nearly a failure, as far as I was concerned, as any meal could be which Harry and I ate together, all alone by our two selves.

My last thought that night was that we would not have breakfast at the usual cut-and-dried hour in the morning. I had given directions to Annie on no account to call us at half-past seven—in fact, not to call us at all. Then the first thing I knew, Harry was bending over my bed and waking me.

"Molly!" he was saying. "Good heavens! Do you know it's nine o'clock?"

"Is it?" I said, sleepily. "Well, what of it? Do you mind? I told Annie not to call us. . . . I thought we'd do just as we always planned—just have breakfast when we were ready. . . ."

Harry scarcely waited to hear me; he simply *flew* into the bath-room and turned on the water. "Good Lord!" he said then from the bath-room door. "Why on earth didn't you tell me? Of all mornings in the world! I've got an appointment at ten! If you'd *only* spoken to me about it last night . . . !" He shut the door, and the next instant I could hear him splashing.

He dressed in about five minutes, went down-stairs without waiting for me, and ate his breakfast alone—that is, if he ate any, for by the time I got down he was just going out of the house. He kissed me good-by very hastily, and I felt as if he would have gone away without kissing me at all if I hadn't happened to be there at that moment—gone away without kissing me for the first time in our married life!

I was perfectly miserable all day—nervous and upset, as I had been feeling for some weeks past—but I didn't mean to speak of that now. I couldn't settle down to anything, not even to the sewing I had been wanting to begin. I was so restless, and I so longed for the time for Harry to come home and give me a *real* kiss, that in the afternoon I went out and got Mrs. Warner, our neighbor next door, to go to a picture show with me, just to make the hours seem shorter. We stayed at the picture place till five. Then I went to Mrs. Warner's and had tea with her, and I purposely didn't get back home till just before dinner, the time Harry always came. Annie let me in, and at once said that the cook would like to speak to me.

"Very well," I said; "tell her to come to me in the library."

I went into the library, and cook appeared.

"If you please, ma'am, will you be home for dinner the night?"

"Why, yes," I answered; "certainly. Why do you ask?"

"There's been no orders given as I know of, ma'am. The butcher hasn't been here the day—nor yet the grocer. I told 'em over the telephone not to be bringin' what Miss Matilda ordered. What would we be havin' then, ma'am, for the dinner?"

The dinner! I was to have planned the dinner! I had distinctly told cook to do nothing in regard to the meal until she received orders from me! And, nervous and miserable, and unaccustomed as I was to give any thought to the housekeeping—dinner had never once entered my mind!

This was the last straw. I don't know what I said to the cook, or whether

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I said anything. I do know that I ran out of the library and up-stairs to my own room and threw myself on the bed, crying as if my heart would break. There, a few minutes later, Harry found me.

"My precious darling! What is it?" he cried as he took me in his arms.

"You wouldn't have kissed me good-by if I hadn't been there," I sobbed, with my head tucked under his chin. "And there isn't any dinner, and I don't know how to keep house, and you'll be glad when the aunts get back."

Harry may not always understand how a meal gets onto the table or who is managing a house, but he does know exactly how to comfort a perfectly heart-broken wife. He just held me close for a little while, and then presently he said, softly: "Tell me, Little One. What is it, sweetheart?"

So I told him about yesterday's dinner and to-day's dinner, and how he had nearly not kissed me good-by that morning, and how wretched I had been all day. There was something else I wanted to tell him, but I didn't quite know how. "You *will* be glad when the aunts get back, won't you?" was the only way I could think of to begin.

"*No!*" he said to that, in the dearest way, just as I wanted him to. "No, I sha'n't be glad at all, sweetheart. You know I'd rather have just our two selves. How can you think I wouldn't?"

"Well, then," I went on, "we'll have to tell the aunts just as soon as they get back that we want to be alone."

That rather staggered Harry. "Oh, I say, darling," he said—"as soon as they get back? You don't mean that, do you?"

"If they don't go away *soon*," I said, "they—they'll *never* go."

"But *why*, dear? Why do you say that?"

"Well," I managed, "if they stay much longer, they'll stay on forever, because—well . . . because they'll think . . . that I don't know how to take care of a baby!"

Harry was quiet for so long that I lifted my head from under his chin to look at him. I met his eyes, and— But there are some things one cannot talk about.

After a little time, Harry insisted upon tucking me up on the couch, and then he went down-stairs. Pretty soon he came back with a tray of lovely things to eat. I can't think where he got them, but by that time I didn't care if both Harry and the cook knew more about housekeeping than I did. We ate the jolliest little supper, and then we made our plans. Harry wanted to tell the aunts himself that we would like to be alone, but I wouldn't listen to that for a moment. I knew how they adored Harry, and that, though they liked me very much, it wouldn't break their hearts as much if I told them as it would if Harry did it.

"After they've been back a day or two," I said, "you go out some night after dinner, and leave me alone with them. I'll tell them *very* nicely, and they'll always believe that I'm the one that wanted them to go, and that you did it just to please me, and then they won't feel so dreadfully about it."

"But I don't *want* them to think it's just you," began Harry, but I pulled his hair, and he gave in.

Well, we did it just as I had planned. Two or three nights after the aunts came back, Harry went out after dinner—and I told them. I said that Harry and I would never, never forget how good they had been to leave their Beacon Street house, and the Boston Symphony Concerts, and everything they were accustomed to, to come and live with us. And I told them we had all been so happy and comfortable all winter, and that I never could have known as well as they did how Harry liked to have things, and that Harry loved them so much, and so did I, and I knew how Harry would miss them, but that I was afraid that if I didn't begin to learn how to keep house by myself I should *never* know how, and that if they stayed longer they would spoil me, and— Oh, I said everything I could think of, not to hurt their feelings and yet to be sure they would understand that we really did want to be alone. As soon as I got all through, I said good night and went up-stairs, for I couldn't bear to stay down and talk to the aunts any more that night. Harry came home, and I told him I thought everything would be

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all right. "They listened, and I'm sure they understood," I said; "and they didn't look hurt, either one of them."

The next morning I got up quite early and went down-stairs. As I passed the library door Aunt Jane called to me. She was sitting there waiting for me.

"Molly, my dear," she said, "you most tactfully addressed both your aunt Matilda and me last evening, but I quite understood you. Personally, I should never have dreamed of taking your place at the head of the household —except, of course, in so far as I could relieve you of any burden—but I am afraid your aunt Matilda has been very trying, and that, should we remain here, she would continue to be so. I cannot tell you how much I regret leaving you alone, realizing as I do how much you will miss my assistance and counsel, but we found in our recent visit to Boston that it would be possible to get our Beacon Street house again from the Bentleys, and as I feel that I ought to sacrifice myself and even you in order to relieve you of your aunt Matilda, we are both going away at once. I am sure, dear Molly, that you will appreciate my conduct in this matter."

Aunt Jane got up, took my hand, and kissed me, and then walked out of the room. Perhaps a minute passed, and then in came Aunt Matilda, hurriedly.

"My dear," she began at once, "I am so glad to find you alone. I want to tell you how very pleased I was at what you said last night to your aunt Jane. You have been very sweet about it, but you cannot suppose that I have been blind to what you have been going through all winter, and now I quite agree with you that the time has come when you really must be left in the control of your own home. It quite breaks my heart to seem to desert you, for I know so well how much you need me, but your aunt Jane would not go unless I did, and, in order to get her away, I, too, must leave you. We find that we can have our own house again, so we are both returning to Boston immediately. I know, dear child, that you will believe that in what I am doing I am sacrificing myself, even though I am sacrificing you at the same time." Kissing me affectionately, Aunt Matilda hastened away.

So the poor dears went back to Beacon Street, and baked beans, and the Boston Symphony Concerts; but the next autumn they made another pilgrimage to Morristown—this time to see and adore Baby. One morning during that visit of theirs I was on the veranda outside the library window while the aunts were inside. I supposed they knew I was there, but apparently they didn't, and before I could make myself known, after my name was mentioned, I heard Aunt Jane remark:

"Really, Molly is a perfect little housekeeper, isn't she? It is amazing, the manner in which she has learned just what Harry likes, and how to manage everything. But then, of course, my being with her for six months when she was first married . . ."

I felt, rather than saw, Aunt Matilda's expression as she replied to this. "I quite agree with you, Jane, in regard to Molly's housekeeping. It is certainly very fortunate that she could have had *me* with her for so long, before—er—well, before it became necessary for us to go away and leave her."

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

IF you leave the sea-shore after the welter of a rainy June, July, and August, with harsh easterly winds, and chill fogs which you could cut with a knife if they were not so thick, and come into the clear air and mild sun of the hill-country, you are apt to think you are beginning summer, and Lindora and Florindo were in this illusion as they ran along through the mild morning and arrived in the lovely valley of the Saco. The fields and woods were fresh as with the first green of the year, or, where they had cast it, were warm with those colors of blossom-time which had haunted their whole inland way. The State roads were less and less the hard, tarry surface of the lower levels, but the intervals of gravel were carefully tended, and from time to time the men and horses stood aside at the broken places and let the ever-increasing tide of motors come and go rushing by.

Lindora, if not Florindo, had fancied that their early start would give them a freer course, but every one else seemed to have started early in the same fancy. The torrent of travel was a greater surprise even than of the day before, or a more impressive revelation of the new modern impulse. It was as if the machines had sprung up from the earth like a growth of the State roads, as in fact they were, though they had caused the roads. In a little while the edge of their surprise was blunted; but the miracle renewed itself in both its poetry and vulgarity when they sat in the porch of the hotel where they stopped for luncheon, and ceased to be part and became witnesses of the spectacle. While they were part of it, they did not feel its craze; when they looked on, this returned in all its senselessness. It did not look like a pleasure, and was it a use? Why should those motors go whizzing over the earth, with no object in their arriving and departing except starting and stopping? Did they, too, our tourists asked themselves, look like those lunatics when they were in the procession, and did they recover their sanity only now when they left it?

That afternoon, as they sat in the hotel porch, they were never tired of following the lines of the mountains painting themselves in the flat on the horizon; but in the morning they were eager to take their way up and down the valley of the Saco, so Greek in its classic charm, so reminiscent of the landscape school of art which it created sixty years ago. They went murmuring from their Tennysonian past:

"There is a vale of Ida lovelier far
Than all the valleys of Ionian hills,"

and was not this that vale, and was not the chiefest of those Yankee tops Mt. Ida; or, if not, why not? Waxing wanton from their draughts of the rich old poetry of other days, they sang out of "La Belle Hélène":

"Au Mont Ida trois Déesses
En se trouvent dans un bois."

Those Déesses might peep from any sweet-corn patch which they were holding for the nearest cannery, or might boldlier leap from the piazza of that summer hotel on the way to Diana's Baths, and reappear there barefooted, screaming and laughing with a dozen other girls, on the rocks of the foamy cascade. They might softly call from the thither shore of Echo Lake in response to the invocation of the pausing tourists, and airily lead the way up and down the Vale of Ida, and leave them hungry for lunch.

Such was the witchery of that Idan Vale of the Saco that our tourists lingered three days within it, and then took the road into Maine, where they were warned that the State had not done its duty by the motoring public so

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perfectly as in New Hampshire. There was, in fact, not so much swarming of passers on it when it left the hills, and perhaps there was not enough to exact the perfection of the roads they had been traveling. Such as it was, the road never quite left the hills, and there was a newness of aspect in the long-settled country which might well remind a Middle-Westerner of his own section. But he would have explored his memory in vain for the like of the vast farmhouses which they continually passed. The dwellings in the mountains had attested the hard poverty of the local life, but these witnessed the prosperity of the lowland farmers. With the rush of the sunny air in their faces the enchantment of their powerful little dragon, as it raced over the tarry or gravelly stretches up hill and down dale, possessed our tourists again, though now they were not lunatics, but children wild with joy in their mere going. It was fabulous, but the fable was enough; it was, they fancied, something like being caught in the plot of a best-seller and swept on through its successive episodes. American travel has scant record of the human events which the briefest European journey lavishly affords, and if possible the human facts of our hill country are poorer than those we glimpse from a train flying over the levels of the landscape which the populous towns and thriving villages frequent.

Our pair ran such a leisurely course that it was almost sunset before they reached that hotel where for a princely fee they found the fare which a well-directed enterprise could have given them anywhere. The prospect shared the distinction of the fee, for their hotel sat on the stateliest of the uplands sweeping the horizon in a prodigious amphitheater; and Lindora was so content with the keeping of the time and place that she began to plan a whole summer's sojourn there. She was in the joy of this when her content was crowned by her encounter in the palatial cottage where they were lodged with the old gentleman and his daughter who had escaped from her at the Pine Cone Inn. "Now," she gaily hailed him, almost with the first word, "you shall certainly tell us about those State Hotels of yours. Will they be any better than such a hotel as this?"

"Only," his daughter consented to his replying, "so far as being within the reach of all and not merely such spendthrifts as we are. Whatever is essential to one's comfort and self-respect shall be common to rich and poor alike."

"But how, whence, when? You have no right to invent anything so beatific without rendering every reason for it."

"Oh, I didn't invent them. I merely proposed to develop them from a germ latent in the local civilization, and to make the State realize them as it has realized the ideal of good roads."

"Oh, but don't keep us waiting! What was the germ?"

"Why, you know the Oriental khan, and the Spanish posada, and the dak-bungalow of India?"

"Do I?" she turned to question Florindo with the submissiveness she kept for company.

"Certainly," Florindo obediently responded, "especially of the dak-bungalow. You had that in Mrs. B. M. Croker's novels. That sort of government station where you got a lodging, and a meal if the bungalow-man was successful in foraging for the materials."

"Oh yes, he could generally make out." She turned to the old gentleman.

"Well," he said, "there was once something here more primitive than either the khan or the posada, which I hope the State will begin by developing into the dak-bungalow, and then into a State Inn. The native germ was called a Cold Harbor, and it was a weather-proof shelter which the neighborhood maintained at certain intervals on the highways and at the landings of ferries. There was no provision of bed or board, but travelers brought both with them, and then made use of the fireplace for heating and cooking, before they went on their way. The Cold Harbor was furnished at least as well as the khan or posada, which were the lowest form of hostelry, and the Cold Harbor had the advantage of being an effect of public hospitality."

"Yes, and they were not burdened with the sense of much to be thankful for," Lindora said. "I like that. Well?"

"No, in my scheme I should never

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want them to feel that burden, for gratitude is a thing hard to bear. In the State Inns which I would have developed from the Cold Harbor, the guest would pay the cost of food, firing, lodging, and service, but no more, for the State would not be forced to make a profit large enough in two or three months to pay the cost of a year's maintenance. The Inns would be kept open the whole year, just as the State Roads are kept in good condition. Everything supplied to the guest would be of good quality, and the few wholesome dishes would be as attractively cooked.

"Oh, delightful!" Lindora exclaimed. "All anybody wants is a few dishes, instead of that weltering waste of soups, stews, roasts, puddings, pies, cakes, and custards, running into the sixties and seventies, and all the cold things served hot, and the hot things served lukewarm, and everything tasting like everything else, with the meats from cold storage, and canned vegetables!"

"Exactly," the sage responded. "The State would eliminate waste, and in eliminating waste would eliminate expense. All who could afford to travel on the State Roads could afford to stop at the State Inns—or nearly all," he added, conscientiously. "The lodging would be nominal, and there would be a cheaper table adapted to the means of the poorer guests, but as honorably served as the table d'hôte. The scheme would be primarily educative. As it is, most people do not know what to want, and most landlords do not know what the intelligent few want. What these want is a few dishes well cooked, and not a gross feast unfit to eat. The thing has been thoroughly philosophized in Europe, but the immense majority of our motorists have never been abroad. They must be gently taught what to want and then given it."

"Beautiful!" Lindora sighed. "Perfect! When shall you begin to have your State Inns?"

"Well, as soon as the public is educated up to the idea. It will take time. We must first outgrow our superstition that such things are best left to private initiative—"

"Oh, that won't take long!" she prophesied. "As soon as people have seen one of your State Inns they won't have any other kind. Why, as it is, private initiative doesn't begin to provide for people, even at the hideous cost and uncertainty of everything."

"Exactly," the old gentleman said, but with less elation than might have been expected. "The difficulty will be to get the first State Inn going."

"Oh, there won't be any trouble about *that*. You can easily get the capital subscribed."

"Well, that isn't quite the idea," the old gentleman said. "We shouldn't want private capital. The scheme must be carried through by legislative appropriation, and that will be a matter of considerable delay."

"Not," she declared, "with woman suffrage; and we shall have that this fall. Yes, you may count upon having your State Inns going next summer, and they ought every one to have your medallion in the façade, just like the inscription of "Carnegie Free Library" wherever he's given one."

"That would be too much honor," the old gentleman demurred with a smile.

The discussion strayed far and wide, and entered into detail where they all began to be drowsy, and his daughter said to the sage, "We'd better think of our early start, father." Then, with many civilities, they bade one another good night.

The start of the father and daughter was indeed so early next morning that our tourists did not see them again. Their course that day lay among farms happier and handsomer than even the lowland farms of the day before. When the farmsteads gathered themselves into wayside villages or towns they kept the quiet dignity which the spaciousness of many acres gives. In those Maine towns which would gain nothing in the imagination, but would rather lose, by calling themselves cities, life was evidently equal to itself; there was every sort of supply that demand could create, and apparently the demand was not grudging. The winter might be long, but the short summer must be a rapture of physical well-being; and neither season would ignore the spiritual and mental well-being of the inhabitants if those churches and libraries mean what they

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say. This was what our tourists decided as they smoothly coursed through the white towns or past the comely farmsteads, lamenting that they must so swiftly leave them behind, but longing most to linger in some village where the red-brick dwellings abounded among the white wooden mansions and shared the Georgian classicism of their architecture. Neither the farms nor the villages nor the towns had the effect of having prospered from summer resort; they were apparently of an almost autochthonic welfare, self-contained and self-sufficing, and they seemed to have created for themselves that beauty which rejoiced the eye and heart of the passers.

In Maine the local names seem the effect of caprice or accident, and there was neither rhyme nor reason in calling the pretty town where they stopped that day for lunch after the great Sicilian port, but there was a fascination in the notion of Palermo in just that place which stayed our willing tourists. Besides, they were hungry, and after a look at the blithe summer hotel on the Mediterranean shore they decided for the old family mansion of brick up a side street of the village which they found owning itself an afternoon tea-house. The Tea-House still measurably was a family mansion, and of a dignity unimpaired by its business use, and you could have your tea there, or you could have it in the barn where the doors were set wide from north to south, inviting to the middle space where once the hay-teams had driven in to pile the shaggy mows, and the frolic neighborhood had met to husk the ripened corn by the glimmer of the lanterns that sufficed to show the red ears, or perhaps painted some ears red which were not actually so. The light-hearted, light-footed young girl who approved the tourists' choice of the barn and confessed herself one of the girl-partnership which ran it, lost nothing of young-lady effect in serving them at the simple board with such a club-sandwich as could not have been bought in any city restaurant. It had touch, the touch of that art which flatters the eager appetite to perfect digestion, and the tourists lingered at their lunch, delaying gladly for such history of the enterprise as the partner cared to give, and rejoicing beyond her tacit satisfaction in its success. It was business with her, though it was so purely pleasure with them, and she would not play that it was play as they would so willingly have had her do.

When they mounted to their Transit again they began running through fresh surprises of the beauty which the State of Maine abounds in. Wider and wider the valleys spread between the hills which let in more of the sky over the rich farms, and caught from its blue the innumerable little lakes of the region. The summer seemed to gladden there as if it meant to stay all winter, and fain had our tourists stayed with it, but, for all this, Lindora sighed and then said with the security of the common thought which marriage establishes between well-mated pairs, "I don't suppose it *would* do."

"You mean the old gentleman's plan of State Inns?"

"Yes," she sadly assented.

"Why, I don't know," Florindo responded, with that perverseness of a husband which nothing but her promise to love, honor, and obey prevents his devoted wife from sometimes wishing to hit him for; but Lindora merely caught her breath and let him go on. "But I think the excellence of the State Roads had gone to the old gentleman's head, though there ought to have been something in the imperfection of the last thirty or forty miles to have stayed his fancy. Still, there was something charming in it."

"Go on," Lindora menaced, provisionally.

"It was very logical, too," Florindo ventured further. "There was something very taking in that notion of evolving State Inns from those aboriginal Cold Harbors. We shouldn't be quite satisfied now with a weather-proof shelter and a fireplace for cooking, but it was certainly better than nothing in those days, and it might be better than most of the summer hotels in these. Besides, the old gentleman's delight in it was so endearing. He followed the development of his State Inn from the Cold Harbor with a satisfaction which I couldn't bear to qualify; and certainly

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he reasoned it out very convincingly. There was nothing more to prevent the keeper of a Cold Harbor from eventuating in the landlord of a State Inn than the Patcher of the old-fashioned country road from evolving into the superintendent of the State Road, with his corps of skilled workmen and their numbered horses and carts and their equipment of tools for mending its frayed edges and the broken surfaces. I don't know but the notion of the Patcher was more pleasing to him than the keeper of the Cold Harbor; but the State Inn of the future was unqualified by any practical imperfection, and so it had the advantage of the State Roads as they actually exist."

"Well, then, why can't we have them in their theoretical perfection?"

"For one thing, human nature is in the way. The poetics would turn into politics—"

"But with the politics in the hands of women they would be poetic, and so that's no objection. Don't you see?"

"Perfectly. But if we had State Inns, what would become of all those brave girls whose enterprise has given us that Afternoon Tea-House with the potentiality of ideal club-sandwiches?"

"*All?* Have there been more than two such girls in our week's tour?"

"Well, no."

"Besides," she triumphed over his prostrate admission, "such girls with their love of hospitality would give it play in the management of the State Inns, for of course women, with their genius for practical affairs, would be the managers. Think of the joy of being welcomed to a State Inn by such a hostess instead of the bell-boy hungry for tips, and the cold-eyed room-clerk, with the landlord invisibly breaking his promise of accommodations in the background! Think of her provision of home-cooked home-food on the largest scale that the State Road could bring travel to demand! Think of a hotel evolved from the best French or Italian or English country inn, instead of the ghastly imitation of a second-class American city hotel."

"Yes, I remember all that the old gentleman said. He was eloquent beyond reason."

"Reason? Did he say a single thing that wasn't literally *reeking* with reason?" Lindora fiercely retorted. "Think!" She almost stopped the Transit to point her moral with the handsome high-school building in the village they were whirring through. "Should we have had any such schools as that in every little town if they had been left to individual initiative? Would you like to go back from such a State Road as this to those old, gullied, rocky, down-at-the-heels country roads, with a thank-you-marm at every little mole-hill? Well, it would be like that, to go back from the State Inns to the individual-initiative hotels we have now. Why, private enterprise *can't* give us anything like those State Inns! Our summer hotels now can't keep open more than two or three months of the year, and they have got to fleece the public if they expect to keep their heads above water."

Florindo smiled at the mixture of metaphors, but he saved himself by saying, with a deceitful appearance of compliance, "That is perfectly true, my dear. And I was glad that you agreed so cordially with that dear old gentleman. Of course you couldn't tell him that his scheme of State Inns was socialism of the rankest kind."

"Socialism!" She faced him. "Nothing of the sort! It's no more socialism than State Roads, or public schools, or any of those things. Socialism is the division of everybody's money with everybody else, so that all shall share exactly alike."

"Yes, I've heard it so defined."

"And you know very well that if that were done to-day the old inequality would be back to-morrow."

"I have heard some such moth-eaten corollary," Florindo submitted.

"Then why do you call State Inns socialism?"

"I never shall again, my dear."

Perhaps she was not deceived. She strengthened herself, "I know that if they were, that old gentleman would never have advocated having them." Florindo was silent, and she burst forth, "But I can tell you, socialism or no socialism, I want to have them!"

Then Florindo laughed.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

THE sharp distinction which long ago De Quincey made between the literature of knowledge and the literature of power was more pertinent in his day than in ours, as we see when we compare the body of desiccated information, then accessible to a much smaller and more secluded audience, with the vital knowledge on an infinite variety of subjects bearing directly upon every issue of life, now disseminated among the people. The distinction, thus sharply drawn, was never wholly applicable, since in every period of great intelligence there have been noted examples of men who know in a way to affect life suggestively and inspiringly, showing, as Bacon did, that "knowledge is power."

Keats, a contemporary of De Quincey, naturally, as a poet, associating intelligence with esthetic sensibility, declared that "beauty is truth, truth beauty"—and it was good psychology. Always—even in the crudest stages of human development — into the skill adapting knowledge to practical utilities entered that truth which was beauty, so that the skill became artistry and was finally transformed into wonderful, inexplicable art, as in the case of architecture.

Some arts, now in recession, appeal to esthetic sensibility long after they have ceased to engage the creative faculty, and are still sufficient for decorative effects and external impressiveness. The farmer—backward as he still is in scientific efficiency—still clings to the old-fashioned flower garden. He is not insensible to the alluring grace and beauty of his finer breeds of stock, though he has not chosen them for that, and it may not occur to him that Nature is teaching him the old lesson that she makes no advance, even through man's artificial selection, that does not evolve new beauty with its increased utility. He retains much of the esthetic advantage which belonged to the medieval handicraftsman, though it is gradually giving place to mechanical and scientific efficiency. His tractors, mowers, and reapers, and even his automobiles, are no more intrinsically beautiful than the engines of manufacture and commerce.

What interest in all these fields may, and, in the consummation of efficiency, must, compensate for a mechanicalism, in itself so devoid of appeal to esthetic sensibility? And what can worthily crown the literature now to such an extent devoted to practical ends through science and organization? What is it that links the literature of such knowledge inseparably with the literature of power?

To answer these questions we must consider not merely the manifest tendency of our literature to reflect our contemporary life, but the tendency of that life itself to blend all its issues into a dominant social purpose. The expanding life of Reason has given us something more than social solidarity—that was possible on the lower plane of feudal obligations, under the old conditions; it has brought about a commingling of human wills in its own light, irrespectively of traditional authority and arbitrary classification. Therefore the purpose of the peoples of to-day, who stand in this new light, is undefinable, for what in its very quality it is and means, through the terms of our vague generalizations and sharp distinctions.

We note advanced conditions under which social dynamics is evolved. First of all, liberty, hand in hand with popular education, not merely for individual rights, as formally defined, but for the free interplay of social activities; and, following upon liberty, tolerance for all men is a helpful, uplifting power. Here, indeed, at the beginning of our summa-

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tion of conditions, we seem to have comprised the whole series, since, though we may name opportunity, leisure, or any form of leverage—what are these but phases of human freedom? The World-Peace to which we are all looking forward would seem to be its consummation. These coigns of vantage are only landmarks of the conquest won, or to be won, by the socially embodied human spirit, illumined and inspired from beyond the barriers of our visible existence. Who shall define the issues to come must fix the terms for a draft on Eternity.

This inspiration and illumination is primarily our religious faith, finding its embodiment in an otherwise bewildering world. But as sanity displaces sanctity, there are also like thin veils of unreality and empty conceit which creative art and literature are laying aside, thus aligning themselves with the great social and equally creative purpose. Not only old rituals, but old styles of art, of spoken and written speech, formal and pedantic, have given way to direct and familiar communication, intimate to a new order of varied interests transcending former limitations.

It is this order of interests that compensates for the lack of beauty in mechanical processes, or, rather, that restores it to them in the complete view, so that we are inclined to give Use a place among the terms of Esthetics. Almost within the memory of the oldest living generation, government was an affair mainly of jurisprudence, domestic and international, save as it served dynastic purposes. Now, in democracies, nine-tenths of government is occupied with ministrations for social service. Statesmanship has become the most fruitful branch of social psychology. The quest of knowledge for its own sake and for the satisfaction of the highest curiosity that the mind of man can entertain, cannot to-day be reclusive, denying itself to the workshop and the market-place. The kind of knowledge found, the reality of it, compels diffusion and descent.

The art and literature now in the making have this same reality, and this means realization in a social sense. They cannot retain their old aloofness from human intimacies, which have themselves become social in all their deeper meanings. Individualism, in its modern and free development—where freedom exists—is distinguished from elemental individuality and its hereditary characteristics by what it derives from contacts with nature and humanity; and home is mostly from abroad. Anciently, when civilization clung to the Mediterranean, art was an out-of-door affair. Now, only those arts which blend intimately with a human life no longer external, and yet mainly social, can find room for growth.

What has mystically been called the inner life, as something set apart, in sacrosanct seclusion, could have no social or catholic significance, and no fertility. The sane and luminous inner life, in our era, is an expansive capacity for sympathy, enlarged by contacts with man and the world, and, at the same time, a social embodiment of that sympathy. This is knowledge translated into power. The creative life within, and yet infinitely more beyond, us renews all our external life and will not leave one of its varied channels untouched.

The elements reactionary to this social realization are forever bringing themselves into judgment. That is the significance of the crisis now confronting the world. Greed, hate, and arbitrary tyranny are illustrating themselves in the light of human love and sympathy grown mighty for solvency. Else there is no help. There is no solvency in punishment. In any event the real issues of life will have advanced to a new interpretation.

The seen and felt meanings of our life are the *motifs* of our literature, which must be animated by our evolved spiritual manners, promote our living enthusiasms, and contribute to human happiness. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness — this was Jefferson's summation of the rights of man, nearer to the heart of the Master than the dogmatic inculcations of the Westminster Catechism. Entertainment will always be a prominent function of literature. Even when it is afforded for its own sake alone as in downright comedy, humor, and inventive fancy, it needs no excuse—as mere amusement it has posi-

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tive value. Fortunately it is incidental to every other function of literature, even that of information.

Life, in this era, has become so interestingly real that the faithful disclosure of the reality—in fiction, biography, contemporaneous history, travel, the new knowledge, invention, and business—cannot fail of an entertaining appeal, vastly larger and involving more intimate interests and enthusiasms than any romance of an older time.

It is the office of literature—in books, journalism, and popular periodicals—to reflect all these interests and enthusiasms and to register the co-ordination of all the strains participant in the dynamic social purpose.

There is no other form of communication so general and at the same time so familiar in its appeal as literature. Hence, its complex specialization. As the arbitrary and dogmatic formula yields to the touch of life, and so to a creative and informing quality, the evolutional determination of all specialization becomes more apparent. Every theme is seen as a living theme, worthy to have a genius as its interpreter, as insects had their Fabre. We cannot so easily limit creative literature to any select field of human activity as when literature was itself more remote from ordinary human interests.

The field of business—of agriculture, manufacture, commerce, finance, and insurance—is not excluded. On the contrary, because of the interests involved, affecting the standard of living, the opportunities and the responsibilities of every member of the commonwealth, it is rapidly coming to take the foremost place as a factor in social dynamics. This field, so long hopelessly abandoned to materialism, and of late to the manipulation of the vote-seeking politician and the walking delegate, is now not only engaging the attention of scientific men, philosophers, statesmen, and publicists, but is being awakened within itself to a new view of its own purely economic interests as affected by organization. The intelligence brought to bear upon it from the outside, as well as that developed within, is finding its way to the reading public through books and periodicals. There are a vast number of publications treating the scientific aspects of the subject (we find on one publisher's list five books devoted to electricity alone) and practical methods for industrial improvement; but few of these, and hardly any of the numerous works of fiction in which business conditions are reflected, touch upon what promises to be the next and brightest stage of economic evolution.

This prospect is fairly opened in Charles P. Steinmetz's recently published book, *America and the New Epoch*. The author is one of the most eminent of our electrical engineers, with a brilliant career behind him as an organizer of business, and his theme is that of organization—the key-note of which is co-operation. He clearly traces the stages by which, following inevitable economic laws, co-operation has displaced individualistic competition, and shows that the organization by which this co-operation is to be expanded and perfected must proceed from within business itself, and cannot be imposed upon it from without, by government, which has already made the mistake of attempting to restore obsolete methods, antagonizing the expansion of trade instead of preventing its restraint. He admits that corporate business, through defects of its organization, has made outward interference a social necessity; therefore he recognizes as an essential feature of industrial organization "social work," involving welfare and education, not as charity or social duty, but as being "just as integral a part of the corporation as the financial or the administrative activities." It is observed, moreover, as an economic law, that what contributes most to the general welfare must also contribute most to the prosperity of business. Thus "big business" is destined to bring itself into vital accord with social dynamics.

Long ago what used to be called "pure literature," with all its elegances, ceased to monopolize the field of our satisfactions and enthusiasms. As literature becomes more and more a means of vital communication, we are compelled to recognize life itself, in all its embodiments, as reality, as a creative art, worthy of the service of the highest order of genius.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

Starch and Gasolene

BY WALLACE IRWIN

WE live in New York. We have an unsettled income of $20,000 a year—irritating sum which makes us appear very rich to the very poor and very poor to the very rich. Being in competition with Manhattan's three or four million social climbers, we spend a large share of our genius in concealing our disgraceful poverty. Fortunately, my beautiful wife Andalusia has the knack of making a forty-dollar noise with a twenty-dollar hat. But what avails our penny popgun against the surrounding dissonance of Mammon's artillery?

Of course, as we are too proud to reside in the slums, it is our civic duty to spend $2,000 a year more for rent than we can afford. Our dinners are sketchy imitations of the Feast of Lucullus, and when we dine with friends we give a general effect of fabulous wealth—at least to those who do not know our business rating or where we get our clothes. We have not met the Grand Lama of New York Society, but we are known and recognized by four head-waiters, two of whom we call by their first names.

In a word, we live beyond our means, dress beyond our taste, eat beyond our appetite, and entertain beyond our capacity for friendship. Otherwise we would live in Brooklyn.

Two years ago common decency demanded that I should buy an automobile. I availed myself of a chance to get a slightly used high-class car for $2,500—a bargain. This was considerably more than we could afford; but as the car was practically new, we were able to pass it off as costing twice the amount. This would be considered a wicked fib in Columbus, Ohio. But you must remember, we live in New York.

The car had always been a great comfort to me and my wife. Promptly at half-past nine in the morning it would draw up against the curb before my Riverside Drive home. That machine was to me the embodiment of power. I looked upon it as proud Louis must have looked upon the throne of France. With it I was a King, without it I was a Thing. How it stood, awaiting my pleasure, in the morning sunshine! Bright shone its glory of magenta paint and golden trimmings. As a preliminary to my regular morning appearance, Rasmussen, my chauffeur, would open the hood of the mechanical monster and gaze fixedly down into its mechanical brain; then he would close the hood

WITH DESPERATE AGILITY I LEAPED OVER THE REAR DOOR AND HEADED THE OLD MAN OFF

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again and stand attention. Dramatic pause. A splendid being (myself) would appear at the door, dressed in the garments of the season. Almost languidly I would descend the steps and deposit myself among the vast leather cushions. Then, amidst a halo of smoke and a glory of honks, we would bowl along in the general direction of Wall Street. Thus daily I sat enthroned, appearing every inch the millionaire that I wasn't.

I am sure the car increased our credit. In the aristocracy of Rome there was a predatory class called Knights, or *Equites*, its members thus distinguished because they were each able to afford one or more horses. Why should we not establish in modern America a knightly caste to be called *Motorites*, composed of persons able to afford one or more horse-power? There could be various degrees of this gasolene chivalry from the *petite noblesse* who travel on one cylinder to the great Lords of the Limousine. For an automobile class we certainly have. Let him who would deny this go as far as he likes.

Well, a crisis walked into our happy, abnormal lives one day. It knocked at a directors' meeting where I was presiding in the absence of the president. You see, I am an officer in the Trans-Universal Starch Co. Our affairs up to that fatal morning had been enjoyably precarious. We had been living for months on the hope that Mr. Leonidas Hay, an eccentric manufacturer of rotary mops, would invest in 100,000 shares of our capital stock. Mr. Hay, who is very deaf, mistook one of our treasurer's compliments for an insult, flew into a rage, and stamped away with the announcement that he had decided to invest his million in the Colossal Starch Combine, our rival. Thus lay our business, crippled and moaning at our feet. Liabilities like hungry giants were devouring our trembling little assets, while dividends, like wicked fairies, were turning into assessments. There was an immediate cut of 30 per cent. on all our salaries. It was imperative that each of us should raise a few thousand dollars to tide over a bad six months.

Next morning, as we sat in our near-Jacobean breakfast-room, I explained it all to my loving, tactful wife.

"Do you mean, Armand, that we've got to live on *less* than we've got?" she hissed.

"Andalusia," I said, "you can help me to meet this crisis like the dear, brave little woman that you are. We've got to sell something."

"We have a Murillo and two or three Corots," she said. "We might get rid of them."

"They wouldn't bring us in anything. They're fakes."

"You should have known that when you bought them," said Andalusia, with fine candor. "They cost us seventy-five dollars apiece."

"We'll have to raise money on something more valuable than that," I hinted, darkly.

"Armand," whispered my pallid wife, "you don't mean the—"

"Yes—the car. The car must go up for sale right away."

I buried my face in my hands. Nothing but Andalusia's measured sobbing could be heard for a few moments. In times of deep loss it is best to let grief have its way.

"After all," said Andalusia at last, in such a voice as Joan might have used before her wicked judges—"after all, taxis aren't so horrid as they might be; they jolt fearfully, and I don't think any one's life is safe in one—but otherwise we can learn to endure them."

"After all, a big car is rather clumsy in town," said I.

"Yes," agreed Andalusia. "Of course, taxis are only used by mere nobodies or people who are so rich they don't care. Nearly all of them splash grease and oil—I mean the taxis. Maybe we can give up going anywhere—or, if we go, maybe we can dash slyly in and out of places so that people won't notice what sort of horrid machines we come in."

"That's my brave little girl!" I cried, clasping her in my arms. "I *knew* you'd take our reverses in the proper spirit."

So I drove splendidly down to the financial district, sitting wretchedly upright in my car. Perhaps this would be my last ride in my own equipage. I resolved to sell it at once and have it over with. I easily understood how hard it was for Andalusia. Our removal from the smart set of a small suburban town to the society of the metropolis had necessitated our making superhuman efforts to keep up with incomes vastly beyond our own. Success was just beginning to crown our four years' struggle. Only this winter we had met friends who were in a position to introduce us, after a decent delay, to one of the directors of New York's greatest bank. Great social and financial careers have depended on less than this. And at this dramatic point in our lives our chariot of fame, our motor-car, must fail us, punctured, as it were, on the very Speedway of Achievement.

I worked dully that morning, from minute to minute putting off the distressing moment when I must telephone my chauffeur to put my automobile in a sales-house and resign his post forever. It seemed, somehow, like murder, or like strangling my younger brother to oblige a board of directors. Then,

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in order to enrage myself to the killing-point, I consulted a private monthly motor expense account which I kept in a memorandum-book.

With the alarming figures that it disclosed in mind, I was willing to commit any cruelty. Almost blithely I reached for the telephone receiver to give the word, when the bell rang.

"Hello! Is that you, Armand?" came a dear, familiar voice over the wire. "This is Andalusia."

"Yes, darling."

"Have you—have you sold it yet?"

"No. Not yet."

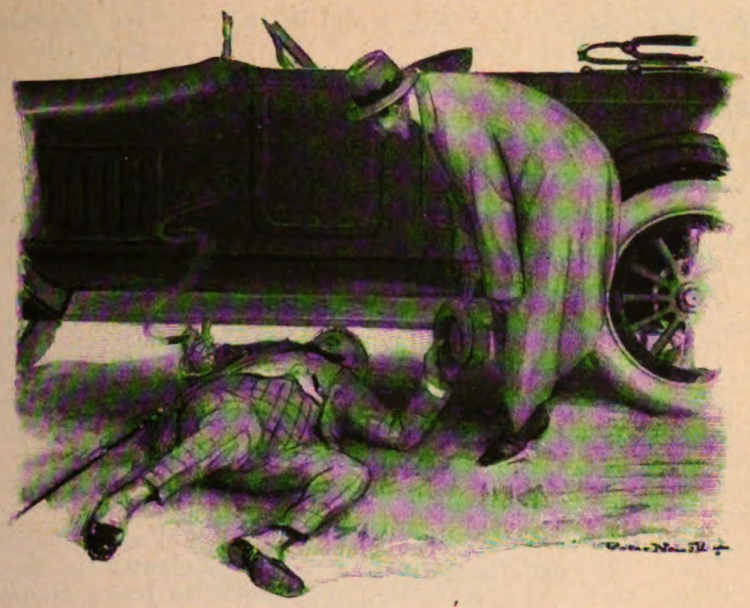
A sigh.

"To tell you the truth, I've been so busy this morning—a thousand things—that I almost forgot about the car." I didn't want Andalusia to know how seriously I was taking the affair.

"I'm so glad! You mustn't sell it—not for two or three days. I've simply *got* to have it. They're going to play bridge at Mrs. Buchanan's this afternoon. I promised to pick up Nellie Dolliver on the way over—and you know what she'd say if I appeared with a taxi. I might tell her the car was out of order, but *everybody* suspects you of being bankrupt in these hard times. And you know Nellie Dolliver. She's poor as dirt, but she's related to half the money in New York. And you know how particular people like that get. Then, to-morrow night the Robinsons are going with us to "Thaïs" and supper afterward at the Ritz—of course I could have them take us over in their car—but to have Dollie Robinson look at me inquiringly with her oyster-colored eyes is *one* humiliation I think I can't stand in my present nervous state. Thursday there's a luncheon at the Anti-Suffrage Club. I must have the car then, because I'm on the tableau committee with Mrs. John Smith. Why must I have the car? Why, Mrs. Smith was Consuela Van Osterweeval—you must know. And then in the evening, you remember—"

"But, precious," I protested. "At this rate we'll never be able—"

"Oh, very well," said Andalusia, coldly. "After I've sacrificed everything in letting you sell the car, you won't do me the slightest little favor."



HE CRAWLED UNDER THE CAR TO SEE HOW IT WAS BUILT

I surrendered. What else could I do? I was no dull clod, deaf to the anguish of the world's most beautiful woman. Also, I liked the idea of owning an automobile for three days longer.

But three days lengthened into three weeks. I never saw such a brilliant list of showy social engagements as seemed to inundate us from all sides. Right and left we were asked to places where to appear without our private equipage would be like attending the opera wearing blue pajamas. We were drawn to dinners, we were dragged to teas, we were forced into accepting week-end invitations to country houses where automobiles comprised the wit and wisdom of hourly conversation. It all came at once.

Down at the office there was an almost daily call for my assessment. I was not doing the square thing by them—they knew it and I knew it. Everybody had come nobly forward with money with the exception of me. I staved them off with daily promises of selling my car. I despised myself. Also creditors were beginning to yawp around my Riverside Drive home with threats to sell my houseful of antiques—most of which were bogus.

I saw Carbon & Coggs, automobile sales agents. They found me a client, and I made an engagement to bring my car around on a Friday afternoon. The faithful Rasmussen was waiting with the machine in front of my office at two o'clock on that day. With heavy heart I told him to drive around to Carbon & Coggs's. They told me their man wanted my car very much. I was dreadfully

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sure he would take it. This would be the last act of my vain show.

Just as Rasmussen had turned over the engine and I was settling back in the tonneau, a fat, gopher-faced old man passed less than a yard from where I sat. It was Leonidas Hay, the eccentric magnate whose surly humor had crippled our firm. With desperate agility I leaped over the rear door and headed the old man off.

"Good morning, Mr. Hay!" I shouted in his deaf ear.

"It's afternoon!" he grunted, with the courtesy of a wounded pig. He looked around, seemingly at a loss for further disagreeable observations. His glance finally settled on my automobile, and an expression distinctly resembling pleasure came into his face.

"That your automobile?" he asked.

"Yes," I shouted, "it's mine!"

"Huh! Where'd ye git it?"

"Bought it."

"Want to sell it?" inquired Leonidas, poking the tires with his crooked stick.

"I might," I shrieked. "Of course it's a very fine French car, and—"

"I 'ain't got anything to do for a couple of hours," said Mr. Hay, in his deafness apparently taking my explanation for an invitation of some kind. "I'm willin' to drive around with you for a bit."

I almost dragged the peculiar financier into the car. If I pride myself on anything it is on my fine business instinct. I saw here a chance to make a two-bird killing. I could sell my car at a profit and talk the old man into the Trans-Universal Starch Co. again.

"Go out on the Pelham Road," I said to Rasmussen. I bristled with arguments, but Leonidas quelled me with a monologue. He had the psychology of a frog. Approach him, and he mopes forever under a stone. But let him once start croaking and there's no power in heaven and earth that can stop his song. He had come to New York with Mrs. Hay for a few days on business. He was overworked. The doctors had told him to buy an automobile and get more air. He hated automobiles on general principles, but this one seemed to be fairly decent. He hadn't anything to do to-morrow and wished to goodness he had a chance to spend all day in the woods somewhere.

"Come with us!" I yelled. "I know a little French inn in the wilds of Jersey. We always go there for lunch on Saturday. You and Mrs. Hay come and make a day of it with us."

When I reached home that night, Andalusia, palely calm, greeted me with the usual question:

"Have you sold it?"

"We are going to use it to-morrow for positively the last time," I said. "We're going to have an all-day's tour through the Jersey woods."

"How jolly!" tinkled Andalusia.

"Yes," I said. "We're going to take as passengers an eccentric couple, both over seventy years of age. He's deaf—and Lord knows what's the matter with her."

"Well, what on earth did you ask *them* for?"

"Well, you see it's Mr. and Mrs. Hay, of the Princess Mop Company. It's absolutely necessary for me to get him alone and have a talk with him about Trans-Universal Starch. So you see we can't very well put the car up to-morrow."

"Armand, you're a coward!" said Andalusia.

Poor woman! In her mind she had firmly planted the idea that I was taking the Hays to Jersey merely as a pretext to hang on to the car a little longer.

As I have said, I am essentially a business man. Strategic position is everything to me. Leonidas Hay is one of those deaf people who hear very well in a moving vehicle. With the crisp morning air blowing in his face, and seated next to me where escape was impossible, I unmercifully peppered him with the commercial advantages of Trans-Universal. With the directness of a general and the glamour of a poet I pictured to him our marvelous process for extracting starch from banana-peel. I was racy as Kipling and profound as Herbert Spencer. Along the path of inevitable logic I led him up to the very gates of the Trans-Universal Starch Co., destined to make the collars of humanity stiffer and whiter through countless generations. Finally I explained to him in a hundred pungent sentences how money spent on the Colossal Starch Combine would be as chaff scattered before screaming gulls.

I argued with all the inspiration of despair and natural eloquence. But the harder I pleaded for Trans-Universal Starch the more intent became Leonidas Hay on the sale value of my car. He wanted to know if I'd let the machine go for $3,500 and throw in four extra tires. He wanted to know how fast it would go and how many miles it had covered in the last year. When I promised him that the Trans-Universal plant could produce starch at fifty per cent. the present cost price, he answered me by asking if I thought a chain-car would stand more wear and tear than the shaft-driven style. Presently my eloquence grew less. I was developing a sore throat.

We had lunch at the little Nyack restaurant. Under the influence of warm, red Chianti I talked starch, Leonidas talked car,

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and the ladies talked styles. After lunch, while we were preparing for the homeward run, old Hay insisted on going out under the shed and taking another look at my automobile. He was apparently falling a prey to automania. The gasolene had entered his soul, and he could think of nothing else. He crawled under the car to see how it was built; he peeked into the hood, tunked the tires, and had Rasmussen crank her up to see how it was done. Then he stood off at a distance and simply gazed, wrapt in thought.

Suddenly he straightened up, walked over to me and said: "Mr. Whittlebush, I have been thinkin' over that Universal Starch proposition. I think more'n half you said to-day is right. Say, I'll be at your office to-morrow mornin' at eleven—and if your officers will meet me there, I'll be willin' to subscribe to them 100,000 shares originally considered."

It's a bad rule in love and business to show premature elation, but I fear my mustache trembled as I answered. Mr. Hay's sudden decision to come in with his money meant everything to me and my wife. My salary would be raised—we could keep the car, or buy a newer model. We were several notches higher in New York's social mountain climbing.

I didn't have an opportunity to tell Andalusia the good news on the way home; but I managed to give her hand, under the lap-robes, the 3-2-5 squeeze, which is the code-signal, "All right ahead!"

"I WISH YOU WOULDN'T TAKE EVERYTHING I SAID THIS AFTERNOON IN EARNEST"

As we let the Hays off at their hotel the old gentleman paused.

"I wish you wouldn't take everything I said this afternoon in earnest," he began.

My heart hit shoe-leather.

"I guess I sort o' led you to believe I wanted to buy your automobile," he went on. "But I don't think I'll want it, after all. It's a nice enough machine, but I don't like 'em. To tell you the truth, I only pretended to like your machine as an excuse for another chance to talk over that Trans-Universal Starch business with you."

"Don't apologize," said I. My motor whizzed away toward Riverside Drive like a soul released from Purgatory.

The Sonnet

BY W. T. LARNED

WHAT is a sonnet?—If I had my fling
I'd say that, first of all, it is a filler
Set in the space where Smith's continuous thriller
Does not disclose the crime against the king.
It's generally written in the spring,
In summer, fall, and when the season's chiller.
Petrarca (Lowell called him lady-killer)
Was first to patronize the pretty thing.
Ends the octette. Now for the minor part.
Shakespeare preferred the English form, but mine's
Italian. Who's wedded to his art
Labors for love (not coin) until the kine's
Come home. A quart should always be—a quart.
Poeta fit: I've filled the fourteen lines.

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"*Is that your son?*"
"*Which one?*"

The Servant Question

ASHLEY entered the employment agency office hurriedly, barely pausing to wipe the perspiration from his brow.

"Have you a cook who will go to the country?" he questioned, anxiously.

The manager turned and opened a door leading into the adjoining room, and called out, "Is there anybody here who would like to spend a day in the country?"

Interrupted Worship

"*Grandpa, would you like to hear our football yell?*"

Not an Entomological Text-Book

A YOUNG naturalist of Peoria, Illinois, was very much interested in moths. His father encouraged the lad's studies and advised him to go to the public library and there consult authorities. Several days later the father asked how he was progressing.

"Fine," answered the son. "The authorities have helped me very much, but there's one book that I cannot make head or tail of—"

"What book is that?"

"The title is *Advice to Young Mothers*."

A Pertinent Inquiry

THE sad-looking man at the corner table had been waiting a long time for his order. Finally his waiter approached and, with a flourish, said:

"Your fish will be coming in a minute or two now, sir."

The sad man looked interested. "Tell me," he said, "what bait are you using?"

The City Child

LITTLE Louisa, who was paying her first visit to the farm, came running into the house one morning excitedly, and exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma, grandpa's out in the barn *huskin' a hen!*"

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A Misunderstood Figure

THE conversation among her parents and others having turned upon ages, little Frances became very attentive.

"I know how old you are, mother dear!" she exclaimed. "I heard you tell a lady where we were stopping in New York—you didn't know her very well, either—"

"When was that, darling?" the fond parent questioned, feeling a flush mount to her brow.

"When you bought that very dress you have on," Frances replied; "I heard you say to the lady, 'I'm thirty-eight. Show me something pretty in blue.'"

Great Provocation

MR. WOOD was the kind of man always asking obvious questions. The other morning he was passing the home of an acquaintance and stopped in astonishment. In front of the house were two large moving-vans. The lawn was strewn with furniture, pictures, etc. Mr. Morse, the owner, appeared, grimy, weary, and ill-tempered.

"Hello, Morse!" cried Wood. "Are you moving?"

"Not at all," snapped Morse. "I'm just taking my furniture out for a ride."

Motor Expression—"A One Man Top"

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WIFE (from the country): "*Don't shake hands with him, William; it might be a scheme to git your wallet!*"

Not Far Wrong

JAMES was halting and stammering his way through a Latin translation, and the teacher was deftly trying to assist his laggard memory. "Sinister" was the word she wanted.

"Come, come, James," she urged. "You know the Latin for 'left,' surely?"

James scratched his head for a moment, then looked up triumphantly. "Spinster," he offered.

Paid In Full

DONALD and four grown-up relatives attended divine service one Sunday morning. Donald selected the aisle seat, and when the contribution-plate was passed deposited in it the combined offerings of his family. The vestryman, not realizing this, moved as though to pass the plate to the others in the pew, when he was arrested by a highly pitched, distinctly audible stage whisper announcing:

"I paid for five."

The Prayer of the Righteous

LOUISE was naughty all day, while Margaret's conduct was most upright.

At bedtime the mother said to Margaret, "You were such a comfort to me to-day when Louise was so trying."

Margaret at once dropped upon her knees and prayed, "O Lord, bless Louise and make her as good as me—if you *can*."

To Silvia

MANY maidens have I known,
Maids of varied shapes and sizes—
Some of brawn and some of bone:
Sadies, Charlottes, Janes, and 'Lizas.
Some had looks; some were not blest;
Some were stupid; some were witty—
But not one would let me rest
Till I wrote for her a ditty.

Take it from a bard who knows:
Hard his lot who likes the ladies
If he does not stick to prose! . . .
I supplied the Janes and Sadies
With the poems they would ask—
But I thought some thoughts satiric:
Fervently I cursed my task
And the subject of each lyric.

Long the path that never ends;
Long the lane without a turning.
It's some time that we've been friends,
Yet you've not expressed a yearning
For a poem that would praise
You, and tell how you delight one.
Though you claim to like my lays,
You have not asked me to write one.

Lady, that is not a bar.
When I find a sweet and pretty
Maid and clever—which you are—
I can't help but write a ditty
To her. Lady, take this song
As it's meant: It is not merely
That I want to get in strong,
But a tribute paid sincerely.

MORRIE RYSKIND.

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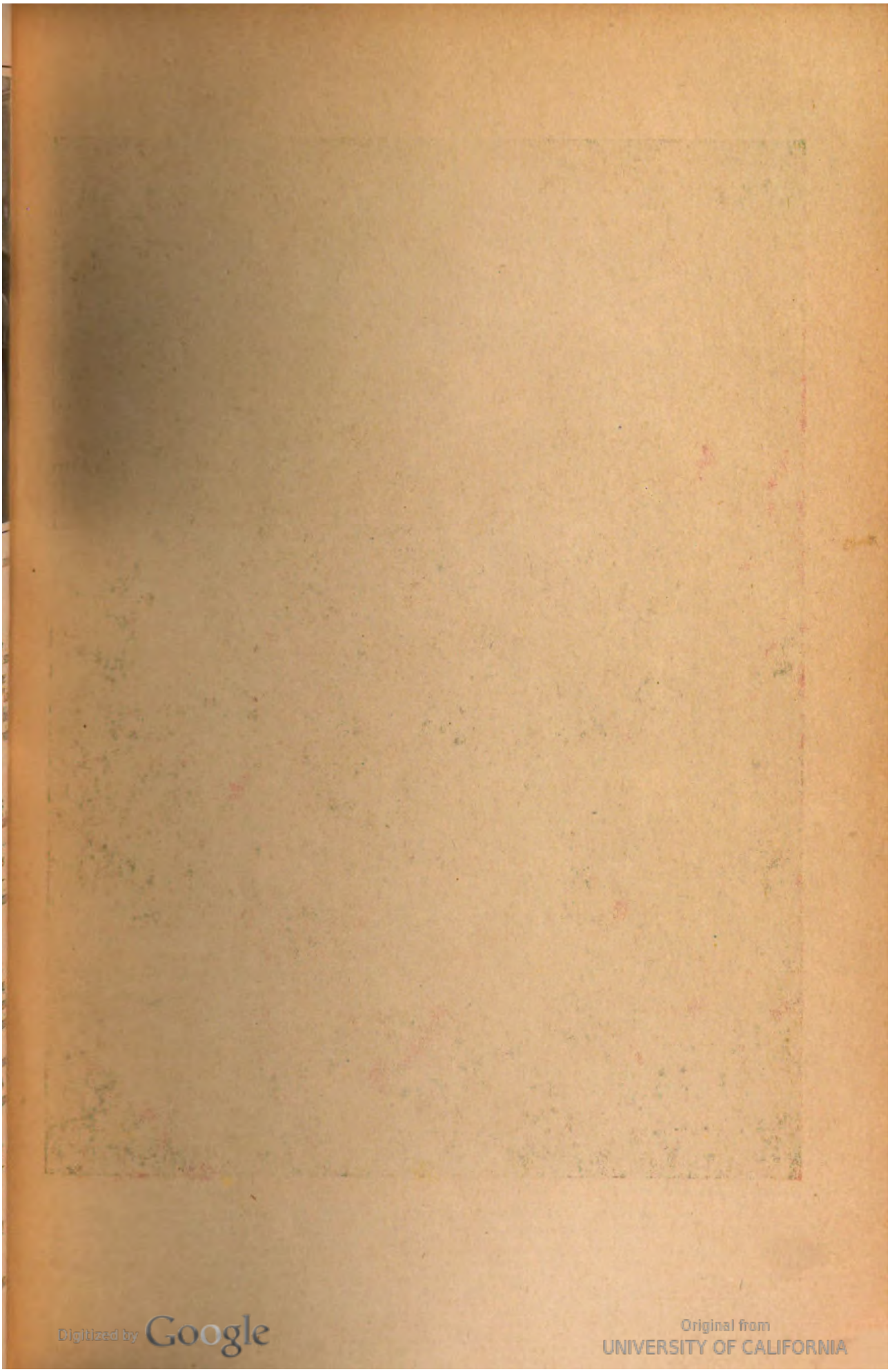

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Painting by C. E. Chambers Illustration for "Dare's Gift"

THE OLD WORLD CHARM OF THE SCENE HELD ME CAPTIVE

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXIV FEBRUARY, 1917 No. DCCCI

My Two Visits to Verdun

BY WALTER HALE

I

AS we circled half-way around the courtyard of the Grand Hotel at Metz our arrival was heralded by a loud ringing of bells. So imposing an array of uniformed porters and flunkies answered the summons that our dusty and bedraggled selves were dismayed. We felt out of place in such ostentatious surroundings. Without stopping, we continued the circle around the courtyard and drove to a less pretentious inn down the street.

We had motored far that day. We had come from Heilbronn, on the Neckar River in Würtemberg. Our course at first had carried us through a pastoral country of rare beauty, a landscape of vineyards and orchards and old-fashioned gardens. Leaving Heidelberg, the smiling landscape gave way to the factories and chimneys of Mannheim. We crossed the Rhine and headed westward over the road that had carried Bismarck's legions to the battlefields of the Franco-Prussian War. The smoky and ill-favored towns of Rhenish Bavaria followed—Kaiser-slautern, Saarbrucken, and Saarlonis. At Metz, the lace-like spires of whose cathedral beckoned to us from a distance, the streets were filled with soldiers and we felt that we had reached—as indeed we had—a war zone. This was on July 29, 1910. Even in peace times the garrison of Metz comprised the finest troops in the German army.

Verdun, the end of our long day's journey, lay distant some forty miles. The sun was nearing the horizon as we swept out of Metz, and I pointed the nose of my motor straight toward its blood-red disk. The highway cut through the battlefield of Gravelotte and then through Rezonville, where, in place of the charging dragoons of de Neuville's picture, a company of cyclists were pedaling out of the west, their figures silhouetted against the light. The great plain of the Woevre opened up, and in the peaceful lull of the evening, the thought that war could ever again lay waste this wide expanse seemed incomprehensible.

At Mars le Tour we passed the German frontier, and after crossing the neutral zone, the custom-house at Manheulles welcomed us into France. At Haudiomont the plain ended in the gentle rise of the now famous Côtes de Meuse. At Fort du Rozellier we came in touch with the first of the forts encircling Verdun. Peaceful enough it looked, its grassy parapets no more formidable from a distance than bunkers on a golf-course.

As we rolled over the top of the rise the glint of the Meuse shone through the trees. On one side was Fort Haudamville, and to the north—lying one beyond the other on the velvety slopes—were Belrupt, St.-Michel, and the Souville redoubt. Directly ahead the towers of the cathedral of Verdun stood out on the heights above the housetops, their black outlines cutting sharply against the afterglow in the sky beyond.

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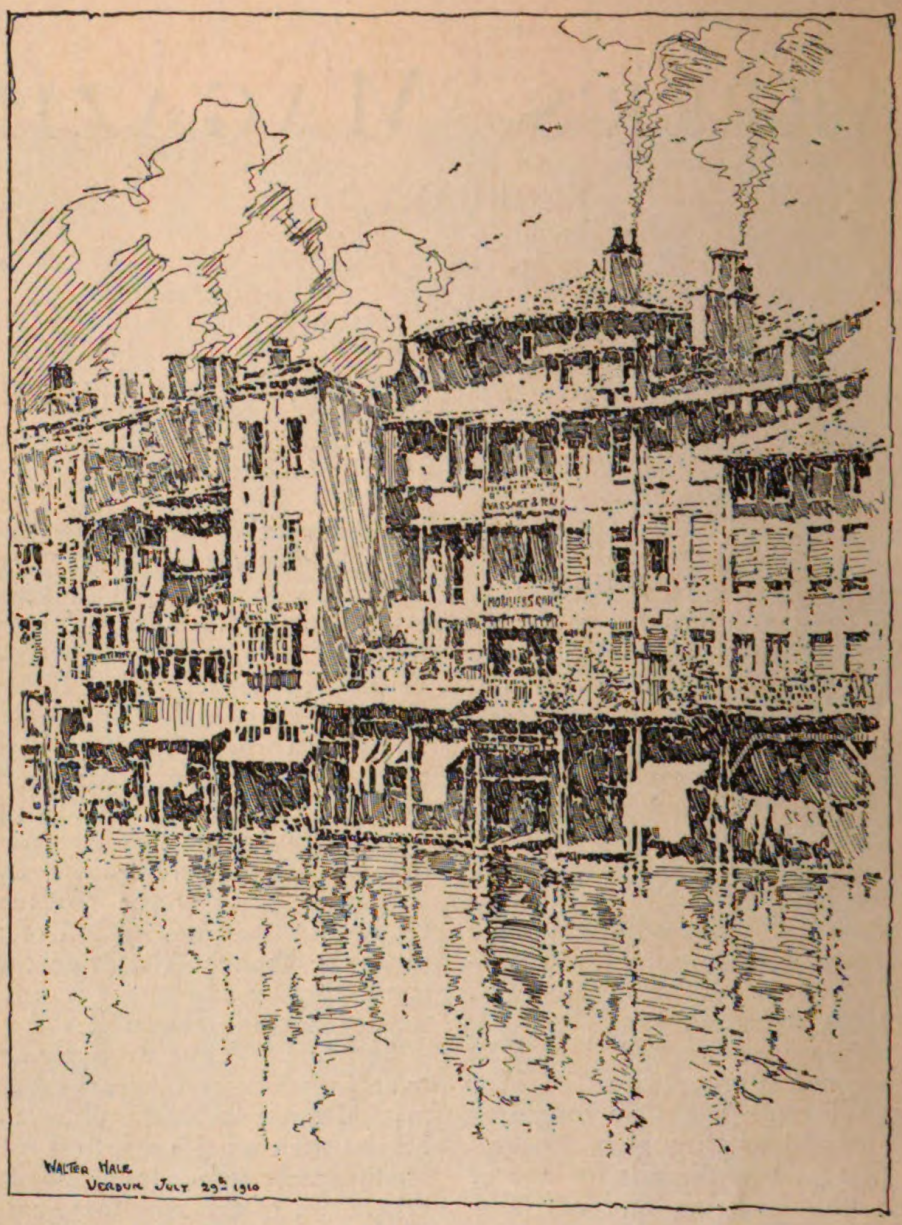

THE "LITTLE VENICE" ON THE MEUSE AT VERDUN
From a sketch made in 1910

Before the fearful cataclysm that has swept it since, this first impression of Verdun is a hazy memory. Indistinctly I recollect the little Hôtel des Trois Maures, at which we stopped, the quayside whereon I sat and sketched the interesting old houses across the river, the somnolent fisherman on the bridge who watched me at my work, and the American motorist who helped me repair a recalcitrant stand-pipe in my engine. More vividly I recall the sudden appearance of my wife and the lady illustrator, our guest, as the motorist and I were indulging surreptitiously in *apéritifs* at the café in the Place Chevert.

In the evening we followed the riverbank down to the Porte Chaussée. We wandered through the picturesque streets and the region of old shops about the Place d'Armes and in the morning drove past the great gate of the citadel—again shaping our course westward.

All this occurred before the great war—to be exact, six years before Verdun became the center of the most desperate offensive the Germans have launched in their effort to break through to Paris.

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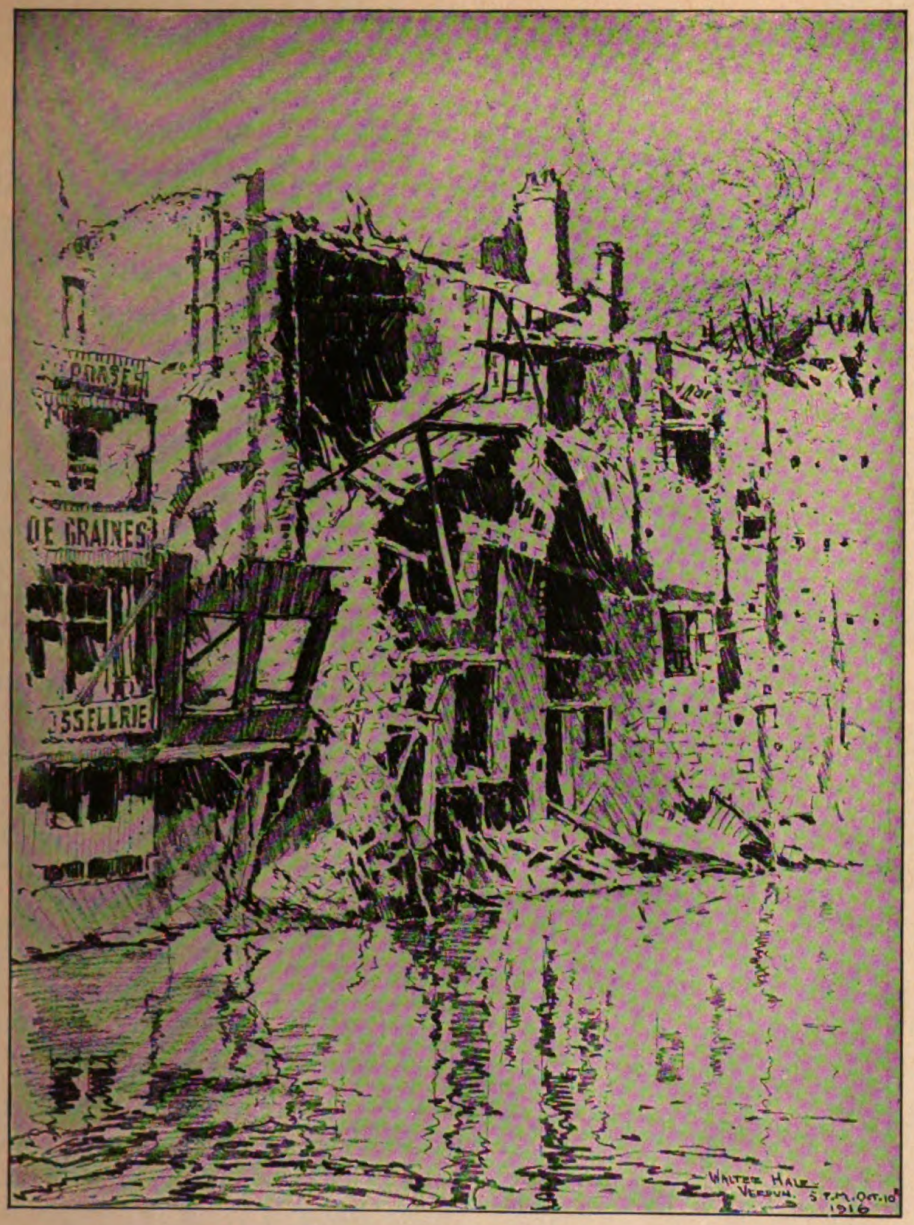

"LITTLE VENICE" SHELL-DEVASTATED, AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY

II

A clear gusty sky and a golden early morning glow over the deserted streets sped me out of Paris on my second visit to Verdun. It was a far different mission upon which I was bent. I was going to a town that has risen above its peaceful, commonplace existence of a few years ago and become a symbol for all that is heroic and self-sacrificing in the greatest disaster that has befallen mankind. Our expedition on this occasion comprised the private motor of the Director-General of the American Relief Clearing-House in Paris and a second car carrying Lieutenant C— of the *Section Cinéma* of the French Army and his assistants. With the approval of the General Staff, our object was to make certain motion pictures of the devastated district of Verdun, to be used in furthering relief-work in America.

A cold mid-October wind swept us across the wide-open spaces of the Champagne district. It gave way to a drizzle as we left behind one by one the battle-fields of the Marne - Sézanne, Fère Champenoise, Vitry-le-François. The blanket of mist enveloped us completely as we drove on toward Bar-le-

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Duc, and held us in its embrace until we reached our journey's end. The filmy curtain lifted from time to time long enough to disclose evidences of unusual military activity in the small towns through which we passed. Long trains were pulling into small stations,

AMONG THE RUINED SHOPS OF RUE ST. PIERRE

battalions and regiments of reserves were piling out of the carriages or were being herded into inclosures or were loading themselves into mud-stained *camions* pulled up in long lines close to the depot platforms. Heavy equipment of all kinds—knapsacks, *mitrailleuses*, metal gun-screens, cook-stoves—was being thrown into other trucks. Ammunition-carts and Red Cross ambulances were receiving supplies at a distributing-station. Again, we overtook commissary-carts on the road, or batteries of artillery, or soldiers in motor-trucks, and occasionally reserves on a practice hike who sloshed through the mud at the roadside. All seemed to be headed in the same direction. On this rainy Sunday evening some one appeared to have touched a button that had set into motion all the complicated machinery that is the mainstay of an army in the field. No one worked feverishly; it was all done with the quiet, efficient haste of long experience.

I went out into the streets of Bar-le-Duc before dinner. There is no blackness so uncompromising as the blackness of the French towns in the war zone after nightfall. Out of the inky pall figures in uniform appeared, took shape, and then faded away. On a siding near the railway station a few lights concealed from above by shades showed through the mist. I stood near the siding in the rain. Artillerymen were preparing the runways for a battery of "75's" that had just arrived on flat-cars. The nose of each gun leaned over the breech of the one ahead, like the bristling quills of a porcupine.

Shortly after we sat down to dinner a tall, good-looking aviator entered. He stopped to speak with a boyish officer at an adjoining table. Both wore the becoming dark-blue uniform of the Flying Corps. When I had last seen the tall man he was training for his fight with Bombardier Wells. It was Georges Carpentier, the pugilist. It was, however, the personality of the youngster he addressed that stood out in this roomful of older officers, many of them men

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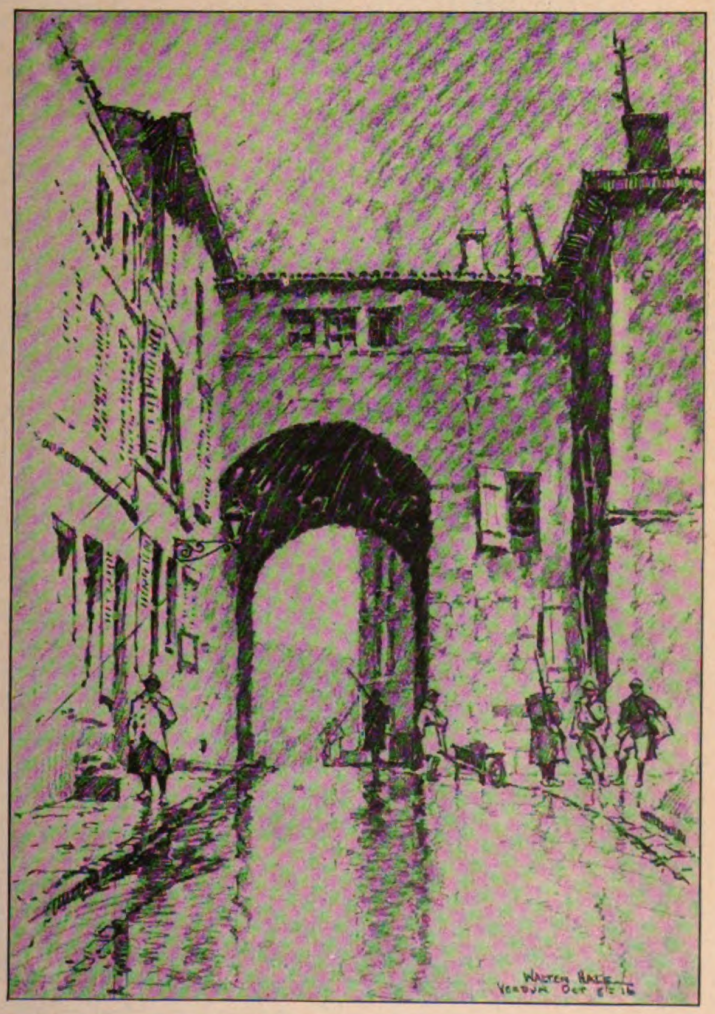
whose service stripes indicated their long experience. Nineteen at the outside would have been the age of this lad. He was rosy-cheeked and alert with the springs of youth. On his breast he wore the Legion of Honor, the Military Medal, and the Cross of War. Any of these is considered reward enough for a soldier. But at an age when most of our boys are just entering college he had won the highest three honors it is in the power of his country to grant. He exemplified the spirit of the new France. He was one of that vast army that has helped to make sacred the weary kilometers of the road from Bar-le-Duc to Verdun.

Early morning found us on the Voie Sacré. This was the road over which the young blood of France, high in hope and full of splendid courage, had marched or rode to the front at the time the German offensive commenced in February. It was over the Voie Sacré that the gallant Twentieth Corps—the *corps d'attaque*—that has been used as the driving-wedge in every big assault since the Marne—was rushed to check the Crown Prince's army at Fort Douaumont. This was the road over which, night and day, a steady trail of motor-trucks passed like a series of never-ending freight-trains during the early weeks of the German thrust at Paris through Verdun.

Through the mist that clung above the slopes on either side I could, to an extent, envisage the Voie Sacré as I had dreamed of it. Here was the long succession of troops and trucks, the jumble of close-following carts, the jangle of artillery harness as the heavy guns lumbered forward, and the weaving of flying officers' cars through the openings that suddenly appeared in the endless procession. Into this tangled caravan our small entourage threw itself and was swept with it on to a small village.

In this little village were the headquarters of the Army of Verdun. We found General Nivelle, its present commander, at home. We not only found him at home, but heard the order to go forward over the telephone that was to make us the guests of the garrison in the citadel. In the light of later events his farewell to us was significant. He said that his army had had its bitter struggles, but that its turn was soon coming. With this prediction in our minds we swept on in the direction of Verdun.

Colonel Buneau-Varilla—one of the engineers of the French Panama Canal, and now in charge of the system of aqueducts that supplies a million gal-



AN ANCIENT GATEWAY—THE PORTE CHÂTEL

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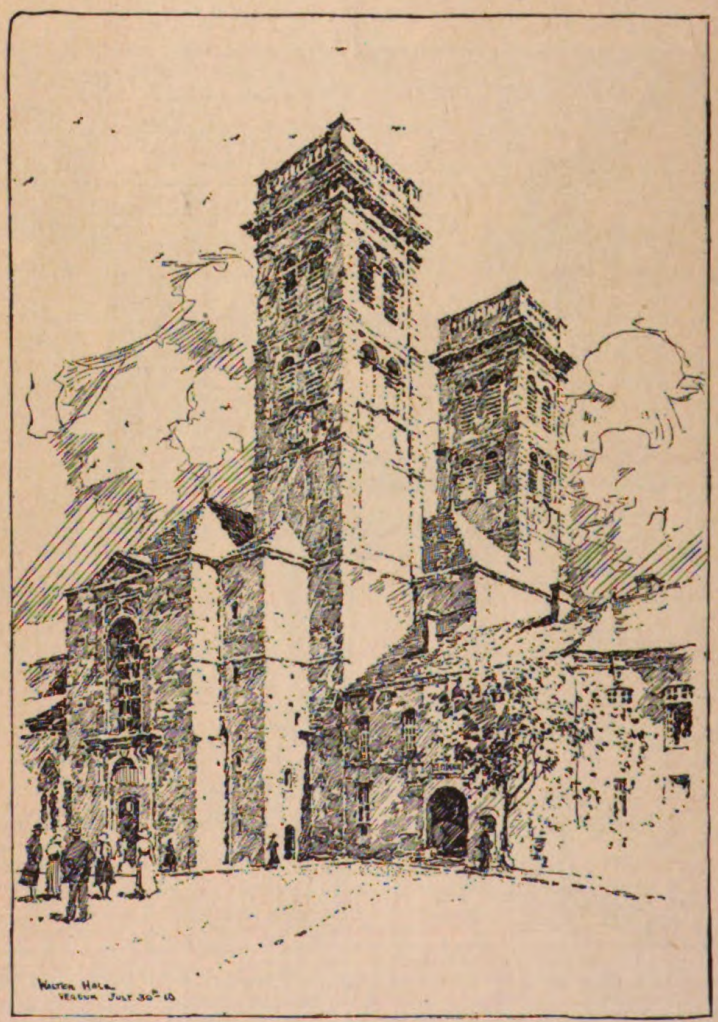
lons of water daily to the Verdun army —had been added to our expedition. To his presence was due the constant ceremonial that marked our onward progress. One respectful salute came from an unexpected source. It came from a squad of German prisoners. They were marching in double column and were mud-stained and weary. As they passed us a voice from their midst gave the command, "Augen links!" and with some eighty eyes fixed at us steadily, we breezed ahead. Their tattered uniforms were faded to a butternut gray, a few wore the skull-cap with a red band, others the new German trench helmet that is shaped like a mediæval casque. They looked thin and poorly nourished, and from the dead look in their faces, "kultur" seemed to have drilled the souls out of them.

Soon after leaving headquarters we were halted by a sentry. German artillery had been active over the road ahead during the night, he said, and we were advised to take the fork to the right. As if to emphasize this point, I heard the warning screech of an oncoming shell. We stood transfixed until it had hurtled overhead and blown a hole in the fields behind us—it was a high-explosive shell. Then we turned about and took the fork to the right.

Space is a wonderful protector in warfare. With the great expanse of the sky overhead and the wide, open country about him, man is only an atom. Following this theory, advanced by our colonel of engineers, stray shells are seldom dangerous and the innocent bystander is merely unfortunate who runs into one.



THE CATHEDRAL TOWERS AND GATEWAY OF THE SEMINARY
From a sketch made in 1910

The road we now followed to Verdun is more interesting than the more direct highway. We crossed the Meuse on pontoons and climbed up the heights on the right bank. The *contrôle* became more and more rigid as we advanced, and we were stopped constantly while our *laissez-passers* were examined. Our cars now followed a small country road that paralleled the river.

After we had turned away from its banks and breasted the heights above, another sentry stopped us. He stood beneath a storm shelter. Behind him was a background of flapping canvas. The canvas was tattered and punctured with shot-holes. It was hung on long poles and swept over the crest of the ridge as a blind to hide traffic passing on the main road beyond. The main road, after we had gained it,

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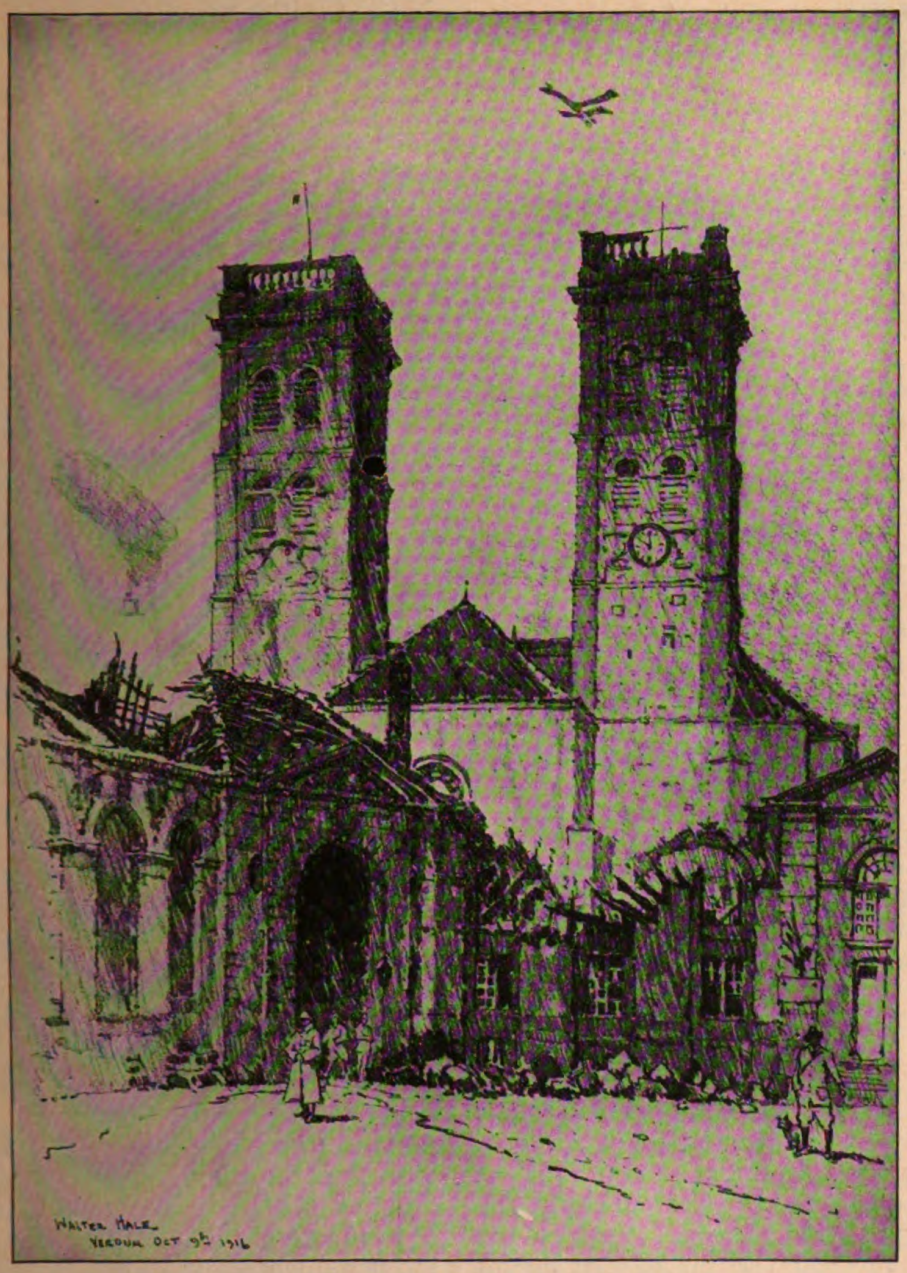

THE CATHEDRAL AS IT IS TO-DAY

became suddenly familiar. A weather-beaten sign of the Touring Club of France clung to a broken wall. The blue and white of its lettering were faded, but it told me that I was back on the highway that had carried me into Verdun six years before.

Since then the route to the east had undergone a tragic metamorphosis. The villages that lined it were heaps of blackened ruins—the trees that had hedged it in thrust their shredded stumps against the sky like a procession of mutilated sentinels. The long meadows that reached down to the river were furrowed with shells. From the grassy parapets of the near-by forts—Souville, St.-Michel, and Belleville—that had at one time reminded me of bunkers on a golf-course, occasional flashes of deep crimson marked a desultory bombardment of the invisible enemy still clinging shakily to Fort Douaumont.

It was high noon in mid-October. Across the skyline from east to west

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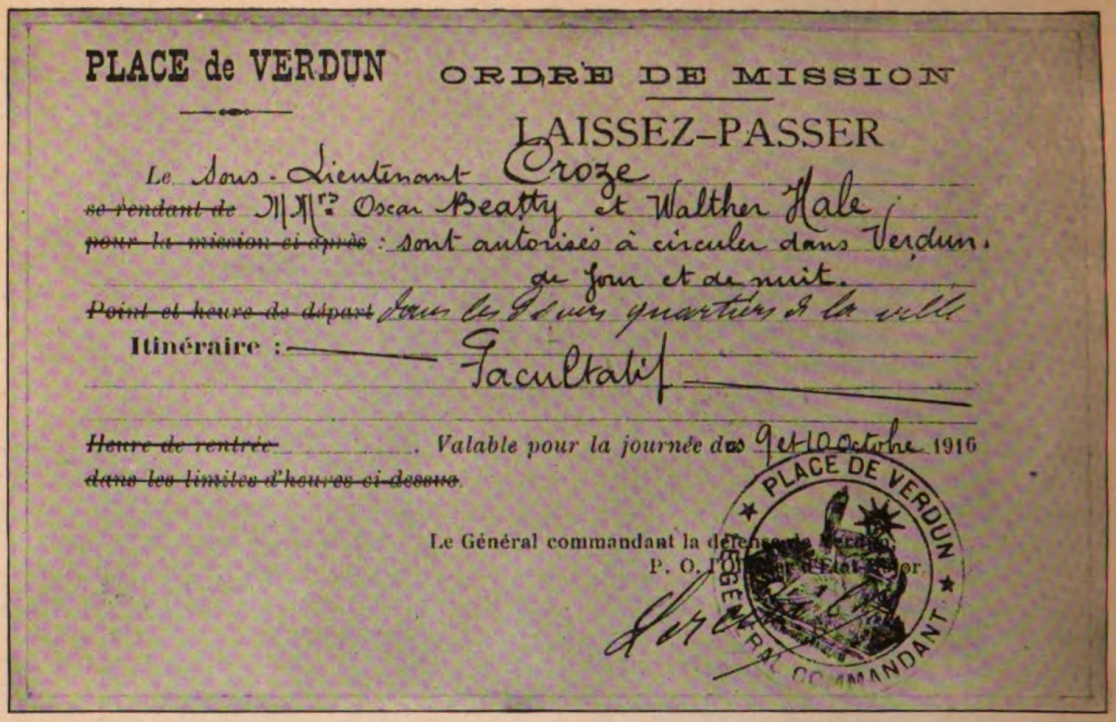

PLACE de VERDUN ORDRE DE MISSION

LAISSEZ-PASSER

Le Sous-Lieutenant Croze

~~se rendant de~~ M.M.rs Oscar Beatty et Walther Hale

~~pour la mission ci après~~ : sont autorisés à circuler dans Verdun, de jour et de nuit.

~~Point et heure de départ~~ dans les divers quartiers de la ville

Itinéraire : Facultatif

~~Heure de rentrée~~ . Valable pour la journée des 9 et 10 Octobre 1916

~~dans les limites d'heures ci-dessus~~

PLACE DE VERDUN

Le Général commandant la défense de Verdun

P. O. L'Officier d'Etat-Major

COMMANDANT

THE AUTHOR'S PASSPORT ISSUED BY THE COMMANDMANT AT VERDUN

hung suspended a long line of *saucisses*, or observation balloons. Ahead of us lay Verdun, somber and defiant, the twin cathedral towers standing against great banks of gray clouds piled up in the distance. Above the town a scouting airman hovered, then made away toward the enemy's lines toward the north. The road dipped us gently down to the river, but we did not gently follow it. There was an open space between raked by the German guns. This we rushed until we were safe behind the outer walls. As we rolled through the gates I recalled the placid evening of my earlier visit.

The Verdun of that day is dead. Its civil population has been long since evacuated, its business district had been reduced to a heap of rubble and toppling walls, and its deserted streets echo only the tread of marching soldiers or the reports of high-explosive shells. But while ruined houses, or houses partly ruined or shops with fractured shutters stare one in the face and the cathedral cloisters are full of jagged shell-holes, the town holds out serene and undaunted. It was in a reverent spirit that we threaded our way through its silent streets up to the entrance of the citadel.

We were late and the garrison was at luncheon. The officers' mess in Verdun might have been a mediæval banquet-hall. Below the salt—figuratively speaking—sat the junior officers on either side of a long table in a vaulted gallery. Overhead were draped the flags of the Allies. At the farther end was a smaller table set at right angles to the first. This was the table of the commandant and his staff. In the remote recesses beyond were the glowing fires of the kitchen, where shadowy forms bent over the ranges. A ventilating-shaft that ran up one hundred feet through the solid stone to the sky above carried away the smoke and the fumes of the cooking. It also served, at times, to apprise the garrison of the activities of the Boche gunners. During luncheon it echoed the heavy detonation of a 320-mm. shell that splintered the rock on the ramparts overhead. The reverberations of the explosion shook the stone-vaulted gallery like an earthquake.

They had scarcely died away before the commandant rose to propose a toast to his guests from overseas. His was the

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calm of a man accustomed for months to the noisy interruptions of the German artillery. He had all the easy self-possession of a toast-master at a New York banquet. He lifted his glass to us. In the simple speech that followed we were welcomed into the garrison family; we were made a part of it and lived its life. This unostentatious adoption of our two selves and their unfailing effort, in spite of their great responsibilities, to aid us in our mission is the most appealing remembrance I carry of my visit with the officers of the Army of Verdun.

When I was in Arras last September the Hôtel de Ville was in ruins and the demolition of the cathedral had been completed. The impression seems to be general that a similar state of devastation exists in Verdun. As a matter of fact, Verdun is over three miles away from Fort Douaumont, the nearest point held (at the time of my visit) by the enemy. The two towers of the cathedral still stand. From an architectural viewpoint they could have been more easily spared than the beautiful Gothic tower of the Hôtel de Ville at Arras. Verdun is only partially destroyed. Many of its houses are intact, with the walls marred only by the fragments of broken shells exploding in the streets. But its civil population has entirely disappeared and only men in uniform are seen within the gates.

On either side of the Rue de Ru, leading from the citadel to the center of the town, the houses are merely hollow and deserted. They are chipped with shell-holes, the shutters awry, the tiles on the roofs are broken, and the chimneys lean over the street at perilous angles. But the houses are not in ruins. Many of them could be rehabilitated without much effort. It is in the continuation of this street, the Rue Mazel, which ran through what was once the region of shops, that one finds an astonishing evidence of the accuracy of the German high-angle fire. Although their nearest heavy guns were back of the Côte de Poivre and the others at varying distances on the heights to the north, this district is segregated as completely as though it had been deftly cut out with a knife. On either side of the street, and in the Rue St.-Pierre, which bisects it, the buildings are completely gutted. There is nothing whatever left of them except heaps of rubble and piles of broken stone, with here and there the fragments of a wall or chimney. They are vanished, swept away. Yet the houses that encircle this weary waste are so slightly damaged that from a distance they seemed quite unharmed.

A climb up the steep hill by the Rue St.-Pierre and the street of the Beautiful Virgin—what a lonely and unlovely street it is now!—leads into the Place de la Madeleine. A parapet beyond the little square overlooks the gutted section of Verdun. It affords the best view of the target practice of the Crown Prince's artillery. It is a familiar position to which distinguished guests are taken and where they are frequently photographed. On this first afternoon the ruin below us was blurred by a blanket of mist. One of the forts on the hills beyond the river was in action, but the enemy's guns were silent.

It is at this point that my dog Toby edges his way into the narrative. Standing close to their quarters in the cellar of a deserted house were a squad of *poilus* fully equipped for trench duty. They were playing with my dog. The chief of the *Section Cinéma* wanted this touch of life as a contrast to the silent, ruined background beyond. But as the machine began to turn, an orange-and-white cat appeared on a window-sill that opened into a hollow interior whereof the roof had been swept away. The cat calmly licked her chops and gazed inscrutably at the gathering. Toby, suddenly discovering her presence, made a flying leap for the window-sill. The cat disappeared in the dust piles and heaps of brick with Toby in pursuit. Knowing of old how vain was my effort to control him under the circumstances, I made no move. Not so the *poilus*, a major of infantry, a captain of *chasseurs à pied*, and the Director-General of the Clearing-House. All joined in the chase. It led along the ramparts at a dizzy height above the town. Replying to the fort across the river, a German high explosive burst with considerable violence in the ruins beneath us.

To the cat, a Verdun veteran long inured to gun-fire, the explosion meant

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nothing. To Toby, a New-Yorker, it probably had no more significance than the familiar sound of a blast in the Subway excavation. Through the cloud of dust that rose from the débris the pursuit continued until he had treed the cat in a deserted garden. Then he returned, panting but triumphant, and allowed us to film him with his new-found playmates.

It is incredible that the cathedral of Verdun is so little damaged. Perched on its hilltop, it dominates the city and the silvery thread of the river below. For miles about the rolling country it stands out as a landmark. Though by night and day shells whistle by it, destined for the supply-trains on the roads that feed the Verdun sector, its outlines are intact. The railing that surmounts the tower on the right, as seen from the courtyard of the Bishop's Palace, has been partly blown away, and the façade is plentifully splintered with flying shell fragments. It would almost seem as though the Germans deliberately intended to spare the cathedral. Or else, which is more likely, they consider its destruction a waste of ammunition.

They have not been so considerate of the adjoining seminary and Bishop's Palace. Here we have the old monotonous story—roofs gone, arches crumbled, windows smashed, and the courtyard littered with broken stone. A Red Cross flag flew over the building closest to the cathedral. But a shell whipped it away and crushed down the roof over the patients beneath.

Our escort suddenly dove into a hole in the ground. We followed through a low, damp gallery and descended an interminable spiral stairway that carried us deeper and deeper into the bowels of the earth. Shortly after reaching the foot of it, clanging doors swung open and I found myself at the mouth of the gallery that led to my quarters. At dinner many of the staff-officers were late. From the reports brought in from time to time as we sat at table by mud-stained men fresh from the trenches indications pointed to a night of activity on both banks of the river. After coffee we walked out into the streets. Let it be understood that one only dives into underground tunnels from the ramparts above the citadel. From the entrance on the opposite side from the natural buttresses exposed to the German guns, one walks out on to the level of the lower town close to the western gate.

It was an inky night; a black pall of mist rose from the river and hung in the silent streets. There were no lights except from the great bakery where the loaves for eighty-seven thousand men were being made ready for the oven. As we stumbled forward I learned that our escort had been educated in England and at one time stroked a crew in the Henley regatta. He was young—only twenty-six—and had been wounded twice. He had recently been promoted and was now an adjutant-major of a crack battalion of *chasseurs à pied*.

The devious turns by which one climbs up to the hilltop above the town are sufficiently puzzling in the daytime. At night they are simply a maze. When a sentry brought us up with a sharp command and blocked the way with his rifle I had no idea that we had passed through the ruined section of the town and were again close to the cathedral. With the sentry's permission the door swung open and we entered its solemn spaces. If anything, it was blacker than the night outside. We stumbled down a few wooden steps and over a sleeping man—one of the guards off duty. It became lighter as the moon for a moment shone through the clouds and cast eerie shadows under the arches. The wind, carrying with it the echo of guns from the hills and the valley, rattled the broken panes in the great windows and swayed the frayed canopy above the high altar. A cloud swept across the moon, and we were again left in uncompromising darkness. A great silence enveloped us.

There was a greater impression of devastation inside the cathedral than without. We fell over broken stones and our footsteps reverberated in the ghostly depths of the vaulted rafters above. Our captain drew aside the curtain for us, but before we could steal out the wind swung the door to with the resounding report of a pile-driver. When the echoes died away we could hear the guards turning over on their

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pallets. I looked back over my shoulder as a ray of moonlight filtered through the broken windows and fell on the marble column. I seemed to be leaving a place strangely peopled with ghosts.

Farther on we passed beneath an ancient gateway—the Porte Châtel—and then above a street cut through beneath the ramparts. Again a sentry challenged us. They were unusually alert, and apparently posted everywhere. Our escort led us through a maze of old trenches that had evidently been built as a precautionary measure in case the Germans had broken through to the citadel. We slipped repeatedly in these trenches; they were muddy and littered in places with broken stone, and finally brought up on the northern ramparts at the edge of a precipice. We were overlooking the inner line of the Verdun forts. Just beyond the river lay Belleville, with St.-Michel and Souville to the right. Straight ahead was the site of the little village of Fleury. In daylight it bears no semblance whatever to a village—nothing shows above the ground but dust heaps and piles of brick. Over three million shells have fallen in Fleury since the offensive began last February.

Breathless, we sat in silence for a few moments. Suddenly a great white light rose slowly above the Côte de Poivre and as slowly descended. Beneath it we could see, illuminated as by a flash of lightning, a long white scar above an irregular line of black shadows that stretched across the hills. These were the French trenches from Fleury west to the Meuse. "One of our star shells," said the captain. "No, a Boche!" The German illuminating bombs throw a more piercing light but last a much shorter time than the French. Distant reports reached us and stirred into action a battery on our left. From beneath a curtain of white haze came a series of sharp flashes—one—two—three—four—five—six—seven,—one after the other. With the clouds of mist above and below the battery seemed to be hung in the air—suspended like a package of giant fire-crackers exploding in a wire basket. As the last flash was merged in the shadows, the first of the reports reached us, muffled in the heavy air. In rapid succession the others followed—two—three—four—five—six—seven. Then silence. The captain lit a cigarette, cautiously turning his back to the north. This is the highest point in Verdun, he said, and the Boches watch it like hawks. Another large star shell rose out of the ground close to the serrated ridge of the Fille Morte and so lit up the landscape that stumps of trees and the shadowy outlines of redoubts were clearly defined.

At this juncture occurred an incident that for a time interrupted the sèance. Through the intermittent barking of "75's" came an ominous, louder roar—the roar of an express train coming over a trestle. I knew what it was, but I was helpless before it. I felt as one who, in a nightmare, is tied to the track before the onrushing Twentieth Century Limited. Shell fire is sufficiently appalling in daylight. But at night it seems to carry a far greater threat, a more poignant warning of disaster and death. The high explosive swept over our heads. It was close enough for us to feel the inrush of night air that followed in its wake. Even after it had passed, an ambush seemed to threaten in the depths ahead. In the mystery of this filmy night I felt the presence of an implacable enemy closing in about me. As the shell exploded in the valley beyond, the *cinéma* chief, who had risen to watch it, slipped and fell backward into the trench. My nerves were unstrung. I was sure that he had been struck by a fragment of flying metal. I also felt that we were getting a little bit careless with our cigarettes. I was assured that the shell had not been intended for us, but for one of the commissary trains on the road to the south.

We picked up the *cinéma* chief. His leg had been cut on the loose stone in the trench floor. This ended his entertainment for the evening. We escorted him to an iron door cut in the rock. It opened and a flood of light streamed out. We gave him in charge of a Red Cross attendant to be taken to the dressing station in the depths below and, at his urgent request, returned to resume our vigil.

It was now after midnight. The

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noise of the guns had entirely died away. We could hear sentries pacing the cobbles in the streets below us. We told stories of the trenches—and waited. Our captain mused upon his athletic days in England. As the mist lifted and the moon appeared he reverted to the present. He pointed straight ahead toward Douaumont, invisible in the murky distance. Between the fort and the town on our right was a desolate landscape swept clear of trees, of foliage, and of houses. A landscape furrowed by shells, pockmarked with craters and shell-pits, of forts with their parapets buried under the dirt thrown up by the guns, of fragments of bodies, of glacis and *mitrailleuses* in ambush. One week from that morning over this ghastly terrain, paced by an avalanche of steel —the curtain fire laid down ahead of them as they advanced by the artillery in the rear—the Army of Verdun was to charge. Douaumont, from whose battered embrasures the German flag for eight months had flung its challenge to the watchers in the citadel, was to be recaptured—or France would fail in the greatest general assault since the Marne.

It was in preparation for this offensive that the depots behind the lines were beehives of industry. The activity we had noticed as we neared the Verdun sector—the movement of troops and batteries, and the bringing up of ammunition and supplies—was the concentration of all the available forces on the eve of the great thrust. I gazed into the dim light, awed. My imagination could only vaguely picture the absorbing drama that would follow upon the raising of that curtain of fire.

The man by my side was later to lead his battalion up this distant mud-covered ridge with such irresistible impulsion that it not only swept through Fort Douaumont but into the rubble heaps that marked the site of the village beyond. But neither of us knew this as we sat on the ramparts together. Nor do I know, as I write this, five weeks later, whether or not my companion, having reached the goal, came back again.

The fireworks apparently were over. But as we turned to go we were arrested by a flash like heat lightning beyond St.-Michel on the right. It was followed by a succession of flashes, some close to the horizon and others illuminating the sky above. Again a large white globular light rose out of the darkness. It seemed to hang in the sky for a moment, then descended. A second and a third light crept upward. Beneath them we could again follow the dark shadows of the trenches and the undulating lines of the hills stretching away into the distance. A signal *fusée* shot into the sky from a nearer position within the French lines. It was red in color, and was followed a second later by two green ones, one on either side. At the signal, a din that resembled the hammering of dozens of distant boiler-factories rocked the earth. St.-Michel, the most important of the near-by forts, was first in action. It was followed by Belleville, the Souville redoubt, Tavannes, and the roar from numerous batteries hidden on the adjoining hills. The lights, the signals, the crimson flashes, the barking of the guns, kept up for what seemed like an hour. As a matter of fact the demonstration lasted fifteen minutes. We waited for the Boche reply. None came; "Fritzy" apparently had retired for the night.

I was for following his example and turning in. But our host insisted we must have supper first. Where supper was going to come from in a besieged fortress at one in the morning I could not imagine. We descended again into the depths of the citadel—this time by a long, straight, cavernous tunnel with an interminable flight of stone steps that seemed to lead down into the infernal regions. Gingerly we crept through an iron door at the bottom and entered a long, low gallery. On either side were rows of prostrate figures wrapped in blankets. They were sleeping on rough bunks made of three boards laid side by side, though some had iron beds. Their knapsacks and boots were on the stone flagging, their coats were hung close to their pillows, and their rifles leaned against the glistening walls. One man in his shirt sleeves was reading a Paris paper, another was writing a letter. The long alley was very warm and humid, with a permeating smell of creosote. We tip-

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toed through for fear of waking the sleepers. Another door closed behind us and we found ourselves in a cross-tunnel, through which ran a narrow-gauge track like a railway in the depths of a coal-mine.

Finally we stopped at a familiar iron doorway. It was the entrance to the kitchens and officers' mess. Our captain groped about on the sill beneath the door and finally drew forth a heavy key. With it he opened the door and showed us on the table within bottles of beer and glasses. This refreshment had been arranged through a working agreement with the chef. Carrying the bottles and glasses, we left the citadel and in the darkness stumbled into commissary-carts and motor-trucks drawn up in a long line, the teamsters and chauffeurs asleep. They were waiting for the bread rations from the bakery. We followed the line up to another door, which opened at a signal from our host. It was evident that he had an understanding also with the baker. The appetizing aroma of fresh-baked bread reached us from within. Shadowy figures powdered with flour moved about in the warm glow. The head baker made places for us on boxes and barrels. He produced Toby, who had been left in his charge during our nocturnal promenade. He said my dog was a *beau garçon*. He went further back into the dim recess, where he could be seen ladling out crisp, brown-fried potatoes from a steaming caldron. Upon these, with new bread and *bière de la Meuse* we made our simple midnight supper.

My quarters were damp and warm. Large steam-pipes led through the long gallery and hissed gently through the night. The board partitions separating each compartment reached to within a few feet of the vaulted ceiling. In my room were an electric light, a rough pallet, and a wash-stand. Toby, a dog reared in the lap of luxury, refused to accommodate himself to what were remarkably comfortable conditions for men so near the battle front. I threw my greatcoat on the stone floor for him. But after I had wormed myself into the rough crash toweling that served for sheets he jumped up and lay on the army blankets at the foot of the bed. The slightest footfall or movement echoed throughout the long tunnel. It was pathetic to hear the efforts of late arrivals to avoid awakening their comrades. Covered with the muck and slime of the trenches, they came in at all hours, but they either took off their heavy boots as they entered the iron door or tiptoed as gently through the corridor as their mud-caked footwear would permit.

The hissing steam and the labored breathing of my neighbors were lulling me to sleep when a fearful roar and the ring of steel against steel shook to its foundations the living rock through which our corridor was drilled. It was followed by a second, longer and louder, detonation and then by two shorter blasts. At the first convulsion my dog, rudely awakened, had been bounced out of bed. He stood on the floor trembling, but with his ears laid back he made an effort to pull himself together by wagging his tail encouragingly. I looked up, expecting to see the stone arches above open, then slowly settle and engulf me. I listened for the clanging of doors and the scuffle of hurrying feet. But no one stirred. The deep breathing of some of the sleepers was arrested for a few moments, then commenced again. It was some time before the experiences of an exhausting day overcame me and I fell asleep myself.

Sunlight for the shadows in my drawings welcomed me on the morning of my final day in Verdun. At *déjeuner*, the commandant inquired graciously how I had slept during the night. One does not complain to one's host of the tree-toads or the windmill that keep one awake during a week-end in the country. So I thanked him and said nothing of earthquakes and high explosives. Later I asked our captain how many German shells had caused the cataclysm that shook the fortress at about three in the morning. Then I learned that no shells had caused the disturbance. There was another reason for it, but, being a military reason, it may not be disclosed.

The Porte Chaussée is the most attractive gate in Verdun. It has been only slightly damaged by the German guns, though the houses adjoining have

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been almost completely demolished. The *cinéma* chief thought this would make an excellent "location" for a motion picture. Since it is a familiar subject, our presence in Verdun would be established beyond question if we were seen coming through the ancient arch. This was to be another proof of the old aphorism that the camera can't lie. To make the picture the operator had to stand in the middle of the bridge that here crosses the Meuse. In view of the fact that from this bridge the forts on the right bank are easily visible and that the reaches of the river from the Pont de la Galevaude near the small railway station up to the second bridge beyond the Pont Chaussée are intermittently swept by the German artillery, it is called by the French an unhealthy spot. The operator, who had worked repeatedly under far more dangerous conditions, posted himself and his machine in the middle of the bridge. We were to approach at his signal from beneath the arch, and then stroll nonchalantly over to the railing on his left and gaze up the river. As he began turning his crank, we carried out the programme with as little evidence of stage fright as the situation would permit. It was then discovered that Toby was not in the picture. Also that it would be better if, instead of strolling over to the railing, we continued straight ahead. Toby was retrieved by a sentry, who found him frantically digging at a rat-hole in the river-bank. The crank began to turn a second time. Again we came out from the shadow of the arch. As we neared the machine there was no mistaking the crackle of an onrushing large-caliber shell. As we passed the machine a deafening report rose from the shattered houses in our rear. The operator regretted exceedingly that the shell had not arrived before we had gone beyond the reach of his lens. He said that the apprehension on our faces and our sudden ducking as the bomb exploded would have lent a fine touch of realism to the picture.

We had turned to look at the dust rising from the débris when our escort, the captain of *chasseurs à pied*, conceived a brilliant idea. Under the bridge he had a skiff, he said, a light skiff like a racing-shell. His idea was to take me out for a row on the river while the operator, from a position on the Quai de la République, would make a panoramic film of us with the devastated houses on the left bank as a background. A complete unanimity of opinion prevailed among those who had not been invited to participate in the cruise. They agreed without a dissenting voice upon the novelty of a motion picture showing a French officer who had stroked a crew at Henley rowing a correspondent from overseas on the Meuse at Verdun. I was not seeking new experiences in aquatics. I looked down the river and up the long slopes crowned with their forts and the wide expanse of the Côte de Froide Terre in the distance. Personally I could think of a lot of things I would rather do than appear in this picture with my kindly host. But to refuse would seem ungracious. We picked our way down some rickety steps covered with broken tiles from a crumpled roof near by. The skiff was hauled out from its mooring and pulled close to a shaky plank. It was the narrowest skiff I ever saw. There is a strong current here, and the water swirled and eddied in green-black masses about the stone abutments of the bridge. When I was safely embarked the after end of our boat was under water. When the captain had added his weight further forward, we showed a three-inch freeboard above the hurrying stream. So unstable was the craft that if we dodged or ducked a shell we would probably have to swim for it. From the opposite bank the operator commenced his "panoram," as it is known in the vernacular of his profession. Near by stood Toby, anxiously following us with his eyes.

As we swung out into the current the operator signaled us frantically not to go too fast or he could not follow us with his camera. I mildly interpreted his signals, hoping thereby to confine the excursion within reasonable limits. But the captain, with his trench helmet on the slats in the bottom of the boat and his head bared to the breeze, was out for a row. By the time he had pulled me up to the second bridge and cruised back from the little square close to the

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Hôtel de Ville I was loud in praise of his oarsmanship. I was willing to return to the sheltered spot beneath the bridge and call it a day. But the captain had no such intention. He performed some evolutions in midstream—he was the son of an admiral in the French navy. Then he tacked across and drifted down toward the defenses that encircle the lower outskirts of the town. Nearing the abandoned railway station, we came about and pulled up against the current to our landing-place.

I am fond of the water. But I never disembarked from an ocean liner after a tempestuous voyage with a greater feeling of relief than was mine as I climbed up the rickety steps that led to the sheltering arch of the old gateway.

Sometime later I was leaving the citadel to complete a sketch I had commenced the day before. The *cinéma* chief, since I was going about alone, pressed on me the *laissez-passer* that justified my civilian presence in Verdun. Up to that time he had carried it himself, since it was a comprehensive document upon which all three of our names were enrolled. He thought I might need it. His forethought seemed, at the time, unnecessary. I was challenged twice by sentries as I walked to the little square close to the Hôtel de Ville to which I have already referred. In each case my verbal explanation sufficed and I was not asked to show my papers.

From this little square, the Place Chevert, the houses across the river, with their overhanging upper stories and irregular skyline, formed a charming composition. Had artists frequented Verdun before the war, it would have been called a favorite "*motif.*" But few artists frequented Verdun before the war, and to those who knew it then these picturesque houses along the left bank were known as "Little Venice." If their architectural quality suggested Italy rather than France, to me they more closely resembled the beautiful grouping of the buildings that fringe the Arno at Florence.

Behind the Place Chevert is the Hôtel de Ville. In the courtyard were four cannon presented to the town in memory of its gallant stand against the Prussians in 1870. At that time Verdun fell after a siege of three weeks. The present siege has continued for eight months, and as a reward for her heroism the Legion of Honor from France and the highest military decorations for valor have been bestowed upon the place by the rulers of the allied nations.

Near me as I stood on the quai-side was the Hotel of the Three Moors. Gone were its signboard and its paneled portals. Dingy, frayed fragments of its curtains were stuffed through shattered window-panes, the tops of its chimneys blown off, and its walls and shutters punctured with shot-holes. Of the cheery little inn that had sheltered me six years before only the desolate skeleton remained

Two curious spectators were at my elbow as I worked. They were *poilus* off duty. They smoked their pipes and watched me gravely as the sketch developed. They were much interested in my dog and they asked me of what race he came. A large hole had been torn in the stone flagging during the early days of the bombardment and I was cautioned not to stand too close to the wobbly edge of the embankment. For some time there had been a lull in the firing, the guns on the hills were inactive, and a peaceful hush prevailed in the deserted streets. But a peaceful hush is not at present a normal condition in Verdun. It was broken shortly by the noisy rat-a-tat-tat of dozens of giant woodpeckers at work in a forest. My companions touched my arm and pointed to the right. Winging its way close to the ground and coming directly up the river—sailing majestically over the batteries on either side—was a scouting German Fokker, the fading light of the sun gilding its outspread planes. From every available position a sheet of metal swept upward into the sky. The sharp staccato notes of the *mitrailleuses* echoed in the hollow walls of the buildings beyond the waterfront. Coming from the east, a French *avion* had suddenly risen to meet the intruder. He swooped on above the German, dropped a bomb, turned and dropped another. The anti-aircraft guns ceased suddenly for fear of getting their

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own plane. The Fokker, uninjured, made a sudden dip, swung about and darted back toward his own lines, the Frenchman in pursuit. Over the crest of the Côtes de Meuse they went, the Fokker flying low until he was lost in the distance. The boom of anti-aircraft guns reached us from the German positions. The Frenchman rose to get out of range. He turned and swept back, followed by a hail of shrapnel that burst beneath him, the white puff balls exploding with a noise like a Fourth-of-July celebration. Against these clouds and the fading light his great black wings were silhouetted. As he passed overhead to return to his hangar, the guns had again ceased and we could hear the rhythmic drumming of his engine.

My companions had deserted me. But I was not alone. Behind me on the cobbles I heard the smart tramp of men marching up to the trenches and the weary shuffle of other men, their vigil over, moving back from the front lines to their billets. I felt the presence of an audience. One of the companies had stopped and was gathered about me. With only a few moments of daylight left I worked feverishly. As I finished, a voice in the rear said:

"What is Monsieur doing?"

The question seemed superfluous. I showed the speaker my sketch. He was an under officer in a regiment of Spahis or Moroccans. He was surrounded by a company of his men on their way to the trenches for night duty. They were clothed in the peculiar faded gamboge that distinguishes the African regiments in the French army. They had discarded the red fez in favor of the blue-gray trench helmet and carried the full front-line equipment—knapsacks, extra boots, blanket roll, trench implements, water-bottle, and round loaf of bread. They were a forbidding-looking group of fighting-men.

"Who are you?" asked the officer.

"A correspondent of the press," I said.

"But you are a civilian."

"Yes."

"Of what nationality?"

"American."

"Ah," rather dubiously, "but what are you doing?"

Again I showed him the sketch.

"I mean, but what are you doing in Verdun at night? No civilians are permitted in Verdun at night!"

This I knew to be true. For weeks I had been trying to get to Verdun at night, and to the best of my knowledge only one other had preceded me from the time the civilian population was sent away. Indubitably it was now night, since the day ends with the sunset in a *zone militaire*. The officer demanded my papers. I fumbled in my pockets. I produced my American passport and my *permis* from the Grand Quartier Général. The soldiers in the rear crowded closer and peered over one another's shoulders. They did not improve with acquaintance. They were recruited from the wild tribesmen of the desert, and they looked it. The officer returned my papers coldly.

"There is nothing here," he said, "that explains your presence on the streets of Verdun at night. You must have a *laissez-passer*—an *ordre de mission*—issued by the commandant at the citadel."

I thought of the paper handed me by our *cinéma* chief. Again I searched in my pockets. I produced some souvenir post-cards, an eraser, and pencils. I looked at the faces about me. They were black or dark brown, and the whites of their eyes stared at me out of the dim light. Their chin straps cut across their wiry mustaches and beards and added to their ferocious appearance. The officer seemed to be getting impatient. In despair, I thought I had lost the paper when something touched my fingers in the folds of my patch pocket. I brought it forth and held it out. I prayed that it was the *laissez-passer* and that it excused my being out after dark. To my harried imagination, the men about me looked like a crew of bloodthirsty Barbary pirates.

It would be foolish to say that I expected them to stand me up with my back against a wall. It would be equally foolish to say that there was not an element of danger in the situation. I was a civilian in a war zone from which civilians had long since been driven. I was found alone after sunset, apparently without a permit covering my presence

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in the town at night. I was running about without a military escort. The officer ordered two of his men to shelter him and flashed his electric torch on my document. We all listened attentively. He mumbled through our names, then hesitated. I breathed a sigh of relief as he read "*sont autorisés à circular dans Verdun de jour et de nuit.*"

He handed me back the paper. The tide had turned and the black faces about me grinned encouragingly. At a command the line formed and trudged forward. The officer saluted and bade me good night.

"Better go directly back to the citadel—" Then, as he turned, he added, "And hold your *laissez-passer* in your hand."

Toby, at the moment of my travail, had deserted me. These bearded men of the desert had frightened him off. I identified him by a white speck sitting in the gloom close to the statue of General Chevert. With him on the leash, my portfolio under my arm, and the precious document in my right hand, I started back to the citadel. Across the bridge a sentry challenged me. I raised the paper. He looked at it carefully and passed me on. In a narrow street leading out of the Place Mazel I heard the patter of countless little feet on the cobbles. It drew nearer and a long procession of donkeys passed by. I had not expected to find donkey-trains in Verdun, but in the ghostly silences of this strange place anything could happen. They were carrying ammunition and trench supplies up to the firing-line. But for a moment they transformed the deserted streets and vague memories swept me back to Spain—to dim, peaceful nights in Grenada or vigils on the rock of Ronda as the mule-trains climbed up the rough path that leads from the Andalusian plain.

We trudged on and I had almost reached my goal when the shuffle of hob-nailed boots on the pavement marching in my direction flattened me against the wall. They came on, company after company of picked men, a blur of blue uniforms like a gray mist in the darkness. There was no noise except their steady tread and the creaking of their leather accoutrements. So quiet were they that a hoarse voice of command seemed to startle me out of a trance. A detachment separated from the column and turned off to one side. The others kept on silent, resistless, until their dim figures, like specters, were swallowed up in the night. This was a small contingent of the Army of Verdun going up to the front lines on the heights of the Meuse.

As I was leaving in the morning the commandant called me aside. He asked me not to mention in Paris the extensive preparations I had noticed back of Verdun. I gave my word of honor.

Four days later I sailed from Bordeaux. In midocean the last of the *communiqués* from the Eiffel Tower, which up to that time had kept us regularly informed, ended with a brief note. The note read "Our artillery has commenced a heavy bombardment in the Verdun sector from Fleury east to Hautecourt." This I took to be the beginning of the assault. The next day we were beyond the radius of the Eiffel Tower and no news from either side of the ocean came to the ship. It was like the abrupt ending of an installment in a serial story. But mine was more than the bitter disappointment of the reader who has been led up to a dramatic situation only to be left in the air. The days dragged slowly until we passed Sandy Hook. At Quarantine the papers came aboard. Then for the first time I knew of the successful outcome of the offensive. The Army of Verdun had carried through its programme. These men, whose guest I had been, paced by a splendidly directed curtain of fire, had charged up the greasy slopes above the Meuse and planted the Tricolor where it could again be seen from the ramparts above the city —they had won back Douaumont.

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Dare's Gift

BY ELLEN GLASGOW

PART I

A YEAR has passed, and I am beginning to ask myself if the thing actually happened? The whole episode, seen in clear perspective, is obviously incredible; but I may as well confess that this narrative is written for the intrepid few who dare to believe in the incredible. There are, of course, no haunted houses in this age of science; there are merely hallucinations, neurotic symptoms, and optical illusions. Any one of these practical diagnoses would, no doubt, cover the impossible occurrence, from my first view of that dusky sunset on James River to the erratic behavior of Mildred during the spring we spent in Virginia. There is—oh, I admit it readily!—a perfectly rational explanation of every mystery. Yet, while I assure myself that the supernatural has been banished, in the evil company of devils, black plagues, and witches, from this sanitary century, a vision of Dare's Gift, amid its clustering cedars under the shadowy arch of the sunset, rises before me, and my feeble skepticism surrenders to that invincible spirit of darkness. For once in my life—the ordinary life of a corporation lawyer in Washington—the impossible really happened.

It was the year after Mildred's first nervous breakdown, and Drayton, the great specialist in whose care she had been for some months, advised me to take her away from Washington and War Relief associations until she recovered her health. As a busy man I couldn't spend the whole week out of Washington; but if we could find a place near enough—somewhere in Virginia! we both exclaimed, I remember—it would be easy for me to run down once a fortnight. The thought was with me when Harrison asked me to join him for a week's hunting on James River; and it was still in my mind, though less distinctly, on the evening when I stumbled alone, and for the first time, on Dare's Gift.

I had hunted all day—a divine day in October—and at sunset, with a bag full of partridges, I was returning for the night to Chericoke, where Harrison kept his bachelor's house. The sunset had been wonderful; and I had paused for a moment, with my back to the bronze sweep of the land, when I had a swift impression that the memories of the old river gathered around me. It was at that instant—I recall even the trivial detail that my foot caught in a brier as I wheeled quickly about—that I looked past the sunken wharf on my right and saw the garden of Dare's Gift falling gently from its almost obliterated terraces to the scalloped edge of the river. Following the steep road, which ran in curves through a stretch of pines and across an abandoned pasture or two, I came at last to an iron gate and a grassy walk leading, between walls of box, to the open lawn planted in elms. With that first glimpse the Old World charm of the scene held me captive. From the warm red of its brick walls to the pure Colonial lines of its doorway, and its curving wings mantled in roses and ivy, the house stood there, splendid and solitary. The rows of darkened windows sucked in without giving back the last flare of daylight; the heavy cedars crowding thick up the short avenue did not stir as the wind blew from the river; and above the carved pineapple on the roof, a lonely bat was wheeling high against the red disk of the sun. While I had climbed the rough road, and passed more slowly between the marvelous walls of box—of box which had the majesty and permanence of history

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—I told myself that the place must be Mildred's and mine at any cost. On the upper terrace, before several crude modern additions to the wings, my enthusiasm gradually ebbed, though I still asked myself incredulously: "Why have I never heard of it? To whom does it belong? Has it a name as well known in Virginia as Shirley or Brandon?" The house was of great age, I knew, and yet from obvious signs I discovered that it was not too old to be lived in. Nowhere could I detect a hint of decay or dilapidation. The sound of cattle bells floated up from a pasture somewhere in the distance. Through the long grass on the lawn little, twisted paths, like sheep tracks, wound back and forth under the fine old elms from which a rain of bronze leaves fell slowly and ceaselessly in the wind. Nearer at hand, on the upper terrace, a few roses were blooming; and when I passed between two marble urns on the right of the house, my feet crushed a garden of "simples" such as our grandmothers used to grow.

As I stepped on the porch I heard a child's voice on the lawn, and a moment afterward a small boy, driving a cow, appeared under the two cedars at the end of the avenue. At sight of me he flicked the cow with the hickory switch he held, and bawled, "Ma!" in a tone of mingled terror and curiosity. "Ma! thar's a stranger out here, an' I don't know what he wants."

At his call the front door opened, and a woman in a calico dress, with a sunbonnet pushed back from her forehead, came out on the porch.

"Hush yo' fuss, Eddy!" she remarked, authoritatively. "He don't want nothin'." Then, turning to me, she added, civilly: "Good evenin', suh. You must be the gentleman who is visitin' over at Chericoke?"

"Yes, I am staying with Mr. Harrison. You know him, of course?"

"Oh, Lordy, yes. Everybody aroun' here knows Mr. Harrison, I reckon. His folks have been here goin' on mighty near forever. I don't know what me and my children would come to if it wa'n't for him. He is gettin' me my divorce now. It's been three years and mo' sence Tom deserted me."

"Divorce?" I had not expected to find this modern innovation on James River.

"Of course it ain't the sort of thing anybody would want to come to. But if a woman in the State ought to have one easy, I reckon it's me. Tom went off with another woman—and she my own sister—from this very house—"

"From this house—and, by the way, what is the name of it?"

"Name of what? This place? Why, it's Dare's Gift. Didn't you know it? Yes, suh, it happened right in this very house, and that, too, when we hadn't been livin' over here mo' than three months. After Mr. Duncan got tired and went away he left us as caretakers, Tom and me, and I asked Tilly to come and stay with us and help me look after the children. It came like a lightning stroke to me, for Tom and Tilly had known each other all their lives, and he'd never taken any particular notice of her till they moved over here and began to tend the cows together. She wa'n't much for beauty, either. I was always the handsome one of the family—though you mightn't think it now, to look at me—and Tom was the sort that never could abide red hair—"

"And you've lived at Dare's Gift ever since?" I was more interested in the house than in the tenant.

"I didn't have nowhere else to go, and the house has got to have a caretaker till it is sold. It ain't likely that anybody will want to rent an out-of-the-way place like this—though now that automobiles have come to stay that don't make so much difference."

"Does it still belong to the Dares?"

"Naw, suh; they had to sell it at auction right after the war on account of mortgages and debts—old Colonel Dare died the very year Lee surrendered, and Miss Lucy she went off somewhere to strange parts. Sence their day it has belonged to so many different folks that you can't keep account of it. Right now it's owned by a Mr. Duncan, who lives out in California. I don't know that he'll ever come back here—he couldn't get on with the neighbors—and he is trying to sell it. No wonder, too, a great big place like this, and he ain't even a Virginian—"

"I wonder if he would let it for a sea-

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son?" It was then, while I stood there in the brooding dusk of the doorway, that the idea of the spring at Dare's Gift first occurred to me.

"If you want it, you can have it for 'most nothing, I reckon. Would you like to step inside and go over the rooms?"

That evening at supper I asked Harrison about Dare's Gift, and gleaned the salient facts of its history.

"Strange to say, the place, charming as it is, has never been well known in Virginia. There's historical luck, you know, as well as other kinds, and the Dares—after that first Sir Roderick, who came over in time to take a stirring part in Bacon's Rebellion, and, tradition says, to betray his leader—have never distinguished themselves in the records of the State. The place itself, by the way, is about a fifth of the original plantation of three thousand acres, which was given—though I imagine there was more in that than appears in history—by some Indian chief of forgotten name to this notorious Sir Roderick. The old chap—Sir Roderick, I mean—seems to have been something of a fascinator in his day. Even Governor Berkeley, who hanged half the colony, relented, I believe, in the case of Sir Roderick, and that unusual clemency gave rise, I suppose, to the legend of the betrayal. But, however that may be, Sir Roderick had more miraculous escapes than John Smith himself, and died at last in his bed at the age of eighty from overeating cherry-pie."

"And now the place has passed away from the family?"

"Oh, long ago—though not so long, after all, when one comes to think of it. When the old Colonel died, the year after the war, it was discovered that he had mortgaged the farm up to the last acre. At that time real estate on James River wasn't regarded as a particularly profitable investment, and under the hammer Dare's Gift went for a song."

"Was the Colonel the last of his name?"

"He left a daughter—a belle, too, in her youth, my mother says—but she died—at least I think she did—only a few months after her father."

Coffee was served on the veranda, and while I smoked my cigar and sipped my brandy — Harrison had an excellent wine-cellar—I watched the full moon shining like a yellow lantern through the diaphanous mist on the river. Downshore, in the sparkling reach of the water, an immense cloud hung low over the horizon, and between the cloud and the river a band of silver light quivered faintly, as if it would go out in an instant.

"It is over there, isn't it?"—I pointed to the silver light—"Dare's Gift, I mean."

"Yes, it's somewhere over yonder—five miles away by the river, and nearly seven by the road."

"It is the dream of a house, Harrison, and there isn't too much history attached to it—nothing that would make a modern beggar ashamed to live in it."

"By Jove! so you are thinking of buying it?" Harrison was beaming. "It is downright ridiculous, I declare, the attraction that place has for strangers. I never knew a Virginian who wanted it; but you are the third Yankee of my acquaintance—and I don't know many—who has fallen in love with it. I searched the title and drew up the deed for John Duncan exactly six years ago—though I'd better not boast of that transaction, I reckon."

"He still owns it, doesn't he?"

"He still owns it, and it looks as if he would continue to own it unless you can be persuaded to buy it. It is hard to find purchasers for these old places, especially when the roads are uncertain and they happen to be situated on the James River. We live too rapidly in these days to want to depend on a river, even on a placid old fellow like the James."

"Duncan never really lived here, did he?"

"At first he did. He began on quite a royal scale; but, somehow, from the very start things appeared to go wrong with him. At the outset he prejudiced the neighbors against him — I never knew exactly why—by putting on airs, I imagine, and boasting about his money. There is something in the Virginia blood that resents boasting about money. However that may be, he hadn't been here six months before he

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was at odds with every living thing in the county, white, black, and spotted—for even the dogs snarled at him. Then his secretary—a chap he had picked up starving in London, and had trusted absolutely for years—made off with a lot of cash and securities, and that seemed the last straw in poor Duncan's ill luck. I believe he didn't mind the loss half so much—he refused to prosecute the fellow—as he minded the betrayal of confidence. He told me, I remember, before he went away, that it had spoiled Dare's Gift for him. He said he had a feeling that the place had come too high; it had cost him his belief in human nature."

"Then I imagine he'd be disposed to consider an offer?"

"Oh, there isn't a doubt of it. But, if I were you, I shouldn't be too hasty. Why not rent the place for the spring months? It's beautiful here in the spring, and Duncan has left furniture enough to make the house fairly comfortable."

"Well, I'll ask Mildred. Of course Mildred must have the final word in the matter."

"As if Mildred's final word was ever anything but a repetition of yours!" Harrison laughed, slyly—for the perfect harmony in which we lived had been for ten years a pleasant jest among our friends. Harrison had once classified wives as belonging to two distinct groups—the group of those who talked and knew nothing about their husbands' affairs, and the group of those who knew everything and kept silent. Mildred, he had added politely, had chosen to belong to the latter division.

The next day I went back to Washington, and Mildred's first words to me in the station were:

"Why, Harold, you look as if you had bagged all the game in Virginia!"

"I look as if I had found just the place for you!"

When I told her about my discovery, her charming face sparkled with interest. Never once, not even during her illness, had she failed to share a single one of my enthusiasms; never once, in all the years of our marriage, had there been so much as a shadow between us. To understand the story of Dare's Gift, it is necessary to realize at the beginning all that Mildred meant and means in my life.

Well, to hasten my slow narrative, the negotiations dragged through most of the winter. At first, Harrison wrote me, Duncan couldn't be found, and a little later that he was found, but that he was opposed, from some inscrutable motive, to the plan of renting Dare's Gift. He wanted to sell it outright, and he'd be hanged if he'd do anything less than get the place clean off his hands. "As sure as I let it"—Harrison sent me his letter—"there is going to be trouble, and somebody will come down on me for damages. The damned place has cost me already twice as much as I paid for it."

In the end, however—Harrison has a persuasive way—the arrangements were concluded. "Of course," Duncan wrote after a long silence, "Dare's Gift may be as healthy as heaven. I may quite as easily have contracted this confounded rheumatism, which makes life a burden, either in Italy or from too many cocktails. I've no reason whatever for my dislike for the place; none, that is, except the incivility of my neighbors—where, by the way, did you Virginians manufacture your reputation for manners?—and my unfortunate episode with Paul Grymes. That, as you remark, might, no doubt, have occurred anywhere else, and if a man is going to steal he could have found all the opportunities he wanted in New York or London. But the fact remains that one can't help harboring associations, pleasant or unpleasant, with the house in which one has lived, and from start to finish my associations with Dare's Gift are frankly unpleasant. If, after all, however, your friend wants the place, and can afford to pay for his whims—let him have it! I hope to Heaven he'll be ready to buy it when his lease has run out. Since he wants it for a hobby—well, I suppose one place is as good as another; and I can assure him that by the time he has owned it for a few years—especially if he undertakes to improve the motor road up to Richmond—he will regard a taste for Chinese porcelain as an inexpensive diversion." Then, as if impelled by a twist of ironic humor, he

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added, "He will find the shooting good, anyway."

By early spring Dare's Gift was turned over to us—Mildred was satisfied, if Duncan wasn't—and on a showery day in April, when drifting clouds cast faint, gauzy shadows over the river, our boat touched at the old wharf, where carpenters were working, and rested a minute before steaming on to Chericoke Landing, five miles away. The spring was early that year—or perhaps the spring is always early on James River. I remember the song of birds in the trees; the veil of bright green over the distant forests; the broad reach of the river scalloped with silver; the dappled sunlight on the steep road which climbed from the wharf to the iron gates; the roving fragrance from lilacs on the lower terrace; and, surmounting all, the two giant cedars which rose like black crags against the changeable blue of the sky—I remember these things as distinctly as if I had seen them this morning.

We entered the wall of box through a living door, and strolled up the grassy walk from the lawn to the terraced garden. Within the garden the air was perfumed with a thousand scents—with lilacs, with young box, with flags and violets and lilies, with aromatic odors from the garden of "simples," and with the sharp sweetness of sheep-mint from the mown grass on the lawn.

"This spring is fine, isn't it?" As I turned to Mildred with the question, I saw for the first time that she looked pale and tired—or was it merely the green light from the box wall that fell over her features? "The trip has been too much for you. Next time we'll come by motor."

"Oh no; I had a sudden feeling of faintness. It will pass in a minute. What an adorable place, Harold!"

She was smiling again with her usual brightness, and as we passed from the box wall to the clear sunshine on the terrace her face quickly resumed its natural color. To this day—for Mildred has been strangely reticent about Dare's Gift—I do not know whether her pallor was due to the shade in which we walked or whether, at the instant when I turned to her, she was visited by some intuitive warning against the house we were approaching. Even after a year the events of Dare's Gift are not things I can talk over with Mildred; and, for my part, the occurrence remains, like the house in its grove of cedars, wrapped in an impenetrable mystery. I don't in the least pretend to know how or why the thing happened. I only know that it did happen—that it happened, word for word, as I record it. Mildred's share in it will, I think, never become clear to me. What she felt, what she imagined, what she believed, I have never asked her. Whether the doctor's explanation is history or fiction, I do not attempt to decide. He is an old man, and old men, since Biblical times, have seen visions. There were places in his story where it seemed to me that he got historical data a little mixed—or it may have been that his memory failed him. Yet, in spite of his liking for romance and his French education, he is without constructive imagination—at least he says that he is without it—and the secret of Dare's Gift, if it is not fact, could have sprung only from the ultimate chaos of imagination.

But I think of these things a year afterward, and on that April morning the house stood there in the sunlight, presiding over its grassy terraces with an air of gracious and intimate hospitality. From the symbolic pineapple on its sloping roof to the twittering sparrows that flew in and out of its ivied wings, it reaffirmed that first flawless impression. Flaws, of course, there were in the fact, yet the recollection of it to-day—the garnered impressions of age, of formal beauty, of clustering memories—is one of exquisite harmony. We found later, as Mildred pointed out, architectural absurdities—wanton excrescences in the modern additions, which had been designed apparently with the purpose of providing space at the least possible cost of both material and labor. The rooms, when we passed through the fine old doorway, appeared cramped and poorly lighted; broken pieces of the queer mullioned window, where the tracery was of wood, not stone, had been badly repaired, and much of the original detail work of the mantels and cornices had been blurred by recent disfigure-

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ments. But these discoveries came afterward. The first view of the place worked like a magic spell—like an intoxicating perfume—on our senses.

"It is just as if we had stepped into another world," said Mildred, looking up at the row of windows, from which the ivy had been carefully clipped. "I feel as if I had ceased to be myself since I left Washington." Then she turned to meet Harrison, who had ridden over to welcome us.

We spent a charming fortnight together at Dare's Gift—Mildred happy as a child in her garden, and I satisfied to lie in the shadow of the box wall and watch her bloom back to health. At the end of the fortnight I was summoned to an urgent conference in Washington. Some philanthropic busybody, employed to nose out corruption, had scented legal game in the affairs of the Atlantic & Eastern Railroad, and I had been retained as special counsel by that corporation. The fight would be long, I knew—I had already thought of it as one of my great cases—and the evidence was giving me no little anxiety. "It is my last big battle," I told Mildred, as I kissed her good-by on the steps. "If I win, Dare's Gift shall be your share of the spoils; if I lose—well, I'll be like any other general who has met a better man in the field."

"Don't hurry back, and don't worry about me; I am quite happy here."

"I sha'n't worry, but all the same I don't like leaving you. Remember, if you need advice or help about anything, Harrison is always at hand."

"Yes, I'll remember."

With this assurance I left her standing in the sunshine, with the windows of the house staring vacantly down on her.

When I try now to recall the next month, I can bring back merely a turmoil of legal wrangles. I contrived in the midst of it all to spend two Sundays with Mildred, but I remember nothing of them except the blessed wave of rest that swept over me as I lay on the grass under the elms. On my second visit I saw that she was looking badly, though when I commented on her pallor and the darkened circles under her eyes she only laughed and put my anxious questions aside.

"Oh, I've lost sleep, that's all," she answered, vaguely, with a swift glance at the house. "Did you ever think how many sounds there are in the country that keep one awake?"

As the day went on I noticed, too, that she had grown restless, and once or twice while I was going over my case with her—I always talked over my cases with Mildred because it helped to clarify my own opinions—she returned with irritation to some obscure legal point I had passed over. The flutter of her movements—so unlike my calm Mildred—disturbed me more than I confessed to her, and I made up my mind before night that I would consult Drayton when I went back to Washington. Though she had always been sensitive and impressionable, I had never seen her until that second Sunday in a condition of feverish excitability.

In the morning she was so much better that by the time I reached Washington I forgot my determination to call on her physician. My work was heavy that week—the case was developing into a direct attack upon the management of the road—and in seeking evidence to rebut the charges of illegal rebates to the American Steel Company, I stumbled by accident upon a mass of damaging records. It was a clear case of somebody having blundered—or the records would not have been left for me to discover — and with disturbed thoughts I went down for my third visit to Dare's Gift. It was in my mind to draw out of the case, if an honorable way could be found, and I could barely wait until dinner was over before I unburdened my conscience to Mildred.

"The question has come to one of personal honesty." I remember that I was emphatic. "I've nosed out something real enough this time. There is material for a dozen investigations in Dowling's transactions alone."

The exposure of the Atlantic & Eastern Railroad is public property by this time, and I needn't resurrect the dry bones of that deplorable scandal. I lost the case, as every one knows; but all that concerns me in it to-day is the talk I had with Mildred on the darkening terrace at Dare's Gift. It was a reckless talk,

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when one comes to think of it. I said, I know, a great deal that I ought to have kept my mouth shut about; but, after all, she is my wife; I had learned in ten years that I could trust her discretion, and there was more than a river between us and the Atlantic & Eastern Railroad.

Well, the sum of it is that I talked foolishly, and went to bed feeling justified in my folly. Afterward I recalled that Mildred had been very quiet, though whenever I paused she questioned me closely, with a flash of irritation as if she were impatient of my slowness or my lack of lucidity. At the end she flared out for a moment into the excitement I had noticed the week before; but at the time I was so engrossed in my own affairs that this scarcely struck me as unnatural. Not until the blow fell did I recall the hectic flush in her face and the quivering sound of her voice, as if she were trying not to break down and weep.

It was long before either of us got to sleep that night, and Mildred moaned a little under her breath as she sank into unconsciousness. She was not well, I knew, and I resolved again that I would see Drayton as soon as I reached Washington. Then, just before falling asleep, I became acutely aware of all the noises of the country which Mildred said had kept her awake—of the chirping of the crickets in the fireplace, of the fluttering of swallows in the chimney, of the sawing of innumerable insects in the night outside, of the croaking of frogs in the marshes, of the distant solitary hooting of an owl, of the whispering sound of wind in the leaves, of the stealthy movement of a myriad creeping lives in the ivy. Through the open window the moonlight fell in a milk-white flood, and in the darkness the old house seemed to speak with a thousand voices. As I dropped off I had a confused sensation—less a perception than an apprehension—that all these voices were urging me to something—somewhere—

The next day I was busy with a mass of evidence—dull stuff, I remember. Harrison rode over for luncheon, and not until late afternoon, when I strolled out, with my hands full of papers, for a cup of tea on the terrace, did I have a chance to see Mildred alone. Then I noticed that she was breathing quickly, as if from a hurried walk.

"Did you go to meet the boat, Mildred?"

"No, I've been nowhere—nowhere. I've been on the lawn all day," she answered, sharply—so sharply that I looked at her in surprise.

In the ten years that I had lived with her I had never before seen her irritated without cause — Mildred's disposition, I had once said, was as flawless as her profile—and I had for the first time in my life that baffled sensation which comes to men whose perfectly normal wives reveal flashes of abnormal psychology. Mildred wasn't Mildred, that was the upshot of my conclusions; and, hang it all! I didn't know any more than Adam what was the matter with her. There were lines around her eyes, and her sweet mouth had taken an edge of bitterness.

"Aren't you well, dear?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm perfectly well," she replied, in a shaking voice, "only I wish you would leave me alone!" And then she burst into tears.

While I was trying to comfort her the servant came with the tea things, and she kept him about some trivial orders until the big touring-car of one of our neighbors rushed up the drive and halted under the terrace.

In the morning Harrison motored up to Richmond with me, and on the way he spoke gravely of Mildred.

"Your wife isn't looking well, Beckwith. I shouldn't wonder if she were a bit seedy—and if I were you I'd get a doctor to look at her. There is a good man down at Chericoke Landing—old Pelham Lakeby. I don't care if he did get his training in France half a century ago; he knows more than your half-baked modern scientists."

"I'll speak to Drayton this very day," I answered, ignoring his suggestion of the physician. "You have seen more of Mildred this last month than I have. How long have you noticed that she isn't herself?"

"A couple of weeks. She is usually so jolly, you know." Harrison had played with Mildred in his childhood. "Yes, I shouldn't lose any time over the doc-

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Drawn by C. E. Chambers

"I WISH YOU WOULD LEAVE ME ALONE," SHE REPLIED IN A SHAKING VOICE

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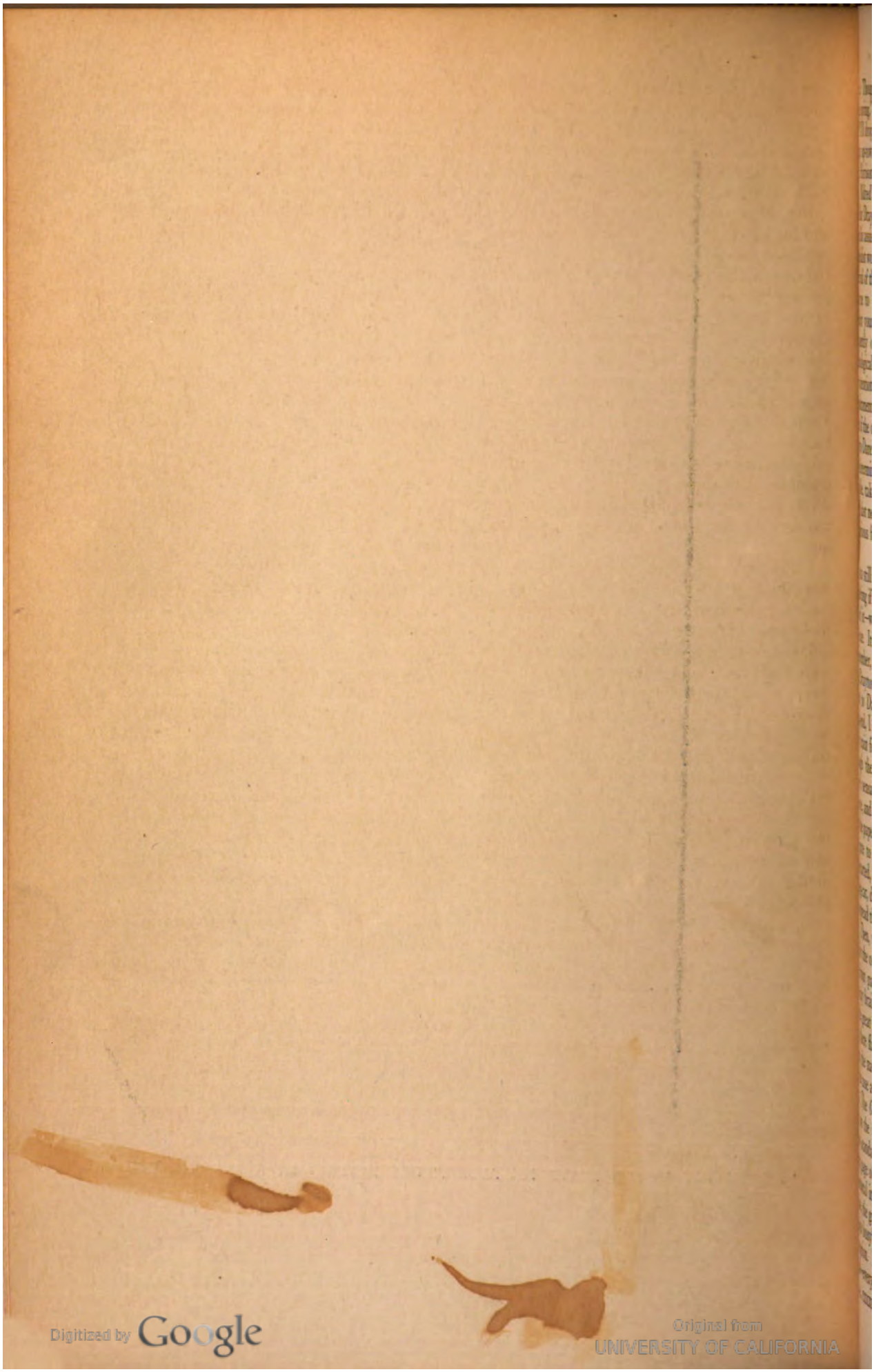

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tor. Though, of course, it may be only the spring," he added, reassuringly.

"I'll drop by Drayton's office on my way up-town," I replied, more alarmed by Harrison's manner than I had been by Mildred's condition.

But Drayton was not in his office, and his assistant told me that the great specialist would not return to town until the end of the week. It was impossible for me to discuss Mildred with the earnest young man who discoursed so eloquently of the experiments in the Neurological Institute, and I left without mentioning her, after making an appointment for Saturday morning. Even if the consultation delayed my return to Dare's Gift until the afternoon, I was determined to see Drayton, and, if possible, take him back with me. Mildred's last nervous breakdown had been too serious for me to neglect this warning.

I was still worrying over that case—wondering if I could find a way to draw out of it—when the catastrophe overtook me. It was on Saturday morning, I remember, and after a reassuring talk with Drayton, who had promised to run down to Dare's Gift for the coming week-end, I was hurrying to catch the noon train for Richmond. As I passed through the station, one of the *Observer's* sensational "war extras" caught my eye, and I stopped for an instant to buy the paper before I hastened through the gate to the train. Not until we had started, and I had gone back to the dining-car, did I unfold the pink sheets and spread them out on the table before me. Then, while the waiter hung over me for the order, I felt the headlines on the front page slowly burn themselves into my brain—for, instead of the news of the great French drive I was expecting, there flashed back at me, in large type, the name of the opposing counsel in the case against the Atlantic & Eastern. The *Observer's* "extra" battened not on the war this time, but on the gross scandal of the railroad; and the front page of the paper was devoted to a personal interview with Herbert Tremaine, the great Tremaine, that philanthropic busybody who had first scented corruption. It was all there, every ugly detail—every secret proof of the illegal transactions on which I had stumbled. It was all there, phrase for phrase, as I alone could have told it—as I alone, in my folly, had told it to Mildred. The Atlantic & Eastern had been betrayed, not privately, not secretly, but in large type in the public print of a sensational newspaper. And not only the road! I also had been betrayed—betrayed so wantonly, so irrationally, that it was like an incident out of melodrama. It was conceivable that the simple facts might have leaked out through other channels, but the phrases, the very words of Tremaine's interview, were mine.

The train had started; I couldn't have turned back even if I had wanted to do so. I was bound to go on, and some intuition told me that the mystery lay at the end of my journey. Mildred had talked indiscreetly to some one, but to whom? Not to Harrison, surely! Harrison, I knew, I could count on, and yet whom had she seen except Harrison? After my first shock the absurdity of the thing made me laugh aloud. It was all as ridiculous, I realized, as it was disastrous! It might so easily not have happened. If only I hadn't stumbled on those accursed records! If only I had kept my mouth shut about them! If only Mildred had not talked unwisely to some one! But I wonder if there has ever been a tragedy so inevitable that the victim, in looking back, could not see a hundred ways, great or small, of avoiding or preventing it?—a hundred trivial incidents which, falling differently, might have transformed the event into pure comedy?

The journey was unmitigated torment. In Richmond the car did not meet me, and I wasted half an hour in looking for a motor to take me to Dare's Gift. When at last I got off, the road was rougher than ever, plowed into heavy furrows after the recent rains, and filled with mud-holes from which it seemed we should never emerge. By the time we puffed exhaustedly up the rocky road from the river's edge, and ran into the avenue, I had worked myself into a state of nervous apprehension bordering on panic. I don't know what I expected, but I think I shouldn't have been surprised if Dare's Gift had lain in ruins before me. Had I found the house

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leveled to ashes by a divine visitation, I believe I should have accepted the occurrence as within the bounds of natural phenomena.

But everything—even the young peacocks on the lawn—was just as I had left it. The sun, setting in a golden ball over the pineapple on the roof, appeared as unchangeable, while it hung there in the glittering sky, as if it were made of metal. From the somber dusk of the wings, where the ivy lay like a black shadow, the clear front of the house, with its formal doorway and its mullioned windows, shone with an intense brightness, the last beams of sunshine lingering there before they faded into the profound gloom of the cedars. The same scents of roses and sage and mown grass and sheep-mint hung about me; the same sounds—the croaking of frogs and the sawing of katydids—floated up from the low grounds; the very books I had been reading lay on one of the tables on the terrace, and the front door still stood ajar as if it had not closed since I passed through it.

I dashed up the steps, and in the hall Mildred's maid met me. "Mrs. Beckwith was so bad that we sent for the doctor—the one Mr. Harrison recommended. I don't know what it is, sir, but she doesn't seem like herself. She talks as if she were quite out of her head."

"What does the doctor say?"

"He didn't tell me. Mr. Harrison saw him. He—the doctor, I mean—has sent a nurse, and he is coming again in the morning. But she isn't herself, Mr. Beckwith. She says she doesn't want you to come to her—"

"Mildred!" I had already sprung past the woman, calling the beloved name aloud as I ran up the stairs.

In her chamber, standing very straight, with hard eyes, Mildred met me. "I had to do it, Harold," she said, coldly—so coldly that my outstretched arms fell to my sides. "I had to tell all I knew."

"You mean you told Tremaine—you wrote to him—you, Mildred?"

"I wrote to him—I had to write. I couldn't keep it back any longer. No, don't touch me. You must not touch me. I had to do it. I would do it again."

Then it was, while she stood there, straight and hard, and rejoiced because she had betrayed me—then it was that I knew that Mildred's mind was unhinged.

"I had to do it. I would do it again," she repeated, pushing me from her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sailing Companions

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

STILL, friend, the wind of life is in the sails,
As here on deck we tell each other tales
Of love and love, and mix them in with songs
Of Shakespeare and the other nightingales.

Still the adventurous sea of life to cruise,
At night to anchor 'mid the stars and dews,
At morn to range along the golden sands,
Then float among the crystal greens and blues.

And when the last mysterious port we hail,
And drop the anchor down and furl the sail,
I think the love betwixt us here begun
In that uncharted country shall not fail.

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On the Crest of the Lost Atlantis

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S

OUR little schooner, the *Kitty A*, steadily winged eastward. Through dark-grizzled storm, moon-calm of blue nights, or sun-haze of heated days, island after island of the Azores bulged over the horizon, gave us of its treasure, then dropped behind our wake.

Rounding Graciosa in a misty air, we watched sunshine and shadow hide-and-seek over her gentle, cultivated hills, picking out scattered hamlet clusters like groups of dominoes on a board of green—Graciosa, well named.

Then one dark night, edging cautiously around the frowning headland of São Jorge, we snuggled into Fayal. Next morning we viewed, across the narrow strait, the mount of Pico towering above the clouds.

On the northeast coast of Pico Island the chart marks "heavy rollers." Even a mile and a half off-shore we heard their ominous distant roar as we headed for Terceira Island, our tiny craft gently rising and falling on the great swells. We glimpsed anxiously the white band where the ponderous rollers broke on the jagged, lava-cusped coast, for the soft twilight air did not quite offset the drift, subtly carrying us toward this danger line.

But before midnight the good wind came. Sunrise would light us to anchorage in the harbor of picturesque Angra, Terceira's capital, seat of government and bishopric of the Azores. The hot flag of Spain, flaunting for a time from its bastions, has made its history more colorful and its old walls and fortifications more Moorish than the other Azorean towns under the less chromatic *genre* of the Portuguese.

I anticipated meandering twixt narrow, walled streets sunshaded by eaves underbrushed with blue, vermilion, or emerald, and basking for a spell in the afterglow of its Old World romance. But the full sweep of a gale forced Amory, when almost within sight of Terceira, to decide on the open sea. Reluctantly, with a wicked southwest gale piling along our rail, we changed course for the hundred-mile run to Ponta Delgada, capital of São Miguel.

All kinds of objects hurtled from racks and bunks; crockery hailed across the galley, and green water coming aboard necessitated trimming down to storm trysail. With darkness coming on, the dim loom of land now sighted ahead was passed well to windward. All night long it was pound, pound through heavy seas.

The morrow found us far southward of São Miguel; under single-reefed mainsail we began the long beat back. Chameleon-like, this largest isle of the Azores, transformed before us to a huge, wartled, green-and-violet-scaled dragon, its long backbone nubbed with volcanic cones, over whose sloping masses of lava slag, trap and tuff, time has spread an evergreen of juniper, faya, tree heaths, and other shrubs, purpling its sides with innumerable ravines.

Now, in a dead calm, the schooner lay flapping, rocking through another long night. The great moon gleamed down on the waters and us; like a cloud of silver dust the lights of Ponta Delgada, Portugal's third largest city, twinkled along the shore, and her red signal lights flashed their warm welcome to those out at sea.

Across the sea of imaginations, beyond the horizons of ages, there miraged before me on the sky-line of time that mythical isle of Atlantis, from which the ocean on which we now lay drifting derived its name. Whether this isle was a myth has been a moot question of science and history. Plato placed his Atlantis west of Europe, practically entering latitude 41° 34′ N. This empire was said to have sunk with all but a few of its inhabitants.

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Was the dim island shadowing through the moon-mist a remnant of that Atlantean catastrophe? Even the premises of the clever, imaginative Donnelly may some day aid in the historical reconstruction of the Lost Atlantis, and certain so-called Phœnician coins found on Corvo may be presented as exhibit "A."

Perhaps in this age-worn myth the history of the Azores begins. Arabian geographers, Idrisi and Iben al Vardi, doubtless meant the Azores when they wrote that beyond the Canaries northward are nine other islands. I doubt not that the daring corsairs of Salli and Rabat grated their galley keels on the shores of São Miguel. The sea-rovers of Barbary reached the Thames and bartered in London, raided defenseless Irish coast hamlets, and actually found their way to the coast of Iceland, and bore off some two hundred captives. It was during such expeditions that the Azores were probably sighted.

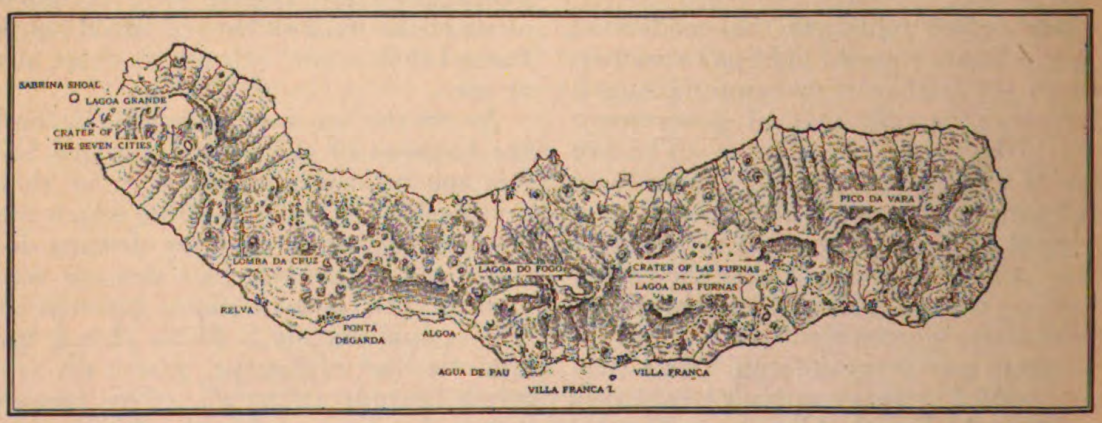
But the first to authentically record the discovery of São Miguel was Cabral, the bold navigator, on his way to the East in 1439. He carefully identified his island by two mountain peaks towering perhaps six thousand feet at its either end. Returning a year later, he rubbed his sea-strained eyes more than once before he recognized his island; the peaks were gone—blown to atoms by Vulcan's blasts.

Morning found us two days overdue, in a glassy calm a mile off-shore. But a mile has often meant a miss hereabouts; the German refugee bark *Magratha*, whose masts we could see within the breakwater, had been becalmed within two miles of Flores, but took twenty-nine days to pass that island. Unlike the other Azores, São Miguel has no outstanding rocks; even liners may approach within a quarter-mile of it. We were assigned anchorage near some refugee German vessels, since acquired by Portugal through declaration of war.

Above the sea-weeded rocks Oriental balconies projected from century-stained walls. In the innermost pocket old Fort St. Braz grimly dominated the harbor-front; behind rose red-tile-roofed houses with walls of pale salmon, green, blue, cream, or mauve, trimmed with other combinations. Here and there a church accentuated the pile in its setting of green highlands beyond. It was like a corner of the Ponte Vecchio merged with a bit of Venice, laid at the base of Tangier and framed by the hills of Rio—an outpost of medieval Europe, against which still plashes the backwash of centuries.

The long, gray liner *Canopic* now glided slowly in to anchorage. In our own little cabin was a chronometer she had carried three trips ago when, ammunition-laden for Italy, she attempted to discharge passengers within a mile and a half of the breakwater, over which the sea was running high. For twenty-four hours, against a terrific gale, both her engines steamed full speed ahead to keep her from being drawn in. Eventually she disembarked her passengers on the north side of the island in a lee of calm.

We scrambled up the quay of solid rock. The blue-tiled customs-house wel-



MAP OF THE ISLAND OF SÃO MIGUEL, LARGEST AND RICHEST OF THE AZORES
Author's route indicated by dotted line.

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THE WATERSIDE AND LANDING-QUAY AT PONTA DELGADA

comed us through its Roman arches to the heart of Ponta Delgada, erstwhile retreat of deposed kings, refuge of exiled politicians, and hotbed of national intrigue. Moorish jalousies and beautifully grilled balconies hesitatingly attempted to greet one another across the narrow *calles* (streets) which straggled along coast and up-hill, with a careful sort of carelessness. Women, shrouded in the dark-hooded Azorean cloak, mysteriously gossiped, moved on to mass or market, or disappeared in the hole-in-the-wall doorways; little, sheep-drawn milk-carts rattled along; swarthy, barefooted porters soft-scuffed among a more modern garbed populace.

A strange anomaly this, of twentieth-century inspiration reeking with Old World atmosphere, in which these fifty-three thousand Delgadans live. Notwithstanding the great leviathans of commerce pause here betwixt continents, and the throbbing pulses of transoceanic cables are here relayed with fresh energy, modernity still hesitates on the threshold of medievalism.

One night as we threaded the stone-paved by-streets under the dull gleam of oil-lamps, my friend, Vice-Consul John W. White, explained that recently the Companhia Electrica had failed to renew its contract.

At night Dom Pedro attends the band concerts in the plaza, views the cinematograph, or hobnobs at the little café tables along the water-front, winding up at the club, where he talks politics or stacks his milreis on *rouge-et-noir;* but in the side rooms of the little wine-shops barefooted José spends his centavos and cajoles pretty Juanita while she serves. Both listen—Manoel with his guitar is passing; the narrow little *calle* wells with the rich strains of one of those popular *fados* or love-songs of old Portugal. It is the *Charadinho*, whose dulcet melody is permeated with cloying, soul-breathing resonance. Softly, more softly, it mysteriously pulsates away into the night.

In an automobile Erving, I, and two of our sailors set out along coast for Las Furnas, a crater twenty-seven miles eastward. What a sacrilege to disturb by honk and whir the Oriental contemplativeness of the quaint countryside! We occasionally gave way to onion-laden donkeys, countrymen bearing loaded panniers, or slow-moving bullock-carts bringing townward corn in the husk. The gray lava walls about tiny sections of planted land spread over some of the volcanic hills. The patchwork effects of these colored squares, making of São Miguel one huge checker-

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board, will perhaps most impress the stranger.

In this climate — generally between fifty and eighty degrees—we saw grains, bananas, pomegranates, and other North-African fruits flourishing side by side with berries and vegetables of Europe, while the flowering heath, *Erica azorica*, gathered for fire-wood, overgrew the wild country. It is São Miguel's scenery, oft retouched by man, rather than its people which leaves the great impression.

It is quite the thing here to invest spare cash in a pineapple establishment, and seaward the little white-painted glass "pine-houses" shimmered on the emerald slopes. Each house usually contained five hundred to a thousand pines, the perfect fruit averaging eight pounds. Near by, little dwellings of thatch or inexpensive stucco often serve as summer homes for the owners. We saw similar cottages in the Calera Valley vineyards, from whose purple grapes comes *vinho cheiro*, the best island wine.

Coasting the nine-mile downward slope, we entered Villa Franca, one time the island capital. All of São Miguel bears battle-scars of volcanic wars, in which molten lava swept across the island, and ashes fell in Lisbon, almost a thousand miles away. But fair Villa Franca has suffered most. Great eruptions have spilled their liquid fire upon her, buried her in rock and ash, and stifled her with noxious gases.

The main part of the city once disappeared beneath the sea, with all but seventy of its five thousand inhabitants. Since its recent parallel—the destruction of St. Pierre, Martinique—the southwest gales about São Miguel have decreased, and the seasons now come nearly a month later. One might assume that Vulcan for brief periods had moved his smithy, to here weld his thunderbolts for Jove; the eruptions of Martinique, Etna, and Vesuvius have all registered their shocks in this far-away mountain village site, which has felt every volcanic disturbance of the last five centuries, and undoubtedly trembled in sympathy at the destruction of Pompeii.

Up a nineteen per cent. grade on second gear we climbed out of Villa Franca, which, undiscouraged, time and again has rebuilt itself and returned to its business. Masses of black lava which once poured through its streets still contrast with its pretty parks and *avenidas*, quaint old churches, and the fifteenth-century,

BULLOCK-CART BRINGING PINES TO PONTA DELGADA

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HOT SPRINGS IN THE INTERIOR OF THE GREAT CRATER OF LAS FURNAS

Moorish character of its houses, from whose balconies Azorean maidens view the world about them.

A mile off-shore, constantly reminding it of past troubles, lies a huge rock, a quiescent crater, once a part of the city. Beneath the still sheen of water, between rock and shore, is a jumble of rock reefs, where once was a prosperous harbor; and mooring-rings, which once gripped vessels to its quays, now lie deep-rusting far out to sea. And to-morrow this quiet, smiling, by-world town may be a smoldering cinder-heap.

We serpentined inland over ridges two thousand feet above the sea, along the *Rua Roja*—Red Road—crowned with red residual mountain soil. Some of the volcanic cones, once weird pantings of angered Nature, now contain round pools glistening like big silver buttons on a garb of green. Once a three-thousand-foot volcano belched from the heart of the island. Where the mountain had been the islanders found a lake, still called Lake of Fire from the flames which for days flared from its surface.

To vary her caprices hereabouts, Nature has now and again blown up the sea-bottom and added an island to the Azores; some stayed just long enough to pay their respects; one, ten miles in circumference, remained three years; another, ten.

The oldest inhabitants will tell you how the awe-stricken islanders looked from the hamlet of Ginetes at the last submarine outburst. The sea above it became a boiling caldron; lurid flames shot from its surface; terrific explosions vomited skyward a Hadean potpourri of fire, smoke, and steam, hurling huge rocks thousands of feet into the air, scattering ash-dust over São Miguel, and littering innumerable dead fish along its shores. When the smoke cleared, they beheld a crater island four hundred and ten feet high and nearly a mile in circumference.

Captain Tillard, of H.M.S. *Sabrina*, who was there at the time, daringly explored it. Half a mile off its precipitous shores he found the sea still warm. The cindered scoriæ were too hot to permit trespassing far, but he planted the Union Jack on its highest cliff and there cached a bottle recording his landing. In three months the island, which Tillard named after his sloop, disappeared, leaving dangerous reefs, now charted as Sabrina Shoal.

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There are numerous other submarine elevations, the best known the extensive Alice Bank, south of Fayal. In the igneous formation of the islands, far above ocean-level, traces of marine deposits and a former coast line have been found.

"Be sure to visit the *Quinta Borges* at Las Furnas," Vice-Consul White had urged.

THE WALLED-IN WASHING RESERVOIR

So, winding down through an ever-changing panorama into Las Furnas, skirting Furnas Lake, we entered this *quinta* (botanical garden), now belonging to the Visconde de Praya. We strolled through avenues of weird, monster trees, base-linked with blossoming *hortensia* hedges, along paths which serpentined among flowering camellias, azaleas, and fuchsias. We crossed a moss-grown, vine-covered stone bridge over a sinuous lake, in whose cerulean waters an island temple reflected and whose stillness was broken by a white replica of a gracefully moving swan.

But the house was as interesting as its surroundings were beautiful. Before the American Revolution, Hickling, an American, came to São Miguel. With true Yankee inventiveness, he introduced orange-culture improvements. In 1770 he built this house, and later, when appointed American consul, unblushingly named it "Yankee Hall."

Here, thirty-six years later, his grandson, Prescott, the heroic historian, visited him. May it not have been the romantic beauty and Old World tinge of São Miguel, stop-over of early explorers westward sailing, which gave him his urge, resulting in those historical masterpieces on Spain and the New World?

This lower valley floor of Furnas Crater spread before us. Roadways white-threaded through cultivated fields, which shunted up the shrub-capped cones—interesting topographical accents against the distant crater wall.

These *quintas*, pride of the wealthy Miguelese, have reached an indescribable lush of luxuriance and beauty; those of the Marquis de Jacome, the Visconde de Praya, and José de Canto outvying Nature herself. One of these owners secured a specimen of nearly every kind of the world's cultivated plants.

Amid a little, white-walled, red-tiled settlement clouds of steam belched weirdly from the ground, out of the famous *calderas* or hot springs of Furnas. To these fountains of youth, from June to January, many pilgrims come to bathe and steam themselves back to health—rheumatics, paralytics, *et al.*

The innkeeper solemnly assured me that people arriving here, mountains of

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fat, departed models of elegance. He even cited certain cows of the neighborhood who repaired daily to leeward of these hot springs and beclouded themselves in the stifling sulphur vapor, thus exterminating vermin or healing cutaneous affections.

Only a thin, hot crust of sulphur, silex, and other chemicals and minerals separated us from the seething boil below; at any moment a new geyser might break out under our feet. In places, only a few yards separated a flower-perfumed paradise from a raging inferno. Most of these *calderas* are in and about a slight promontory, Geyser Hill. All drain into the Ribeira Quente (Warm River), which twists its way through a valley to the sea. The warm mineral mud of its shallow bed is the habitat of the largest eels in the world.

The ground about the largest geyser, Caldera Grande, white-and-yellow patched with alum and sulphur, orange-and-red streaked with iron, shook ominously as we approached. Our nostrils smarted with its evil-smelling smoke; our conversation was drowned in its brain-maddening, pounding roar, as its water seethed and boiled furiously over its edge. The six-foot wall surrounding it was built because on a dark night a wretched peasant with his donkey fell in. Both were boiled alive.

More fortunate was a holy hermit, Pedro Botello, who fell into a neighboring *caldera*, but who was so holy that the geyser immediately ejected him quite unhurt. One may unduly excite many of these geysers by throwing into them turf or rubbish. From one particularly wicked-looking hole came a smothered rumbling—Drum of Hell they call it, because it rolls out its weird Danny Deever effects only at early morning and at eve.

If ever my boyhood's imaginings of inferno, smoke-beclouded genii, and witchery were embodied in vivid reality, it was when I suddenly came upon a gullied-out hillside and stood on the very threshold of a dark, gruesome abyss named, because of the mud it spewed forth, Caldera Polm. Suddenly, where the grayish steam-clouds thinned away I made out, ankle-deep in the gray, squdgy clay, a gray-headed, bent old crone, neutral-garbed with bespattered mud.

Her scrawny, wizened hand shot out; a mass of flying turf disappeared downward. The ground beneath us shuddered—a seething mass of mud gurgled to the top, spurting vicious volumes of steam

THE PUBLIC LAUNDRY OF LITTLE LOMBA DA CRUZ

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and smoke; then, with an awful roar, fell back. Vainly we scanned the vapor for the old witch—finally discerning her crouching figure tempting fate on the very verge of this nether world, as she agilely thrust a long-handled wooden scoop into the very *caldera* itself. Each thrust rewarded her with a great glob of steaming mud, which, because of its healing properties, is shipped to Lisbon chemists.

Filling a basket with the steaming compound, sometimes 209° Fahrenheit, the old woman swung the heavy load upon her head and started away. She set her burden down in a bed of blue periwinkles and maiden's-hair fern beside the spring, called Agoa Azêda, where we also stopped. We stepped aside that she might quench her thirst. Instead, quickly twisting some fresh leaves of *inhames* (yams) into cornucopia cups, she filled and proffered them to us in turn, the water gleaming like quicksilver on the velvety leaf side.

"*Aqui, Senhor—bebe!*" (Here, sir—drink!)

Her withered hand was besmirched with the caldron's mud, but I doubt not that old Julia de Rego's soul was as clear and beautiful as the sparkling water she handed us. Highly charged with carbonic-acid gas, this liquid, though stronger, resembled closely that of the Apollinaris Spring in the Yellowstone. Though once considered poisonous, it is now taken as tonic to Portugal.

Though within a few inches of a boiling sulphur geyser, this spring has a temperature of 60°. Old Julia told us that a thunder-storm so increases its gas that one cannot drink the water without choking, and that an east wind made her Caldera Polm boil harder.

"When I was a *chiquita* [little girl]," she informed me—she is now seventy—"nobody lived about these *calderas;* and a few years ago, when this *padre* came, there were but fifty couples."

A quaint, pastoral life they led. The simplest cabin boasted scoured floors and an immaculate, white-bolstered bed. Chairs were not a necessity; some of the Furnasans, after the Moorish custom, squatted on their heels on the slightly raised *estrado* (platform) along one side of their main room. Thus, after the manner of the East, they talk and sip tea; take their famous *sopas* (soups), or munch the staple food, *milho* (cornbread), yams, and lupin beans. The stalwart Furnas women travel afoot the long valley to little Albufeira carrying basket-head loads of lupin beans, which they place in the sea a few days pre aratory to pickling.

Old Julia's wealth of information proved an open sesame to the life and thought of her people. I learned that perhaps in no other place in the world do Nature's destructive freaks so compensate the people who dwell bout them.

Over the yellowish, marshy ground, broad reaches of the elephant-ear-leafed yams (*Caladium esculentum*) grew as high as the little old woman ahead of me. These springs in Furnas—Nature's hothouse—warm the soil, producing a local tropical climate to which these yams belong. Old Julia motioned her skinny arm out and down, the Moorish form of beckoning.

"Mariana! *Muchacha mia!*" (Daughter mine!), and a superb type of the island peasant, bearing on her head a woven willow basket of linen, smilingly approached. She led the way to a shallow, walled-in reservoir, into which water boiled from an adjoining spring. Here women were washing, and Mariana placed some wrung-out clothes into her basket, spread over them a white cloth, scattered some ashes on it, then poured upon them buckets of the stain-removing water of the Caldera Alcatron near by.

Old Julia led me from one *caldera* to another with all the pride of a bride in her first kitchen; these springs were the community kitchen and laundry combined.

"Here, Senhor!" She stopped by a boiling, saucer-shaped *caldera.* "We cook, more quickly than upon a stove, many things in a cloth or bag—eggs, chickens, meat, sausage, and bullocks' feet."

"And clothes?" I jokingly remarked.

"*Que, Senhor, Madra do Dios!* Never. We all agree to what use each spring shall be put; nobody disobeys."

In some hens are dipped for plucking.

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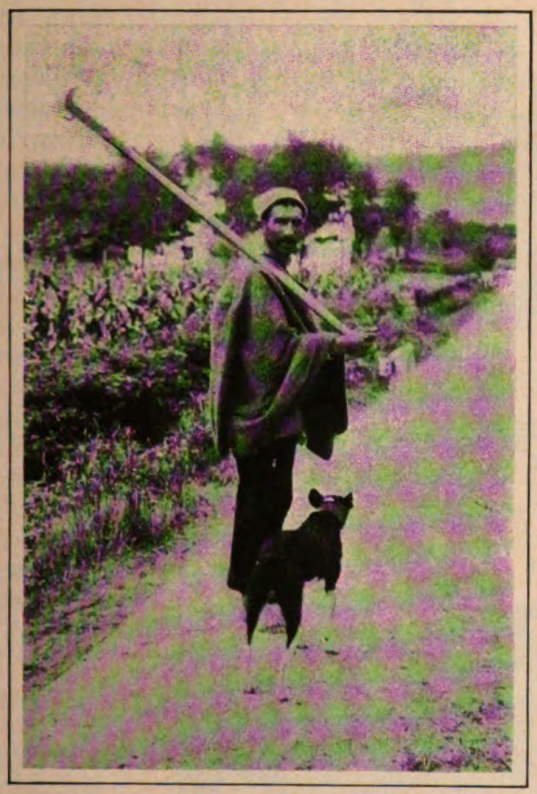
One, the Caldera Seca (Dry Caldron), contains quiescent warm water used as a steaming-vat to render pliable willow sticks, ox-goads, etc. Thus Furnas has its untaxed communal hot-water system.

Nature also makes amends by warning the Furnasans of earthquakes; a very sympathetic relationship, also reactionary, exists between the climatic conditions of São Miguel and the *calderas* of Furnas. When the average annual rainfall of 28.5 inches greatly increases or diminishes, quakes are felt at Furnas, and the Pedro Botello *caldera* becomes a seismatic barometer—dries up, spouts rocks, and smokes like a chimney, perhaps paying penance for having once soused the holy hermit.



PICTURESQUE INHABITANT OF THE CRATER OF THE SEVEN CITIES

"*Eh! vieja!* [old one], when was the last serious earthquake here?"

"Seven years ago, Senhor—one of the biggest we have ever felt. But when I was a girl the old people told me of *o anna da cinza* [the ash year]. You have heard of it, Senhor? The sun was not seen for many days, and our beautiful island was covered with ashes, in some places seventeen feet deep. But since then [1630] there have been many earthquakes and lava eruptions; new geysers have burst out and old ones dried up."

"Yet you live here without being afraid?"

"*Madra do Dios!*" Her bony finger reverently crossed her withered breast. "We know the signs. When the Caldera Seca boils far out, the people here run to yonder mountain crest—but walk a little, Senhor." The women led me to a hill. "Mariana's eyes are better than mine. She can show you where the hilltop dropped in last March and took with it a field of yams."

I left pretty Mariana at her washing, and old Julia de Rego went back to her Caldera Polm. I wondered if this nonchalant playing with fire by these folk would not ultimately result in their getting burned. But these simple, romantic people move about their daily lives with little thought for the days that have gone before—a few traditions only for the traveler who asks for some of these old fairy tales from life.

Climbing up its eastern side, we looked back on this great, green-covered vale of Furnas, whose inhabitants live on the top of heated bubbles, which some day may blow themselves and all around them into eternity.

Farther eastward, sprawled on a gentle slope, the little town of Provoçao basked in the sun. Here Cabral left the first colonists—a ship-load of Moorish slaves; even to-day their descendants are taller and more swarthy than the other islanders. Despite race admixture, their isolation has enabled them to retain many Moorish customs. May it not truthfully be said that in these Azorean isles the East and the West have met?

White was one of those enthusiastic, well-informed young consular officers whom the American pilgrim likes to meet. He accompanied us to that wonderland of volcanic subsidence, the Crater of the Seven Cities. So, one early morning we rode through a flowered

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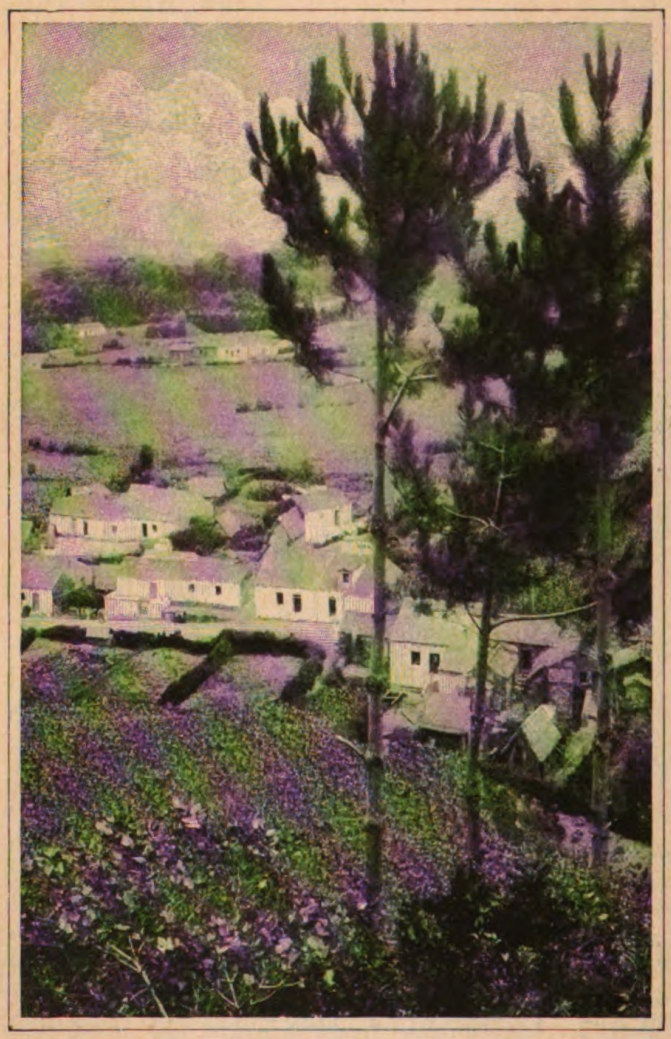
plaza, by the basalt-rock quarry from which much of Ponta Delgada is hewn, then along palm-lined Avenida de Principe de Monaco, given by the prince, who, in his yacht, has done much valuable oceanographical work in and about the West-African islands.



TINY COTTAGE CLUSTERS LAY SCATTERED ABOUT THIS CRATER FLOOR

We sped by fields of Indian corn and grain in the sheaf, around which high basalt walls, crevice-filled with earth and grass and overrun with weeds and blackberry vines, served as wind-breaks. Through gaps of mellowing grains we glimpsed the sea—Nature's sapphires in settings of yellow-orange gold. Breezes fanned softly over fields of sea-green sugar-cane which, like the corn, grain, and pineapples, grew in soil formerly covered with orange gardens.

Quaint little Relva rushed to doorway and window as we passed. At Lomba da Cruz a medieval, mountainside hamlet, we had arranged for donkeys. There are thousands in São Miguel, each, like almost everything here, taxed from Lisbon. Three little old men approached, driving—apparently three hair-mattresses on stilts—our donkeys, half smothered in Moorish *audilhas* (saddles), bulky cushions, covered by bright-colored carpet.

"Mount!" ordered the *viejos* (old ones), impatiently slapping the cushions and crouching beside them. There were no stirrups, so we three, with flying leaps, lit astride the mattresses, whereupon Erving's charger promptly lay down.

"*Que, Senhors! Que, Americanos!*" excitedly muttered my *arriero* (donkey-driver) in disgust.

"I should have told you," said White, with droll penitence. "We've violated every Azorean donkey-riding ethic. We should have stepped into the old men's hands and should sit these continental divides sidewise."

Through the town White's beast showed every respect due the representative of our government; my Sir Balaam evidenced no inherited strain of Mohammed's famous Al Borak, while Erving's beast, like that of Mark Twain's friend Bluecher, inclined to polish Erving off first on one side and then on the other. The trail zigzagged up a long, steep ascent.

"*Charga! boor-r-r!*" (Arrive, donkey!) repeatedly gruntled my *arriero*, with a twist of the donkey's tail, used as coupling-pin on the upward climb.

"*Charga! per'dentr'!*" and he punched Sir Balaam's after quarters with a stick.

"It's their patois for 'get to that spot,'" said White. "More imperative,

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you see, and only used when they punch a donkey in the rump. When I was a new-comer, at table before the entire Portuguese family where I boarded, I misapplied this remark to the female house-servant."

At two thousand feet above the sea the steep trail humped over a heath-covered ridge. On the declines the *arrieros* used the donkeys' tails as brakes. Each up-climb found even White's steed more obdurate.

"*Charga! per'onde!* [Get anywhere!] s-s-s-t!" With one little old man tugging at the halter, another boosting from behind, and White cutting antics like a racing-shell cockswain, this "seat of government" was eventually lugged to the crater crest.

Passing through a narrow divide, another of earth's colossal porridge-pots lay a thousand feet below, emerald-painted, and not yet quite drunk dry by the gods of the wind and the heat. Stretching almost across the bottom of this three-mile bowl of beauty is the island's largest lake, Lagoa Grande; about it rise seven crater cones, the Urbs Septicolis of São Miguel, hence the name Caldera das Sete Cidades (Crater o the Seven Cities).

A causeway divides the lake into two, called Lagoa Verde and Lagoa Azul, as they appear these respective colors when viewed from the crater's southern entrance. This phenomenon can be explained, I believe, through the science of reflections and aerial perspective. Goldfish (*Cyprinus auratus*), trout, and char swarm in these lakes, and although nearly a thousand feet above the sea, both ebb and flow.

Some of the miniature craters contain gems of blue water, others were wee sylvan dells. Tiny cottage clusters lay scattered about like kernels of white corn. So elusive was the play of light, painting this crater floor with ethereal beauty, so magnificently stupendous the cliffs of green which rimmed it, the gap just behind me might be the gateway to that Persian Eden "under the equator, . . . twelve times ten thousand miles square"; the seven hills below, the "seven dwellings" into which the ancient rabbins divided Lower Paradise.

Below us the road, cut out of the crater's inner wall, divided.

"*Eh! viejo!* Which is the better road to take?"

"*Ah, diablo! o rua . . .*" and his crusty mutterings were drowned in a roar of

SÃO MIGUEL PEASANTS BRINGING IN FIRE-WOOD

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laughter from White, who again interpreted:

"He says 'it's the one to go back on'!"

The trail led along the ridge of an inner spur and finally dropped down to the village, an hour's ride from the crest. Down through this semi-tropical woodland foyer we dismounted. Great, vine-entwined firs, til-trees, and pines arched over us their Gothic tracery; feathery japonicas and the Daphne-like leaves and white flowers of the Australian incense-tree half veiled the open spaces. Creeping juniper spread coverlets of green; flowering white and rose azaleas vied with brambles and elder.

Ten-foot fern fronds fringed the wood edges; screening the forest depths, the *Monstera deliciosa*, by its broad, perforated leaves let the light through to the blue periwinkles, hair-bells, and adder's-tongues which modestly peeped from among soft grasses and the moist, dark, staghorn moss. Another species of moss, *Sphagnum cymbifolium*, is found in immense beds on the north side of São Miguel; although appearing parched, even in the driest weather water can be squeezed from it as from a wet sponge.

The cultivated fields below were violet-stained with the flowering lupin, which is dug into the ground for fertilizer, and the *tremoco* (seed) used for soups.

We saw a number of birds in this valley, but, as in most of the islands, they are being exterminated. A meager bounty of twenty reis (less than a penny) is offered for a dozen beaks of the canary, blackbird, bullfinch, robin, chaffinch, wagtail, or black-cap. There are no snakes on the Azores, while Graciosa, only, boasts of lizards. After several attempts to introduce frogs, the Visconde de Praya unloaded on the community a particularly noisy breed which have increased by leaps and bounds.

Like all Azoreans, these are a kindly, gentle-mannered folk, their pastoral life similar to that of the Furnas people. Except for a few villas, the village was as primitive as those existing here when Columbus sailed toward the sundown sea. We had traveled down four hundred years in an hour.

Reaching the crest again, we paused on the top of this now quiescent, verdure-clad cinder-heap, where Cabral's mountain had been. The saffron afterglow faded as night turned down the footlights of the sun; rain-clouds lowered a gray-blue curtain over this isle of romance and beauty, whose genesis has occupied the minds of scientist and dreamer. Who shall say that those heights of basaltic rock, surfaced by the friable lava soil, are not the crest of the Lost Atlantis, roof of an antediluvian world?

When we again reached little Lomba da Cruz, it was closing its doors for the night.

"*Gracias, Senhors!*" As we left the old men we could hear in the darkness the ring of the silver pieces as they knocked them on the rocks.

Wisdom

BY SARA TEASDALE

WHEN I have ceased to break my wings
Against the faultiness of things,
And learned that compromises wait
Behind each hardly opened gate,
When I can look Life in the eyes
Grown calm and very coldly wise,
Life will have given me the Truth,
And taken in exchange—my youth.

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A Boy's Will

BY MARGARET R. PIPER

DAN MARCY stood, one elbow resting on the piano, and stared down with troubled eyes from his six foot of elevation at his pretty, blond little mother.

"You mean you want me to let him put me through college?" he asked, in an abrupt, staccato kind of tone, with a faint, resentful emphasis on the "him." "He" and "him" had occupied Dan's mind rather exclusively for a week past. It was scant wonder the emphasis was somewhat truculent.

Mrs. Marcy looked up quickly, leaving her needle enmeshed in the darn she was weaving to replace the hole in one of Dan's socks. He was home for a few hours only, being on his way to New Haven for to-morrow's game, but, mother-like, she had insisted on mending his stockings while they talked.

"It won't be exactly *him*, Danny dear," she explained. "After June twenty-fifth it will be—*us*." She blushed charmingly as she said it, and the blush made her prettier than ever. She was only thirty-eight, anyway, in spite of her six-foot son, and looked at least ten years younger than the truth.

Dan saw the blush, mechanically recognized its extreme becomingness, and permitted his gloom to deepen. He made a protesting gesture with his free hand.

"Don't!" he begged. "I—I can't stand it."

At that the light went out of Mrs. Marcy's face. All at once she looked her thirty-eight. Dan set his lips tight, very much as he set them before a rush on the football field. He would cheerfully have knocked down another fellow daring to bring that hurt, grieved look to his mother's eyes. But he couldn't very well knock himself down. Neither, it seemed, could he help hurting her, though he cared more for her than all the rest of the world lumped together, and then some. That was the tragedy of it. After all these years, for the first time something had come between them, something big and unsurmountable, like a wall. And he was on one side of the wall and she was on the other, and the wall was of the construction of a Mr. Robert J. Wyman, whom Dan had never met, but whom, notwithstanding, he was able to dislike very cordially. For Robert J. Wyman had recently expressed a desire to marry Mrs. Marcy, and Mrs. Marcy had expressed a corresponding desire to marry Robert J. Wyman, only her desire had had a proviso attached. The proviso was, "If Dan doesn't mind."

"You wrote me it was all right," she was saying. "Your letter made me—us," she corrected—"very happy. I sent it to Robert to read. Are you telling me now it is all wrong?"

Her clear, blue-gray eyes met Dan's very directly. He never had been able to tell less than the truth to those eyes. That was why he had dreaded this interview. One can put up a fair bluff on paper if one gives one's mind and will to it. It isn't so easy in person. A mother who looks at you like that will know, anyway, whether you say things or don't. Still he meant to do the best he could and not hurt her any more than was necessary. Some hurt was inevitable. He himself had been suffering the tortures of the damned for a week. Now he was making her suffer, which was worse. Hang Robert J. Wyman, anyhow!

"Of course, it is quite all right," he said aloud. "I'm not such a dog in the manger as to object to your marrying if it is going to make you happy."

"Nothing is going to make me happy if it is going to make you unhappy. You know that, Dan." Thus with two quiet, mercilessly truthful sentences she pricked the balloon of his elaborate cheerfulness.

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Dan sighed and began again. "It's not going to make me unhappy. That is," he amended hastily, under the impulsion of those blue-gray eyes, "it won't after I get used to it. Of course it was a bit of a surprise — sort of knocked me flat for a momemt. A fellow doesn't think about his mother's marrying, somehow. Not that you aren't the prettiest thing going. I needn't have been surprised if you'd had a waiting line of suitors as long as Cumberland Street itself." He made a humorous grimace. "I might have thought of it, all right, only I didn't. Shows old Prof. Wheeler was right when he said I was defective in imagination," he rattled on.

"Then you didn't mean what you wrote, Dan?" pursued Mrs. Marcy, ignoring her son's pseudo-pleasantries. Dan never had been able to sidetrack his mother when she intended to get things straight, as she evidently intended now. Resignedly he plumped down in the big leather arm-chair, from which his extended length of limb nearly filled the slight vacuum of the little room. Invaluable on the field, his bulk of person was somewhat superabundant in his mother's apartment.

"Yes, I meant it, mother," he said. "I am glad, honest-to-glory glad the hard pull is over for you, that you won't have to scrimp and save any more and plan how to make one dollar hump like five. I'm teetotally delighted that you'll never have to hear another infernal pupil whang out discords." He shook his fist at the piano vindictively, as if it were personally responsible for all the jangled melodies it had emitted during the last ten years, and which his mother had endured so patiently for his sake. "I'm not so selfish as to be sorry that's over with," he added, emphatically.

"I know," said his mother. "You're a dear, Danny. But you said all that in your letter. Now tell me the things you didn't say. I want to understand. I told Robert I wouldn't marry him unless you were perfectly willing. In your letter you said you were. If you aren't, then we have to begin over again. What is it, Danny? Are you jealous?"

Meeting her eyes, Dan flushed up to the roots of his tawny hair. "I was," he admitted. "Just at first I was jealous as the devil. I'd have murdered him for a nickel when your letter came. I was the original fool manger-pup that night, all right. I may as well own up, now it's over. For it *is* over, squashed for good and all." And he squared his broad shoulders as if to assure himself with satisfaction that that fardel, at least was shed. "It was squashed before I answered your letter, or I couldn't have answered it as I did. I did mean all I said, every word. I wouldn't lie to you even on paper. But there was more I didn't say—couldn't say, somehow. I didn't want to hurt you. I don't now, for that matter. I don't like being a brute, mother."

His eyes, anxious and deprecating, sought hers, and she smiled back faintly.

"As if I didn't know." She laughed a little, tender, wistful laugh. "You wouldn't hurt a fly, Danny darling, if you could help it. Go on. I told you I wanted to understand."

She rolled the mended hose in a neat little ball and placed it in his satchel. Then she sat down again, folded her hands, and gazed out of the little window into the wee space of blue sky that was visible above the row of gay scarlet geraniums. It was as if she meant to leave Dan free to tell her what he would and could, without espionage. Not for nothing had she been the mother of a boy for twenty years. He rose to the bait of her forbearance.

"I'm not jealous any more—not in the ordinary sense," he plunged on. "But I am jealous—horribly jealous—because he is going to do all the things for you that I wanted to do, all the things I've dreamed of doing and set my heart on doing ever since father died. I haven't said much. I couldn't. Maybe sometimes you've thought I was ungrateful and didn't realize all you were doing and giving up for me. I did. I've known all the time, and I wanted— Mother darling, you can't guess how I've wanted to make it up to you. And I meant to, too. Some day I was going to build you a home—not a miserable little cave like this, but a real home, with beautiful things in it such as belong to you, and a garden, where you could have all the flowers you wanted, and a view—the kind

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Drawn by T. K. Hanna

"SIT DOWN, DANNY DEAR, AND LISTEN."

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of view you love, with mountains and wide spaces. Of course, it wouldn't be for a long time, but I could feel the dream getting bigger and nearer. I have only two more years of college, and— Oh, pshaw! What's the use of talking about it!" His voice broke a little in its earnestness. He was down in the deep places, baring things even his mother had not seen, and, boylike, it came hard. "And now," he added, in a sudden gust of bitterness—"now it's all dished and done for. I can't do anything for you—not a single, blessed thing. He is going to do it all and more than I could have done, maybe, in a lifetime. My dream's just—sawdust."

He laughed, but there was no mirth in it. The tragedies of youth are the most real, the most poignant, the deepest in the world. Maturity perceives the grim humor of things, even when they pinch hardest, and smiles, wryly, perforce, at its own miseries. Youth takes itself and its grief with impassioned seriousness, and sees disastrously straight, with no saving slant of irony in its viewpoint.

Mrs. Marcy rose and went over to the window, where she absent-mindedly picked off a browning leaf from one of the geraniums. Dan's tragedy was real to her, too, because it *was* his, and for twenty years his life and hers had been bound in one. For the moment there was only Dan in the world to her. The new love, beautiful, satisfying miracle that it was, was as nothing in comparison to the old, passionately protecting, mother devotion. Nothing should come between her and Dan. Nothing was worth making Dan suffer. She turned back from the window and faced him, her eyes luminously misty, her small head lifted with proud happiness as she offered her oblation.

"Dan, dear, why didn't you tell me it was like that? I won't marry him."

But Dan was already on his feet and at the window with one swift, giant step, overcome by a sharp revulsion of feeling. By the side of his mother's quiet renunciation his own outburst sounded cheap and blatant and mock-heroic.

"Mother, don't be a fool. I mean, don't let me be one again. Of course you are going to marry him. I've been an idiot. I *want* you to marry him." And for the moment, at least, it was the truth. Aghast at his own selfishness and its effect, the boy reacted violently in the other direction. And, as their gaze met, they both knew they had been making a needless tragedy out of it all. There was no real danger that anything or anybody could separate them. There might be compromises, concessions, changes, disappointments, even heartaches, but there would be no essential estrangement. The interwoven strands of the love of twenty years' weaving are not so easily broken. And the great question was settled. She would marry Robert Wyman, and it was Dan who willed it so.

"Sit down, Danny dear, and listen." She drew him down beside her on the seat. "Don't you know there are things that only you can give me? Things you've been giving me all along, by being you? Things you're going to keep on giving me, I know, because you are—*you?* My happiness is in your hands now, just as it always has been. Can't you see that, dearest big boy?"

"But he can give you the real things," objected Dan, half comforted but not satisfied. "He has so much money. He can give you houses and cars and yachts and—and diamonds"—as her solitaire flashed suddenly as she moved her hand in the light.

"Those aren't the real things, Danny. None of them can give me half the happiness you can by growing on, as you have begun, into splendid manhood, like your father's and like—like his. Don't frown, dear. I don't want to hurt you. But he *is* splendid. Wait until you see him."

"Don't wan to see him," snapped Dan, drawing away with vehement, little-boyish petulance. He had had his deep moment and his magnanimous moment. Now he relapsed very humanly into a state bordering somewhere between plain sulks and martyrdom. Which merely goes to prove that a football hero can be sub-heroic off the gridiron.

"Danny, Danny, you're very unreasonable!" sighed his mother, longing to bring these two male creatures of hers together once for all, so that they might all begin to live happily ever afterward, in true fairy-tale style.

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Of course he was unreasonable. Had he not been emotionally battered and flayed for a week past until he was, so to speak, black and blue all over, a process which does not conduce to reasonableness at any age, and certainly not at twenty? Being unreasonable, he only "h-mped" non-committally, and, taking this as a sign of neutrality, his mother went on with her theme.

"You don't know how interested he is in you. He reads every scrap he can find in the papers about the foot-ball games, and he is pleased as Punch if you are mentioned, and simply spills over with elation if you get praised for any of the remarkable things you do. And you do do remarkable things, Danny. Even I—a mere mother—acknowledge that."

The blue-gray eyes had little star sparkles in them now, star sparkles that were due in part to whimsical humor, in part to overflowing happiness, and in part to sheer mother pride and affection. Dan's mother was complex and opalescent like that, which was, no doubt, one of the reasons why Robert J. Wyman had desired to marry her. But Dan, being only a son and a shade sulky into the bargain, merely grúnted again unappreciatively.

"He was here when I got your wire about the biology scholarship, and he was almost as excited and delighted as I was, though normally he is quite a calm and proper person. We've been so happy talking about you, Danny. You know I do love to talk about you, anyway. I admit it is reprehensible of me, but I do; and he's such an enthusiastic listener, it's a double temptation. We've really talked more about you than we have about ourselves." The laughter merged into tenderness in her eyes. "Oh, Danny dear, sometimes I wake up in the night and almost cry for sheer joy that it is going to be clear sailing for you these next two years. Sometimes I think that is the most beautiful part of it all."

"Mother!" There was sharp dismay in Dan's tone. He eyed her sternly. It was his turn to look her through and through. "You didn't—you didn't do it for me?"

Her warm flush and happy eyes denied before her tongue had time. "I didn't do it for anybody but just plain me. I'm in love, Danny. I know it's absurd at my years, but I am."

"Your years, indeed!" sniffed Dan. "You look about sixteen this minute. All right. You had me scared for fair, though. I'm glad you are going to be married so soon. I'll love to think of you sailing about in a lotus-eating yacht and whizzing round corners in a gorgeous motor-car while I'm measuring off calico and selling molasses in Uncle Daniel's Village Emporium."

Mrs. Marcy sat up very straight and drew a long breath. The shine was all out of her eyes again. Just as the worst was seemingly over, here was a new *impasse*, or, rather, the same old, original one, with nothing accomplished.

"Dan! You are not going with us to Maine?"

She and her husband-to-be had planned such an ideal vacation for themselves, including Dan, first at the beautiful seashore home, and later in the new yacht, which was to make its maiden voyage on the honeymoon journey, now only a few weeks off. But here was her unaccountable, exasperating, adorable son talking about calico and molasses.

"'Fraid not. I'm not marrying a millionaire June twenty-fifth, you know." Dan's tone was carefully light. He didn't want to make a scene any more than she did; but a gauntlet had been thrown down, and they both knew it. "Please don't look like that, mother. I'm not just trying to be disagreeable. I'm not so stuffy or so idiotic as to refuse his hospitality, but I can't afford it. I've got to earn some money for next year."

Dan had a firm chin, and his training on the gridiron had made it firmer. All at once they were back precisely at the point from which they had started.

"Then you mean you won't take his—our help?" In her disappointment Mrs. Marcy's tone was almost as staccato as her son's had been.

"I can't, mother. Honest, I can't. I'm sorry if it hurts you. I'll give in about everything else but that, but I can't be a—sponge. It was bad enough to take your money. I didn't mean to take a cent more than I could help this

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year, anyway. I can pretty nearly stand on my own feet. My newspaper agency pays fairly well now, and, with the scholarship and assisting in the Lab and Uncle D.'s princely stipend this summer, I'll get on very well." His gaze trailed out the window, past the scarlet geraniums, and his mouth set firmer than ever, making it look almost hard. "I'm not going in for football next year," he added, as casually as he might have said, "I scarcely think it will rain to-night," instead of making announcement of a decision that nearly tore the heart out of him by the roots.

"Not going in for football! Dan!" gasped his mother, understanding as well as any mere woman could the magnitude of that renunciation.

"I sha'n't have time," he explained, patiently, still addressing the twilight graying out there behind the geraniums. Then abruptly he turned back and made a gallant effort to meet his mother's eyes. "I'll spend Christmas vacation with you in—I don't care where, so long as it is with you." Thus with swift, if clumsy, change of subject he expressed desire to propitiate the trouble in her face.

"Is that your final decision? I don't mean about football. I mean all of it." Her voice, too, was very quiet.

Dan nodded in silence.

"Very well. If that is the way you feel I won't urge you, though I think you are making a big mistake. We have been so wanting you to have these next two years free of extra work and anxiety, with all the best that college means open to you. I am proud of your pride, Dan. It is fine in itself, but I wish I could make you see how easily a virtue slips over into being a vice sometimes. If you choose not to take our help, you will hurt and disappoint me, and you will hurt and disappoint Mr. Wyman even more. You don't know how much he has counted on it. I am not telling you this to work on your feelings, but because it is the truth. We are being very honest with each other to-night. One word more, Dan. Sometimes the most generous thing in the world is to take a gift—the most niggardly, to refuse it. Think it over, son."

The shy, happy, mirthful girl was gone. She was thirty-eight again now, reminding twenty gently but insistently that there is more to life than is bound up in youth's compact, inelastic philosophy. And twenty, not understanding, as twenty never does, was puzzled and ashamed and stubborn and hurt and resentful all at once. Dan rose and strode to and fro in the little room, to the imminent danger of its perishable accessories. It had grown full dusk while they had been talking, and now they could scarcely see each other's faces. The grayness seemed to separate them. Presently he came to a halt before her.

"I'm sorry, mother. I'm afraid thinking it over isn't going to change my mind or me. I've got to go now. I'm making the seven-ten. I sha'n't see you again until—June twenty-fifth."

He bent to kiss her good-by, and somehow all the way to New Haven he kept seeing her as she sat there quietly in the window, her fluff of pale-gold hair against the scarlet geraniums, which were still a subdued splendor even in the dusk. He wished it had been a little darker, so he could not have seen her eyes. They haunted him. So did that last speech of hers. The word "niggardly" rankled.

At Springfield the train became crowded, and Dan moved over to make room for a companion. A tall man, wearing a well-tailored suit and a general air of traveled ease and prosperity, slipped into the seat beside him with a brief "thank you," and subsided behind his newspaper.

Dan peered out into the night with miserable, unseeing eyes. Being unreasonable, as his mother had suggested, he concentrated his emotional batteries on resenting Robert J. Wyman's presence on his horizon. Indeed, he succeeded, long before he reached Hartford, in fanning his dislike of that individual into quite a healthy blaze of antagonism. Turning gloomily back from the window, he met the keen, deep-set eyes of the man who shared his seat.

"Going to the game?" asked the other, casually.

Willing to be diverted, Dan assented.

"Dartmouth?" surmised the other.

"Sure. Only college on earth." Dan's grin poked fun at his own partisanship.

His companion picked up the news-

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paper which lay in his lap and pointed to an ill-printed cut labeled "Dartmouth's hopeful team."

"It's not what they call a speaking likeness," he observed, indicating a tall figure in the rear of the group. "But I think I'd know Dan Marcy if I met him in real life. Am I right?"

The man had that mysterious quality called charm, and Dan succumbed to it on the instant. His grin widened, though he flushed boyishly.

"You must be a good Yankee," he said. "You're right, though I can't say I'm much flattered at being recognized from that."

"Oh, I've seen other pictures. I've seen you, too. Saw you at Princeton, last fall. That was a great touchdown you made. Never saw anything neater."

"You are interested in athletics, I take it?" Dan shifted the subject modestly, being shy as a school-girl when it came to personal references to his exploits on the field.

"Tremendously. I'm not precisely a fan, though. I don't go in much for the professionals. But I take in every college game I get a chance—have for years. It's an old habit."

"What's your college?" Dan took it for granted that this poised, well-dressed gentleman was a university product—Harvard, for a chance shot.

The man smiled, and his smile, coming suddenly, heightened the charm of his personality. "The world," he answered. "I've been earning my own living since I was twelve."

"Oh!" half apologized the boy, yet feeling vaguely that apologies were scarcely in order. "I guess the world's a pretty fair college to get educated in. You don't seem to have missed much."

"I've missed what I'll never recover so long as I live. I've missed youth."

Dan flashed him a sideways look, but he didn't say anything. He didn't know what to say. But he hoped the other would go on. He did.

"I can get along without the book education. I've done a bit of that in my own way, and travel and contact with other men have helped. I don't regret that so much."

Dan thought he had no need to regret. Neither his talk nor his manner indicated any deficiency in culture. Quite the contrary, in fact. If he were self-made, he had done the job well. He gave the impression that he would do most things well if he chose to do them at all. Yet there was an odd wistfulness behind it all, which the boy perceived vaguely and which arrested his interest and sympathy.

"Books are a mighty small part of it," he said.

The man shot a swift, half-challenging glance at the boy. "What is it that counts most, if it isn't the books? You're in the thick of it. I never had it. I'd like your opinion."

Dan considered. "There's a whole lot that counts," he answered, after a moment. "But I think what counts most is the—togetherness. Whether it's football or a biology quiz, or a smoke talk or a hike, you are doing it with the rest, especially with your friends. I've seen the grads come back. They hunt up their old rooms, and fight over their old football battles, and rehash their old larks. It's the things they did together they remember and come back to." Dan laughed a little confusedly as he looked up at his companion, who was studying him closely. "I'm a bit thick in my rhetoric," he added, "but I guess you get me, don't you?"

"I get you," assented the man. "You have expressed just what I have missed—the togetherness. I had aloneness chiefly at your age. I've had it pretty much ever since, until lately." And Dan saw the speaker's rather stern face soften and his keen eyes grow tender as if he suddenly saw a vision of happy things. "Don't think I am complaining," the other added, quickly. "Life has been good to me on the whole. But it didn't give me youth—the joy of it, the comradeship of it—the memory of it. Those are the things I shall always miss, unless—" He turned to the boy—"unless it is possible to get them—vicariously. I wonder—"

"Hello, Wyman!" interrupted the voice of a man who had just got on the train at Hartford. "Going through to New York? I hear copper's up. How about it?"

"Hang copper! I'm stopping over at New Haven for the game."

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Drawn by T. K. Hanna

HE KNEW HE WAS BEING ASKED FOR UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER

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The questioner passed on down the aisle with a jesting comment, and the eyes of the boy and the man met.

"I plead guilty," said the latter. "I am Robert Wyman."

Dan flushed, Dan-fashion, up to his hair and round to his ears. He didn't speak. He couldn't. He was unable to mobilize his thoughts, much less his words. His brain whirled like a merry-go-round, and there was a queer din in his ears.

"Forgive me for taking advantage of the situation," continued Mr. Wyman. "I recognized you the moment I got on the train, and couldn't resist scraping acquaintance anonymously. I was going to look you up to-morrow, anyway, and have it out."

"How did you know there was anything to have out?" asked Dan, shortly, still under stress of much confusion of mind. It is disconcerting, to say the least, to find the man to whom you have taken a violent fancy, and to whom you have paid the compliment of a gift of your inmost thoughts, is also the man you have been regarding for a week as your natural enemy. The dilemma looked at least three-horned on the face of it. The whole situation had changed again kaleidoscopically, and he had no idea how he was going to meet it in its new phase.

"Oh, I knew no boy with a mother like yours would be so blamed cheerful about giving her up as you were in that letter. Besides, I read somewhat between the lines. Maybe more than your mother did. That was a wonderfully generous letter, Dan Marcy. It made all the difference in the world to me. I wanted to write and thank you at once, and then I thought I'd come to New Haven and do it in person."

Dan "h-mped" very much as he had done for his mother's benefit. The word "generous" struck a spark of memory. His mother didn't consider him generous. "Niggardly" had been her word.

"See here, Dan," went on the low, even voice, beneath the smooth flow of which ran an unmistakable undertow of deep feeling. "I've been making a bit of a bid for your sympathy this last half-hour, but it wasn't a premeditated method of attack. I blundered into it. I don't often hit the deep spots any more than you do. I pass in the crowd for rather a hard, reserved sort of person. But somehow you've come to symbolize my lost youth. It was seeing you and realizing this that unlocked the gates. I've always hoped to get it back again in a son of mine, and if I searched the world over I couldn't have found one nearer my heart's desire. How about it, Dan? You have given me one big gift already. Now I'm asking for another. Shall you and I and your mother finish college—together?"

Dan looked out into the night, and a great lump was in his throat. He knew he was being asked for unconditional surrender. If he said "yes" to that last question, it meant yielding that dearly cherished, expensive, virtuous-vicious pride of his. They were nearing New Haven, but he did not see the twinkling lights. For him the window framed a sweet-faced woman with fair hair and tender, troubled eyes, set against a flame of scarlet. Nor did he hear the rumbling thunder of the train, for in his ears echoed the quiet, deeply sincere plea of the man who had missed youth and who was asking him now to be generous out of his abundance. Presently he turned back to where Robert Wyman sat waiting.

"You and I and mother 'll lick Yale next year, if we don't this," he said.

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The Ring with the Green Stone

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

ANN LIVINGSTONE sat swaying back and forth in her green cane rocker on her front porch. About her was such strength of green light of tree-boughs, ruffling in a southwest wind, that even the folds of her black-silk skirt showed faint reflexes of that color. Her smooth, blond hair had a greenish cast. It was, of all her fair, slender, middle-aged figure, as if it were seen through depths of levels of green water, like a mermaid's. It may be that people, like landscapes, have their color-schemes. Ann had always loved the soothing background color of the earth-green. She had surrounded herself with it. Her home was vine-screened and surrounded by trees and hedges. In her youth she had worn green gowns; now she wore black, and left the green to her daughter Ruth, who had inherited her mother's love of the color.

The porch was sweet with blooming roses and elder-flowers, and other indefinite odors, blending in a bouquet of perfume. Presently there cut through it a pungent odor of tobacco. Ann glanced over her shoulder and saw her brother Stephen's face framed in a window. It was a large, handsome, elderly face, white-bearded and keen-eyed.

"Has Ruth come?" the man asked.

"No. I am waiting for her. You know she stayed at Jim Gordon's mother's longer than she expected. Charlotte Gordon was perfectly sweet when Jim became engaged to Ruth; she insisted that he should use the setting of her own engagement-ring for the one he gave Ruth, and it was too small and had to be enlarged."

"What became of the stone in Jim's mother's own ring?"

"She must have lost it, I suppose. Anyway, the setting is hand-wrought Indian gold and very beautiful."

"What is the stone?"

"Oh, an emerald, of course. Ruth is as much of a crank over green as her old mother. Here she comes now. She will be so delighted to see you."

The man lounged out as a car rolled up, and a girl sprang out. She was fair, like her mother, very pretty, and clad in pale green like a fairy. She fluttered lightly up the steps, kissed her mother, and made round blue eyes of interrogation at the man.

"Your uncle Stephen, dearest," said Ann. "He has left the West for good, and is going to stay here with us."

The girl made a dart at the man. She flung her arms around his neck. She was curiously childlike in her ways. Her voice even struck unexpectedly sudden high, sweet cadences, like a child's.

"I am so glad you have come, Uncle Stephen!" said she.

Ruth's hair was of a light, feathery quality, fluffed about her small face. She stood looking at her uncle smilingly, and teetered a little on her toes, with an effect of dancing.

"Does she look like me, Stephen?" asked Ann.

"She looks like herself, and nobody else on earth, unless it is a queer kind of humming-bird," said Stephen.

He held the girl off and shook her slender shoulders and regarded her with tenderness, this little, slight beauty of a girl, who looked at him with the questioning eyes of a child, ready to be loved, ready to shrink if flouted. Suddenly a serious expression came over her face.

"You know about Jim?" she asked. "Mother has told you?"

"She has told me you were going to leave just as I got where I could see a little of you and your mother after all these years," said Stephen. He looked rather grave. His own romance of life had failed.

"Jim and I are always to spend our

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summers here," said Ruth; "and if you stay with mother, everything will be just complete. All that troubled me was leaving mother, winters. Of course she will stay a great deal in the city with Jim and me. And now you can come, too, Uncle Stephen. I am not going to leave."

"Girls like you are born to leave," said Stephen, laughing. "What are wings for?"

Ruth, starting quickly, stood away and gazed intently at her left hand.

"What is the matter, Ruth?" asked her mother.

"My ring doesn't shine as much as I thought it did," Ruth answered.

"It is only because it is so dark in here. You must remember this porch is always twilight with the vines."

"I suppose that is it. But it startled me all of a sudden. It had always blazed up in my eyes like a green dew-drop, and then it did not."

"Nonsense," said Ann. "You forget that no jewel except a diamond will show much light in a gloomy place."

"And not all diamonds," said Stephen. His shrewd eyes looked shrewder. "May I see your ring now, Ruth?" he asked.

Ruth extended her hand simply. She looked at him for admiration. Stephen bent over the little hand, on which was the ring with the large green stone. He gave a hardly perceptible start.

"Isn't it a beauty, Uncle Stephen?"

"Do you object to taking the ring off, dear?" asked Stephen.

Ruth laughed. "Oh, goodness, no! I am not superstitious, and, anyway, the ring has been off since Jim put it on a number of times. The setting was Mrs. Gordon's, Jim's mother's. It was too large, and it had to be altered. I was without any engagement-ring for several days while I was away."

Ruth took the ring from her finger and handed it to her uncle. He rose leisurely and went down the steps into the broad sunlight. When he returned he looked pale, but he was smiling.

Ruth held out her hand for the ring. "Isn't it wonderful, Uncle Stephen?" she cried eagerly.

"Yes, very wonderful. Nothing like an emerald for beauty among the whole list of gems," replied Stephen.

While his niece was readjusting the ring he made a slight gesture to his sister.

"You had better go to your room and change your dress for dinner, dear," Ann said immediately.

After the girl had gone Stephen turned to his sister, and her face was as pale as his. "What is it, Stephen?"

"Ann, you must simply call up your courage."

"I am ready," said she, steadily.

"That stone is not an emerald. It is only a clever imitation."

"Stephen!"

"I am positive. I know quite a good deal about gems. It is a clever imitation; I have never seen one just like it. When the child spoke about its not shining I began to suspect. When I had it down there in the sunlight, I knew."

"Stephen, do you realize the full import if it is not?"

"Yes, I am afraid I do. Can the child hear?"

"No; her room is on the other side."

"It means a good deal more than a fake gem. It means a fake man."

"Stephen, there must be some mistake. Jim Gordon is the soul of honor. He cannot know."

"Where did he buy the stone?"

"At Lord & Lovejoy's."

"The best and most reliable firm in the city. Are you sure?"

"He said so. He said, and laughed, that he had to take their word for it; that he knew nothing about precious stones. He said that they declared it was the finest emerald that had ever come into their possession."

Stephen Ward looked grim. "I will make it my business to see these gentlemen to-morrow," said he. "I will take the ring in and ask a few questions."

"Stephen, Ruth will suspect."

"She will have to know finally, I fear, in simple justice to her and her future life. But she will not suspect to-morrow. The stone is a little loose in the setting. Queer work that is for a firm like Lord & Lovejoy."

"Stephen."

"What, dear? Don't look so pale."

"There may be a dishonest salesman."

"Yes, there may be. I intend to find out."

"It is not, of course, the value of the

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stone," said Ann in a low, distressed voice. "It is the imputation cast upon—"

"The man who gave it to her? Yes."

"Jim is rich. He can afford anything. But if he were poor—to give her an imitation gem and tell her it was an emerald—"

"It means, of course, that the man ranks with the spurious stone," said Stephen Ward.

"Don't tell Ruth."

"Why, Ann, would you dare not tell her?"

"It would break her heart."

"It might be a cleaner break than she would get if she married the man."

"It may be the salesman. You know there are dishonest salesmen. You know there are, Stephen."

"Yes, there are. We will call it the salesman to-night. We won't let the child suspect. There is no sense in doing that until I have made sure." Stephen sat staring gloomily. He was reflecting. "A firm like Lord & Lovejoy does not employ dishonest salesmen." The sentence rang in his mental consciousness; however, he concealed it.

The next morning it was easy enough to tell Ruth that he had discovered when he had examined the ring the night before that the setting was loose, and that he was going to the city on business, and would take the ring to the jeweler's and have it attended to, and bring it back with him that night.

Ruth agreed in a panic. "Oh," she cried, "how perfectly dreadful it would be if I had lost my beautiful emerald the way Jim's mother lost the stone from this same setting! Oh, do take it, Uncle Stephen, and be sure they fix it to-day, because Jim may be here to-morrow, and I don't want him to find me without it."

When Stephen returned that night he found his sister alone on the porch.

"Ruth has gone out in the Waite's car," she said.

"I am glad," said Stephen, settling heavily into a chair and wiping his forehead. The day had been warm.

Ann looked at him, with apprehension.

"It is pretty bad, Ann. That is, it looks pretty bad."

"The salesman?"

"I was at once assured, with no questions on my part, by the senior member of the firm, that of course no one in their employ could be for a second suspected. I had to agree. The supposition is as practically impossible, with people like that, as spurious stones."

"Then—?"

"I saw Mr. Lord and his son, and Mr. Lovejoy and others. I stayed an hour in their private office. A magnificent emerald was put in the setting of this ring."

Stephen took the little box from his pocket, opened it, and removed the ring. The green stone, exactly the color of an emerald, greeted their scrutiny like a defiant eye of mystery. "They said a great deal about the beauty of the setting," Stephen remarked, gloomily.

"And the stone?"

"They said very little. I said very little. What could I say? The members of that old firm are gentlemen. Besides, my position was peculiar. I could not accuse them of selling an imitation emerald to the man engaged to be married to my own niece. You understand very well that—"

Ann's face paled, and took on an expression as of one who faced fire. "I understand perfectly that a counter-accusation might have been made; and yet, Jim Gordon—"

"Jim is no more of a gentleman, he has no greater reputation for honor, than the members of that old and honorable commercial house."

"Jim simply could not knowingly have given Ruth a spurious emerald for a betrothal ring," Ann said.

"No; I agree with you. He could not. He did not. And yet—"

"You think Ruth must be told?"

"It is imperative that Ruth be told."

"She will not be in the least influenced. Her faith in Jim will not waver a hair."

"All the same, in simple justice to the child, she must be told."

Ann leaned her head back on her chair. "You will have to tell her, Stephen," she said, faintly. "Ruth must not associate her own mother with this horrible thing."

"Very well, I will tell her," replied Stephen. "It is not an enviable task, but I agree with you. She must not

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Drawn by M. L. Bower

"DO YOU OBJECT TO TAKING THE RING OFF, DEAR?" ASKED STEPHEN

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have the first shock from her mother. It is monstrous."

"She will be home before long," said Ann. She regarded her brother pitifully.

"You go to your room, old girl, and lie down, and leave me to face the music," Stephen said, kindly.

He was sitting alone on the porch, smoking, when Ruth returned. Her uncle thought he had never seen her look so lovely and so radiantly happy.

"Such a ride!" she cried. "And I have had a note from Jim, and he is coming to-night."

"Here is your ring, my dear," said Stephen. There was nothing unusual in his voice. Ruth held out her hand readily for the ring. She looked at the green stone and frowned a little.

"Strange how dim the emerald looks in here," she said.

"Do you want me to tell you why, my dear?"

Ruth gazed at him. "Why? I don't understand what you mean, Uncle Stephen."

"You know that I am rather wise about gems?"

"Yes, of course. Mother has told me. I know you have a valuable collection."

"Are you sure you want me to tell you?"

"To tell why my emerald looks so very dim in this light? Yes."

"My dear Ruth, it is not an emerald."

"What is it?"

"A very clever imitation."

Ruth's face did not change color, but all the lines seemed to harden. It was like watching the petrifaction of a rose.

Suddenly Ann's face appeared in the doorway. Her anxiety had not allowed her to remain absent. She listened, pale and breathless.

"Why do you think that?" Ruth asked in an even voice.

"I know considerable about gems. I have the opinions of Lord & Lovejoy and a recognized expert. That stone is not an emerald. Lord & Lovejoy sold an emerald. They did not sell that stone. Moreover, that firm never allowed a ring to leave their house as badly set as that was yesterday."

Ruth turned slightly and saw her mother. "Will Lord & Lovejoy or anybody else make this public?" she asked.

"I have their word of honor that they will not, and you know that neither your mother nor I will, but Ruth—"

Ruth faced them both in a sudden whirl of defiance. "Listen," she said in her voice with the high, childish note —"listen. I do not care what Lord & Lovejoy say; I do not care what anybody on earth says; I do not care now; I shall never care. I do not care whether this green stone in this ring is an emerald or not. It does not concern me. All that concerns me is Jim. All the world and all the precious stones in the world can never make any difference with me. I do not know anything about this green stone. I do not know how it got in the ring. Understand, mother; understand, Uncle Stephen, I do not care. You are never to speak to me of this again."

"But, Ruth, you—must believe—" Ann began, faintly.

"I believe nothing, either one way or the other," replied Ruth, with a sort of fierce radiance. "It is only that I do not care. It all means nothing to me. I love Jim, and he loves me. That is all. No green stone can separate us."

Ruth kissed her mother and passed her, going into the house.

A ghastly expression was over Ann's face. "She will go on and marry him," she said. "She will not speak of it to Jim. She knows nobody else will. As a matter of fact, I don't see how anybody ever can. There is no possible substantiality back of it. Jim Gordon never changed a real emerald for a false one and gave it to my girl."

"I suppose that is true," Stephen said, thoughtfully. "I don't really think one man at Lord & Lovejoy's suspected him. As a matter of fact, I wonder if they were not much nearer suspecting me. We cannot say one word to Jim, and yet, Ann, to let this marriage go on—"

"I am her mother," said Ann, in a tragic voice.

"Ruth tells me that Jim is coming to-night."

"Is he? She has heard, then. I thought he would come. Well, nothing can be done to-night. We must wait. Something may throw a light on the matter. I must go and dress now. We simply have to wait developments."

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"I suppose you are right," assented Stephen, "but sometimes it has seemed to me that developments needed the lash and spur more than anything on God's earth." He sighed, and followed his sister into the house.

Stephen was right about his estimate of the slowness of developments. Nothing whatever developed concerning the ring. The engagement was to be a short one. Ruth went on with her preparations. Jim was often at the house. The more Stephen saw of him, the more it seemed impossible to suspect him.

One evening shortly before the day set for the marriage, Jim unconsciously strengthened his own cause. He had been watching Ruth's slender left hand move as she was sewing, and suddenly he said: "Give me your hand a second, Ruth. No; rather, take the emerald off. I want to look at it."

Ruth obeyed. Then she bent her head closely over her work. Jim held the ring up to the light. He shook his head.

"I know absolutely nothing about gems," he said; "but if I had not bought this emerald from Lord & Lovejoy's I would most certainly think I had been cheated. Of course it must be the magnificent emerald they told me it was, but I must say I would never dream it. Mr. Ward, you look at the thing. You are a connoisseur. You tell me what you think of it."

Ruth shot one glance at her uncle as he took the ring. It was rather a terrible glance. It was full of deadly terror, of fierce command. Stephen nodded slightly at her. He held the ring up to the light.

"Of course it must be all right, coming from such a firm as that," he said.

"Yes, I suppose so, but how does it look to you?"

"It has the perfect emerald color," Stephen said.

"I know that, but somehow, to me—of course I am no judge—it lacks life."

"How can you, Jim?" said Ruth, sharply. "It is perfectly beautiful. Jewels are not alive."

"That is just it," said Jim. "I had a vague idea that they were. What do you think, Mr. Ward?"

"The perfect emerald tint," Stephen repeated. "As for the rest, I don't pretend to be exactly an expert on precious stones, though I might assume that I was on semi-precious."

"I have half a mind to take that ring to Lord & Lovejoy's to-morrow," said Jim, as he gave it back to Ruth.

She started and paled. "Jim, you can't," she cried.

"I hardly see how you can," said Stephen. "Lord & Lovejoy have such a reputation that it would amount to an insult."

"I suppose you are right," Jim said, doubtfully. "I suppose it would not do, and the stone must be just what they represented. I am no judge. Sometimes I think that education, generally speaking, should provide knowledge of things of such value."

"It is a magnificent ring," said Ruth, "and I shall refuse to take it off many more times. I shall begin to be superstitious."

After Jim and Ruth had gone for a little stroll in the moonlight, Ann looked at her brother. "What did you think of that?" she asked.

"He is either absolutely above suspicion or the cleverest impostor of his generation," said Stephen. "Personally I have no doubt. The man simply does not know. Sometimes I wonder if—"

"What?"

"If he ought not, in common justice, to be told."

"Stephen, how could he be told without implying suspicion?"

"I confess I don't see," replied Stephen, thoughtfully. "If it was anything on earth except an engagement-ring, and if we were not so absolutely sure, in spite of this evidence, that the man is all right! I am sure of that. At first, before I had seen so much of him—I did not own it to you—but I doubted. Now I am as sure of him as I am of myself; perhaps I am surer. I am inclined to think a jury would find the case rather strong against me." Stephen laughed.

"Don't laugh, brother. It is dreadful, in spite of everything. How do you account for it?"

"I don't account for it. I have a firm opinion that there is a large class of

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incidents in this world beyond all known laws of accountability. I think poor Ruth's bogus emerald belongs to that class. We must simply put it out of our minds as much as possible, Ann."

"I see no other way, with the wedding next week," said Ann, miserably. "I hope everything will be right, and Ruth will be happy; but she is my only child, and to begin her matrimonial life with a sham gem for her betrothal-ring—Oh, Stephen, are you sure it *is* sham?"

"I wish I were not sure," Stephen said, fervently.

Ruth was married the next week. Not one word had been said to her about the ring after her conversation with her uncle. She had seemed radiantly happy. If she had a shade of distrust, she did not betray it; but she probably had none. Ruth was essentially feminine. She placed affection and emotion in the vanguard of her life. She was even capable of entirely dismissing reason and logic for the sake of preserving in integrity her affection and trust.

Ann thought sometimes that she did in this case. After the wedding, when the young couple had gone, she spoke of it to her brother.

"I really wonder if Ruth believes what you told her," she said. The two were sitting alone in the room sweet with Ruth's bridal flowers.

"She believes it, but she has hidden the belief from herself," said Stephen. "I know that type of woman, and Ruth is a perfect specimen of it."

"I hope she will be happy."

"It will take more than a sham emerald to make her unhappy with a man whom she loves as she loves Jim," replied Stephen. "If there is any alchemy in faith and love, Ruth will have that stone pure emerald before she has done with it. She will be happy. Don't worry, Ann."

Stephen was right. Ruth was entirely happy in her new life. She and Jim had been married nearly two years before the next unexplainable thing happened about the ring with the green stone. Ruth and Jim had just come to Ann's place for the summer, and Stephen noticed at once that Ruth was not wearing the ring. She spoke about it to him the next day. She looked confused, which was unusual for her.

"Are you going to the city to-day, Uncle Stephen?" she said.

Jim had already left on an early train, and she and her uncle were alone on the porch. Ann was busy in the house. Stephen detected an anxious note in the girl's voice.

"Why, yes, I thought I would go," he replied. "I have a little matter of business to attend to, and it is a good day, not too hot. Anything you want me to do?"

Ruth hesitated. She even flushed a little. "If you are sure it will not bother you, I do wish you would leave my ring, my engagement-ring, you know"—Ruth's voice was hesitant—"at Lord & Lovejoy's. My finger is larger. You know I have gained a little flesh. Lately, when Jim has not been at home to notice it, I have not worn it. It has hurt me. I could not get it on yesterday. Jim did not notice, and I was glad. I want the setting enlarged just a little. I have the piece which they took from the original setting, you know. They said it had better be kept in case it ever needed changing."

"I will be glad to take the ring to Lord & Lovejoy's, my dear," said Stephen. Inwardly he realized a rueful sensation. He had been almost convinced that he had been an object of suspicion to some of the gentlemen in that jewelry firm. He made no comment on the fact that Jim had not been told of the tightness of the ring, and had not been commissioned to do the errand. "Get the ring, my dear," said Stephen. "I am going on the eleven-five train."

Before leaving, Stephen had a chance for a word with his sister. He told her of Ruth's request.

Ann looked anxious. "Somehow I dislike to have that ring taken anywhere, or brought into discussion again," said she. "Ruth seems so perfectly happy in her married life, and that ring with its green stone has always seemed to me a danger-mark."

"Don't worry, Ann," said Stephen. "Nothing can come of it unless Lord & Lovejoy have me arrested on suspicion."

"Oh, Stephen!"

"I don't think they will," said

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JIM AND RUTH HAD GONE FOR A STROLL IN THE MOONLIGHT

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Stephen, reassuringly. "I was really the only person whom Ruth could ask to do the errand, you know."

"Yes, I do know," said Ann, "but it is rather hard on you, Stephen. Why don't you take the ring to another place?"

"Oh, it is a particular piece of work, and that is the best place in the city. And, besides, on the whole, I find it rather amusing to be suspected."

Stephen grinned and got into the car which was to take him to the station. He returned on an unexpectedly early train. He found the house very quiet. The day had proved warm, after all. Everybody except the servants was lying down. Stephen went directly to his sister's door and rapped.

"It is Stephen," he said, warily. "Put on a dressing-gown and come down to the library. I have something important to tell you."

When Ann in her white-silk negligée entered the library, her brother spoke at once. "Ann," he said, "I verily believe Satan himself has a finger in that affair of the ring with the green stone. What do you think has happened now?"

"What?" Ann gasped.

"Don't be frightened. I don't think it is anything to be frightened about unless you are scared of the occult. However, the affair has savored of the occult all through. Ann, that green stone is an emerald!"

Ann stared at him, her face paling.

"And not only that, but *the* emerald, the original emerald."

"Stephen!"

"All suspicion seems now removed from me, but, unluckily, it centers elsewhere. I was even asked very delicately concerning poor Jim's success in his profession. It was hinted, so delicately as to suggest the thought of butterflies' wings, that money could have been raised on such a valuable stone, and then, when the financial pressure was removed, the stone restored."

"Stephen, that is monstrous. What did you say?"

"I also used butterflies' wings for defense, and, I believe, swerved suspicion from Jim. I am inclined to think that now Lord & Lovejoy share my opinion concerning a large number of unexplainable events in the world. Mr. Lovejoy even went the length of saying that jewels were queer things, and that queer things happened. I left the firm titillated by mystery."

"Shall you tell Ruth?"

"I ask you that."

"Stephen, I don't know. Her faith in Jim is so beautiful. She has believed so, in spite of the evidence of reason and common sense, that I am not sure she has not been wearing a jewel more precious than any on earth. She will, of course, say, when she knows, that everybody has been mistaken. All that wonderful faith, in the face of everything, will lose its value. Stephen, are you sure you were right?"

"Sure that the stone I first saw was not an emerald? I wish I were as sure of anything else. Ann, I *know*. That was no emerald which I carried to Lord & Lovejoy's two years ago."

"But you don't think that Jim—"

"Pawned it? Not for a second. It is simply another incident of that unexplainable class. Shall I tell Ruth?"

"Let me think of it overnight."

But Ann thought of it longer, for that night Jim and Ruth were summoned by a telegram to the little suburban village where Charlotte Gordon had her permanent home. She had been staying with her son in the city for several weeks, and had gone home when they went for the summer to Ruth's mother's place.

Charlotte Gordon had been seized by her last illness. She died in a week's time, and it was two weeks before the family were settled into a saddened peace for the summer. Jim had worshiped his mother, and Ruth had grown very fond of her.

It was three weeks after Charlotte had been buried that the third incident happened with regard to the ring, or as all, with the exception of Jim himself, thought with regard to the ring. He did not know. He never knew.

One evening he came down-stairs bringing a tiny box. He went to Stephen with it. "I found this in poor mother's jewel-casket," he said. "She had some valuable jewelry; not much, but good. This puzzled me. It was in a box by itself. See what you think of it, Uncle Stephen."

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Stephen opened the box. Inside was a tiny twist of green tissue paper on a bed of green jeweler's cotton. Stephen carefully untwisted the paper. They were all out on the vine-screened porch. They crowded around to look. Stephen held between his thumb and forefinger a large, green stone. He felt a thrill of horror. He knew that stone. He glanced at Ann. She looked pale and frightened. Ruth looked excited. Jim was the only one who wore the natural expression of simple curiosity.

"Is it an emerald?" Jim asked. "It is the same color as Ruth's emerald."

"It is the same color, but it is not an emerald," replied Stephen.

"The light is very dim here," said Ruth.

"That makes no difference. It is not an emerald."

Ruth looked triumphantly at the ring on her finger. "Then—this—" she began.

Ann interrupted her daughter. She held a letter in her hand. She looked pale and solemn. "I have a letter here which I must read," she said. She turned to Jim. "It is from your mother," she said. "She had it sent to me with the request that I read it to all of you. It is not exactly a letter, but a statement. I hesitate to read it because, although she excuses him, it may involve your father, Jim."

Jim started. "Read it," he said, grimly. His father had died when he was a mere boy. His memory of him was loyal, but not wholly tending to admiration. "It is high time this ghastly green mystery is cleared up if it can be," said Jim Gordon. "It now concerns the living, and the living are more to be considered than the dead. And, after all, the dead are protected by the consideration of all honorable souls."

Ann read. There were only a few lines. There was no preface. It began abruptly:

"I think it was an emerald at first. I am sure my lover then, my husband now, did not give me a spurious stone. I must always hold to that belief. He had plenty of money. His family had the reputation of miserliness, but he could not have given me at the very first an imitation emerald. Everything points like a dreadful finger straight at my common sense that he did, but I will not believe. He bought it at Lord & Lovejoy's. I will not believe. Then the ring was too tight. I took it myself to a jeweler—not Lord & Lovejoy's—another. He told me. I had the setting enlarged. I wore the ring. I never spoke. The child came. My husband died. I waited a little while; then I went to the same jeweler, an old man with whom my own father used to deal. He took this poor green stone out of the setting, and I wore the setting without it. People wondered, but I did not care. The setting at least was good, even wonderful. People thought I had lost the stone. Then Jim became engaged to Ruth. I wanted to prove the girl. I wanted my son to have a better than his poor father had. Loyalty is worth more than any gem on earth. I should have kept my poor husband beyond suspicion in my own heart, since I was his wife. I had my chance. I went to my jeweler. Ruth has stood the test. Now she has the emerald, I leave the stone which I had taken from my own ring, unworthily taken, with the injunction that he believe in the unbelievable, that he believes in reasons so great to justify everything that he holds sacred the memory of his father for the sake of his mother who failed him.

"And I bid him thank God for his wife, who holds him above the evidence of her own reason triumphant over the sins which he might have committed."

It ended abruptly. Suddenly the situation became illuminated by a light which sanctified it. They all saw the poor woman who had finished her life on earth, who had been deceived, and whose love had not stood the test of deception, that last fiery test for love of first water. They saw her putting another woman to that same test, and proving the possibility of a love past all logic and reason, the most precious gem of the earth.

Ruth held up her left hand, and the great emerald gleamed wonderfully. In its green depths, which seemed fathomless, could be imagined tossing seas, magic springtide of youth, all gracious fancies and romances for which the lovely color served as key-note.

"Put away your poor mother's stone very carefully," said Ruth, with tears in her eyes. "It seems to me that her love and suffering and death have made it a real emerald, after all, and made it true that your father gave it to her. Put away your poor mother's emerald very carefully, Jim dear, just as she kept it."

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Down The St. Lawrence

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

THE St. Lawrence begins its long course to the sea at Cape Vincent. It is a huge funnel there, wide-spread to receive the mighty waters and the traffic of the Great Lakes. And, if one would go further into simile, he may liken the Thousand Islands to a giant sieve held at the funnel's mouth—a sieve through which the commerce of two nations must pass before it can reach the heart of eastern Canada.

It is, roughly speaking, twelve hundred miles from Lake Ontario to the open sea. For nearly eight hundred miles the St. Lawrence is an estuary—a broad arm—of the sea. The navies of the world might march their ships upon it as captains used to march their soldiers, shoulder to shoulder and sixteen abreast. For so wide is the lower river that one can scarcely see across it from shore to shore; and so deep is it that in the silence of its depths rest the tragic hulls of sunken ships whose rescue was quite beyond the power of even the cleverest of salvage-hunting marine engineers.

For more than one hundred and sixty miles upon the uppermost St. Lawrence there is not the faintest ripple of tide, nor even the suspicion of brackishness in the water. For all this way the river is flowing down-hill as merrily and as briskly as a mountain brook, its waters not less clear and limpid. The vast purity of the Lakes keeps these waters pure. They serve as settling-basins for the river. And with a water-glass, a man riding in a St. Lawrence skiff may always see the bottom of the stream, with its neat pavement of rounded stones—the playground of fresh-water fish. At Simcoe Island and in the coves at the head of the river—all the way along the shores of the outlet of Lake Ontario, from Stony Island and the remote Galloos up into the Bay of Quinte—are the favored spawning-grounds of the king of all fresh-water fish, the small-mouthed black bass. Occasionally muscalonge come into the head of the river; there is a splendid run of perch in May, and pickerel the whole year 'round. But the black bass is the one most elusive, the gamiest fighter, the best and rarest prize that a fisherman may bring home with him at the end of a hard day's sport. His supremacy remains unquestioned.

The village of Cape Vincent lies three miles below the actual point where Ontario empties itself into the St. Lawrence. Directly across the river is the stout old Canadian city of Kingston, and at all times of the year there is a brisk interchange of international traffic between the two places. They are hardly more than a dozen miles distant in a straight line—on very clear days you may stand on the river-shore at Cape Vincent and catch the glimmer of the sun on the archbishop's cathedral in Kingston, across the low levels of Wolfe Island. It is that very island, however—almost the uppermost of the great American archipelago—that bends the course of the ferry into nearly a twenty-mile trip. In other days it was bisected by a canal, and one of the earliest of my boyhood memories was riding upon the *Maud* through the farms of Wolfe Island—a slow but majestic performance, demanding the opening of creaking drawbridges and the halting of the horse-drawn traffic of the cluster of water-bound farms and country villages. Nearly twenty years ago this short-cut canal fell into decay.

There came seasons of the year when even the stout iron hull of the old ship ceased to be of avail in the crossing of the St. Lawrence. For if east is east, north is also north, and the folk in the valley of the great river have reason to know it. From mid-November until late in March there is a bitter sting in the wind that sweeps down over the pine forests of

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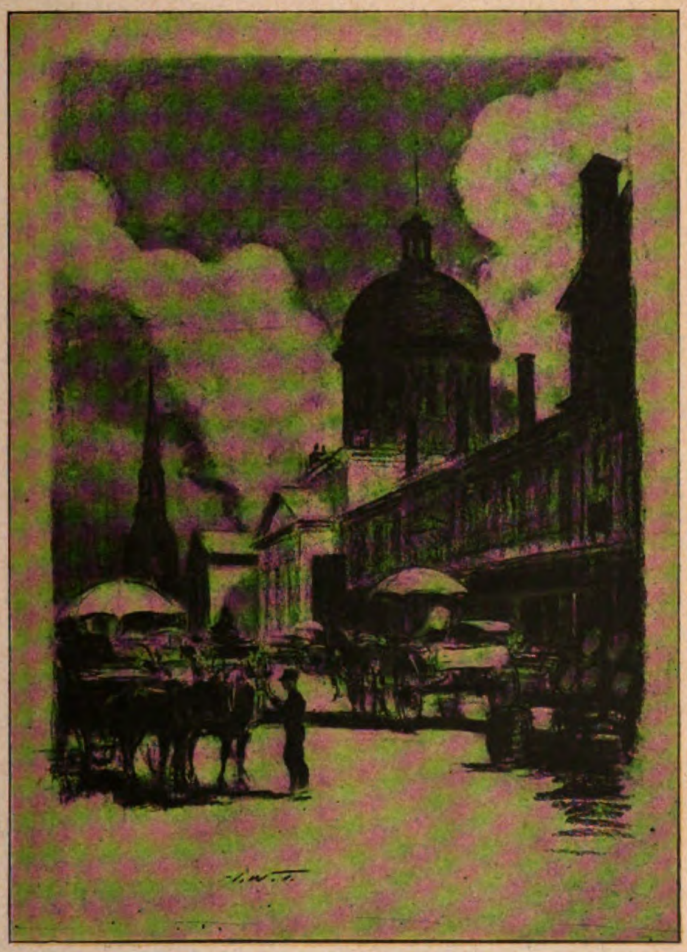
Ontario. Ice forms first in thin sheets and then in great solidity—a firm pavement, over which yachts with steel-shod feet sweep at the rate of the fastest express-trains, and the ferry becomes a horse-drawn sleigh, its course marked by bits of pine-trees set in a file across the surface of the ice. Then it is that the customs must be alert. Smuggling becomes a comparatively easy pastime, and vigilance must needs be eternal. Opium and Chinamen—these two related things—are most worth smuggling. And there come times when the county jails at Watertown and Canton and Malone and Plattsburg—the historic shire-towns of the north country—are all but filled with chattering and badly scared Celestials.

Between the hardness of the northern winters and the open splendors of the short, warm summers come seasons of the year when the ferry-crossing between Cape Vincent and Kingston becomes a great adventure. The ferry then is neither steamer nor sleigh exclusively, but merely a sort of open wooden boat with a flat hull and runners set at its edges. You pay an honest Yankee dollar—or an equally honest Canadian one—for the pleasure of riding within and without and pushing this amphibious sort of a land craft over a dozen tedious miles—miles divided between skimming the surface of sloppy, melting ice, dipping into extremely chilly waters, and threading an unspeakable frost-loosened Wolfe Island road. But the ferry is the path of the international mail, and for more than half a century and in the face of every conceivable sort of weather it has not missed its daily trek.

A dozen miles below its source, and fashion takes possession of the river. It becomes, for a time, one of the great summer playgrounds of America. And even in these days, when the entire land is motor-mad and gaily dashing here and there and everywhere in its bright new gasoline-cars, the Thousand Islands have not lost their favor. It is only their character that has changed; there are fewer hotels, for instance. Yet if there are fewer notels there are more cottages and camps, and that is for the better. There are cottages which are veritable great houses—perfect organisms of well-trained servants and hosts and guests and good manners—and there are camps and bungalows where men and women go to gain real rest and recreation. Life at the Thousand Islands is steadily growing simpler and more dignified, more genuinely enjoyable.



BONSECOURS MARKET, MONTREAL

A little distance below Alexandria Bay, which is a veritable hub of the island section of the river, the St. Law-

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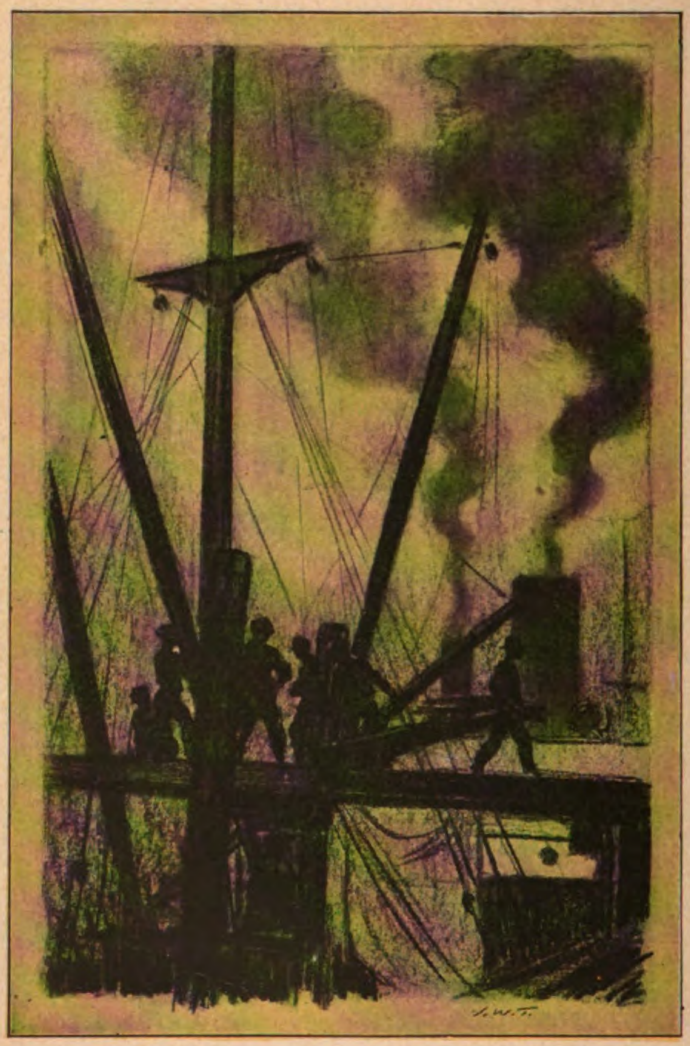
rence narrows and takes itself seriously once more. The islands begin to disappear. No longer is there an American and a Canadian channel. The right bank is in the State of New York, the left bank is the Dominion of Canada. The islands become more and more scarce until, a little below Brockville, they cease to be. The St. Lawrence has become thoroughly strained.



STEVEDORES AT WORK

The trip down the upper river is not a new one. More than half a century ago those staunch old steamships, the *Algerian*, the *Corsican*, the *Corinthian*, the *Spartan*, and the *Passport* began their journeys upon the river. For forty years they were known and reviled—and loved. Now they are all gone, buried in the hidden graveyards of old steamboats. Only last summer a sweeping and unseasonable storm across the face of Ontario thrust the *Belleville* upon the beach near Toronto and destroyed her. But when they came to strip the hulk for her metals they knew her as the former *Passport*. She, too, had sought to disguise her advancing years by assuming a new name.

Nowadays the passengers who go through from the Islands to Montreal change boats at Prescott, ten miles below Brockville. The steamer, which is large enough to carry the folk who wish to come down Lake Ontario from Toronto, is quite too large to navigate the rapids or to pass through the locks by which a steamer must ascend against them. It is only a very little distance below Prescott that the rapids begin. And there is many and many a traveler, changing steamers at Prescott and catching a brief glimpse of the town, who wishes that he might have a better look at it.

To a man descending the St. Lawrence for the first time, the first impression of the rapids is apt to be disappointing. The gay literature of the steamboat company has given him the impression that the trip is going to be little less exhilarating than a journey over Niagara Falls. It takes a pretty seasoned boat-traveler to realize the Gallops Rapids, as the uppermost are known. This is not true of the Long Sault a little farther down the stream. The Long Sault is distinctly worth the price of admission. The rushing sweep of the dark-green waters, the angry waves lashed as waves are lashed in mid-ocean, the somber banks lined with pines, are all impressive and beautiful. And when it is over, and the steamer is stopping for a moment at Cornwall—with its cotton-fac-

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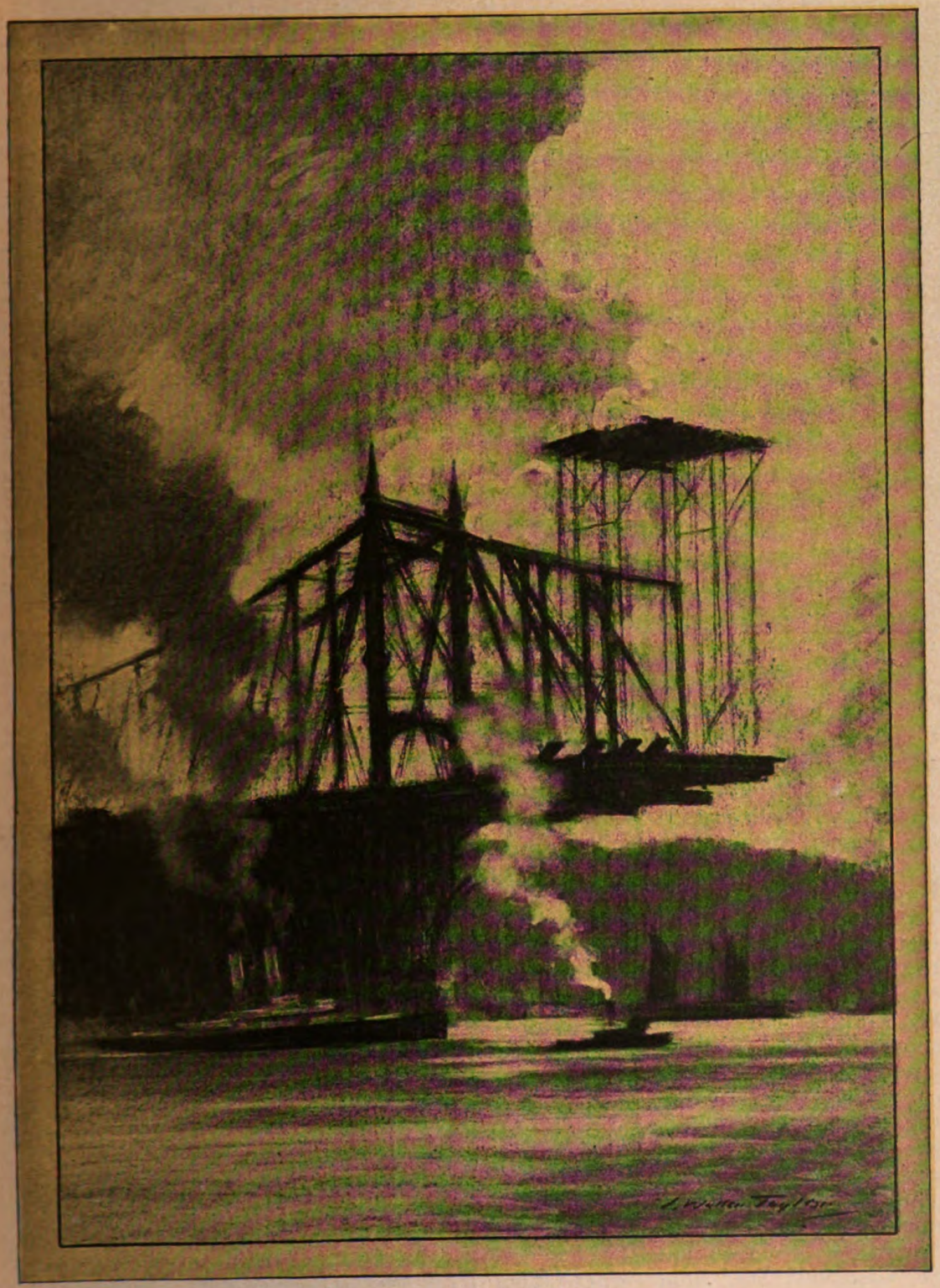

A SECTION OF THE NEW QUEBEC BRIDGE BEFORE THE SECOND DISASTER

tories, known as the Fall River of Canada—one wishes he could go right back and do it over again.

Both banks are now Canadian and Canadian they remain. The United States has faded from sight, although the dark rivers of the north country—the Oswegatchie, the Racquette, the

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A RURAL CHURCH, CHÂTEAU RICHER

Grasse, and the Chateauguay — pour themselves into the St. Lawrence. The river gains volume from all these streams. It widens into a huge lake—St. Francis, sixty miles in length—narrows again at the Cedar and Coteau Rapids, then for a time becomes Lake St. Louis. And when one comes to the foot of St. Louis he is brushing close to the rich and powerful island of Montreal. It is before one comes to Lake St. Francis that he realizes that the shores have changed completely. The land has grown flat, of an almost inconceivable flatness, flatter even than the prairies of Illinois or Iowa. All has changed—topography, religion, language. The towns are no longer British. They are named after the category of saints—Ste. Hyacinthe, St. Martin, St. Polycarpe, St. Dominique, St. Isadore, St. Constant, Ste. Anne—where Tom Moore lived and loved and wrote so tenderly. It is well that the calendar is a long one. There are many little towns and each has its patron saint, just as each has its parish church and its priest to take his tithe of the taxes.

One who rides upon the river cannot go into these little villages—more's the pity. He sees them from afar, each dominated by a great stone church with steeple and a shining tin roof, a church rising supreme above the community and watching over it as a mother-hen watches over her chickens.

Below Lake St. Francis they multiply. They fairly cluster around Lake St. Louis, and you begin to see the twinkling of their lights through the dusk as you near the foot of the lake and the wharf of Lachine. Lachine is on the island of Montreal. It is the beginning of the end as far as the upper river is concerned. For the great rapids of the same name extend six or eight miles below the little town, and when you are safely past them you are close to the level of the sea and tidewater, brushing your elbows with craft that course the waters of the entire wide world. You have passed out of the upper river.

In other years they shot the rapids in a more dramatic fashion. A venerable Indian came alongside the steamer in a small skiff and was taken aboard and escorted to the wheel-house with no little ceremony. It was solemnly averred

RELICS OF WATERLOO

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A STRONGHOLD OF IMPERIAL BRITAIN—THE HEIGHTS, QUEBEC

that no white man knew enough to steer a craft through the Lachine. That was the precious heritage of the red man. But nowadays a white man brings the steamer easily and quickly through the rapids as part of his day's work, and then hurries up-town in Montreal to see a moving-picture show. In such prosaic fashion does this utilitarian age move.

There is a great bridge at the head of the Lachine, and a still greater one at its foot. The lower one, the Victoria Jubilee Bridge, replaces the earlier structure which some time ago was accounted as one of the seven wonders of the world. Folk who had to ride through it sometimes called it by other designations, for it literally was a tunnel carried over a mighty river. It was not only the smokiest and dirtiest bridge in creation, but it was a bottle-neck at the very gate of Montreal. The new Victoria Bridge, which stands where stood the old, is big and strong and clean and double-tracked. It carries trains and trolley-cars and automobiles and horse-drawn carts, and even pedestrians. It is the portcullis that leads to the moated city of Montreal.

For three hundred years there has been town or city at the base of Mount Royal, and that town or city has been the commercial capital of Great Britain in America. No wonder, then, that even the mighty St. Lawrence makes a sharp turn to the north and does obei-

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sance even from a great river. Among the earliest thrills of my own boyhood days was to come sweeping down the Lachine at dusk on the *Corinthian* or the *Spartan*—old John, the Indian, was still standing his trick at the wheel—pass under the Victoria Bridge, always exuding smoke, and face the front of the widespread city. Montreal then fronted upon a wide street, protected by a very long stone wall which gave the water-front an unusual dignity and solidity, unusual at least to a Yankee boy accustomed to the rather haphazard water-fronts of the towns up along the Lakes. There were low piers on the one side of this street, and at them a vast variety of boats—sailing-craft down from Lake St. Louis or up from Lake St. Pierre, steamboats of every sort and variety bound down the river to Three Rivers or Sorel or up the Ottawa or the Richelieu. And on the other side of the street and behind the stone quay wall, warehouses, fairly vibrant with life and prosperity; low, stout warehouses they were, small-windowed and thick-walled. Somewhere between all of these was the long market of the Bonsecours, surmounted by its rounded dome, and a little way back of it the twin towers and the gaunt frame of Notre Dame—in those days by far the largest church in North America.

In such a setting, the activity of a great city—its water-front street teeming with life. Hotel-runners, policemen, customs officers upon the wharves, hackmen in charge of vehicles lined with gay pinks and reds and yellows elbowing and crowding one another for advantageous positions close to the steamer's gang-plank, with a vigorous and joyous use of French profanity; folk sorting themselves and their baggage out for the Quebec boat coming up alongside. Through all this press to the carriages. A quick, regretful look back at the steamer and a long and eager one forward. No quick progress here. There were a hundred carriages in what would seem to be barely room for thirty, lorries and carts of every sort—a sort of brilliant and fascinating babel. Finally, through it, into a narrow street between stone warehouses, seemingly quiet in comparison, up under the very shadows of the Lady Church and to the portals of St. Lawrence Hall. Where else was there such a hotel? A gentleman upon the boat all day had applied himself vigorously toward sounding its praises among the passengers—not entirely an altruistic enterprise. He had not hesitated to gild gold or to paint the lily.

Yet here were dreams come true. A great tavern with a great lobby, a marbled stair leading out of it, and such a dining-hall! The gentleman on the down-boat had not exaggerated. The dining-hall *was* vast.

WAYSIDE CALVARY, NEAR BEAUPRÉ

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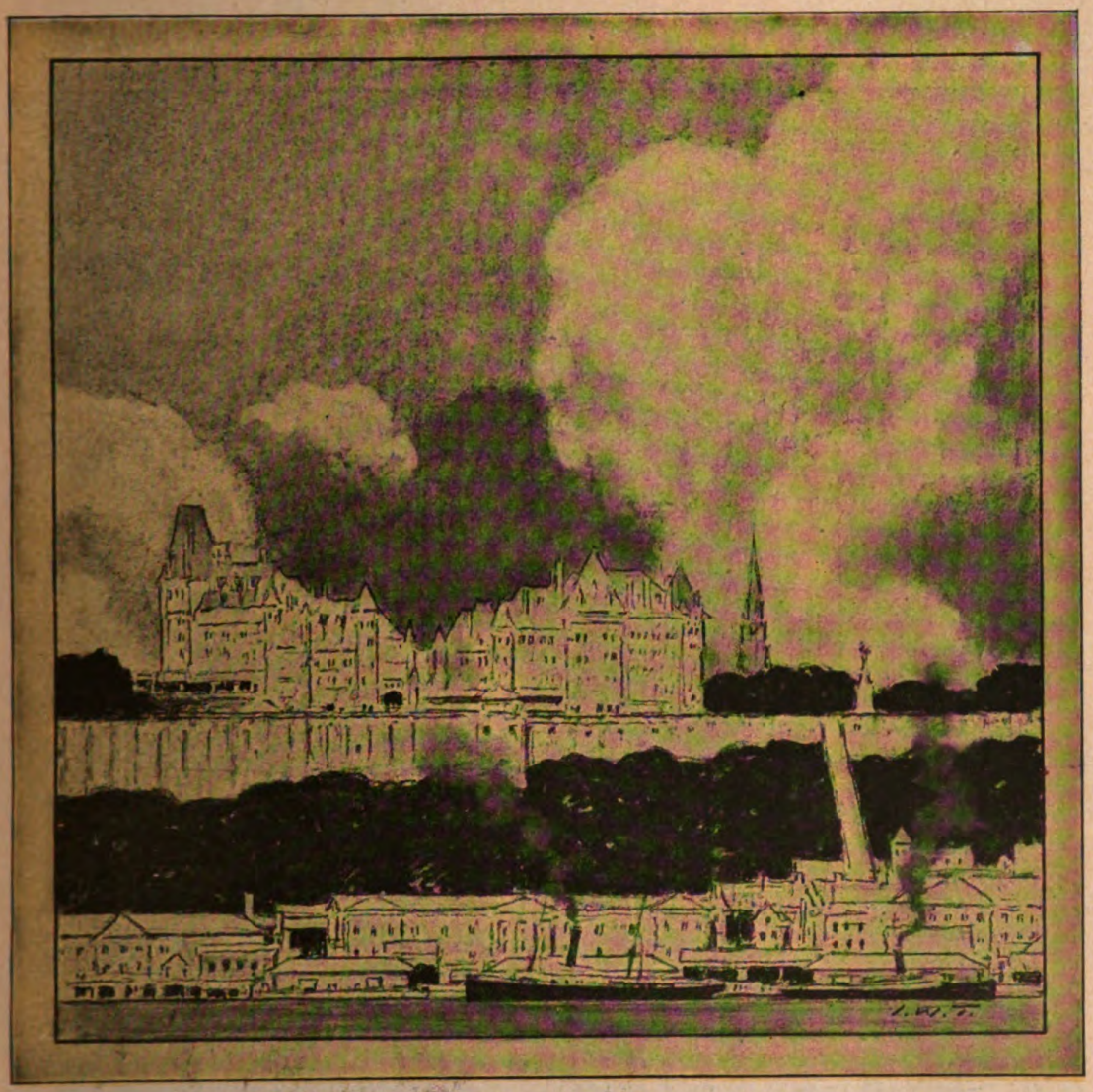

A GLORIFIED TAVERN—THE CHÂTEAU, QUEBEC

That was twenty-five years ago. Montreal was proud of her curving quay street and her busy piers. She loved the line and contour of it all—the great church and the little one, just beyond the long façade of the market-house; the rise of dome and spire, the shadow of the protecting mountain back of all. She admired her harbor and she wanted all the world to admire it with her. Then suddenly she tore it to pieces. The quay street disappeared. One no longer saw the stately British architecture of early-Victorian times. The Bonsecours market faded from sight, and so did the two tall towers of Notre Dame.

To-day when you sweep under the Victoria Bridge a changed harbor-front faces you. It is lined with great piers as of yore, and at them rest ships from all the seven seas, ships that make the river-craft seem puny indeed. And from the piers rise dock-houses, ugly, utilitarian things; and behind the dock-houses, elevators—huge creations of concrete, fashioned like packing-boxes, and rising more than three hundred feet from the level of the street.

Montreal harbor has become efficient, but it has lost much of its charm and its beauty. Yet it has become the most efficient port in North America. The bustle and confusion of earlier days have gone. Carts and drays no longer crowd

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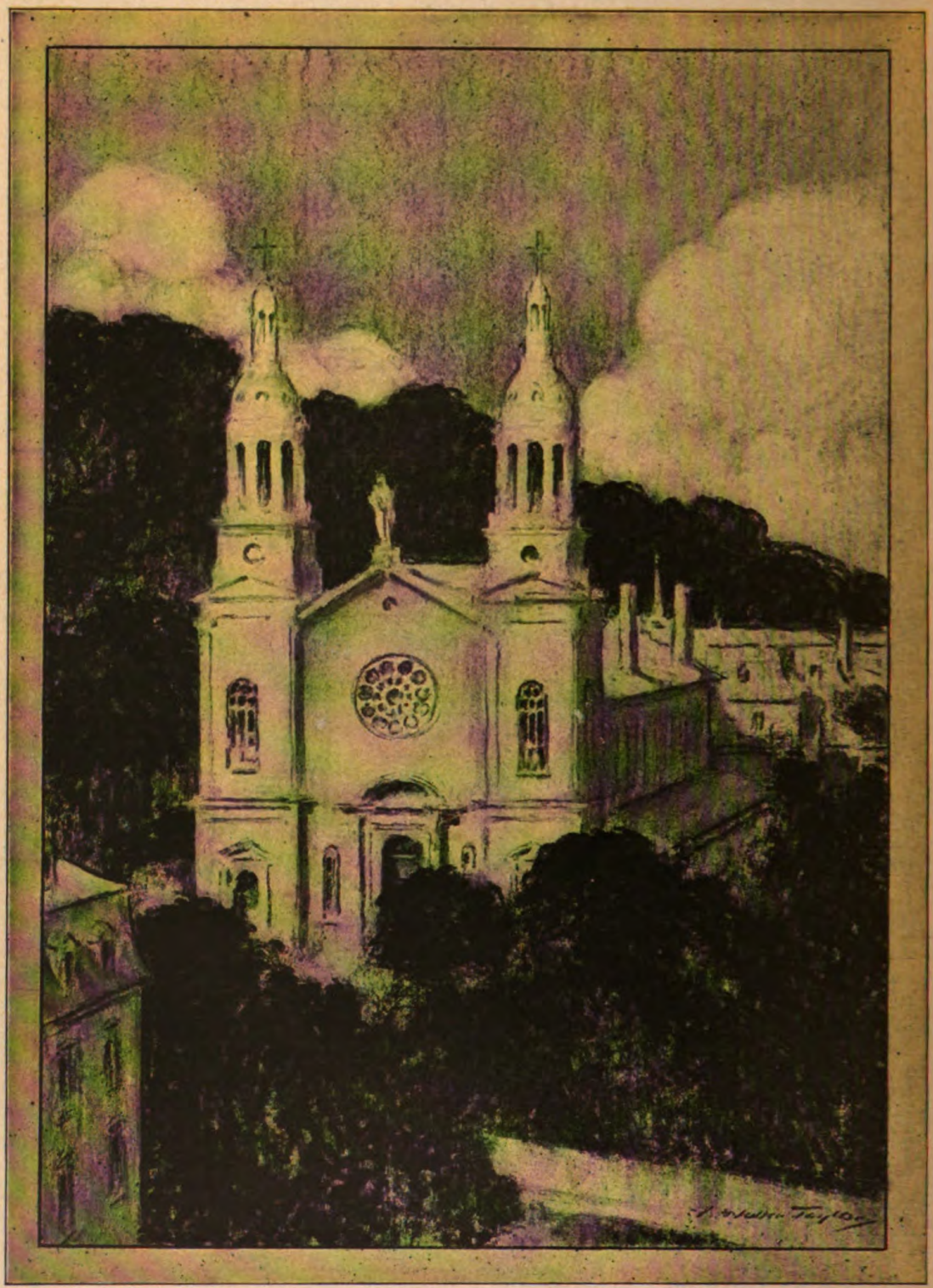

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

THE BASILICA, STE. ANNE DE BEAUPRÉ

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one another upon the docks. Instead, you see high-powered switching-engines silently poking long trains of cars in and out of the elevators and the dock-sheds. There are a full dozen of great ships lying alongside of those dock-sheds, and the loading of them goes quietly ahead. Efficiency *is* silent business. If it were necessary, any one of those ships could berth at Montreal in the morning and at dusk turn her nose eastward and toward Europe, three hundred thousand bushels of grain resting within her hold. By means of an ingenious and all but unseen system of mechanical conveyers leading out from the grain-elevators it is possible to load five great ocean ships simultaneously, each at the rate of thirty thousand bushels an hour. If necessary, ten ships may rest in berths in Montreal harbor and be fed at just half that rate of speed.

"But," you interrupt, "the ice? Doesn't Montreal harbor freeze over in midwinter?" It does. For four months in the year Montreal harbor is as useless as a harbor would be at Dallas, Texas, or Cheyenne, Wyoming. But so are the Great Lakes. And upon the Great Lakes moves the largest inland traffic in the world. It is true that the harbor of Montreal is a thousand miles from the open sea. Yet with definite purpose has the harbor of Montreal been prepared for a traffic that has already begun to roll toward it.

Montreal, like many another British capital, is jealous of her commercial prestige. She is particularly jealous of that prestige when it concerns the Canadian hinterland. It has been this jealousy that has goaded her into constructing three great transcontinental railroad routes across the Dominion. She knows that in western Canada she possesses not alone the granary of the British Empire, but one of the great granaries of the world. There are good railroads in the United States, and they also reach, through their connections, up into Alberta and Manitoba and Saskatchewan. The American railroads feed the American ports. The Canadians in the very politics of things must find their water gateways in Canada. That is long-founded and hard-headed British policy. The three Canadian roads centralize and maintain great terminals in Montreal. The Ottawa River—lower link of what will some day be a great short-cut water-route to Georgian Bay and Lake Superior, when Canada is ready to finance a comparatively short link of ship-canal—enters the St. Lawrence at Montreal. And the freight traffic upon the upper St. Lawrence is not inconsiderable. It is a direct path for coal from Pennsylvania straight through to the lower provinces of Canada.

These things have swung the balance. No matter if the ice does come for a third of the year. No matter if Montreal harbor is as far from the open sea as Chicago from New York, although three hundred miles nearer Liverpool than New York; no matter if engineers, even in the great present-day advances of their profession, cannot conquer the ice. They can conquer the thousand-mile stretch of the lower St. Lawrence. And they can make wharves and loading facilities so good that ship-owners are glad to send their craft to them.

That is what Montreal has done. There still remains, of course, the thousand miles between Montreal and the open sea—"blue water," as mariners sometimes like to term it. Ship-owners are loath to bring their vessels far up inland rivers. They are fearful of sand-bars and hidden rocks. And there are seasons of the year when the thick fogs hang persistently over the waters of the lower St. Lawrence. Yet the ships do come, in increasing numbers each year. They come because they know that there is a good harbor at Montreal awaiting them; upon the docks full cargoes for their holds.

Ten miles below Montreal, and the city is forgotten. The river is superb. Its width begins to be measured in miles, and the flatness of its shores adds to its amplitude. The land lies as level as the proverbial billiard-table, but here and there isolated and rock-made mountains rise abruptly from the plains, like giant boulders left upon a smooth and grassy lawn. It is a land of milk and honey. Upon it grow the finest melons and grapes and apples in all the world.

There are haycocks all the way along the river-shores, whose canvas coverings to shut out the frosts look like the tight

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skull-caps that bald men sometimes wear; long rows of small, stone farm-houses—the homes of the thrifty *habitants* who are content to work their acre and to live as their fathers and their grandfathers lived. These staunch old houses are long-lived, like the folk who dwell within them.

As you go down the river from Montreal the cock begins to replace the cross upon the steeples and the *habitants* are using thatch instead of shingles for the roofing of their barns. You pass Sorel, and the St. Lawrence grows a little larger to accommodate the waters of the Richelieu, which in turn drains the great Lake Champlain area. The river widens and becomes Lake St. Pierre—a great, shallow, unprotected, wind-swept place, the dread of boatmen and the point where the rafts were so apt to go to pieces. Commercial Britain has robbed Lake St. Pierre of any danger to larger craft. The same engineering forces that built a new harbor in Montreal have cut a fairway through the center of the lake, thirty feet deep and four hundred and fifty feet in width. Through this hidden canal almost any ocean craft may go. And such is the cleanliness and clarity of the great river of the north that the channel once cut from the solid blue clay of its bottom remains clean and free from sediment. The St. Lawrence bends itself with a remarkable urbanity to the service of man.

Below Lake St. Pierre the river-banks become dominant. On the north they are the foot-hills of the Laurentians and growing higher. The towns nestle closely to the shore. They are contented little towns, each with its own charm. They seem to absorb the serenity of the river itself. Men come, men go, but the river is unchanging.

Unfortunately, there is no regular day service for passengers down the river from Montreal to Quebec. Yet there are compensations for the tourist who must find his way down the river on the night boat between the two cities. The boats are commodious and comfortable—better boats for night travel than he is apt to find on any American river except the Hudson. And the folk who ride upon them bespeak the charm of the lower river. Eliminate the tourists, then study the rest—a group of devout folk bound on a religious pilgrimage to the shrine of Ste. Anne de Beaupré, three or four Franciscans in their gowns and cowls and sandaled feet; priests; young boys in their tight, new khaki uniforms bound for the concentration camp at Valcartier; merchants from the lower provinces who have been on shopping trips to Montreal—there is variety to hold your interest throughout the evening. And in the morning you will not need fellow-travelers to keep your interest. You will want to bundle your coat tightly round your throat—even August mornings in the north are chilly—and go forward for a glimpse of the river at dawn.

It has changed its character completely. The banks are precipitous, and you are instantly reminded of the Hudson as it worms its way through the Highlands. There are fringes of little houses—an occasional town as well—at the base of the cliffs. At their tops the world seems to end; back of them are lands of mystery. Sharper grow the headlands. You pass the part that is now standing of a huge bridge. The deck officer who stands beside you tells you that it is the Quebec bridge—designed to be the final link in the great Canadian governmental railroad from Halifax to Prince Rupert—and you are reminded of the tragic fate of the two attempts to construct this great bridge. They have begun to build again; more slowly this time, more surely, too. And as the steamer slips under the incomplete structure, the puny figures—they must be men—on its high-set deck wave at you.

Another headland, still another and then another, this last surmounted by a stout stone fort and crowned with the bit of red bunting that shows that it is one of the strongholds of Imperial Britain. One of the military outposts of North America, Quebec has always been a prize. Armies have fought for it, kings have gambled over it, men have died for it. It dips its feet in antiquity, and lifts its hoary old head as triumphantly as one might expect a prize city to lift its head. She has been the dominating city of a continent, the mistress of the St. Lawrence, the sought-for prize between far-off nations. For what else

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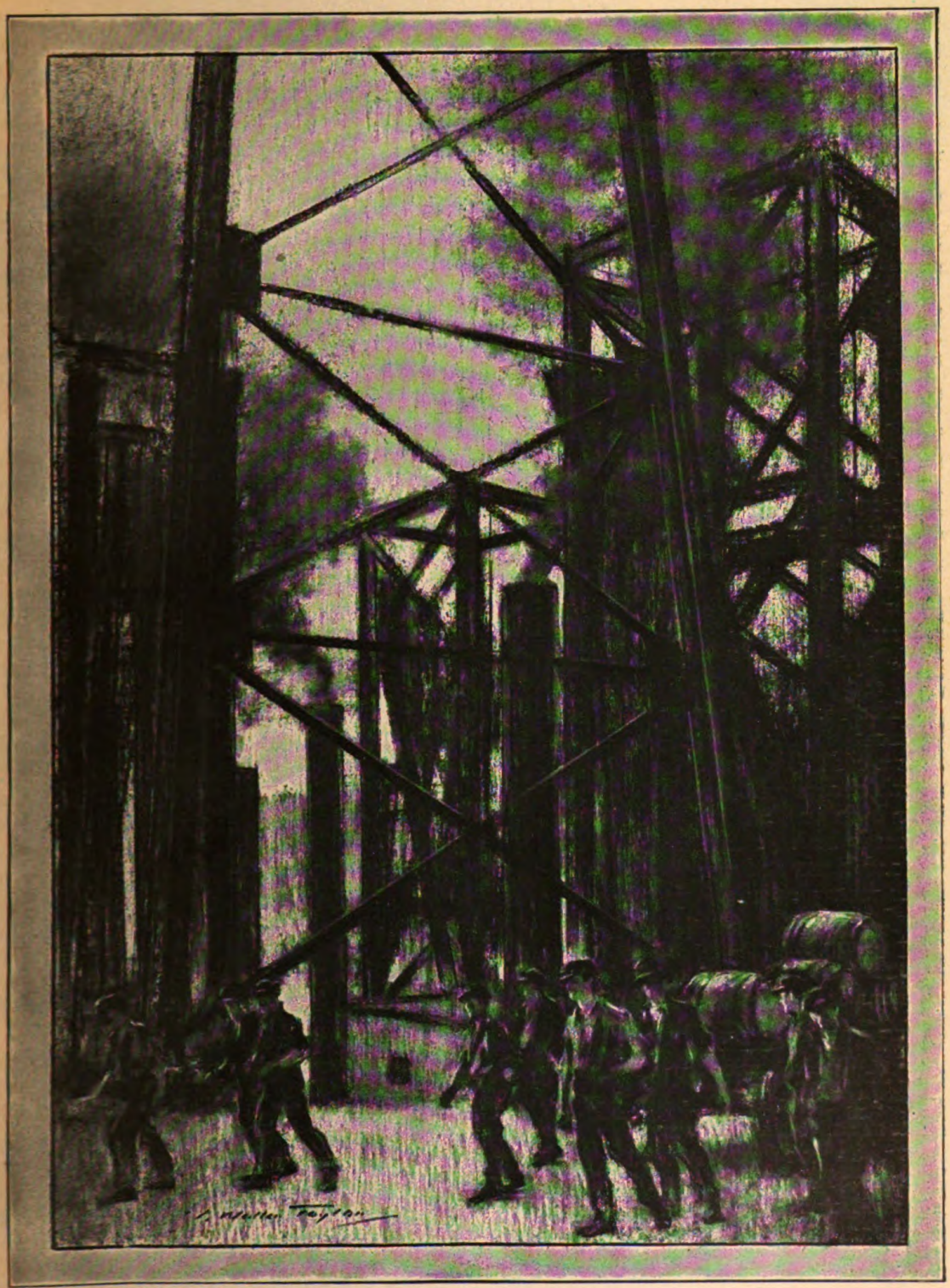

Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

THE TOWERING GRAIN ELEVATORS

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has she to live? Only one thing. You are conscious of it before you have been in the town for many hours. You see the Basilica, the Laval University, the Gray Nunnery where cloistered nuns in a barren chapel drone their prayers like so many honey-bees upon a hot, June day; you see convents and monasteries and churches by the dozens, and at dawn of a Sabbath the merry jangles of their bells are sure to bring you out of the soundest of sleeps. These speak the business of Quebec.

The business of Quebec is to await the coming of Christ. That is why lights glow all night in front of the exquisite high altar of the Basilica and the other sanctuaries; that is why through all the long watches of the dark a nun bends in front of the Host and unceasingly turns her beads. When she is done there is another to relieve her, but some one is always ready. Quebec has been surprised in the past—once when Wolfe led his men up to the great Plains of Abraham, and again when Montgomery brought his brave little army on its mad errand into the north. But when the greatest event of all comes, Quebec will be ready.

Even from the river the city gives full measure of its seriousness. The Laval University, training-school of tens of thousands of shepherds of the flock, shares attention with the high crest of the Citadel and the bulk of the great tourist hotel upon the Dufferin Terrace. Even that glorified tavern in its architecture shares the sober exultation of the city itself. It was fashioned upon the site, and after the design, of the castle of the military governor of Quebec. But it has grown, until to-day it rivals in size the home of the governor's royal master—the palace of the Bourbon kings at Versailles.

It is a gay place, this great Château, but, alas! its gaiety is now but veneer. At heart Quebec has never been gay. Its very settings, its climate, its history, its traditions, are all austere. It is a city of somber memories and sober reflections. And that has never been more true than in the past two years when troop-ships, heavily laden, go sailing, one after the other, down the river and out to sea, and farewells are being said. Escape it you cannot. Quebec is again beginning to taste her cup of bitterness.

Go out from the front door of the Château and upon the terrace—that exalted promenade of which no city in all our land may offer even an equal. It is a summer's night in the tardy twilight of the north, when all Quebec best loves to walk and thanks the one-time governor-general who fashioned the terrace from a useless link of city wall burying itself in the hillside of the Citadel. It is a summer's night with shadows gathering in the narrow, twisting streets, and the sky overhead remaining almost as bright and clear as at noonday. You go to the parapet of the terrace and look down over the precipitous cliff into the lower town—the quaintest community in all America—and vow that on the morrow you will descend by the inclined railroad from the terrace to the lower town.

To-night you will stay upon the terrace and see the day die once again. To-night the red-coated band is playing. When the band ceases you have only to listen attentively to hear the sound of the ship-winches come up to you from below. They are getting still another troop-ship ready to go out upon the morrow. The boys in the tight new khaki suits are saying good-byes to-night upon the terrace, wondering, perhaps, when they will see another day die in old Quebec. For their benefit it dies slowly. You walk down to the east end of the terrace, underneath that lovely statue of Champlain standing, hat in hand, facing the town he loved so well, and look into the vast amphitheater of the lower St. Lawrence. You look straight down the river full twenty miles. On the right of the channel is the island of Orleans; and on the left the old north shore, threaded by the Beaupré road and peopled by ten thousand simple-hearted *habitants*. Back of them rises the crest of the Laurentians, miles distant and sharply outlined against the sky.

At Quebec the St. Lawrence has the brackish taste of half-salt water and a tide variation of some fourteen feet. It is beginning to be an estuary of the Atlantic. You drive out from the upper

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town, down an easy grade through St. Roch parish, where the tradesman is still an individualist and works in the courtyard of his tiny home, and over a long bridge over the St. Charles River. If it be a morning when the tide is in, you will probably find good-sized craft riding easily at the wharves along that smaller stream. But if at night when you return the tide be out, the St. Charles has lost its nobility. It has become a muddy flat, and the proud sailing-craft are now incontinently heeled over in the black muck. With all of its dignity and all of its sobriety, the St. Lawrence is not above some prankish tricks.

You will do well to take that ride to the shrine at Ste. Anne, twenty-one miles distant from Quebec. It is full of interest—a steady succession of small houses, like an unending village street. Sometimes the houses grow a little closer together and there is a huge church, and then the driver will give a name—L'Ange Gardien or Château Richer—something bespeaking the very nature of this countryside. And seven miles distant from Quebec are the falls of Montmorency. In other days these were not easy of access. There was an exquisite inn at their head and a path by which one might make a difficult and somewhat perilous descent alongside the cascade, but the greater part of the vicinage belonged to the estate of the Duke of Kent, announced in respectful whispers by the *caleche* drivers of that time.

But, alas for the modernists! a trolley road has found its way to Montmorency from Quebec. Yet that is not the great sacrilege. The residence of the Duke of Kent has been made into a sort of terminal for the trolley. The lovely little inn by the bridge over the Montmorency has passed out of existence. Instead you can get what approximates a Yankee cocktail in the dining-room of the father of Queen Victoria while trolley-trippers laugh and make love upon the terrace in the garden, between the cannon that were sent over after Waterloo, and where Lady Blank and the Honorable Dash used to stroll in a fine British solitude and whisper the latest gossip of the royal family.

The first time I ever drove down the Beaupré road was a little more than a quarter of a century ago. The countryside was then unspoiled. There was no railroad to Ste. Anne, and most of the pilgrims went down by steamer from Quebec. Many of them walked—walked and prayed. For at almost every mile there stood a roadside shrine—huge black crosses, pitched askew by countless frosts, or tiny sanctuaries—all commanding respect and a "Hail Mary" from the *voyageur*. We drove—an English cart behind two stout cobs. Horses were a luxury then along the Beaupré road. Most of the *habitants* used Newfoundland dogs fastened to two-wheeled carts. There were few stables.

A man did not lose caste then by riding behind a shaggy dog fifteen miles up to town and fifteen miles back again. If thrift did bring what was wealth in the eyes of his neighbors, there were religious duties to be performed before he might afford such an unbounded luxury as a horse. A rich French Canadian has his obligations to both church and state—particularly to the church. And so before there came a horse he must journey "*au fort*" and purchase a full-sized plaster saint to stand in the front yard. He could choose his saint—name and color. There was a pretty generous breadth of opinion as to the names of saints, but I have always noticed a preference in color for purple. Sometimes they shaded to lavender. And a christening of a lavender St. Joseph in the front yard of that smart young Jean Baptiste of Château Richer was an event to be remembered in the community.

Ste. Anne de Beaupré is the last great lion of the St. Lawrence, the shrine to which folk go in increasing numbers each year. It has come to be a great place, a community in which every house is either a *pension* or else is devoted to religious uses. Its Basilica is a really splendid church from without, although its interior is dominated by the gruesome pyramids of canes and crutches that have been gathering dust ever since the edifice was opened. Vastly more interesting are the smaller chapels, the shrines, and the grottoes in the vicinity. And most interesting of all is the holy stair up which the penitent must climb step

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by step upon bended knee, reciting a set programme of prayers all the while. It is a stern physical test for devout faith. On the last time I entered the place a single pilgrim was making the tedious ascent. She was not a French Canadian. She was a woman of middle age, a woman whose raiment, despite its simplicity, showed the possession of worldly goods on the part of its wearer. At home she probably had jewels, motor-cars, many servants, perhaps. But in that home a child might have been wasting away. For some such reason must this woman have made her lonely pilgrimage to this far-set shrine of the north.

One might weave a chapter of the human drama around the life of every pilgrim who comes to Ste. Anne. One might study upon the sublime faith of the bearded paralytic who comes daily to the sacred spring. Will his battered wheel-chair ever become an exhibit in the Basilica? Will the expensive crutches upon which this lovely, well-dressed girl now leans so heavily ever be added to one of those great pyramids? Will the brave young French Canadians who have been mowed down and maimed at Ypres be able to come to the good Ste. Anne and receive that which was taken away from them?

If one believes that the world has become entirely materialistic it is time for him to go to Ste. Anne and learn how very human we are, after all. He may believe in miracles or he may not, but he cannot remain there for a single day and lack belief in faith. It seems unreal—this shrine lapped by the waters of the St. Lawrence, but at heart it is very real indeed. Perhaps that is the reason why it grows, why more and more folk come to Ste. Anne each year. The pilgrimages multiply. They come in regular trains upon the railroad, and then overflow into long special trains. And the river, as if understanding, brings them in the hollow of his hand.

From time to time great steamboats set out from Montreal at dusk, bound for a morning mass at the shrine. They are night boats, grown too old for tourist travel and consecrated to a more humble and a more solemn duty. In the lofty, two-tiered after-cabin a high altar has been placed and service never ceases through the night. One priest relieves another, and the cabin floor and narrow galleries are crowded with kneeling, mumbling, silent figures. And if the night be gentle, the decks without are peopled with more dark figures, devout folk praying underneath the stars that good Ste. Anne may bring some little comfort to them. The sharp tinkle of the altar-bell is interspersed with the long, low whistle of the steamer.

So goes the *Trois Rivières*—all the others of her kind—slowly down the river, an excursion of fine fervor and holy zeal. Week after week throughout the summer the pilgrimages continue. Whole wards of French Montreal—Maisonneuve, Hochelaga, Jacques Cartier—find their ways to the piers of that highly efficient harbor and upon these sanctified river-boats. Together they make the pilgrimage. Together they go out upon the river. And the river brings them at dawn to a lovely village in the shadow of a mountain. Then they go ashore in double file, bearing palms or even tapers, chanting, following the high-held cross and the boys swinging incense, as the bells of Ste. Anne ring out a song of hope to souls that are weary and oppressed.

So rolls the St. Lawrence to the sea. If you are pleased, as some are, to regard the headwaters of the great river of the north as in an obscure pool somewhere on the international boundary between the State of Minnesota and the province of Manitoba, you can then include four of the Great Lakes as part of the river and think of the entire magnificent stream, twenty-five hundred miles in length, as exceeding in volume any other river in the world. But the St. Lawrence, divorced of the Lakes, still remains a great river—a waterway peopled with tradition, bathed in blood, tranquil, majestic, beautiful. It is a river of which a whole continent may well be proud. No wonder is it that those who have been born and reared close to its shores, and who may have had to go afar from it, are never entirely happy until they return. It calls to the very hearts of its sons and its daughters. And they never grow deaf to its appeal.

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Mister Antonio

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

PART II

SYNOPSIS OF PART I.—*Mr. Jorny, mayor of Avalonia, Pennsylvania, and a pillar of piety and respectability in that town, makes a business trip to New York, where, lapsing from his habitual discretion, he goes on a spree which strands him at last in a barroom of the lower sort, battered, unshaven, oblivious of his whereabouts, and minus coat, hat, watch, and money. The bartender's intention of throwing him into the street is balked by Tony, the organ-grinder, who plays the good Samaritan, and provides him with a coat, and with cash with which to telegraph home for funds.*

The scene then shifts to Avalonia, where, on a Sunday, we meet Mr. Jorny in the bosom of his family, and in the act of dismissing ignominiously his maid-of-all-work, June, for attending dances at a neighboring roadhouse. At this juncture Tony and his demented companion Joe—the latter with a mania for shooting at people with a toy pistol—appear and stop to play their hand-organ before the mayor's house. Tony is ordered off and rebuked for Sabbath-breaking; but he flatly refuses to move on. Falling into conversation with the unfortunate June, he forms a plan to help her.

ACT THREE

WITH his back and shoulders propped against a wheel of the wagon, JOE is sitting upon the ground, printing in chalk upon his hat the word "SOLJER." He shakes his head knowingly and laughs to himself, then continues his work.

MRS. JORNY comes out upon the porch; she is nervous and worried. She beckons, with gestures of her head, for some one inside the house to follow her out, and after a short interval her son-in-law GEORGE steps forth inquiringly. She signs to him, with her hand, to close the door.

MRS. JORNY.—George, you'd oughtn't to worry pa when he's got such a sick-headache. I want you to let him be! He says himself he don't feel able even to raise his head off the sofy, let alone writin' out a warrant.

GEORGE (*peevish*).—Well, that feller got perty fresh with me, and I don't allow that from *no* man! Tried to kid me—says, "Go tell the mayor I lost my overcoat!" Tryin' to make a *goat* off o' me! I'll show him!

MRS. JORNY.—Well, don't fret pa any more about it.

GEORGE.—Wouldn't take him two minutes: I sh' think the hurdy-gurdy 'd hurt his head worse 'n that!

MRS. JORNY.—Well, they 'ain't played any for a good little while, now.

GEORGE.—No. Too busy with June Ramsey! What you goin' to *do* about it? Can't arrest people fer *talkin'*. If I could git up close to 'em without their noticin', and caught 'em usin' profanity—or maybe sump'm' like that—why, that 'd do. They been walkin' up an' down the neighborhood most the afternoon, but every time I tried walkin' up and down behind 'em, that Dago 'd jest quit talkin' and go to laughin'.

MRS. JORNY.—To think that girl 'd get as low as *that!* Where are they now?

GEORGE (*to* JOE).—*You* know where that girl went, all right. *You* can find her if you want to.

JOE.—I can find anything. Once I found a fiddle and a whole handful o' coffee-beans—and rabbits!

MRS. JORNY.—What's he mean?

GEORGE.—Nothin'. It's just some of his city slang he's tryin' to show off. Listen: You cut that up!

[*He throws back his coat and displays his badge intimidatingly.*

JOE (*pleased*).—It's fine!

GEORGE (*fiercely*).—You listen here—

JOE.—I *been* list'nun! (*Slyly, to* MRS. JORNY) I been list'nun to what Tony

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says to that girl. I never heard the like; it's horrible! I bet you'd slap me if I says somep'm like that to you!

MRS. JORNY (*apprehensive, but curious*).—What—what did he say to her?

JOE.—Don't you slap me if it makes you mad.

MRS. JORNY.—What was it?

JOE (*shamefacedly*).—I don't like to say it!

GEORGE (*to* MRS. JORNY).—Get him to tell you. It might be what I need.

MRS. JORNY.—I want to know what he said to her.

JOE.—Well—he says—(*then, quickly, in a sudden burst of confidence:*)—he says he believed in God! I'm goin' to shoot him fer it!

[*He runs out.*

MRS. JORNY.—It's blasphemous!

GEORGE.—It ain't exackly profanity, I s'pose. You better ask the minister to talk to her. They're back again.

THE VOICE OF TONY.—Aha! Joe, 'tis so 'ot poor Capitano 'e cry. You wash 'is face— 'E like dat! You wash dose teardrops for Meesterr Capitano. (TONY *enters with* JUNE. *He has a newspaper in his hand; it has been made to do service as an extempore basket, contents now invisible.* JUNE *looks very thoughtful, but less sad. She sees* GEORGE, *and halts abruptly.* TONY *calls to him gaily:*) Aha! You are there, my frien'! By Goll', I forget to play you one tune dees long time! (*With exaggerated politeness:*) Da'ss wot you wan' me to do; you waitin' for dat. (GEORGE, *in ferocious silence, forms with his lips the words, "Go to hell!"* TONY *laughs, pleased.*) Take care! You might got to arres' yourself. 'Ere! You come sit down; I play for you by de 'our. (GEORGE *vanishes into the back yard.*) Aha! littla man, my business, dat's weet' your boss! (*To* JUNE:) W'en you wan' some people to do somet'ing, you tell 'em do somet'ing you *don'* wan'; den dey go do wot you wan'! If I wan' dat fella to go 'way, I tell 'im sit down. W'en 'e die, if some angel tell 'im 'e got to go to come inside 'eaven, dat fella 'e will turn 'roun' an' go straight to 'ell! Miss June Ramsey, you sit down, please. (*She obeys.*) I t'ank you. (*He leans on the hurdy-gurdy, looking at her.*) Miss June Ramsey, you t'ink I am one funny fella, don' you? I bet you!

JUNE.—I dun' know. All I know is you treat me awful kind—and everybody else has turned me out.

TONY.—Dose people wot die, you s'pose maybe dey sit up in de sky, look down, watch us people on de groun'? If dat so, I bet you sometime somet'ing we do make 'em so sick dey jus' die again! (*His tone changes to one of great wistfulness.*) Ha! I guess you feel pretty bad because dat young man you dance weet 'e got anot'ra sweet'eart.

JUNE.—Well—I knew that all the time.

TONY (*breaking out*). — Miss June Ramsey, I got a fella inside o' me; 'e make me speak somet'ing better. I shut my mout'! Wot you t'ink about *me?*

JUNE.—I—I dun' know. I wasn't thinkin' much, I guess. I was just thinkin' about their callin' me a bad girl—an' sendin' me away.

TONY (*in the same impulsive, earnest way*).—"Bad?" Listen! Dat rose-leaf rain wot I tell you—ah, you don' 'ave to dance! I see it *all* time w'en I look at you! I see more: I see Sorrent—

JUNE.—What?

TONY.—Sorrent', in *Eetalie*, wair I was born—Sorrent', wair de firefly, dey makin' de littla spark among dose lemon-grove in de moonlight. Aha! nex' winter I don' keep dat flower-stan' on de avenue. No! an' dees summer she de las' for de 'urdy-gurd' man; I am goin' back to Sorrent' for be padrone. Yes! some littla lemon-grove, some mandereen, an' some red grape-vine, dey goin' belong to Antonio Cameradonio, Padrone! Aha! dat is *me!* (*Then, looking at her with abrupt, serious intensity, but immediately with light scorn of himself:*) Ha! She don' know wot I talk!

JUNE.—I guess I don't. (*She watches him as if curious and fascinated.*) I don't know; maybe I do—some. I don't know much of anything. I guess maybe that's one reason I went out to that place—because I didn't know any better. I guess they're right; I must be pretty bad.

TONY (*compassionately*). — Ah, *no!* Wot ees dat "bad"? Wot you t'ink it mean? You t'ink *I* am bad man?

JUNE.—I don't know—I never saw anybody like you: I know you're *kind.*

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I think you must be the *kindest* man in the world, but I—I—

TONY.—But you don' know if I am bad man or good man! Well, I tell you: I am bad man! (JUNE *suddenly laughs, naturally. He is delighted.*) By Goll', she *laugh!* (*Wistfully:*) Ah, Miss June Ramsey, you know I t'ink maybe you 'ave not make to laugh so many time since you were littla chile.

JUNE.—I guess not.

TONY.—Dees mayor you work for—di'n' you even laugh at *'im?*

JUNE (*appalled at the idea*).—No!

TONY.—'E be de *las'* you laugh at, aha?

JUNE.—Yes.

TONY (*triumphantly*).—So! Well, now I am goin' teach you to be'ave like one 'urdy-gurd' man, an' de name of 'im dat's Tony Cameradonio! W'en I was one littla boy in Sorrent' I get in troub' sometime; I make to cry. Well, wot you t'ink dat ole pries' say to me? 'E say, "You, 'Tonio, don' you know you can make jus' de same noise as loud if you make to laugh instead you make to cry? Dat soun' w'en you make to laugh, she's nicer soun' an' do you twice as more good in your inside!" Aha! Dat ole pries', 'e's right! An' every time I wan' to cry I say, "No! I laugh!" Dees worl' she can do wot she like to me; I am goin' to laugh! If a man 'e do me some ugly trick, I am goin' laugh in 'is face! I laugh w'en I wan' to laugh, an' I laugh w'en I wan' to cry! I laugh at de worl' w'en she strike me, w'en she call me bad name an' she say, "You are no more but one low-down 'urdy-gurd' man," I laugh an' I say, "I am Meesterr Antonio Cameradonio, dat's me!" Aha! You see I make my littla march t'roo dees worl', an' I laugh at it all—but mos' of all dere is one gran' joke wot I laugh at to-day, an' dat is de mayor of Avalonia, de man wot sen' you away! (*Reaching this climax with the greatest spirit, and a dramatic gesture toward the house, he pauses an instant. His mood changes; and he shakes his head over his own flamboyancy.*) Ha! Well, I am great fella to make speech! De only troub' is most all time I can't fin' nobody for to make listen!

JUNE (*as if surprised to find it out*).—Why, *I* like to listen to you.

TONY (*triumphantly swelling his chest*)—Aha!

JUNE.—It helps to keep me from thinkin' about my trouble.

TONY (*disappointed*).—Well, I am *some* use!

JUNE.—It's somep'm more'n that—too. I guess—

TONY.—Wot you guess?

JUNE.—Why, it's funny. You seem like a—real big man, somehow.

TONY.—Beega man? Me?

JUNE.—I mean if you'd had—education, maybe, you might 'a' been a—a—

TONY.—Wot I be? Eh?

JUNE.—I don' know—senator, or somep'm.

TONY (*hotly*).—By Goll', if I had some educashe I woo'n' be no senator, no sir! You tell me one senator 'e ack like 'e 'ad some educashe! I know some senator in New York; 'e come to de littla Eetalian man for get some vote—by Goll', 'e got as much educashe as Capitano, but 'e don' *know* as much. All dat senator 'e know is *vote!* All 'e got in 'is 'ead is vote. "By Goll'!" 'e t'ink, "I will sell you de United State' if you geev me some vote!" No, sir, I woo'n' be a senator: you can take it away; I don' wan'! (*She laughs; he is delighted.*) Aha! Miss June Ramsey, I will stan' on my 'ead to make you laugh!

JUNE (*rueful*).—I guess I oughtn't to!

TONY.—No, no! You begin again! (*Running to the newspaper, opening it, and showing that it is full of wild flowers, woven into a chain.*) Now, see! 'Ere is dose wile flower I fin' for you in dat meadow wair de country begin an' de town she quit. 'Ere is dat littla chain I make for you—an' 'ere is de en' of dat chain wair I stop makin' 'er when I see you ain' pay no attensh' because you turn away an' make to cry about dat yo'ng man wot got anot'ra sweet'eart—

JUNE.—I didn't *say* it was about him.

TONY (*looking at her attentively*).—Well—will you 'elp me finish dees flower chain now—to show you can t'ink of somet'ing else? Look! (*He offers her the chain and some loose flowers.*) She is pritty. Will you—

JUNE (*dropping her hand, which to please him has touched the chain*).—I guess I wouldn't get my mind on it.

TONY (*nodding ruefully*).—Aha!

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[*There is a chime of church-bells.* TONY *slowly drops the flowers back into the wagon.*

JUNE (*sorrowfully*).—I guess I couldn't. (AVALONIA *comes out of* JORNY'S *house.* JUNE *moves as if to speak to her.*) Avalonia—

AVALONIA (*stepping away from her*).—I've got to play the organ for vesper service. I'd rather you didn't speak to me, please, June.

[*She hurries away.* JUNE *bites her lip to keep from crying.* GEORGE *comes from the back yard, and* MRS. JORNY, MRS. WALPOLE, *and* WALPOLE *emerge from* WALPOLE'S *house. They look grim.*

TONY (*with a half-humorous sigh*).—Well, 'ere come some more people wan' to make de worl' laugh an' be 'appy! I would lika take some long excursion trip weet' dem; we 'ave jolly time!

MRS. JORNY.—June Ramsey, you come *here.* Mr. *Walpole's* going to talk to you.

WALPOLE (*sorrowing*).—I don't know what to say to you! I understand you've been hanging round with this man on the public streets.

JUNE.—Why, I'm turned *off. I* don't know what to do.

[MRS. JORNY *and* MRS. WALPOLE *break out at her simultaneously.*

MRS. JORNY.—Well, you didn't haf to run after a hand-organ man, did you?

MRS. WALPOLE.—That's a fine excuse!

WALPOLE (*with pity*).—June Ramsey, do you know what the *Lord* thinks of women who act as you do? I tell you the Lord would bid you kneel and ask for grace to lead a different life when you go away from this town to-morrow. He would bid you spend what is left of this day in the loneliness of your own room on your knees before *Him.* You go into that house and do as the Lord bids you!

TONY (*cheerfully*).—You please, you mus' be one great frien' of de Lord—

GEORGE.—Here, *you*—

TONY (*explaining quickly to* GEORGE).—But 'e say 'e talk for 'Im. (*Reverently:*) Even a 'urdy-gurdy man, ain' 'e got some right to 'ear about dat? (*To* WALPOLE:) Wot else 'E tell you?

WALPOLE (*to* JUNE, *lamenting*).—And from being an attendant at my church and a member of a Christian household you have sunk to an associate of this—(*fiercely*)—this blasphemer!

TONY (*eagerly*).—Oh, no! 'Tis not *me* dat say I talk for 'Im! I t'ink 'E is yonder—(*looking upward*). I be afraid to make up somet'ing mysel', an' say dat is wot 'E say!

MRS. JORNY (*to* JUNE).—You heard what the minister said! Are you going to your room?

TONY.—Wait! (*To them all:*) Now dees morn' you tell 'er she is bad girl, an' dat man wot keeps in dat 'ouse say she got to leaf dees town in twenty-four 'our.

GEORGE.—She better!

TONY.—Yes; she got no place to go. You say: "No mat'! You don' stay 'ere!" So now, you sen' for 'er an' say de good God is angry weet 'er because she fin' one person lef' in de worl' wot speak polite to 'er!

WALPOLE.—Tut, tut!

TONY.—W'en de good people turn 'er out, who she goin' talk to?

MRS. JORNY (*agitated*).—Well, she needn't talk to *bad* people!

TONY (*gaily*).—Why, yes, she *got* to! But wair you fin' out I am so bad she can't talk to me?

WALPOLE.—We've had enough of you, I think.

TONY (*expostulating with polite earnestness*).—But you say dees girl an' me we can't talk because I am bad man! Now you are good man; I know; I am sure! So now w'y don' you tell me w'y *I* am *bad* man?

WALPOLE.—That—machine! (*Gesturing toward the hurdy-gurdy.*) You have no respect for the Sabbath day—and I must say I think you should have been taken into custody for it.

[GEORGE *is exasperated; he feels his position a hard one. He throws the responsibility upon* JORNY *by a gesture toward the house.*

TONY—Play "Christian Soljer," dat ain' make me a bad man, no?

MRS. WALPOLE.—You're a vagrant; you ought to be at work.

TONY (*waving his hand toward her husband*).—One minute ago 'e goin' arres' me because I *am!*

MRS. WALPOLE.—He just wants a chance to be impudent!

TONY (*placatively*).—No, no! Now,

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see; you are all good people. Make a mistake some time, yes; but good, fine people. Well, suppose dat mayor, 'e say: "Twenty-four 'our? No! Miss June Ramsey, I was talk' t'roo my 'at! You stay 'ere all your life, because you are *good* girl!" Don' you say 'e is ri'? I bet you!

GEORGE (*bursting out*).—Well, the nerve you got! Comin' in here off the street and tellin' the mayor his business! He heard you, all right, where he's layin'—(*indicating an open window on the ground floor*)—and if he don't make out that warrant now, he *is* sick!

[*Goes rapidly and purposefully into the house.*

TONY (*hopefully to* WALPOLE).—You don' t'ink dat's ri', wot I say?

WALPOLE.—The Church and the mayor have made this town one clean spot in a soiled world. I'm sorry for such people as you, and I'm sorry for this girl, but this is no place for either of you.

TONY (*gently*).—You see, Miss June Ramsey, I guess all you got lef' 's jus' one 'urdy-gurdy man!

MRS. JORNY (*scandalized, as* JUNE *turns toward* TONY).—If you speak to him again, you can't stay in this house even to-night!

TONY (*appealingly, as she turns from him*).—Miss June Ramsey—

JUNE (*faltering*).—I guess—I got to. You heard what she said.

TONY (*appealing, as she goes in*).—Miss June Ramsey—

[JUNE *looks sorrowfully at* TONY, *and goes into the house.* MRS. JORNY *follows her.*

GEORGE (*shouting fiercely at* TONY *from the open window*).—You git off the grass!

TONY (*meekly and in an absent tone*).—Yes, sir. Much oblige'!

[*He goes down to his stool by the hurdy-gurdy and sits in deep thought.*

WALPOLE (*to his wife*).—It is time for the vesper service.

[*They go slowly out.* MINNIE, *wearing her hat, comes, carrying the baby, and places it in the perambulator.* MRS. JORNY *follows, calling back through the door:*

MRS. JORNY.—George, don't *pester* pa! Let him be, when he feels so bad.

[GEORGE *comes out of the house.*

GEORGE.—Well, it looks perty funny to me!

[*He takes the handle of the perambulator, the two women preceding him and completing their toilettes with final touches as they go down the path to the sidewalk.* MINNIE *walks by the perambulator, fanning the baby with a palm-leaf fan.*

MRS. JORNY.—He just wants to be left alone.

GEORGE (*querulously*).—Wouldn't even turn his face around. Perty funny.

MRS. JORNY.—He can't stand to be pestered—that's all.

[*The church organ sounds in the distance.*

GEORGE (*in an ominous voice to* TONY).—You better not be here when I get back!

[*He throws open his coat, displaying his badge, and immediately resumes the handle of the perambulator. He follows* MRS. JORNY *and* MINNIE *out.*

TONY.—Don' frighten de baby! (*The organ stops.* TONY *speaks in a quiet, clear voice:*) Now, Meesterr Jorny, you please come out an' talk weet me. (*There is a silence.*) Your family is all gone; nex' door dey all gone. (*Another silence.*) You don' wan' me to come in de 'ouse to see you? You better *come.* Meesterr Jorny, w'en I tell your family an' de minister' family 'ow I give you one overcoat an' one dollar in New York, well, Meesterr Jorny, wot you goin' do, w'en I tell 'em dat, after dey come dees time from church? (*Another silence.*) Meesterr Jorny, you know I 'ave *got* you!

[*The door of the house opens. There is a pause;* TONY *sits motionless. Then* JORNY *comes out. He is haggard, pale, and demoralized. He steps heavily, keeping his eyes upon the ground. He rests his right hand against the porch-post to steady himself.*

JORNY (*in a husky voice*).—What do you want?

TONY (*still motionless*).—I wan' to win a bet! (*He springs up gaily;* JORNY *comes down.*) Aha! Meesterr Jorny, I am glad to see you again! You know dees is t'ree time we meet: de firs' time you don' make a remember—you 'ad me arres' dat time! De secon' time dat was

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w'en I make dat bet on you, an' *dees* time—well, dat's ri' now!

JORNY.—I said, What do you want of me?

TONY (*heartily*).—I tell you. Well, sir, all you got do is treat me fine an' I win dat bet.

JORNY.—I haven't had you arrested—

[*He is in a "crisis" of nerves, and, for a dominant and phlegmatic man, badly rattled and very apprehensive—and rebellious that such a contre-temps should have happened to him.*

TONY.—No, no; but dat's jus' 'cause you are 'fraid; it won' do! Jus' not to put me dat jail, dat ain' to treat me fine!

JORNY.—Well—what do you want me—to do?

TONY (*with cheerful sympathy*).—You feel pretty bad, don' you, Meesterr Jorny? You better sit down on dat stool.

JORNY (*sick and impatient, refusing*).—Get on! Get on!

TONY.—Well, Meesterr Jorny, I bet you goin' treat me fine, but now you got to treat somebody else fine. W'en I give you dat one overcoat an' dat one dollar in New York I feel good; I say, "Now I don' wake up some time in de night 'cause I di'n' 'elp dat poor drunk!" Yes, an' I say, "Now dat fella 'e know 'ow dat feel 'imsel', w'en I see 'im nex' time; 'e don' make people to be arres' so quick; 'e ain' goin' t'row people out dat town no more like las' year: 'e will be *fine* man now!" Ha! Dat's one time my 'ead make de gran' flop! W'en I see you de nex' time dat's now! (*With increasing severity:*) Meesterr Jorny, wot for were you to tell Miss June Ramsey she is a bad girl because she is yo'ng—an' wan' to dance—an' to 'ave a sweet'eart? Are you a good man?

JORNY (*with fear and a subdued rage*).—Yes, I am!—ordinarily. I've only made one or two slips in my life; nothing but accidents; they could have happened to the best man on earth! I've lived a good life, and it's not going to be ruined now because you happened to see one of the accidents and turn up and try to blackmail me! I *am* a good man!

TONY (*earnestly*).—Certumalee! I don' say no. Wot 'appen in New York w'en dey goin' t'row you out in de street from dat saloon—

JORNY.—That's enough! (*Takes his head between his hands in horror of the recollection.*) How much d' you think I can *stand?* What you want? Get it over!

TONY (*leaning on the hurdy-gurdy*).—Well, sir, I am goin' tell you wot I wan'. (*Confidentially:*) Meesterr Jorny, I got a dam' fool inside o' me. Las' night 'e won' let me sleep not a wink—dat's true—'cause I 'ave play some littla music for Miss June Ramsey to dance! Well, you t'ink I am one crazy littla Eetalian man, an' dat's wot I am!—I can't 'elp dat dam' fool in my inside; 'e run me de way a dog run a sheep! (*He chuckles ruefully, then goes on with intensity:*) 'E t'row a littla spark an' I catch fire, burn all up! To-day? Well, I am worse. I 'ave walk an' talk weet 'er by de 'our, an' wot 'appen to me now, dat's like some sick fever! Well, Meesterr Jorny, 'ow you like to feel dat way about somebody—'ave dem talk to like de way you talk to Miss June Ramsey to-day? Ha! you are goin' take all dat bad talk *back*, Meesterr Jorny! (*With increasing feeling:*) W'en your family an' dat minister' family come back from church, you are goin' sen' for Miss June Ramsey, an' you are goin' stan' up before dem all, an' you are goin' to say: "Miss June Ramsey, she is fine, *good* girl! She goin' stay in dees town all 'er life, 'cause if she got to leaf in twenty-four 'our, 'ow soon do *I* 'ave to leaf—*I*, wot give my watch, my ticket, an' my money to de street-women in New York, an' would 'ave lay in de gutter if I 'adn' beg from dees man 'ere, Antonio Cameradonio, dat's me?"

JORNY (*horrified and enraged*).—You think I'm going to say anything like that to *them?*

TONY (*vehemently*).—Wot you say to *'er?* Ha! Dat was more easy. By Goll'! I get a fire inside o' me!

JORNY.—I'll—I'll give you twenty-five dollars to clear out without any more trouble.

TONY (*smiling bitterly*).—I got more money dan you expec'—to look at me!

JORNY.—For God's sake, look here—

TONY.—I bet you w'en you make dat sentence on Miss June Ramsey she di'n' beg. *W'y* di'n' she beg? 'Cause she know dat's no use. Well, sir, I tell you

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dat's no use weet *me!* I am goin' to be a man *jus' like you!*

JORNY.—I was crazy not to have you run in! I will, now.

TONY (*shaking his head knowingly*).—No. I couldn' '*ire* you to arres' me! You ain' goin' to let me tell dat story in de mayor's court-room! But w'en de minister' family an' your family come back dey goin' to know—

JORNY (*interrupting despairingly*).—No, they *won't* know! Not if I'm alive.

TONY.—Ha, dat girl, *she* di'n' say she kill herself?

JORNY (*truculently, but almost with a sob*).—You try to tell lies on me to my family—

TONY.—Lie? You t'ink dey don' belief me? Ha! Wot dey goin' belief w'en I say, "I give dees man one overcoat an' one dollar in New York on de six' of April, an' 'e take dat one dollar for to make a telagraph 'ome for some money?" I say: "*Di'n*' 'e make a telagraph to Avalonia for some money on de six' of April? 'Ow I know dat if she ain' true?" (JORNY's *face shows that his defense has collapsed.*) No, Meesterr Jorny, I 'ave got you, an' you are *gone!*

JORNY (*trying desperately to reassure himself*).—No, I'm not! I've lived a good life; I've done the best I could. I've got the respect of everybody, and you turn up here—you're just a dirty tramp!—and you try to run me out o' my own town. You think you can turn my family against me. Such a thing can't happen! God wouldn't *let* it!

TONY (*grimly*).—Yes, such a many people t'ink dat about demsel': "*I* don' die!" "Can't 'appen to *me!*" dey say. Well, you can choose w'ich: *you* are goin' to tell, or *I* am goin' to tell. All you are so scare' about, she's de *troot'!* You scare' if dees people know you like one 'urdy-gurd' man 'e know you, dees town she goin' to kick you out, you' littla girl she won' speak weet you, treat you jus' de same as Miss June Ramsey! Well, I guess so, but you are goin' be in a better fix, because w'en you go to new place *you* got some money!

JORNY.—See here, I haven't done anything to you—

TONY.—Aha! wot woon' you do to me if you do wot you wan' to do! I don' give you de chance! Ha, I see you' inside like a man read de newspape'! By Goll'! before you let me tell dat story in dees town you burn me to powder on de kitchen stove! It's no use!

[JOE's *voice is heard.*

JOE.—Hay, Tony, you forgot!

TONY.—Wot?

[*He runs on and fires his pistols at* TONY. JORNY *looks at* JOE *fixedly.*

TONY.—Call de 'earse; I am shot; good for you! Wot you say I forgot, Joe?

JOE.—Them oats fer Capitano's supper. You ought to *git* him them oats!

TONY (*taking a sack from the wagon*).—I get 'em from a livery-stab'e; dey sell me oat for good donkey on a Sunday, I guess. Meesterr Jorny, I be 'ere by de time dat church finish! (JORNY *goes into the house.*) Now, Joe, w'ich way I go for to fin' some livery-stab'e?

JOE (*pointing to the left*).—Try that way, an' if you git lost come back an' try the other.

TONY (*gaily*).—No, sir! I'm goin' try the other way firs', an' if I'm wrong I come back an' get los' afterwards! Don' kill me till I come back again, Meesterr Joe. Goo'-by, General! (*He goes to the right.*)

JOE (*shaking his head, murmuring over his pistols*).—Good-by, Gener'l—good-by, Gener'l—good-by, Gener'l. Good-by, Gener'l Tony! Good-by, Gener'l Joe! (JORNY *comes out of the house, looking intently at* JOE, *who continues to mutter.* JORNY *holds his right hand inside the breast of his coat. He is paler than before and continually swallows and moistens his lips; he is trembling with nervousness, yet keeps a sharp control of himself. He comes down, standing at the edge of the lawn looking all the time at* JOE. *Then he kneels on one knee as if looking for something in the grass. He keeps his hand inside his coat.* JOE *turns, sees him, and stops muttering.*) What are you lookin' for?

JORNY.—I was just—oh—looking to see if—if I could find a four-leaf clover.

JOE.—I can find anything: I can find cold chisels, and the Ace of Clubs, and gunpowder, and—

JORNY (*huskily*).—Which way did that man go to get the oats?

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JOE (*scratching his head, puzzled*).—Which way'd he go fer oats? I don't know. I guess he went that way (*pointing and looking after Tony*).

JORNY (*drops a pistol from under his coat; it falls into the grass. His eyes are upon* JOE; *they do not follow the pistol, which his body conceals from* JOE. *His only sign of consciousness of what he is doing is a deep, short sigh of anxiety. After a short pause he says, in an agitated voice:*) Did you ever find—a four-leaf clover?

JOE.—I can find anything. I could if I wanted to.

JORNY.—They bring good luck.

JOE.—Will they bring *me* good luck?

JORNY.—It's the truth; they do.

JOE (*beginning to search about the lawn*).—Well, I'll *find* one, then, quick enough.

JORNY.—I expect you might. Who knows?

[*He turns his back and goes rapidly to the porch.*

JOE (*searching*).—You're sure it brings good luck?

JORNY.—Sure!

[JOE *suddenly sees the pistol and springs upon it with a loud cry.*

JOE (*shouting*).—Look! Look what *I* found! Look, look, look!

[JUNE'S *voice is heard from above, screaming.*

JUNE.—Mr. Jorny, get that thing away from him! Don't let him take it!

[*Throwing open the lock of the pistol,* JOE *makes a face of amazement as the cartridges project. He throws the barrel into place again.*

JOE (*capering*).—Tony! Which way'd Tony go? *I'll* get him! Tony! Tony!

[*He runs out.* JUNE *comes running from the house.*

JUNE.—Don't let him go! *You* dropped that thing there! I saw you from my window in the attic!

JORNY.—I didn't see it! I didn't know it; it was an accident.

[*He sinks down upon the steps of the porch.*

JUNE.—Which way'd he go? I couldn't see; I was running down-stairs. Where'd he go?

JORNY.—I don't know! I didn't notice!

JUNE.—You know he's crazy! He don't know the difference between his pistols and that real one!

JORNY (*shrieking*).—It was an *accident!*

JUNE.—Then why'n't you stop him? Why'n't you tell me which way he went?

JORNY.—I don't *know!*

JUNE.—You did it a-purpose!

[EARL *comes suddenly out of* WALPOLE'S *house.*

JORNY.—Don't you say that to me!

EARL.—*I* think you did! (*Recklessly:*) Oh, I'm another case o' sick-headache on the sofa by the window! I been takin' in the whole thing, and you've turned loose a crazy man with a pistol. (*To* JUNE:) What you say about his always shootin' the other fellow?

JUNE.—He does. He's trained to it. He always shoots his pistols at Tony; Tony won't *stop* him!

EARL.—Well, we better get to him quick! He went this way.

TONY (*heard as he approaches*).—

Oh, de pic-picka-pic-picka-picador,
An' de tor-torea-tor-torea-toreador—

EARL.—He's come around the alley.

TONY.—

Eef de bool 'ad a gun,
You would see a littla fun,
But you would not see no—

JUNE (*screaming*).—Tony! Look out!

[*She rushes to meet him as he comes, the sack with oats in it thrown over his shoulder.*

TONY.—Aha! Miss June Ramsey, you come back to de 'urdy-gurdy man once more.

JUNE (*struggling with her excitement and panting for speech*).—Tony—Mr. Jorny—let Joe—he let Joe get—

TONY (*sorrowfully, seeing* EARL).—Ah, but you di'n' come for me! You come for de young man what dance weet you!

EARL.—You better get under cover; that crazy man's got a pistol and he's gone off to find you.

TONY (*laughing*).—Aha! dat 'urt nobody! Joe, 'e's *fine* man!

JUNE.—It's a real one! It's Mr. *Jorny's.* He pretended to lose it and Joe found it. Won't you please *run,* Tony?

TONY.—Ah, Joe don' 'urt me!

JUNE (*imploring*).—Please run, Tony! Please! please! please!

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JOE (*a little distance away*).—Tony! I'm comin'! I *got* somep'm, Tony!

EARL.—You better get in the house. Look out!

JUNE.—Please run! please run! Please—

TONY.—I tell you, dat Joe 'e don' 'urt me!

JOE.—I see you, Tony! I got you now!

[*He capers on with* JORNY'S *pistol, leveling it at* TONY. JUNE *screams and instinctively runs at* JOE, *her arms upraised, to come between him and* TONY, *but he catches her with his left arm—though not before her purpose is evident.* EARL *starts back, covering his eyes with his forearm.*

TONY (*in a tone of sharp, quick command*).—Joe, for once I let you shoot somebody else! Dees time you can shoot dat man on de steps!

JOE (*delighted*).—Can I?

[JORNY *leaps to his feet.*

TONY.—No! Shoot in de air!

[JOE *fires straight upward, and, at the sound of the loud explosion, drops the pistol in horror.*

TONY (*gently, to* JUNE).—You t'ink I train dat man so bad I let 'im shoot somebody? What for you cry?

JUNE.—I'm so frightened.

TONY.—For *me?* (*She nods, and he turns to* JORNY, *exultantly:*) Mr. Jorny, I guess I lose dat bet; you treat me pritty bad, but, by Goll'! you got a 'ired girl she treat me like a angel!

ACT FOUR

THE light is of rose and amber, it is near sunset.

TONY leans against the hurdy-gurdy, holding one end of JUNE'S discarded chain of flowers in his hand, but he is not looking at it. He is looking thoughtfully at the ground where lies a cap pistol which JOE has dropped.

There is a distant sound of the church organ and of voices singing a hymn. EARL comes out of the door of JORNY'S house decisively, very serious: TONY'S attitude does not change.

EARL.—I guess you got him pretty near all in; he's scared to death. Well, I expect it's about a tie between him and me which has acted the bigger skunk. Darned if I don't like him better 'n I did, though. Anyway, I've found out he's human. (*Swallowing:*) I s'pose you're goin' to give him the limit? (TONY *nods solemnly.*) Me, too?

TONY (*looks at him; approaches him; speaks with slow significance*).—Dat won' be so bad for you—some way!

EARL (*bracing himself*).—Well, if you do, I guess I deserve it. It's pretty hard on the old folks—and Avalonia. About him, I guess it 'll be pretty hard on 'em all.

TONY (*grimly*).—Yes, somet'ing like dees, dat's pretty 'ard on de 'ard people!

EARL (*sighing*).—Well—I guess he's in there tryin' to get somebody to talk to you about it that can do it better 'n I can.

[*He returns into* JORNY'S *house.* JOE *appears, leading Capitano by a rope halter.*

JOE.—Tony, I bet Capitano's got better sense than some people give him credit fer. (*Knowingly:*) Yes, sir, there's plenty crazier 'n what *he* is! Yes, *sir!*

TONY (*not moving*).—Joe—

JOE.—Don't you feel well, Tony?

TONY.—I am as 'appy as a automobile 'earse.

JOE.—I don't know how they feel.

TONY.—Dey feel like me. Joe, pretty soon dose people goin' to come from dat church, an' I'm goin' to 'ave one littla talk weet dem, an' den, Joe, you an' Capitano an' me, we got to take to de road again—an' I—I t'ink I ask you: Wot am I goin' to do w'en I feel so bad?

JOE (*scratching his head—then he looks important*).—You mean you want to ast my advice? Well, you come to the right place fer that, Tony!

TONY.—Yes, sir; all my life w'en I do somet'ing wot got so much good sense to it, nine time' out o' fourteen I am wrong. But I bet if Capitano tell me wot to do I ack all ri'!

JOE.—Are you goin' to ast him, too? You're goin' to ast me first, ain't you?

TONY.—Well, I don' wan' to 'urt nobody' feeling!

[*He waves his hand deferentially toward Capitano.*

Well, suppose I know a lady an' she like a young man pretty well; an' may-

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be—after I do somet'ing—Well, maybe dey get—

JOE (*excitedly*).—I know! I know!

TONY.—Wot you know?

JOE.—It's Lady Godiva an' the King of Arkinsaw. I knowed 'em both at—at that place I run away from. They was *always* talkin' about gittin' married, but them doctors wouldn't let 'em. Ain't that who it is, Tony? Are they goin' to *git* married?

TONY.—Miss June Ramsey an' dat yo'ng—

JOE.—*I* mean Lady Godiva an' the King. Are they?

TONY.—Joe, I'm only a 'urdy-gurdy man: I don' know a king; I don' even know de King of Arkansaw! (*He goes to Capitano.*) Well, 'e won' tell me. Wot *you* say, poppa? You speak to your son; tell 'im 'ow to be'ave. By Goll'! *'e* ain' goin' to tell me, Joe! 'E is 'fraid somebody say I'm as smart as 'im! Well, 'e is wrong to be 'fraid; nobody say it.

[*He hands Capitano's water-bucket to* JOE.

JOE.—Come on, Capitano.

TONY.—You forget somet'ing, Joe.

JOE.—Huh?

TONY (*picking up the cap pistol*).—'Ere. You leaf dees wair you drop 'er 'alf an 'our ago.

[*He tosses it to* JOE. JOE *jumps back from it with an exclamation of fear and it falls to the ground.*

JOE.—I don' want it! I throwed my other one away. Didn't you hear the noise that one made you let me shoot in the air? Hurt my *ears;* I wouldn't touch one again fer a hunderd dollars! No, sir!

[*He leads Capitano away.*

TONY.—By Goll'! now I don' 'ave to get kill' sixty-eighty time a day. I guess maybe I live to be ole man.

[*Sighing, he picks up some of the loose flowers on the ground and drops them in the wagon.* JUNE *comes from* JORNY'S *house. She wears her hat and carries a small bundle wrapped in a newspaper.*

JUNE (*timidly*).—Mister—Mister Tony—

TONY (*gravely*).—Miss June Ramsey, you don' say "Meesterr Capitano" to *'im.* No; dat 'urt 'is feeling! Well, wot for you say "Meesterr Tony" to me? I am as good a man as dat donk'! You call 'im Capitano—an' littla w'ile ago you call' me "Tony," too.

JUNE (*without coquetry*).—Did you like that?

TONY.—Whatever you call me, well, anyway, I get to 'ear de soun' of your voice. I like it if you call me a devil!

JUNE (*looking at him thoughtfully*).—You do like me, then?

[TONY *is struck dumb by this question; he stares at her; then, turning, goes and sits on the wagon, making a gesture toward her as if to bid her depart.*

JUNE (*perplexed*).—Well, you didn't answer. Do you?

TONY.—Yes.

JUNE.—Then I want to ask you something. Tony, what are you going to do to *him?*

TONY.—Ha! I am goin' give you a fron' seat for dat show!

JUNE.—I guess he deserves it, after what he tried to do to you—

TONY.—Do not'ing to me! Poof! Wair I been live in New York if dey wan' to get you, dey get you! Dees crazy trick 'e try to play me—wot I care?

JUNE.—He *is* 'most crazy, I guess.

TONY.—Den Joe better get 'im some oat. 'E won' get a better cure from me!

JUNE (*timidly*).—He says if I could get you to let him off he'd do somep'm for you.

TONY (*scornfully*).—Wot can 'e do?

JUNE (*faltering*).—An' he said he'd do something—for me.

TONY.—'E say 'e goin' to make it so you stay 'ere like before?

JUNE.—No; I didn't ask him that.

TONY (*with passionate vehemence*).—Den 'e don' talk to me! Dees two family, dey 'ad a gran' time weet you. Well, now 'tis de time dose two family get to know somet'ing about demsel'! One family dey got dat *ole* man wot say "twenty-four 'our" to you, an' de minister' family, dey got dat young man—

JUNE (*in distress*).—But you're not going to tell them about Earl!

TONY.—If dey know 'e was de man weet you, dat young lady she don' *speak* to 'im! Maybe—maybe dat ain' so bad for you, Miss June Ramsey?

JUNE.—It wouldn't make him like me if you did that.

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TONY.—Aha, it don' need somet'ing to *make* 'im, I bet you!

JUNE.—If he would like me, I wouldn't want you to do it. I been thinkin'—I guess I been thinkin' more to-day than I ever did in all the rest o' my life. One thing I thought of: if you'd been in his place you wouldn't 'a' let me lie for you—you wouldn't 'a' cared what they did to you.

TONY (*with a dolorous chuckle*).—Eef I been in *'is* place!

JUNE (*tremulously*).—I—I let him—kiss me a couple o' times, maybe.

TONY (*lightly*).—I guess so!

[*He turns away.*

JUNE.—He didn't do it because he thought much *of* me.

TONY.—'E di'n'? (*Absently he gives the handle of the hurdy-gurdy an abrupt turn, bringing forth an unfinished shriek of notes; he smiles ruefully, shaking his head. Then, with a grunt of angry laughter:*) Well, Joe is crazy, an' Meesterr Jorny is crazy, an' I'm crazy, an' Capitano 'e is a jackass—but dat young man, 'e is de wors' of all!

[*He tosses up both arms in despair of* EARL'S *intelligence, and then, picking up the stool, places it in the wagon.*

JUNE.—Are you getting ready to go?

TONY.—Soon as I do wot I say.

JUNE.—Where are you going?

TONY (*smiling*).—Ha! she's a long road. We 'elp Capitano—push an' pull—ah, she ain' so 'ard! Nine o'clock to-night Capitano an' Joe an' me, we are at a farm-'ouse, eight mile on de road to Silvertown. We sleep at dat farm-'ouse—aha, dose are fine people! I show you. (*He takes a cardboard box from the wagon, and, opening it, displays a large, new doll.*) Aha! every year I bring somet'ing for one littla girl at dat farm-'ouse; I bet she 'as been ask 'er mamma t'oussan' time' w'en Tony come! I been over dees road so many time—you woo'n' guess 'ow many frien' I got! (*He puts the doll away.*) But 'tis de las' time. Settembre I am on de beega boat for Sorrent'; an' Joe an' Capitano, dey goin' to work in de mandareen grove for Signore Antonio Cameradonio, dat's me!

JUNE.—Tony! Can I go with you?

TONY.—Wot you say?

JUNE.—Can I go with you to-night? Can I go with you—as far as Silvertown?

TONY.—Wot for?

JUNE.—Listen: This morning they made me feel as if I was bad—I didn't let on much, I guess, but they hurt me—(*breaking down suddenly:*)—oh, they hurt me awful bad, Tony—

TONY (*with an ominous gesture toward the two houses*).—In a littla w'ile!

JUNE.—I didn't have any self-respect left, but after the way you treated me—as if I was all right, and you liked me—why, I saw it wasn't so—and it made some o' my pride come back to me. It was you gave it back to me—an' she said if I talked to you again I couldn't stay in their house to-night. Well, I *am* talkin' to you—an' I want her to know it—so I got to go.

TONY.—Not much you don'!

JUNE.—No. I got my pride back, an' I wouldn't stay if they asked me. I don't want him to give me a railroad ticket, either. I'm strong; I don't mind walkin'—but if I was sick, I wouldn't take it! And I don't want you to tell about Earl, for the same reason. (*Passionately:*) I don't want anything from *any* of 'em!

TONY.—Dey are goin' to take it all back!

JUNE.—No! I didn't behave right toward Avalonia, to let her man run after me. I want to make that up—

TONY.—I care not'ing for dat!

JUNE.—What pride I got makes me want to treat them better'n they treated me. That man in there's been beggin' me pretty near on his knees to get you to let him off; and I do ask you to. If you go ahead an' do what you say you will, it's just ruin for all of 'em, an' it's a good deal better for just one to clear out an' be done with it. I'm all ready. I just want you to let me go with you as far as Silvertown.

TONY (*vehemently*).—No! You don' 'ave to go. Now, you 'ave ask me; you *'ave* treat dem better dan dey treat you. You 'ave done all you could; but dat make no change in me; dey are goin' to pay!

JUNE.—You mustn't do it. They *are* good people; I've lived with 'em a long while, an' nearly all the time they been kind to me, all of 'em. It's only when you do something they don't understand that they're so hard. I never

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Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock Engraved by H. Leinroth

"YOU CAN SHOOT DAT MAN ON DE STEPS."

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want to see any of 'em again, but I'm sorry for 'em. Even Mr. Jorny, he just got in a bad fix an' that made him try to do a wicked thing. Can't you forgive him for it?

TONY (*with great spirit*).—For try to make Joe shoot a real 'ole in me? Ha, I laugh! No, you are ri'; dey are not bad people; *no*body is bad—only asleep. So dees people, dey are asleep—an' I am goin' to wake dem up! (*He looks toward the church.*) Ha! *Now* you are goin' to see!

JUNE (*urgently*).—I heard all you said to Mr. Jorny. If you meant what you said—about me—you won't do it.

TONY (*breathing hard*).—Dat's w'y I *will* do it! (*She starts to speak, but checks herself as he begins to turn the handle of the hurdy-gurdy; "Toreador" sounds loudly.* TONY *assumes his professional manner, smiling and claiming largess by gesture; he begins his chant:*)

Oh, de pic-picka-pic-picka-picador!
An' de tor-torea-tor-torea-toreador—

Tessess, tessess, please? You give a nick' for a pritty music, Chief P'lice?

GEORGE (*coming in rapidly*).—*That* ain't no hymn! I don't need no warrant this time—I got you now!

TONY.—Tessess, you please? Somebody give a one dime for a pritty music?

Eef de bool 'ad a gun,
You would see a littla fun—

GEORGE (*shouting*).—You come with me or I'll telephone an' git the whole force out here fer you!

[*He is about to lay hands upon* TONY. MRS. JORNY *and* AVALONIA *appear from the direction of the church, and, behind them,* WALPOLE *and* MRS. WALPOLE. MINNIE *follows, with the baby-carriage.*

JUNE.—Don't you touch him!

GEORGE (*fiercely*).—Why not?

JUNE.—You ask Mr. Jorny why not!

TONY (*dropping the handle, he swings up truculently to* GEORGE).—I play wot I like 'cause I like! She's ri'; your boss don' let you touch me.

GEORGE.—I want to know *why* he won't!

TONY.—I tol' you 'cause 'e ain' goin' to face me in dat court-room.

GEORGE (*harshly, to the others*).—He's been a-hintin' things like this all day, and it looks—

TONY.—Yes. Now I 'int no more. I tell!

WALPOLE.—What have you got to tell?

TONY.—To you, firs'! Las' night I play de 'urdy-gurdy in dat place wair you an' dees man come. Di'n' you 'ear no 'urdy-gurdy w'en you make to spy t'roo dat window?

GEORGE.—Yes, we did. We heard it.

TONY.—Well, 'twas me an' Joe. I see dees laydee in dat place, don' I? So did you—but you di'n' see dat man wot meet 'er an' dance weet 'er. *I* did! *I* see 'im! *I* know 'im eef I see 'im again, don' I?

WALPOLE.—Yes.

TONY.—So! You make a remember for one minute you say I do know 'im. Now, I tell you some more—all of you—(*to* GEORGE:)—an' you, you know w'y your boss ain' let you touch me? I tell you: in New York, one day dees year I fin' a man wot 'as been dead drunk in a saloon; 'e 'as been weet bad people, men an' women, an' some of 'is money 'e give dem, de res' of it dey rob 'im. 'Is watch gone, 'e got no coat, no 'at; 'e is in de *dirt!* I saw 'im, an' if I see 'im again, I know 'im, don' I?

GEORGE.—Well, what of it?

TONY (*to* WALPOLE).—You, wot show such a col' 'eart to dees girl, de man wot dance weet 'er las' night, 'tis your son! An' de man I foun' in de gutter in New York, 'e was your boss, Meesterr Jorny, de mayor of dees town, Avalonia!

[*There is a general outcry of fear and rage.*

MRS. WALPOLE.—Earl! He's crazy! *You* don't believe it, Jesse!

WALPOLE.—It couldn't be! Earl's a good boy!

MRS. JORNY.—It ain't so. Pa's the best man on earth.

AVALONIA.—George, why do you let him tell such lies?

GEORGE (*shouting at* TONY).—You better try an' prove it!

TONY (*to* WALPOLE).—Wair was your son las' night? Was 'e at 'ome?

MRS. WALPOLE (*huskily*).—He went to Silvertown—he said so!

TONY (*to* GEORGE).—De man I tell

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you I saw, dat was de six' of April! Wair was Meesterr Jorny on de six' of April?

[MRS. JORNY *clutches* AVALONIA, *both staring in horror at* TONY.

GEORGE.—Well, that don't prove it!

TONY.—Ha! dey 'ear me—an' if it is not so, w'y don' dey speak?

GEORGE.—Well, they've got to. I'll say this: they'll have to answer you now.

TONY.—Answer me? All dey can do is 'ide.

[EARL *steps quickly out of the door of* JORNY'S *house and stands upon the porch.*

EARL.—I'm not hiding.

MRS. WALPOLE.—Earl, this man says—

WALPOLE.—Wait!

EARL (*calling into the house*).—Mr. Jorny, it's better for you to come.

[JORNY *comes slowly out of the door and stands beside* EARL. *Their bearing is that of two condemned men trying to keep a brave front while waiting for the trap to be sprung beneath them. Their two families look from them to* TONY *in agony.*

WALPOLE (*his voice shaking*).—You both heard what this man has been saying. (*He turns immediately to* TONY.) These two gentlemen are standing before you now. You look at them and think what you have to say. Do you still bring the charge that my son is the man you saw with June Ramsey, and that Mr. Jorny is the man you saw in New York? Are these the two?

[TONY *stares fixedly at* EARL *and* JORNY.

JUNE (*in a low voice*).—Tony—

WALPOLE (*harshly*).—Are these the two men you mean?

TONY (*struggling with many agitations, he utters a choked outcry*).—Ah! dat yo'ng man—I make one mistake; I never saw 'im before! 'E was not there! (*He pauses for one sharp breath.*) But dat *ole* man, *dat* man— (*He points vengefully at* JORNY; *then, gasping, strikes his breast and cries out:*) I got a dam' fool inside o' me! I never saw dat ole man before in my life! Dat is one more mistake I make; I don' know 'im—it was some one else! I am de bigges' fool in dees worl'!

[*Furious with himself, he swings down to the hurdy-gurdy, making a sullen, angry gesture to* JOE. JOE *comes, and they push the wagon away.*

MRS. WALPOLE (*gasping with relief*).—*I* knew it wasn't Earl!

MRS. JORNY.—Oh! I—I was so frightened, pa!

[*Faint, she sinks down on the steps of the porch, clinging to* JORNY'S *hand.*

JORNY (*tenderly, his voice tremulous*).—Why, ma, it's all right!

MRS. JORNY (*struggling for breath*).—I never fainted yet, but this time—

[*They all gather solicitously about her.*

JORNY.—No, no, ma! There's nothing to be worried about *now*. It's all over. It was just a mistake.

WALPOLE.—That's all it was. Everything's all right, Mrs. Jorny.

GEORGE.—*She* ain't goin' to faint. (*To* EARL *and* JORNY:) Well, that feller was honest enough, anyway. When he seen it wasn't you he *says* so.

[MINNIE *laughs cheerfully and takes the baby into the house, crooning to it.*

JUNE (*calls in a gentle voice*).—Tony?

[TONY *comes to her, Capitano's halter dangling from his arm. His face is tragic.*

MRS. JORNY (*shrilly*).—June Ramsey, you come away from that man!

JORNY.—Let her alone!

MRS. JORNY.—I won't 'low her to—

JORNY.—Hush! Come here.

[*His family and* MR. *and* MRS. WALPOLE *and* EARL *gather about him among the shrubberies.* JORNY, *standing in the center of the group, begins to talk in a low voice. It has grown much darker, and the group is seen dimly. A lamp has been lit in the* WALPOLES' *house, and now one is lighted in a window of the* JORNYS' *house. A rosy glow lingers where* TONY *stands with* JUNE *in the street.*

TONY (*in a strangled voice*).—Miss June Ramsey, wot you wan'?

JUNE.—What are you goin' to do?

TONY (*roughly*).—You see—we 'itch up Capitano.

JUNE.—I meant: What you goin' to do about *me?*

TONY (*turning to lean against a tree; he is agonized*).—Ah, wot for you speak to me?

JUNE.—Why shouldn't I?

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Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock

"WE ARE GOING TO PLAY ALL THE WAY TO SORRENT' IN EETALIE"

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TONY (*bitterly*).—W'en I wan' to say dose *are* de two men, I can't say wot I wan' to! I fail!

JUNE.—You didn't fail—with me.

TONY.—Ah, I was goin' take care of you agains' dose people!

JUNE.—Won't you take care of me as far as Silvertown? I got to go somewhere. Wouldn't that family at the farm-house let me stay there to-night, too?

TONY.—Yes.

[*But he does not speak the word aloud.*

JUNE (*tremulously, her voice low, but she looks at him*).—Listen, Tony: I told you he said he'd do something for me if I could get you to let him off. He said I could go with you and nobody would try to stop me. They haven't any right to, he said. And he said he'd tell them you were a good man—and would take care of me—if you took me with you. Well, you did let him off, and he's tellin' 'em you're a good man. (*She lifts her bundle toward him.*) Won't you—put my bundle—in your wagon, Tony? It's all I got.

[TONY *does not take it; he lays his finger on his lips, and* AVALONIA'S *voice is heard;* JUNE'S *extended arms sink.* AVALONIA *has detached herself from the group.*

AVALONIA (*softly, in a clear voice*).—Wouldn't you like to go for a little walk, Earl?

[*He comes to her; she takes his arm, leaning close to him, and they go out, obviously lovers.*

TONY.—Look.

JUNE (*tremulously*).—I don't care.

TONY.—Wot you do at Silvertown?

JUNE.—Why, maybe—I'd try to get you to—let me go on with you from there.

TONY.—Wot you *say?* W'y, you don' know—

JUNE.—I could help—I could cook for you—I could help push the wagon.

TONY (*roughly*).—You can't touch it!

JUNE.—Won't you take me? (*He stares at her, incredulously.*) I promised Mr. Jorny you would. Aren't you going to take me, Tony?

TONY (*in a voice of wonder, awe-stricken*).—By Goll'! I win dat bet! Look wot 'e give me!

JOE (*calling from a little distance*).—All ready, Tony!

[*Moonlight falls upon the street. Among the shrubberies near the house it is dark; and the figures there are almost, but not quite, invisible.* MRS. JORNY *appears for a moment in the light.*

MRS. JORNY (*deeply moved*).—Good-by, June. I—I hope you'll be all right.

[*Weeping, she goes into the house.*

JOE (*calling again*).—Tony?

TONY.—You come.

GEORGE (*calling from the darkness, cheerfully*).—Hay! I guess you might play us a tune *now!*

TONY (*awe-stricken*).—Play? We are goin' to play all de way to Silvertown—an' after dat, all de way to Sorrent' in Eetalie! *Come*, you Joe!

[*The hurdy-gurdy sounds bravely in "Onward, Christian Soldiers." It comes on,* JOE *walking beside it, and the light falls strongly upon it, showing that it is trimmed with flowers and Capitano crowned with a wreath made of the "chain."* JUNE *lifts the bundle toward* TONY.

JUNE (*weeping*). — Maybe — it's too heavy.

TONY (*with infinite gentleness and reassurance*).—Eef she weigh ten t'ousan' poun' I wan' to carry 'er!

[*He puts it in the breast of his coat. He places his left hand against the hurdy-gurdy, to help Capitano by pushing it; then, looking at* JUNE, *extends his right hand to her. She is still for one moment, then she comes to him with supreme confidence, her hand extended to take his. "Onward, Christian Soldiers" sounds jubilantly; the wagon moves.* TONY *all the while leads* JUNE *by the right hand, yet bends his strength to the weight of the hurdy-gurdy, and in that attitude of labor he goes down the street in the moonlight, with* JUNE *and* JOE *and Capitano, and the music grows faint and is heard no more.*

[CURTAIN]

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The Prophet From America

BY M. E. RAVAGE

EVEN an imaginative American, I suppose, must find it very hard to form anything like a just idea of the tremendous adventure involved in the act of immigration. The alien in our midst is too elusive an object for satisfactory study. He changes too rapidly. But yesterday he was a solid citizen in his particular village of Sicily or Rumania, of a piece with his ancestral background, surrounded by friends and kindred, apparently rooted in his native soil. To-day he is adrift in a foreign world, mute and helpless and tragically ridiculous—a soul in purgatory, a human creature cut from its moorings, the most pitiable sight to be met on this earth. To-morrow? Who knows? To-morrow very probably you will find him a prosperous citizen again, very earnestly devoting himself to some strange, until recently undreamed-of, business, giving orders or taking them, even now perhaps a bit discordant against his new setting, and, except for one or two well-hidden scars, none the worse for his translation. Who shall find the patience to follow him in his tortuous career?

What is surely most amazing is that he should have started out at all. Considering the pangs of separation and the risks that warn and threaten him and beset his path, why, you might ask, should he want to emigrate? Is it the dream of riches? Yes, in part. And the hope of freedom? Without a doubt. But these are general motives and remote. The far-flung clarion call of American Liberty and her promise of equal opportunity are the powerful lodestones that draw all immigrants alike. There are more particular motives than these to spur him on. Even freedom and economic independence have a varying meaning to individual aliens. Station in life, and nationality, and age, all play their part in composing his mental picture of America. And, as in war, so also in emigration, there are always immediate causes as well as remote and general ones.

I have myself been asked hundreds of times why I have come to America, and I trust that there was no malice in the question. As a rule, I have pointed to the usual reasons. I explained that at home in Vaslui, and in Rumania generally, there was very little opportunity for a young man to make anything of himself. My parents had ambitions for me which their clinging, hopeless poverty made impossible of attainment. And I was only a child of sixteen, and I longed for the great world with its rich prizes and its still richer adventures. My soul was thrilled with the dream of conquest and the pious hope of delivering my family from want and oppression. But while all this is true, it was not the whole truth. In fact, I quite omitted from my account the most vital, because it was the most direct, cause of my migration.

The remainder of the truth is that in the year of my departure from Vaslui America had become, as it were, the fashionable place to go to. Hitherto it had been but a name, and by no means a revered name. But suddenly America had flashed upon our consciousness and fanned our dormant souls to flames of consuming ambition. All my relatives and all our neighbors—in fact, everybody who was anybody—had either gone or was going to New York. I call it New York, but you as Americans ought to be informed that the correct spelling is Nev-York, as every refined person in Vaslui knows.

I did not, then, as you see, come alone to America. I came with the rest of the population of Vaslui. And Vaslui was merely a sort of scouting-party, to be followed directly by the main army.

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It has probably been forgotten in this country, if indeed it was generally noted at the time, that about the year 1900 there was what, to my eyes, appeared to be a national migration from Rumania to New York, a migration which, to the inhabitants of Vaslui, seemed literally to include well-nigh the whole Rumanian race.

What had so suddenly raised the prestige of New York among the Vasluianders and the Moldavian traveling public generally I am in an excellent position to relate, for it so happened that the principal agent in this grand scheme of advertising among us the attractions of New York was a not distant relative of my own. I am well aware that such services as his ought not to go unrewarded, and I know that already your curiosity about his identity is getting the better of you, but until a committee of representative New-Yorkers assures me of its appreciation of mine and my countrymen's patronage, I feel in honor bound to respect my kinsman's modesty and to guard his secret. Meantime you shall know him by the name of Couza. Couza is a royal Rumanian cognomen, and my relative, whether by divine gift or by his own assumption, had an unmistakable royal air, at least while he was in Vaslui.

Couza, then, put in an appearance in our town during the winter of 1899, after an absence in America of some fourteen years. For months before, if you had put your ear to the ground, you might have heard the distant rumble of his approach, and Vaslui held not only its ear to the ground, but its breath. It seemed to us that our life had been hitherto dull and common, but that at last it was to be tipped with glory and romance. Couza's brother Jacob became overnight the first citizen of the town, and this reflected glory was shared by all our family. Those daily letters that Jacob received were inquired after by the whole community. They became, in the truest sense, Vaslui's first newspaper, for they contained the only intelligence we cared to hear about. Now he was embarking at Nev-York, and now he had landed at Havre. A long succession of bulletins reported him at the various capitals and great cities of Europe. He was coming, coming, coming. The air was growing too thick for respiration. On the street, in the market, at the synagogue, we kept asking one another the one question, "When will *he* arrive?"

At last the long-awaited telegram flashed over us. It was a terrible disappointment to me personally. For weeks I had been training in the boys' chorus which was to welcome the guest on his arrival. And now, at the last moment, he had cold-bloodedly decided to come in on the midnight train. The choral reception had, therefore, to be abandoned. Vaslui must content itself with a mere representative committee of citizens and restrain its pent-up enthusiasm as best it might till the morrow. I have a very vivid recollection of that night of Couza's arrival, for, although I was deprived of a direct share in the reception, I had a partial reward for my disappointment in the reflected splendor that fell upon me through my father. He, being one of the guest's family, was chosen a member of the welcoming committee; and toward two o'clock in the morning he burst into the house trailing clouds of glory from his rare experience. We had been tossing about for several intolerable hours, wondering whether he ever would get back. No sooner did we hear his key in the door than we leaped up in our beds and greeted him with a chorus of inquiry that nearly frightened him.

"Is he here?" we yelled all together.

"Is he? Well, I should say so!" father cried, breathlessly, and still in the dark.

Then followed things amazing. For hours that seemed like brief moments we sat agape, listening to a detailed account of the arrival and a somewhat bewildering word-picture of the personage himself.

"You should see the old boy," my parent began. "It seems only like yesterday when I used to see him in these very streets, a slouchy, unprepossessing youngster, with his toes out at his gaping boot-tips, carrying heavy cans of milk around for his mother. Remember, mamma, he used to leave us our liter every morning at the door? Ah, this Nev-York must be a wonderful place.

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Why, I did not know him at all when he stepped off the car, not until Jacob rushed up to him and was followed by the whole cheering lot of us. At first I thought he was a *rov* (rabbi), he is so large and stout and dignified. He wore a long, black frock-coat and a high hat—just the kind that Reb Sander wears on Saturdays at the services. But when I got up nearer to him I noticed that he was clean-shaven. Would you believe it? He did not even have a mustache. I never saw so many trunks and bags in all my life as they unloaded for him. And jewelry! He had diamonds in his cravat and brilliants on his fingers, and a magnificent gold chain from which hung a great locket stuck full of more diamonds. He is a millionaire, if ever there was one in America."

This was very exciting and altogether astonishing in many ways. It suddenly revealed America to us in a new light. For you must not suppose that we were so ignorant as never to have heard of the place at all. The name Nev-York was, indeed, quite new, and we admired father a good deal for throwing it so glibly into his account. But then you could not expect us to know the whole map of America in detail. Of America, however, we had heard considerable on several occasions. Whenever a Vaslui-ander went into bankruptcy, and whenever a soldier wearied of the discipline and deserted, it was bruited abroad that he had "run away to America." There was a female beggar in the town whom mother always singled out for special kindnesses. I used to wonder about her, until one day I learned that she had once been a well-to-do mistress of a home of her own, but that her husband had tired of her and escaped to America. I had thus come to think of the place as a city of refuge, an exile which men fled to only in preference to going to prison.

I had heard of people going to Vienna and Germany and Paris, and even to England for business or pleasure, but no one, to my knowledge, had ever gone to America of his own free will. And of those who went, considering the circumstances of their departure, none ever returned to tell us what it was like, any more than if they had gone to the other world. In fact, a person gone to America was exactly like a person dead. That was why, on those rare occasions when a family followed its breadwinner to that distant land, the whole community turned out and marched in slow time to the station, and wept loudly and copiously, and remembered the unfortunates in its prayer on the next Saturday.

I said that no one had ever returned from America. But there was one exception; and I mention it here because the individual was destined to become the villain in the piece which I am here transcribing. It was commonly gossiped in Vaslui that Itza Baer, who was hand in glove with officialdom and whom every one feared and flattered as a notorious informer, had years before returned from America, where he must have had a stormy and ignominious career, because, whenever anybody ventured to ask him about it, he would merely say that he preferred to serve his term than to live a dog's life in exile, and forthwith change the subject.

This Itza Baer was at first decidedly friendly to the news of Couza's coming. When the time arrived he even went so far as to consent to serve on the committee, and at the station he was, according to father's report, one of the first to greet the arrival. Father went into circumstantial detail in his account of this historic greeting. He said that the rest of the committee drew back a step and stood around in solemn awe while the two Americans exchanged compliments in English. But the odd thing was that Itza Baer ever after had an ironical smile about his lips and an impish twinkle in his eye when referring to that English conversation. He was never seen speaking to Couza again, except at the Temple on the Saturday following the event. A mysterious coldness seemed to have developed between the two men almost from the start; and when Vaslui fell down on its knees and worshiped Couza as the great man he was, Itza Baer's jealousy—for jealousy is what it was—turned into whispered threats at first, and finally into open hostility.

On the morrow after the arrival I saw *him*. I saw him on the first of those impressive progresses which were

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to become a regular, but not a common, sight in the daily life of our town for the next fortnight. He was riding slowly in a droshka, smiling happily, and bowing unpretentiously to the populace. The streets were lined with craning, round-eyed, tiptoeing Vasluianders, open-mouthed peasants, and gayly attired holiday visitors from neighboring towns who, having heard of the glory that had come to Vaslui, had driven in in their ox-carts and dog-carts to partake of it. I have sometimes seen the king ride in state through these same streets, and have heard the throng shouting, "*Trâiasca Regele!*" But this occasion was not boisterous, but dignified and solemn. Vaslui seemed too full for idle noisemaking. It seemed to feel that while the king was no doubt a fine fellow and all that, he had not come all the way from Nev-York, he had not brought with him any dozen trunks, he did not speak English, and wear diamonds, and dress in a different frock-coat every day. Quite the contrary: the king had on the same uniform every time he came to Vaslui. He was, after all, a sort of exaggerated army officer with an unnecessary amount of gold lace and other trappings about his person. He, like all military folk, might care for show and shouts. But an American millionaire was not a clown or a bear to be clapped at.

Why, he was the most modest and the simplest of men. Any other man of his great wealth would have put on airs and gone to the Hotel Regal, the exclusive stopping-place in Vaslui for all mere aristocrats. Instead, he went to his brother's home and unassumingly shared the humble quarters of his family. That appeared to be his way. Whatever was good for one man was good enough for every man. He never spoke of his wealth; indeed, he looked embarrassed and uncomfortable whenever the subject was alluded to. He positively disliked to talk about himself in any fashion.

He let his actions speak for him and all that he represented, and from his actions Vaslui was forced to draw the right conclusion. No one but a millionaire could have behaved, for instance, as he behaved in the synagogue on the Saturday following his arrival. It was the usual custom for a distinguished guest to be honored with a reading of the Law, and it was expected from him, in turn, to make a suitable offering in return for the honor. But when the official reader paused for the donor to fill in the blank, Couza calmly and very distinctly said, "One hundred and twenty-five francs," and looked modestly about at the astounded faces of the congregation. That donation simply transcended our imagination. The high-water mark until that day and for years past had been recorded by Eliezer Kaufman, the wealthy merchant, now dead, who had once in an extravagant moment subscribed five francs; and the old men in Vaslui still talked of it in awed tones. A hundred and twenty-five francs! Why, even when crops were bumpers, a grain merchant could garner no more than that in a month. The sum would bring a team of oxen, pay two years' rent for a house in town, or very nearly buy a modest dwelling in the country.

From that day on Vaslui became a changed town. Hitherto we had been content to gaze in abstracted admiration at the splendid phenomenon and the dim, romantic land that lay behind him. But now the shimmering apparition had become a solid reality. We had seen with our own eyes, and had heard with our own ears, the concrete thing that it meant to be an American millionaire, and Vaslui suddenly felt a vast ambition stirring in its galloping heart. Gone was the languor, the easy-going indifference, the resignation, the despair, that once dwelt in the lines of our faces. We became a bustling, seething, hopeful community. A star had risen in heaven to lead us out of the wilderness.

The very next day my father took me by the hand and marched me straight up to great headquarters. He had done some deep thinking all night and had worked up an exceedingly clever scheme. At least I supposed it was clever until we reached our destination. I had been given only the broadest outline of it, but I gathered from that that it was essentially a plan to induce Couza to take me to America with him when he returned, details to be worked out

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later. When we got within a block of Cousin Jacob's store my heart sank and father turned very pale. Here was a line of similarly clever fathers with equally shamefaced sons and daughters, extending from Jacob's store in the front, all the way around the little circular park which was in the center of the shopping district; and another shorter column in the rear, starting from the back door and ending a block away at the gate of the court-house. The total effect was of two opposing armies struggling for the capture of Jacob's store and the great prize within. And every father and son there claimed relationship with Couza, and was ready, I suppose, to back it up with documentary evidence and a flourishing family tree. I had never realized that all of Vaslui belonged to my family.

It was just at this time that the notorious Itza Baer entered upon the scene in real earnest. To the shame of Vaslui be it confessed that he had succeeded in gathering about him a very considerable following, and, strangely enough, among men who had hitherto been held in high esteem for their integrity and shrewdness. It is at such stirring times as these that men go astray. When one or two of those whom Couza had felt obliged to discourage in their emigration plans chanced to speak of their disappointment, Itza Baer suggested that they might offer to share their first million with Couza in return for the passage across. He and his followers organized themselves into an anti-Couza committee, which made ridiculous claims of seeking to save Vaslui, and in the end they very nearly succeeded in ruining the hope of the town.

From the day of the great incident at the synagogue rumors of an infinite variety had gained currency regarding certain phases in Couza's career in America. No one was able to trace them to their source, but they kept issuing with ever-increasing frequency and with the emphasis of unquestionable truth. We tried to discuss them with Couza himself, but he could not be induced either to confirm or to deny them. He would simply smile confusedly and declare that everything was possible in New York. But at the end of that week a report of the most stupendous sort reached our ears. It was to the effect that our guest was not merely a millionaire, but that he held a very high government position in America, something resembling a prefect or a minister. This time we besieged him and insisted on knowing the truth. For this news was no matter of personal glory for an individual. It revealed one side of that wonderful America that we had not thought of before. One could get rich, once in a while, even in Rumania. But that our people could not only vote, but be voted for and hold office in New York was a revelation of the most startling and inspiriting kind.

This time, I say, we would not be put off with modest blushes. Couza, of course, tried to hedge about by admitting that people of our kind might become members of the Government, that religion in America was a private matter unconnected with politics, and that he had himself heard of an American President by the name of Abraham (he could not remember his other name). But while all this was gratifying to a degree, Vaslui demanded to know the whole truth. Was it true that he himself was the prefect of New York? If it was, then nothing else mattered, because everything was as clear as day. Finally the conference ended in a compromise. Of the prefecture of New York he could by no means be persuaded to speak, but after long and cruel drilling and cross-examining he did confess that his visit to Vaslui was only a side-trip incidental to his commissions in Paris as a special representative of the American Government to the World's Exposition and the Procès Dreyfus.

After that confession Couza's modesty dropped from him like a mask. Once his mouth had been forced open, he found great difficulty in closing it again until we knew as much about New York as he did, which is to say everything. He seemed eager now to make us realize how dull and circumscribed and enslaving was our existence in Rumania, and then point in contrast to the freedom and the wealth and the beauty of that city of God which was New York. There were many ways of getting rich

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in America, he told us. People got paid, it seemed, even for voting. A mere slip of a girl could earn fifty francs a week at making blouses. Girls, indeed, were not a burden there as they were in Vaslui. In America the richest young ladies earned their own living, fed and clothed themselves, and saved up the necessary dowry to get a husband with. In fact, girls were altogether an enviable asset to their parents. A man who had a half-dozen grown daughters, or even a skilful wife, could be independent and free for the rest of his natural life.

One of the trunks that Couza had brought with him, we were to learn, was filled with American newspapers, and with their help he preached to us the gospel of New York. Seated on the divan in that vast room at the rear of his brother Jacob's store which constituted the family's apartment, he would spread before him one of those extensive sheets and delight his open-mouthed callers with a message from the great world he had come from. I do not know what other people got out of those readings, but I myself was terribly excited by them, so that for months afterward I dreamed of nothing but ingenious murders and daring robberies committed in broad daylight by clean-shaven desperadoes in frock-coats and silk hats. I conceived of New York as a brave, adventurous sort of place where life was a perilous business, but romantic for that very reason.

Those American newspapers puzzled us considerably. We had expected that they would naturally be in English, but we discovered with surprise that for the most part they were printed in our own humble tongue. Couza laid great emphasis, as was most natural, on the unlimited opportunities for earning money in New York, and to that end he invited our attention to the pages upon pages of frantic appeals from America for every variety of help. It was vastly encouraging to hear him read those appeals and to know how badly we were wanted in America. But we were a little obtuse at times. We could not understand, for instance, why any one should want a dozen girls to keep on working at blouses day after day without end. What did a body want with so many waists, we asked our interpreter. But we got little satisfaction in this regard. He seemed to delight in filling his mouth with those strange, long words that somehow got into every sentence and spoiled its meaning for us. And he showed, I thought, decided resentment at being interrupted with a request to explain. When my father asked to be told what was meant by a stenographer, Couza contented himself with pointing the moral as to the brutalizing effect of living in such a place as Vaslui, where grown men did not know the things that every child in New York knew. That was perhaps a bit hard on father, but even he could not help agreeing with Couza and hoping all the more deeply in consequence that his children at least might some day get out into the civilized world.

If any proof were needed of Couza's high character and noble interests, and if any effective means were to be found to silence the mean slurs of Itza Baer and his anti-Couza party, we got it in Couza's constant references to education. He pointed with profound scorn to the inferiority of the Rumanian schools, and denounced our Government bitterly for forcing us to pay an annual tuition rate of thirty francs for each pupil in the elementary schools. In New York, it appeared, education was to be got altogether without cost, by Jew and Gentile alike, by day or by night. The Government of America not only did not exact charges for instruction; it compelled parents to send their children to school, and it begged grown-ups to come and be educated when their day's work was over. Couza cited instances of young men of his acquaintance who had become doctors and lawyers, and of young women who had become teachers by studying at night and earning their living in the daytime. He had himself obtained his remarkable education in that way.

After these sessions my father would come away flushed with enthusiasm and repeat, excitedly, "America is good, America is good!" He had long been cherishing the hope of making a doctor of me, but he had not even succeeded in getting me into the public school. Every fall he would take me around from

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No. 1 to No. 2, and always he would get the same answer: "No room." I knew of hundreds of other cases like my own. There was nothing for us to do but to go to the little private institutes and pay heavily for the scanty instruction we got. When we reached the high-school stage matters got even worse. Vaslui did have a gymnasium, but a poor fellow had not a chance in the world of getting in. The tuition was high, the school was overcrowded, and it was necessary to have a certificate of graduation from a public school to be admitted. The nearest university was at Bucharest, and it would take a small fortune to go there and a very large one to make ends meet during the seven or eight years of instruction, supposing that one succeeded in getting in. Father had almost given up the idea in despair when America appeared in the nick of time to save the situation.

Unhappily these glorious chats about America were to be cut short with tragic swiftness. Some of our townsfolk were too insistent about their own selfish interests, and kept pestering him with their requests to be taken to America. One night, I recall, the widow Shaindel came with her eight children and coaxed and begged and cried. She promised that she would slave for him, and clean his shoes, and scrub his mansion, and care for his horses, and weed his gardens, if only he would save her from the poverty and the tax-gatherer by taking her and her children away to Nev-York. When poor Couza could no longer endure the painful scene, he ended it by the sacrifice of his own dignity. "My dear woman," he said, "do you take me for a millionaire?" Then he grew very confused and grunted something in his deep, bass voice. But I admired him for the splendid way in which he said it. It gave me a last glimpse of the fine modesty of the old Couza. Yet it was very clear that scenes of that sort were dreadfully wearing to his sympathetic spirit and he was getting restless to leave.

At the end of Couza's second week Itza Baer became shamelessly hostile. He declared that he could no longer stand by in silence while "this braggart" was bringing misery and discontent upon poor people just to feed his own vanity. And he let it be known that he intended to denounce Couza as an old fugitive from the recruiting officer. When Couza heard of this he declared, with a smile, that he would like to see any little Rumanian king lay hands on an American citizen. To which Itza Baer retorted that he was ready to bet his beard and earlocks that the pretended American citizen did not even have his first papers. No one took him up on that because of the obvious technical points involved, but the next morning Vaslui awoke to learn with bitter disappointment that a telegram from Paris had recalled the special representative to his duties. He had left in such haste, the official statement added, that he had not even taken his trunks. The glory of our city was gone forever, for, although the hope was held out to us that he would return for another short stay and for his costly baggage as soon as Captain Dreyfus had had his trial, we never saw him again. He did not even come to get his niece, whom he had promised to take with him to America, but contented himself with meeting her on the Hungarian border. The evident dislike he had taken to Vaslui hurt us sorely and puzzled us not a little, although we might have understood that a man of his caliber could not long put up with the annoyances he had been subjected to. Nothing but fear of the law prevented my infuriated fellow-townsmen from wreaking terrible vengeance on the unspeakable Itza Baer, who had the cheek to go around boasting that we owed him a debt of gratitude for having saved us from a dangerous impostor!

But if Itza Baer or any one else had imagined that Couza's mission would end with his departure, he was to learn differently. Indeed, it was only then that our great guest's preaching and example began to have their real effect. Now that he was gone, Vaslui could stand off and see the vision that had passed over it in true perspective. It became quite clear to us that, for one thing, Couza had done something with his fourteen years in America, something very enviable and magnificent. We realized, of course, that *he* was a fine and clever fellow, and that not every one

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could aspire to his attainments; but, we argued, if a man of genius could in so short a time become a millionaire and an ambassador, then an average chap ought at least to have no difficulty in becoming, say, a police commissioner and in keeping his cellar perpetually well stocked with red wine.

This much had, at any rate, become certain. There was a country somewhere beyond seas where a man was a man in spite of his religion and his origin. If Couza's career and transformation proved anything, they proved that in America a human being was given a chance to live his life without interference, to become rich and influential if he could, and to develop whatever talents were in him to the best advantage. Even if the informer were right, and Couza were a sham, America surely was no sham, and the message that Couza had conveyed to us was honest. Anyhow, no one from Rumania could go to America and do the things that Couza had done in Vaslui. No, it did no good for Itza Baer and his mournful followers to go around howling that Couza was an impostor, that New York was not at all what he had cracked it up to be, and that we would find life so hard and so sordid there that we would walk back. We let them talk, and proceeded in feverish haste to put our enthusiasm into acts.

Within three months after Couza's departure the America fever had spread to the confines of the kingdom. The contagion arose simultaneously in Vaslui and Berlad, and stalked with the pace of lightning northward through Jassy to far Dorohoi on the Russian frontier, south and westward through the Danube cities of Galatz, Braila, and Turnu-Severin, to the very doors of the royal palace in Bucharest. During the early spring Vaslui had the appearance of a town ravaged by war. People were leaving in battalions, houses were sold at a sacrifice, household goods were given away or consumed as firewood. The streets witnessed a continual procession of carts bulging with comically shaped bales of feather-bedding, the only mementoes that the poor folk thought it worth while to take with them to their land of promise. The railway station had never been so crowded before. There were cheerful farewells, and those who stayed behind cried to those who departed, "I'll see you in Nev-York soon." Rumania was off to America. And all of it had been accomplished by Couza's patriotic devotion to the land of his adoption.

Now, I must say that I have a very grave doubt as to whether it had been a part of Couza's original plan to effect this exodus. Those who censure and traduce him have said so; but I do question it. Surely it was not his fault that my fellow-townsmen were so literal and so simple. Let us remember that he was cautious to the point of taciturnity about his accomplishments, particularly when he perceived the impression he was making. A less noble character than he could not have resisted the temptation of bragging about his own wealth and influence as he resisted it

And let us further remember that it was no voluntary misrepresentation on his part when in a moment of metaphorical excitement he let it be known that he was an envoy of the American Government in Paris; that the statement was forced upon him by my fellow-townsmen, and that in the deepest spiritual sense it was not a misrepresentation at all. The truth is that he was but a member of the great American democracy on a lark. When I got to New York the next year I found him inhabiting the fraction of a flat on Attorney Street, the remainder of which constituted a thriving dressmaking establishment. Mrs. Couza was making the dresses, and paying the rent, and otherwise attending to the material side of life. while Couza himself was keeping busy as a foreman in a bed-spring factory, and saving enough from his earnings to get another frock-coat very soon.

In a merely literal sense, therefore, it may be said that he had, after all, not been an envoy. But he had been something nobler than that; he had caught a glorious vision of America where any man *might* be a millionaire, an ambassador, or a President—what did it amount to that he, as a matter of crude fact, was not?—and he had traveled all the way to Vaslui to share his vision with us.

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Robert

BY ALICE COWDERY

LAURA EWING turned away empty-handed from the post-office, conscious that the one exciting possibility of her day was over. The same groups of loiterers hung about post-office, hotel, and hot little station; the same lines of buggies and motor-cars from outlying ranches were drawn up along the main street; the same old houses were strung along behind the same old poplars—one little stir of train and mail-time, and then, like the grocer's dog drowsing in the street, the dusty town would shake disturbing flies from its sleepy head and settle down again.

As Laura cut across the court-house square, she could see her mother in the weather-stained rocker on the front porch, peering expectantly toward her over the syringa hedge, and she prepared herself for the same old formula of mail-times. It began before she had reached the gate.

"You got the mail?" called her mother.

"Nothing," returned Laura. Mrs. Ewing sank back into her rocker. Laura picked up her sewing and sat down with it in the long grass under the syringas.

The long grass blurred her sturdy old shoes. The syringa hid the village street. The simple process of turning her back had momentarily eliminated the sight of her mother's disappointment. But nothing could shut out her mother's long-drawn sigh or the listless creaking of her rocker.

"It's sure to happen this August, mother."

"I 'ain't heard from him for five months. I 'ain't seen him for a year."

"I mean the money, mother. Robert's sure to send some so' s I can enter this fall. He promised on the very day he left for South America."

Mrs. Ewing fixed her pale gaze on her daughter's back. The faint tremor on her thin lips tightened to an obstinacy curiously at variance with her apathetic face.

"You still thinking of that?"

"Still!" Laura looked around at her, alert, reproachful. "Why, mother, it's all I'm *living* for."

Her mother sniffed. "I've lived for sixty years without college."

Thereupon Laura rose, and the nest of green vanished. "I can't stay in this dreadful little town, this dreadful little house, forever."

"Robert was born here—and you," her mother added. "It's been my home for twenty-four years. See Alec Trumbull up-town to-day?"

Laura shrugged her shoulders. She wouldn't be put off that way.

"Father understood." There were tears now in Laura's voice. "He—he wanted me to get away, have a chance—like Robert."

"Your father was set. But even he'd object now to your leaving me alone. 'Ain't I enough to bear—my boy, my only boy, gone—" she sighed, and her sigh just skimmed the point where sighs and groans converge.

Laura looked toward the window of the old court-house, visible above the dusty poplars of the square; the window where, all her life, until his death three summers before, she had seen her father's head bent over his work. It was like a memorial to his long patience, that window, and something of its import moved her now on the swift tide of recurrent hope. Rallying her forces of decoy, she turned to her mother.

"Think, mother, just think what it will mean for both of us when Robert starts me. Think of me, too, with a college degree! Why, I'll make more teaching than father, even, made clerking."

"There's twenty from your father's pension coming in, and the ten-acre-lot

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rent. We're comfortable enough, ain't we?"

Laura compressed her lips, took up the blouse she had been finishing, and went in to lay it away, with the rest of her little college outfit, in the old leather trunk under the curtains in her room that did duty as a closet. She should, she assured herself, have learned by this time the necessity of grim self-control. But neither the curves of her lips nor the kinks of her temperament could hold this pose long, especially before the satisfaction of having completed one more slight step toward that tremendous, if unappreciated, goal.

In that corner she had created a sort of temple of hope. Above, on the shelf with her high-school diploma, she had stacked Robert's old college text-books, mysteries of mathematics and engineering. She took down one, at random, glancing at the sketches scrawled over margin and fly-leaf—professorial profiles, for the most part, with which he had lightened class-room tedium, begun with fine intention and ending in impatient flourishes. But they were clever. Robert was clever at everything. He might have been an artist. Why had he chosen bridge-building? Why did one choose anything except as escape toward something else? So it seemed to her. Escape, anyhow, anywhere.

She raised her eyes as if she were crowning that little temple with a vision, not of a gay and careless brother vouchsafing her a vicarious sharing of his pursuits, but of a brother lifted by his generous sympathy on the spur of that last parting to the likeness of an eager spirit, overriding all obstacles to its desire, beckoning her, too, into untried worlds.

She turned suddenly and put her head out of the window that opened on the front porch. In contrast with these intimations of untried worlds another thought had occurred.

"Mother, if Alec calls for me, I'm not at home."

"But you are."

"No, I'm not. I'm out."

"I ain't a-going to lie."

"Well," Laura sighed, "I'll go out in the back yard and sit on the chicken-coop." The chicken-coop added emphasis to the implication of her martyrdom.

The honk of a motor-horn made her draw in her head abruptly. Too late for the chicken-coop. To reach it she would have to pass the open front door that gave a clear view down the hall to Alec, now coming briskly in at the gate.

"Brought you some of my tomatoes," he called to her mother, and added, eagerly, "Laura home?"

"Laura!" her mother's voice rose promptly, "here's Alec."

Laura stamped her foot, noiselessly.

"Well, she just went in," drawled her mother. "You wait and I'll get her."

Laura frowned, shook her head, put her finger on her lips in agonized pantomime as her mother looked in at her door. Her sincerity evidently impressed her mother at last. But she was clearly on Alec's side.

"It's a shame. Why don't you want to see him?" Her whisper carried like a stage aside.

Laura flung out her arms. It was all of a piece with home. A trap, an outrageous trap.

"All right," she managed, in a tone of loud, clear hospitality. "Tell him I'll be out in a minute."

She rather took it out of Alec. She over-emphasized her distaste for their native town as they drove along. She embroidered her talk of college. Alec's face grew more and more melancholy. Alec was ridiculous. Any one was who longed like a spoiled baby for a moon. She was a sort of reluctant moon in Alec's life.

"You'll be away four years," said Alec at last, gloomily.

"Yes, and then some. I'll drop in—vacations," she conceded, airily, and presented a picture to herself of an occasional dashing ingress, like Robert's, when, she suspected, he had been particularly hard-pressed for an alternative.

They had stopped by the river. Alec's arm on the back of the seat slipped tentatively around her. Laura turned with a movement of irritation and glanced from it to him, reproachfully.

"You used to."

"I was a mere child."

"It's Robert," he burst forth, bitterly. "If he hadn't put this college notion into

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your head you'd have married me long ago."

"What nonsense!" replied Laura, with dignity. "As if Robert could interfere with my feelings." But, even as she said it, she considered how much Robert's rather patronizing humor with reference to slow old Alec had influenced that first young tolerance of Alec's devotion. "Let's go back very fast, Alec. I'm awfully busy."

He turned the car about. He rather took it out of the gasolene.

Summer passed, and still no word from Robert. That daily formula of fluctuating hope—"You got the mail?" "Nothing"—that show of buoyancy, enforced, out of very pride of youth, before her mother, who, worried, aging, pottered aimlessly about the house and garden, was becoming nerve-wracking. And under her own impatience, her absorption in her own dream, she felt a growing resentment against Robert's silence toward her mother. She amended her plans to this circumstance. *She* would write every day. *Her* vacations should not be spent in city visits with some chum. No; she would spend them all with her mother. She would be self-abnegating—heroic, even.

Toward the end of August Robert's letter, addressed to her mother, came. Laura held it, for one trembling moment, against the sun, as if that luminary might disclose a word for her, and then ran home with it.

Her mother fumbled so long over his difficult chirography that Laura cried, "Let me, let me."

"I guess you'll have to," and she handed it over.

It was dated from Buenos Aires. Never had he so expanded into detail. Laura skimmed rapidly over a description of his life, of the bridge they were building in the interior.

"Don't mumble so. Read that again."

Laura did so.

"'And how's old Alec? Laura and he just as thick?'" Laura flushed with quick resentment.

"Here," her mother cried, "you better let me read it. I guess he meant that just for me."

Laura, unheeding, glanced at the margin. It was adorned with a sketch of Alec, libelously stout, with blank face and upraised eyes, kneeling before a fair sylph. The beauty of the sylph eased her resentment as she turned the page.

"Oh no!" she cried, suddenly, staring at the letter.

"Well, go on." Her mother looked at her with a sort of jealous suspicion lest she keep back one precious word. Laura, who had devoured the paragraph in one swift glance, went on:

"'Tell her not—not to pack up this fall. I'm sorry, but everything's terribly expensive here. Don't know where the money goes. I'm thinking of throwing up this engineering job, anyway. My real line's art. Feel it more every day. And that means I'll have to go up to New York and do some studying. Pity I wasted so much time at college.'"

"New York!" her mother sighed. "Well, it's nearer home 'n that awful place he's in now."

"But he promised — he promised!" cried Laura. "He promised to help me a little each month. I could work out the rest at college, somehow. I know I could."

"Well, he's told you why plain enough. Go on."

Laura handed the letter to her mother, went into her room, slammed the door, cast a look around, and then flung herself on the bed, staring at where the faded stars on the ceiling paper didn't match. She heard the rustle of paper, and knew her mother was rereading slowly, as she would reread countless times, his letter, until it joined the sparse, precious bundle in the bureau drawer.

On the day that college opened, Laura, in a mood of conscious dramatic irony, put on the gown so joyfully dedicated to other purposes, and went to a luncheon given by Hilda Fulton to herald the triumph of her engagement. Over the dull ache of her disappointment Hilda's achievement loomed with a complacent persistence. But out of it Hilda permitted her a few crumbs from the general attention.

"You'll be leaving soon. Laura. I suppose?"

"No. I—I've changed my mind."

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"I suspect she means," said Hilda, with an arch glance around at the others, "some one else has changed her mind."

The implication was received with knowing interest. Alec's devotion to Laura had long been a matter for speculation. To Laura, their attitude, however distasteful, was not on this occasion without its palliation. It caught her up into the general scheme of things worth while as they saw them. But she left as soon as she could, and, to further prolong her absence from home, sat down on a bench in the square. In the light of her own untouched affections and rebellions she suspected Hilda's motives. Hilda was almost as poor as she. Her prospective provider was almost as provident as Alec. She, too, might compromise on a big wheat-ranch, and the rent from town lots, and a motor-car. She saw Alec's that moment stopping before her house, and knew he was searching town for her. After all, why not? She half rose toward him as she saw him coming out again, then sank back where the drooping acacia hid her from the street. She knew, in her heart, why not.

That night she sent out a secret application to a teacher's agency on the strength of her high-school diploma, now three years stale, with special stress on the desirability of a school in the outermost limits of the state, and felt as if she had thereby, in some not quite definable way, hurled defiance at Robert, Hilda, Alec, her mother, and all the rest of them.

But she soon found she was not to have even this chance before the stream of better-equipped Normal applicants.

Sketchy postals from Robert continued, at long intervals, to wander in that year—but never a word about his old promise. She had not dreamed that his escaping home had included his escaping *her*. He had, apparently, shrugged off her desire and his promise as lightly as he had swept off the glamour of college with his pity for wasted years. Fatuous she found her mother's clinging to his rare words. Could she not see how completely he had cast them off? Fatuous, her mother's proud comments to her neighbors on the hopes of her far-wanderer. She drifted, discontented and rebellious, with the months, and when Robert's first thick letter came from New York she brought it to her mother with a sense of chill aloofness to all that concerned him. His work, she read, was getting on, but he needed more leisure in which to develop it. He had achieved the great thing, it seemed, of finding out how much he didn't know. Ah, really, Laura interpolated, perhaps she could have told him that. He needed another year's hard study, and his occasional newspaper work barely supported him. Much she cared—Laura's gentle sniff expressed. He hated like —— to ask it, but— Before that "but" Laura grew alert.

"Hates like what?" interrupted her mother.

"Like hell."

"Oh, Laura, he'd never write that to me."

"Well, that's what he means. We will, too, probably," she added, grimly, as she turned the page. "Let's see what he hates to ask."

"No," her mother cried suddenly; "give it to me." She had the air of protecting her boy from an unsympathetic intruder.

Laura hung around resentful, uneasy at her exclusion, but for the first time her mother did not share her letter. Later, Mrs. Ewing put on her rusty black bonnet, took her rusty black bag, and went up-town in a silence so unwontedly determined that Laura did not find the courage to inquire whither.

It was Alec, walking home with Laura from the grocery, who gave her the clue to the mysterious energy that had punctuated her mother's silence during that week.

"Well," he said, as he was leaving her at her gate, "I was glad to take over your ten-acre; it rounds out my pasture. But I hope you'll regard it as still in the family." Before the lack of understanding in Laura's eyes, his words ended in a low whistle. "Didn't you know?"

Color swept into Laura's face. She shook her head, and, turning from him, ran into the house. She heard her mother in the kitchen and went in to her.

"Mother, you didn't really sell the ten-acre to Alec?"

Her mother, bending to poke the

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five, neither looked at nor answered her, but the very lines of her back seemed to have assumed an obstinate look.

"Why?" Laura amended her question.

"He's the only one who'd take it."

"But what for?" There was a hard, protesting ring in Laura's voice.

"Twelve hundred dollars." Her mother chose the lesser of two distasteful interpretations of that inquiry.

"But, mother," Laura persisted, "you're not going to risk our little income—" She stopped suddenly. Color again flamed into her face. "Mother, you didn't—"

Her mother's cheeks were also pink. Her trembling hands slammed down the stove-lid. She shot her daughter a brief, defiant glance. "It's my money."

Laura stared at her. "You did, then. You sent—"

"Five hundred." Her mother's voice was trembling now. It rose shrilly. "It's none of your business. I can't have my boy away needing money."

Laura, shaken by a sense of impotent injustice, cried: "After all he's had! And I stuck here—all for Robert!"

"You've got Alec." Even as she said it, her mother's voice faltered; but the words were spoken.

Laura turned as if she would flee, but got no farther than the kitchen door. Her arm flung bent against the rusty screen, she laid her face upon it, and as her vision blurred, so life seemed a blurred and ugly confusion.

She heard her mother murmuring of her boy, her only boy, who really loved her—not a critic, questioning; she heard her repeating that he was only borrowing it, that seven hundred and the pension would keep them going if she would only do something. She heard her tense whisper—"Time you did something, anyway"—dissolve, at last, into difficult tears.

Laura turned then and saw her—a little old woman shrunk and bared, as she, to confusion; and, out of that confusion, clinging to the ultimate hope and passion of her life—Robert.

Her mother just couldn't understand.

"Don't, mother, don't. I know. You had to." They looked at each other now with a moment's dismay at the ugliness that had been laid stark between them. They touched each other awkwardly.

"Laura, you got a home."

Laura, grateful for that latent tenderness so hard for her mother to express, melted completely. "Yes, I've got a home. And you're right, mother. It's time I did something."

Hilda Fulton's brow was wrinkled before the ordeal of her trousseau. She leaned across the gate as she left Laura, her eyes on Laura's gown, her voice scornful of the incompetency of the village dressmaker and the limitations of her own resources.

"If I had *your* skill, Laura—"

And Laura, blushing, conscious that she would have been glad to offer help, said with flashing, quick decision, "You *can* have it for one-fifty a day."

Her quick decision amazed her, as if another in her had spoken, taken matters into its own hands at last, out of desire and procrastination and the intolerableness of inaction. She had not kept toll of the days and nights since her faith in Robert had been shaken, of the hours of searching and brooding over the growing significance of what life was to mean when the seven hundred were gone.

Alec expostulated. "It's ridiculous. It's an outrage." Never had she seen him more moved. He took the workbasket she was bringing home from Hilda's and shoved it under his arm as he walked with her.

"I enjoy it," said Laura, lightly.

Alec looked at her, skeptically.

"Really, Alec. I like the feeling of earning it. At first it was awkward—taking money, you know—but now I see it's exciting, adventure."

How much was true, how much sheer bluff, perhaps neither she nor Alec knew.

"But you're not getting away."

"Not just yet," said Laura, easily. "Of course, this thing's temporary. I've simply got to earn a living for a while."

"Laura!" She saw the old familiar plea struggling on his lips. "I'm here. Why not?"

She shook her head. But she knew, and he knew, that her refusal lacked the old vigor of intolerance. However, she

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by S. G. Putnam

SUMMER PASSED, AND STILL NO WORD FROM ROBERT

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added another customer. She added several that year.

And then only in those swift-passing months did she begin to realize how the bonds were tightening about her. The busy days sped by, but at night, lying in the dark, thought was released. To add slow dollar to dollar for the purpose of eventually eating those dollars up, to trim brides and babies and itinerant girls about to shake the dust of home from their feet, as she had planned to shake it—if it were only for some big purpose, some vital love, some vast ideal that one worked, then one might feel the strength of youth well spent; but for this— Lying there in the dark, the very walls of her room seemed to draw closer, press in upon her, and things distorted, unbearable, crowded to a hot nightmare panic in which she saw herself, struggling but futile, clutching at a last few shreds of youth that slipped, slipped . . . Springing from her bed, she lit the candles on her bureau and stared at her reflection, prepared to see some gray and haggard simulacrum of herself. But out of the mirror came wide, shadowy eyes, and heavy, glinting braids, and whiteness of arms and shoulders—beauty, growing more vivid under her seeking; confronting, shaming with its glowing illusion that other nightmare fear, defying subtle interweavings of expediency, of Alec, and lukewarm tolerance with all radiant possibility. The cold night wind swung in the curtains from her open window. Shivering, she blew out the candles and went back to bed, and there, like a litany to hope, her thoughts intoned: "I will be strong, I will be patient, I will be beautiful, I will be young—for ever and ever—and I will escape. Something, somehow, will happen."

Something did. One evening, on her return from work, her mother awaited her at the gate. She waved a letter and cried, shrilly:

"He's coming!"

Laura snatched the letter. It was brief. Robert informed them that he needed rest, quiet, California climate, for a while. Would be with them in about a month. Would wire them from San Francisco.

They looked at each other. In her mother's eyes there seemed to lie appeal that she, too, might rise to the full joy of that tremendous news. It swept away the last shadows of Laura's resentment toward him; sheer gladness of expecting nothing of him but his visible, gay presence swung them, through that look, into a communion such as they had never known. Laura grasped her mother about the waist and trotted her up the walk. They chattered, until late that night, of all they must do to welcome him—the house-cleaning, the remaking of her mother's black silk.

Laura woke to a rattle and shoving down the hall. Her mother's lamp was still lit. "What in the world's the matter, mother?"

"We have to take the sewing-machine out of his room."

"Won't to-morrow do?"

No; it wouldn't.

Laura, yawning, laughing, arose and dragged it into her own room, where it crowded dreadfully.

Another night she felt her mother standing over her.

"See here, mother, what's the matter now?"

"That old bed of his is awful hard. I remember he said so, and he needs a rest."

"Give him yours," suggested Laura, with cheerful irony.

"I ain't much of a sleeper, but I don't suppose he'd take it."

"Robert 'll take a good deal," murmured Laura, "but *I* don't suppose he would—"

"Could you—could you sleep on the living-room couch, Laura?"

Laura grinned. "Do, dear, go to bed. I'll sleep on the floor for your old pet."

But she did not sleep that night until long after her mother was quiet. In the wasting excitement that drove her mother's energy she realized how all the brooding years of his absence had concentrated on this hope of approaching fulfilment. Suppose something should prevent him? She must protect her against that possibility. With this idea, she tried to insinuate a doubt, but before the fierce refusal of her mother to admit it she kept silent thereafter.

As the month drew near its close, and she was returning from work, she re-

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membered the wild sunflowers along the irrigating-ditch by the station. Their vivid color was what welcome needed. She couldn't wait to try their effect as a screen for the old base-burner in the living-room, and, turning back, she gathered an armful of them. As she did so the evening train pulled in from the city.

"There's Miss Ewing now," some one about the station called, and a stranger who had alighted from the train approached her.

Moving slowly to meet him, her first thought was of Robert; even if Robert had not been so constantly in her mind these days, she felt that his presence anywhere would have suggested Robert to her. But Robert had never such grave eyes as those now fixed on her own inquiring gaze. There was a stillness in them, a quality indefinably one with the stillness of the world about them. It seemed, that world, to be drifting in some strange, dream way a little apart, leaving them alone, confronting. Nor had Robert's voice ever held suggestions of such grave hesitancy.

"I'm John Howard," he said—"Dr. Howard. Maybe Robert has spoken of our college days together?"

"Yes, often," she heard her own voice answer, and wondered why it faltered before the words of welcome she wanted to say. Perhaps it was that oppressive sense of a world drawn a little apart; or was it that something she had always known, but forgotten, was struggling. Suddenly it came to her that it was he who struggled with some difficulty over which she could help him.

"I know," she said, quietly. "He isn't coming?"

"He isn't coming."

They turned together silently into the square. The sunflowers dropped from her limp arms and they stepped on them, unheeding. A bench loomed before her, and she sat down upon it. Words, then, of the wire he had received from a friend of Robert's in New York asking him to tell them at home—words of overwork, pneumonia, the quick and fatal consumption—more words, urging the ungraspable proof of something she had always known must come some larger, awful finality. She sat upright; she thrust the waiting stillness from her. Out of the words one poignant significance had flared, and, crying aloud her mother's name, she stretched out her hands to him.

"It's Robert, after all, Laura, who's brought us together." He had answered her cry. He had enveloped with his help and presence those days when her mother lay on her bed or sat in the rocker on the front porch with staring eyes on the street. He had enveloped all things, it seemed, until life in one short week had gathered up out of death itself one palpitant reality and focused it there in his words that last twilight in the garden. Out of their silent wonder John spoke again: "There's Trumbull. Confound it! he's coming in."

Alec, with some offering from his orchard, hesitated at the gate. Laura, assuming a nonchalance she by no means felt, urged his entrance. He shook hands briefly with John, mentioned that he'd just run in to see Mrs. Ewing. He came out again, looked from Laura to John, muttered something of errands, and left abruptly. Laura sighed, glanced after him, smiled, slightly reproachful, in response to the quizzical gleam in her lover's eye, and relegated Alec to the inglorious past that was already slipping like some filmy, outworn garment.

She cut syringa for the supper-table, made herself beautiful in her gayest gown. She was even inspired to abstract the silver forks from their hiding-place in her mother's room as a final, festive touch.

John sat on the sink watching her; he was presumed to be helping with supper. He had already told her of his practice in the city. He asked her again if what he could give her would be enough. Enough! This swift, all-comprehensive wonder that overwhelmed all past desires to petty, half-forgotten things, that knotted up all the dragging ends of vague longings! It lay, all this, deep surging within her, but with her mind endeavoring to maintain the poise necessary for the proper manipulation of her mother's toast and at the same time to cope with his disturbing demonstrations of his affection, she could only voice the moment's immediate answer:

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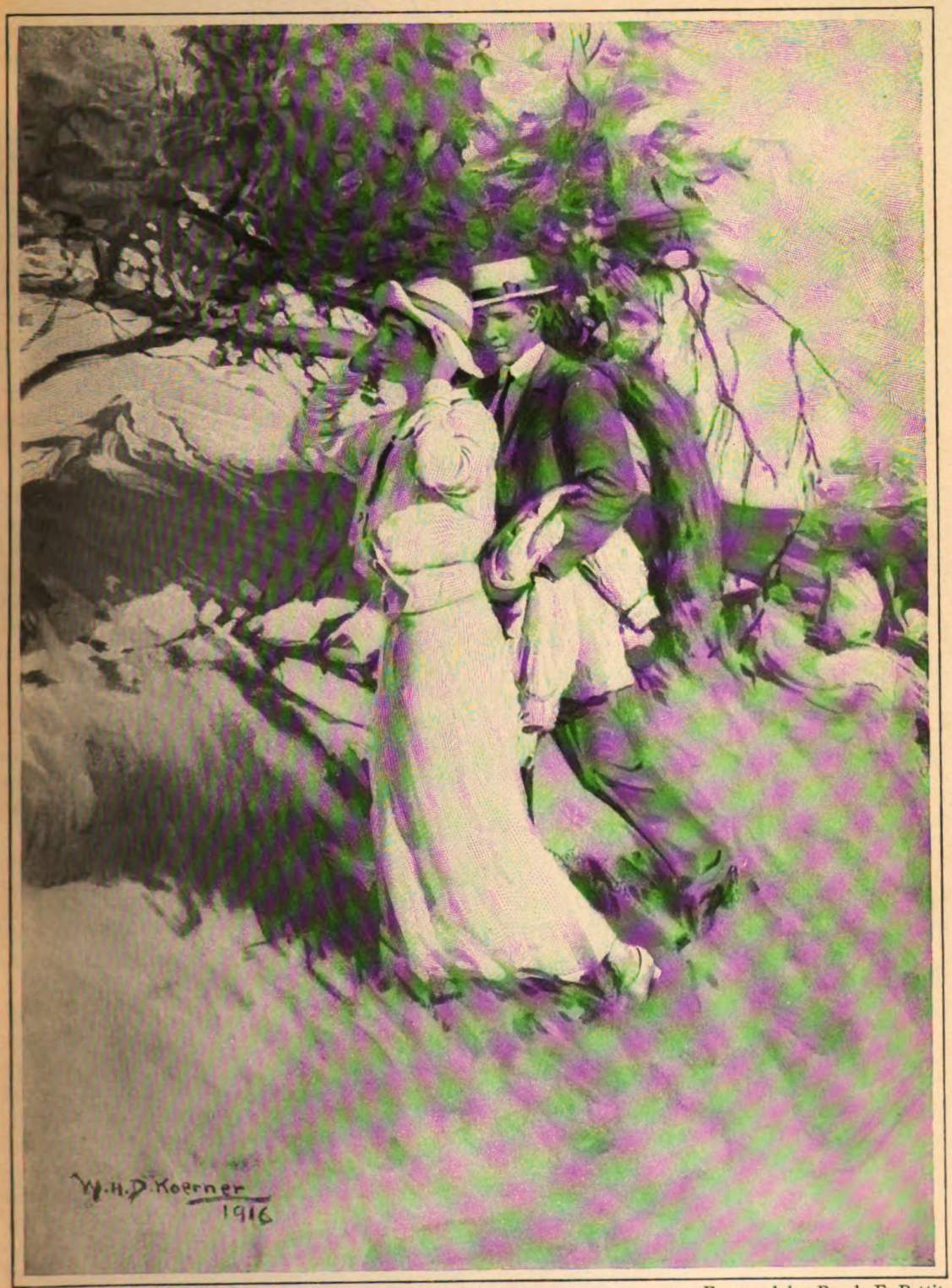

Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by Frank E. Pettit

THEY PRETENDED THAT THEY LIKED TO WANDER, LIKE REFUGEES

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"But we'll not eat in the kitchen, John?"

"We'll manage at least a dining-room, my darling." And this salient factor of their domestic future assured, they went to lead her mother in.

As they bent smiling across the table they were startled by an indignant cry.

"Robert! Robert's silver!" Her mother was staring at the silver fork clutched in her shaking hand.

It was her first mention of his name. It struck like a blow across the face of their self-sufficiency. Laura, half risen, motionless, stared from her to John. But he was already appeasing her:

"Yes, yes; of course, Robert's. Take them off, Laura."

She gathered up the forks and brought them to her mother, and watched her creep away with them to her room. Laura's eyes, dark with doubt and pity, came back to John.

"Don't worry. She'll get over it." His words were easy if his thoughts were not.

At train-time they left her mother, wrapped in her shawl, on the front porch. She would not go to bed. Her eyes followed John as he called to her a last cheerful good-by, but she made no other sign of having heard. Laura walked as far as the square with him.

"And having waited all our lives," said he, "we won't wait much longer."

"No, not much longer." Her eyes turned from his toward her home.

"We'll take her with us, of course." His voice, his whole dominant presence, made light of obstacles. "How long, Laura? A month?"

Her eyes, still dubious, came back to his.

"Don't worry. We'll manage. A month?"

What doubt could hang before the exultation with which he swept her into his arms? Duty itself became the beautiful concomitant of desire.

As she turned home alone, the dusky town, the little home lay new-born in her tenderness. She raised a quiet, wondering face up to her father's window in the court-house, and he seemed to look down on her and be glad. Her mother waited on the dim porch. Laura knelt and put her arms about that unyielding stillness, as if she would share with it the warmth and safety of that last embrace.

"He's gone?" her mother's thin voice quavered.

"You're so much better that he could." Laura slipped from her to the top step of the porch. "He's been very kind, hasn't he, mother?" She hesitated. "He wants to be kinder. He—he loves me. Oh, mother, aren't you glad of that?"

Silence, and then, "He's coming back?"

"Of course. And for you, too. The change will help you so, dearest. We'll leave all this, at last, and go up to the city. We can sell this place or rent it. Oh, you'll be so comfortable now. And we'll all live together, you and John and I, and be very happy."

"Robert!" Again that cry brought Laura to her feet. "Leave—leave—Robert's home!" It was as if she had heard those words alone. Her cry mounted to a wail of feeble anger and despair.

Laura sprang to her. "No, no," she reiterated, dismayed, contrite that she had told her so suddenly. "No, no," she murmured over and over again.

"Never leave? Never leave Robert's home?"

"Never," was Laura's reply, above a heart still and waiting. "Never until you are ready." She helped her, shaken but pacified at last, to bed.

She wrote of it in a sort of panic to John. She had tried more diplomatic references to her mother's removal, but she dared not mention it again. They always brought on this crisis and left her mother dreadfully shaken.

"Temporary," he replied, buoyantly. "We'll manage."

As another temporary necessity, Laura resumed her interrupted work. But now she had to bring it home. Her mother depended on her for every feeble need.

They wrote daily, with determined buoyancy. Pens spluttered love, hope, patience, in valiant ink. When he could get off he came down to see her. But her mother crept away at his advent and would not come out of her room while he was there; so he put up at the hotel, and Laura slipped out when she

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could to meet him. They pretended these snatches were enough, until her mother got over the shock and could listen to reason. They pretended that they liked to wander like refugees in the fields or sit in the dusk in the public square before his train. They even joked about the speculative eyes of the town. Temporary, they assured each other still, and would not talk of gloom.

After a while Alec Trumbull began to bring her mother fruit again.

"See here, Laura, I'll drop in every day when you have to go out. She'll remember she liked me a little. Just you manage the times." He hesitated a moment as if struggling to say more, stared at Laura's eyes, etched about with little lines of strain, managed at last the old words, but stripped somehow of all personal plea, "Well, remember I'm here," and went out.

She looked wistfully after him. "Alec, I am—grateful," she called, softly.

He waved her from the gate, and she heard his car race down the street. As she turned home a few mornings later, Alec, who had been true to his suggestion, met her.

"She's awfully excited," he whispered. "Keeps asking for you. I can't do anything with her." Her mother was in her old place on the porch.

"What is it, dear?" cried Laura, running to her. "Laura's here. What do you want?"

Her mother struggled to answer her, but as Laura bent over her, staring at that familiar look of expectancy, that ghost of an old, eager query in her eyes, she did not need the words:

"Mail, Laura? You got the mail?"

She had a wild impulse to shout out, "Nothing." The very word rang in her ears, but louder still she heard that plaintive wail, like the insistent whimper of a child: "Read me. Give me—" and Alec's low voice, "Try her."

She ran down the hall, opened the bureau drawer, and took out one of Robert's old letters, and, rereading the old adventures, the old hopes, was conscious then of but one thing, relief and gratitude that it pacified.

It continued to pacify; it filled all the babble and brooding of her mother's days. And Laura never went out without one of Robert's old letters in her blouse, ready to meet that eager query. But they dropped, she and John, the word "temporary" from their vocabulary.

They sat in the vacant, dusky square those last moments before his train. They had been speaking of his work, of a new hospital appointment he had long wanted and had got at last. And then, abruptly, they ceased and sat silent, huddled together.

There was promise of moonlight in the night, and the newly leaved poplars flickered shadows about them. The air stirred scent from the budding acacia. A girl's laugh floated from some doorstep. Across the street on her porch they could see her mother's silhouette against the light from the living-room lamp.

"It's spring again." John broke their silence. "My God!" he murmured, how many months and years and ages have we been meeting like this?"

"Robert died last June." She leaned forward, elbows on knees, her face sunk on her clasped hands. "John, tell me, honestly now, how long—"

He stirred, hesitated. "Maybe, feeding on one idea—who knows—maybe years—"

Across their guarded silence their eyes met, dropped apart. After a moment she put a hand on his.

The whistle of his train coming up the valley startled them. He rose mechanically to it. Suddenly he turned, dragging her up by the arms.

"Laura, I need you with me, near me. I can't bear it." It was his first raw protest in all the months. "Nothing else counts but you—to be with you, always—nothing." He released her abruptly. "I'll do it!" he cried. "I've thought of it. I'll give it all up—come down here. I can find something, anything—"

"Give up—" Laura repeated, drawing back from him in a moment of breathless dismay. Then all the protest that she, too, had held at bay rose, concentrated, to meet what his words implied, in the passion with which she flung herself upon him.

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"You're mad, John. It sha'n't drag you in that way—it sha'n't. I've thought I couldn't bear it, either; but I can—anything but that—I can give up anything but the feeling that you're doing something big, something you love to do. I'd give you up first. I will, I will," she cried, trembling, sobbing, clinging most contradictorily to him.

"Now, who's mad—now—" He held her tightly. The consciousness that his train was nearing, of an operation he must perform the next morning, rose out of confusion, impellent facts. They drew apart again. They looked at each other, aghast before their outbreak, fragments of words, bits of tenderness, strung themselves on their lips, and he tore away into the darkness.

She sat there long after he was gone. She heard his train rushing down the valley toward the city, shrieking out a protest, such as lived in their own hearts, like a thing aware of its own power and its own futility, driven on its appointed course, shrieking, dimmer, farther, among the reverberating foothills. . . .

She raised her head suddenly, listening. Was that a nearer, fainter echo, or— She looked across where the silhouette of her mother still waited against the light. Her hand, out of habit, searched in her blouse where one of Robert's letters lay.

"Laura!" Again, but no doubt this time of that call's reality. It seemed to hang in the night and fill it, driving out the last echoes of protest and futility. It hung like a reminder of hope so strong, so tenacious, so eternal, that it could summon a spark from the very ashes of death—of hope so weak that its tremulous cry could only reach to her for answer.

That answer, at least, she could give. Through months or years she would find the strength to give that, and give it beautifully, gladly. She stood up, one certainly shining within her clear as the waiting stars. She ran toward that silent figure against the light of home. She knelt beside it, saying tender things. And then, staring at that still form and peaceful face, she knew that her little answer was no longer needed there.

A Spring

BY GEORGE MEASON WHICHER

FROM rifted granite veins, far-hid and cool,
Drop by slow drop I fill my shallow pool.

Along my narrow marge no Naiads lie
To watch cloud-revels in the mimic sky.

No pilgrim through this many-fountained land
Casts a luck-penny on my nameless strand.

But where my runnel slips away unseen,
Spearmint and marigold show darker green;

And oft some timorous bird that loves the light
Slakes here his thirst before a longer flight.

And thus not all in vain through me distils
Some of the hoarded treasure of the hills.

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The War Against Pneumonia

RECENT MEDICAL DISCOVERIES AT ROCKEFELLER HOSPITAL

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

THERE is a hospital, standing on a high cliff overlooking the East River, New York, which represents a new idea in medical research. It houses from seventy-five to a hundred patients, drawn from all grades of society, and suffering from a variety of human ills. Though constantly ministered to by a corps of unusually skilful bedside physicians and nurses, not one pays a penny for his medical attendance or board. Until the building of this hospital, the medical scientist depended almost exclusively upon the research laboratory in his study of disease. The microscope and the test-tube were his main reliances; only seldom did he see a human patient. But this human factor, after all, is extremely important. Valuable as are the results obtained in the laboratory, bedside contact with the patient is indispensable to complete success. In this new Rockefeller Hospital human beings, with all their physical complexities, their emotions and their greater capacity to arouse the sympathetic interest of the workers, are enlisted in the service of science.

The Hospital, which is one department of the Rockefeller Institute, was opened six years ago. It is located in a city of more than five million people, in which there are thousands suffering from common forms of disease. Few people realize how little the medical mind understands about many ills—pneumonia, infantile paralysis, heart disease, diabetes—which rage particularly in our large cities. Already the Hospital has shed great light upon many of them. Physicians all over the country are now using curative methods first developed in this institution.

It is not remarkable that, as soon as the Hospital opened its doors, it turned its attention to pneumonia. New York, where the Hospital has its headquarters, suffers severely from this infection. Pneumonia patients crowd the city hospitals every winter and spring, and the death-rate, as in most large cities, is higher from this than from any other disease. Every year the crowded tenement districts bear eloquent testimony to the fact that pneumonia presents the greatest current medical problem. Here, then, was a disease, commoner than typhoid, diphtheria, or tuberculosis of the lungs, about which medical science had very little information. That it was infectious and extremely infectious, we knew to our sorrow; more than a quarter of a century ago Pasteur, working in France, and Sternberg, working in the United States, had detected and isolated the causative micro-organism. The pneumonic germ is, indeed, the commonest and one of the most easily identified of all; but that fact, rather than clearing up the mystery, only intensified it. The pneumococcus which the French and American savants isolated they found in their own throats. Most American citizens can step into a laboratory to-day, leave specimens of their throat secretions, and, lo! the culture-tube will disclose this same organism. But the fact remains that only a certain proportion of us have pneumonia. Only when the system becomes weakened and loses its resistance, the learned world has informed us, do the germs develop the virulence that precipitates the disease.

This explanation seemed plausible; it had its analogies in other diseases; it explained why, up to the present time, health boards have never treated pneumonia as a "reportable" disease. They have never organized the usual quarantines that have proved so useful in fighting smallpox and scarlet fever; since the infection is always present within

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us, what purpose could be served in attempting to exclude contagion from without? But there were other peculiar things about pneumonia. There was an amazing difference in the violence of the attacks. Some were extremely mild; the patient suffered little discomfort, the disease ran a smooth and easy course, and recovery was complete. Other attacks were technically known as fulminant; the experienced physician, after a glance at such a patient, entertained only moderate hopes of recovery. Between these two extremes there were other types that varied in their severity. Another mystery about pneumonia was that one attack of the disease apparently had no influence in protecting against another. People who had had pneumonia two or three times, one attack sometimes almost immediately following its predecessor, were not particularly rare. This violated all preconceptions of infectious disease — it seemed to contradict all the generally accepted phenomena of immunity. Most puzzling of all was the fact that pneumonia did not respond to serum treatment, a procedure which has been found so valuable in diphtheria, cerebro-spinal meningitis, dysentery, and other contagious diseases. Occasionally one would hear from Europe that a particular laboratory had developed a successful pneumonia serum. In a year or two this "discovery" would pass into oblivion. Then another medical headquarters would make a similar announcement. This would likewise prove only another disappointment. But the physicians who used these serums always observed one fact. Now and then the serum worked with what seemed a magical effect; the patient, that is, after receiving treatment, rapidly recovered. But the same procedure resulted in so many more failures than successes that these recoveries were regarded as accidental. The medical world reluctantly admitted that it had no treatment for pneumonia; all the physician could do was to insure the patient plenty of fresh air and conscientious nursing; unless the disease "cured itself," there was no hope.

Dr. Rufus Cole, the Director of the Rockefeller Hospital, early made an appeal for pneumonia patients. New York City, as already said, had plenty of material of this kind. As soon as the sick person was installed, specimens of his throat secretions were taken and sent to the laboratories. These specimens were injected into the peritoneal cavities of white mice—animals that present an excellent culture medium for the pneumococcus. The mice so treated showed these same peculiarities. Some had a mild attack, and, two or three days after inoculation, were playfully sporting about their cages. Others died a few hours after the injection. Still others showed attacks varying in intensity between these two extremes. Then followed a series of experiments which ultimately yielded the secret of this disease.

Laboratory workers in the last few years have developed certain noteworthy phenomena of infection known as "immunity reactions." One of the most significant is the so-called "agglutinative test." Here, for example, is a particular race of micro-organisms—say the kind that produce the disease popularly known as typhoid. Here is a rabbit in perfect health. Now inject into this animal a culture of typhoid bacilli so attenuated that they possess little virulence. The animal, because these germs are so feeble, does not develop the disease. Wait a few days and then inject another strain—this one of somewhat greater virulence. Still the rabbit remains in perfect health—the reason being that the first strain has set up certain protective agencies in its blood that fortify against the stronger organisms. You can keep up this operation, each time increasing the virulence of the germs, until the animal becomes so resistant that the most destructive strains will not produce the disease. The rabbit is now resistant to typhoid; it is "immune." Now fill a test-tube with a small quantity of this same animal's serum—that is, the watery part of its blood. Drop into this serum a culture of the same typhoid germs against which it has been so patiently immunized. These bacteria will immediately form into clumps—that is, they will "agglutinate" — and harmlessly sink into the bottom of the tube. If, instead of typhoid germs, you drop into the test-

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tube a culture of tubercle bacilli, or the organisms of cholera or meningitis, nothing will happen. The serum has practically no power to "agglutinate" these other organisms, for it acts destructively only upon the particular organism against which it has been immunized.

Pneumonia, as already explained, violates practically every well-established principle governing a contagious disease; similarly its causative factor, the pneumococcus, when submitted to this "agglutinative test," began to behave in topsy-turvy fashion. A culture derived from a particular patient, put through the course described above, worked satisfactorily. That is, this particular collection of germs, placed in the serum against which it had been immunized, began to "clump" and fall to the bottom of the tube, precisely as they were expected to do. But a culture taken from the throat of another sick patient, dropped into this same serum, would not "clump" at all. In most puzzling fashion it defied the fundamental principle of immunity. It might as well have been a culture of tetanus germs, or tubercle bacilli, or the organisms of cholera.

Upon this state of facts the unchangeable laws of immunity pointed to only one conclusion. These two strains of pneumococci, alike in all their external manifestations, were in reality two different germs! The immunized serum in the test-tube, with that wonderful precision which never fails it, rewarded these patient investigators with this one supreme truth. Other laboratory tests, which it is unnecessary to describe here, indicated unmistakably this same fact. Detailed investigation showed that there were four distinct types of organisms which, injected into the human body, will produce the disease known as pneumonia. Under the microscope these organisms all look alike; only the delicate laboratory test which I have attempted to describe discloses that they are really different species. The Rockefeller workers prosaically describe them as Type I, Type II, Type III, and Type IV; years of investigation have made the experimenters so expert that, a few hours after isolating a culture from the human throat, they can definitely determine to which type it belongs.

With this simple discovery all the mysteries and complexities which have developed in pneumonia immediately disappear. For the first time the scientific world now understands this disease. Pneumonia is no longer a bacterial outlaw; it obeys the usual rules precisely as do diphtheria and tetanus. The great point is that pneumonia is not one disease—it is *four* diseases. And these four diseases, although the physician can notice no essential differences in their bedside manifestations, differ greatly in their virulence. It is true, as Pasteur and Sternberg discovered, that about sixty per cent. of normal human beings constantly carry the pneumonia germ in their mouths and throats. But the Rockefeller workers have discovered that it is only one species of pneumococci—Type IV—that we have always with us. The reason that we can go about so encumbered and yet seldom have the disease is that this type is the least virulent of all four. Its disease-producing power is so slight that most of us easily resist it; if, owing to a weakened condition, it actually starts the infection, it usually runs a mild course. Nearly all of us have become familiar with pneumonia in this attenuated form, and these are usually cases of Type IV, the self-inflicted type. But the other three kinds—the more severe forms of the disease—are not perpetually lodged in the fauces of the average citizen. If we are afflicted with one of these organisms, it is not a case of auto-inoculation; the infection comes from without just as much as if it were smallpox or the bubonic plague.

We see now why one attack of pneumonia does not necessarily protect us against another. You may have Type I, but there is no reason why that should protect you against Type II. As well might you expect an attack of measles to make you immune against chickenpox. All that an experience with Type I reasonably insures the sufferer against is a recurrence of Type I. Similarly the fact that the scientists were dealing not with one disease, but with four, explains the failure of serum treatment. They would get a serum by using the organisms of Type I. But, not having arrived at the fundamental facts of the problem,

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they would use this specific indiscriminately on all types of pneumonia. They might as well have used diphtheria antitoxin to cure typhoid fever or the sleeping sickness. Accidentally a Type I serum might happen to be used in the case of a Type I disease; then the chances favored its success. But its indiscriminate employment produced such conflicting results that the general uselessness of the serum treatment seemed to have been definitely proved.

Seldom has medical science furnished so striking an illustration of the value of learning the cause before one attempts the cure. These investigations have already had two practical results. They will compel public health services all over the world to modify their attitude toward pneumonia. The last twenty years have witnessed an amazing reduction in the prevalence of nearly all contagious diseases. In most civilized countries there is far less typhoid, scarlet fever, and diphtheria than there was two decades ago. The chief reason is the introduction everywhere of the idea of prevention. We are spending millions every year quarantining against these and other diseases. But all statistics show one black spot—the alarming increase in pneumonia. There are more cases and more deaths now than there were twenty years ago. These Rockefeller researches clearly furnish the explanation. Our sanitarians have not regarded pneumonia as a contagious disease at all, and hence it has had every opportunity to spread unchecked. Ignorantly supposing that the virus constantly existed within us, and that consequently there was no use in attempting to stem the invasion from without, our sanitarians and boards of health have left us entirely unprotected. The germ, in its more virulent form, has had a free swing.

But this free-and-easy system cannot prevail much longer. Physicians and boards of health now have new duties thrust upon them; and already several boards of health have acted upon this new information. New York, Rochester, and other cities have placed their laboratory facilities at the disposal of practitioners. In these advanced communities the physician, as soon as he has a case of pneumonia, is now invited to bring a specimen to the public laboratories. Here it is submitted to the usual tests; in six or eight hours after the onslaught, the trained bacteriologist can tell what type the patient is suffering from. This information will have the highest value in the subsequent treatment. If the strain is anything but Type IV—the kind which the majority of healthy people have always in their throats—the necessity of isolation and quarantining is at once apparent. The family and friends will be put on their guard — and there will be increased chances for checking the disease. So far no community has passed ordinances making pneumonia "reportable," but such action is inevitable, for these investigations show that it belongs to the same class as diphtheria and typhoid.

And the Rockefeller studies have shown that it bears another striking resemblance to these two infections—that is, in the manner of transmission. There are indications that pneumonia is spread largely by human carriers. So far the attention of science and practical sanitarians has centered on two methods of combating contagious disease. The first is to prevent contagion by "contact." Actual association with a sick person was the most obvious method of transmitting his ill. Hence the earliest battles were fought by quarantining—by keeping the patient isolated from his fellows, and by destroying all objects with which he had come in contact, even remotely. The purification of water and milk supply, as a method of suppressing typhoid, practically represented this same idea in different form. Then the discovery of the mosquito transmission of malaria disclosed an entirely new and hitherto unsuspected method of infection. You might isolate and fumigate to the end of time against malaria, without the slightest reduction in the disease. The way of destroying malaria and yellow fever is by preventing the breeding of the particular types of mosquitoes that act as culture-tubes of the infecting organism. Similarly we exterminate the bubonic plague by destroying rats—rat fleas being the communicating agents—and typhus by freeing people of the body louse. But in recent years an en-

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tirely new method of transmitting certain diseases, especially diphtheria and typhoid, has been discovered. That is by human carriers. These carriers are not ill themselves; they may never have had the disease which they transmit. They go about in perfect health, sources of infection to people with whom they associate. The problem of fighting typhoid is now confined, in New York State, to the discovery of these human carriers. Typhoid Mary, the cook who never suffers from the disease herself, but who, in the last few years, has infected several hundred people, is a celebrated case. But there are Typhoid Annas and Typhoid Margarets and Typhoid Williams constantly under supervision. The destruction of typhoid in the European armies is largely a matter of detecting and isolating these healthy, unconscious carriers.

It is the belief of the Rockefeller people that there are selected individuals also who are pneumonia carriers. The disease is transmitted by direct contact with sick people; there are also well people who transmit the severer types unconsciously. Their discovery and isolation will be necessary if the community is to be protected. This discovery will add greatly to the burdens of health departments, but the responsibility will have to be met.

Naturally these researches have opened up new possibilities of a pneumonia serum. Here, too, great progress has been made. The least virulent type, Type IV, shows no response to serum treatment. The germs causing this kind of pneumonia are strangely individualized; they seem to have as many different forms as there are patients. A different serum, therefore, would have to be developed for each sick person! This would not only be inconvenient, but hardly necessary, since Type IV is the one that shows a very low mortality rate. Type III, on the other hand, is the most virulent of all. And it is disappointing to have to record that there is yet no serum that gives positive results, though the Rockefeller experts are working hard and with excellent chances of success. Even though they do not succeed, there is one reassuring fact, for Type III, though it is the most deadly, is the least common. Of all the pneumonia patients treated at the Rockefeller Hospital, less than ten per cent. have had this form of the disease. For Type II Dr. Cole has developed a serum that gives fairly satisfactory results; other laboratories, basing their work on the Rockefeller experiments, also report the most encouraging progress.

When we come to Type I, however, we can definitely state that the problem has been solved. Dr. Cole's serum works with almost uniform success. The New York Board of Health uses this now in its daily practice, and numerous other places are making preparations to introduce it. Type I pneumonia is the commonest form; it includes about thirty-five per cent. of the patients at the Hospital. It also has a high mortality rate of from twenty-five to thirty per cent. The Rockefeller serum has already reduced this death-rate to five per cent. At first this seems a slight achievement—a serum that works with marked success in only one out of four types of pneumonia. But we must keep in mind that this Type I is a distinct disease, and that this one type produces more deaths in New York City than diphtheria and typhoid combined.

Almost as remarkable as the pneumonia work is the new hope which the Rockefeller Hospital now holds forth for what has always been regarded as one of the most desperate of human ills —diabetes. Like pneumonia, diabetes is apparently increasing. Science has long regarded it as a progressive degenerative disease. The most significant aspect of the Rockefeller work is the demonstration that this is not necessarily the case. Patients from all over the United States are now resorting to this Hospital for treatment. The first lesson they learn—and only the harassed diabetic can faintly appreciate the sudden influx of courage which it inspires—is that their chances for continued life and comparative health depend almost exclusively upon themselves. Already the Hospital has restored to usefulness many cases that at first seemed desperate, and the practising physician in all parts of the country is now using the Rockefeller method.

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According to the Rockefeller teaching, the dyspeptic and the diabetic present certain points in common. The dyspeptic does not suffer from a disease, but from a disarranged function. His intestinal system cannot digest certain foods; he is the victim of a "weak stomach." As long as he takes proper care of himself, however, his stomach will not grow "weaker"; he is afflicted with no disease, that is, which is necessarily progressive. His remedy is simply not to eat the foods which his digestive apparatus cannot handle. Fortunately, nature's varied dietary provides many kinds of nutriment which will comfortably sustain life; and so long as the dyspeptic limits himself to this menu, he can live in reasonable comfort and transact his daily business. Apparently the same is true of diabetes. This disorder is caused by a "weak pancreas," precisely as dyspepsia is caused by a "weak stomach." This weakened pancreas cannot perform its normal task—hence the appearance of unassimilated sugar, and, in the later stages, of acid. The problem is to discover how much sugar this weakened pancreas can successfully cope with — to determine each diabetic's "sugar tolerance." If the patient, when this is once ascertained, conscientiously limits himself to the prescribed diet, his disorder will not increase. So long as his machinery does the work which it is capable of doing, and no more, life becomes a reasonably ordered process. Once inflict the pancreas with more labor than it can stand, however, and trouble starts again. But the dyspeptic has one great advantage over the diabetic. The stomach immediately manifests its displeasure at ill treatment—as most dyspeptics know. It sets up pains that call a temporary halt. But the overworked pancreas suffers in silence. It does not instantaneously warn its possessor to stop eating the things that signify destruction. Only in the reappearance of sugar and acid, and then of coma, does it voice its protest. Translated into practical terms, this means that the diabetic must exercise even greater force of character than the dyspeptic.

The diabetic patient has not been infected, nor is he suffering from "autointoxication"; his digestive machinery has simply lost a certain degree of its power. Consequently his ability to digest starchy foods is lowered. If he continues his customary diet, undigested sugar will accumulate in his system, acid will form, and death will presently follow. But if he can get the necessaries of life in foods that do not put this great strain on his pancreas, he can still continue a fairly satisfactory career. The laboratory problem is to determine precisely how much "carbohydrate"—that is, sugar-containing food—he can stand. Clearly, the first thing to do is to free the system of accumulated sugar. Dr. Frederick M. Allen, who has had this work in charge, accomplishes this by a simple expedient. Simple as it is, however, it is the Rockefeller Hospital's great contribution to the treatment of diabetes. Obviously, if the patient eats nothing at all, his system will not accumulate sugar; such as it already contains will be excreted. Therefore Dr. Allen makes his patients fast until all traces of sugar have vanished. Some patients lie in bed for two or three days, eating nothing; with others, a week's fasting is necessary. Once freed of sugar, the patients are no longer, properly speaking, diabetics. If scientifically fed, they will not again become so. The Rockefeller Hospital has an elaborate kitchen, which has developed many not unappetizing foods for these unfortunates, and, when the time for eating returns, these foods are carefully used. Whenever a slight trace of sugar appears, the patient is again fasted until it vanishes, and then the feeding is started all over again. Usually, after a certain period, these experts can elaborate a dietary appropriate to the individual—that is, his "carbohydrate tolerance." So long as he keeps to this, the chances are that his trouble will not progress, and he will return to his normal life. He is a healthy man, in the same sense that a well-behaved dyspeptic is healthy. If he once transgresses these dietary rules, however, his troubles will return.

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Idols and Images

BY ELOISE ROBINSON

I HAD always been brought up to believe that idols and images were things that nobody but the heathen had anything to do with. But that sort have gone out of style. An image nowadays is a peculiar kind of poem, and the more you know about them—within reason, of course—the more fashionable you are.

The first thing any of us knew about the subject was the day Miss Sterling, our English teacher, leaned over her desk and gazed down on us and said, enthusiastically, "Girls, I have the most exciting news for you! Next week we are going to have a real poet visit us!"

"Oh, how wonderful!" breathed Wanda Beck in an awed tone. Wanda Beck is the kind of a girl who always has her lessons and who acts as if she liked to study.

When I heard that Miss Sterling's news was only a poet I felt cheated. A poet may not be *common*, but I should not say he was exciting.

"Mr. Ives is an *Images*' poet," said Miss Sterling, impressively, "and he has done some remarkable work. He is to be our guest here at the school because Miss Lawson knew him when he was a boy. Wednesday evening he is to speak to us and read his *own* poetry, and afterward there is to be a reception for him. Your parents will all be invited, and a number of other guests; Miss Lawson wants to make this a very special occasion."

"Is Mr. Ives young and handsome?" Sarah Delle Sherwin can always be depended upon to go to the root of the matter where a man is concerned.

Still, that was a foolish question for her to ask, because she might have known poets are never young and handsome. So when Miss Sterling said that she had never seen Mr. Ives, I spoke up and told her, "They have long black hair and big noses—poets, I mean—and their chins sink into their collars in front. And they wear Windsor ties and soft hats."

"Why, Barbara!" Miss Sterling cried. "What makes you say a thing of that kind? I am sure Mr. Ives isn't that sort of a man at all. He is a very remarkable gentleman."

Miss Sterling told Sarah Delle that if she would go to Miss Lawson's office and ask, Miss Lawson might have a folder with a picture of Mr. Ives on it. Then we could see for ourselves.

When Sarah Delle came back with the folder, sure enough, there was a picture meant to be Mr. Ives. It was a rather blurry picture, but still you could see that he did not have long black hair or a big nose, and his chin seemed to be as prominent as the rest of him. Neither did he wear a Windsor tie, and he had on one of those clever checked caps that college boys wear. In fact, you would never have known that he was a poet at all. Every one was agreeably surprised.

"He looks just about the right age to go with us," Fidenia Jacocks said.

In fact, after seeing the picture of Mr. Ives, every one took more of an interest in him. We even felt some enthusiasm when Miss Sterling suggested that before Mr. Ives came we should each of us write a poem. If the poems were good they would be shown to Mr. Ives.

Before the bell rang Miss Sterling had time to read us some of Mr. Ives's poetry out of his latest book called *Idols and Images*. It left me with a queer sensation in my mind, the way you feel after you've ridden on the razzle-dazzle at Chester Park. I told Miss Sterling I couldn't see why they called him an *Images*' poet. Miss Sterling said that was because I didn't know what images were, but after she had explained to us I was even more up in the air. Miss Sterling read the poetry queerly, in a kind of jerky way,

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RATHER A BLURRY PICTURE, BUT STILL—

as if the words were all strung along in rows and jagged lines; and I couldn't find out where it was meant to rhyme to save me.

It was in the evening, though, that I began to be really excited about Mr. Ives, because I found out that my family considered him quite a prominent social event.

"Just listen to this, mother," said my sister Elizabeth, who was reading the paper. "Mr. Ives, Lucien Ives, the poet, is to be in the city next week! I must tell Paul."

Everything with Elizabeth now is, "I must tell Paul." She means Mr. Paul Melish Vising, who is engaged to her. He is only a university professor, but his family is a sort of antique among families, and he really doesn't have to work for a living, so Elizabeth is allowed to have him. I don't care for him myself. It was he who got me into most of the trouble I'm going to tell about.

"Lucien Ives? Did you say Lucien Ives, Elizabeth?" asked mother.

"Yes," said Elizabeth; "the City Culture League is going to give a dinner for him."

"That is very gratifying indeed," purred mother. "I am so glad, for Mr. Ives's sake, that the League is going to recognize him. It will give tone to his visit." I need not say that mother and Dad belong to the League.

"Yes, indeed!" Elizabeth exclaimed. "Maybe he will even read some of his poetry. I do hope he will! He writes with such distinction. It will be a wonderful opportunity. Of course Paul will take me."

"Pooh!" I said. Elizabeth never used to be interested in poetry at all, but since Mr. Vising has been coming to see her she has taken a great literary spurt. He lends her funny books that are nearly all blank paper with only a little printing in the middle, and nearly

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any evening you can hear him reading aloud to her in our library. Mr. Vising writes poems himself, too, and now Elizabeth thinks she is the one to tell the whole family what is really high class in the way of literature. That was why I said "Pooh!" and looked superior. "That is nothing. Mr. Lucien Ives is going to *stay* at Miss Lawson's and give a recital, and there is going to be a reception afterward. Each of us girls may invite four guests, and we're going to have marvelous refreshments."

"Oh, what an opportunity for you, Barbara!" Elizabeth cried. "I hope you appreciate it."

"Why, that is very satisfactory—very satisfactory indeed," said mother. "You must have a new dress, Barbie."

Well, that was satisfactory to me, and just what I had been hoping for.

"This new school is so interesting!" Elizabeth went on. "Of course you will invite mother and Dad and Paul and me for your four guests."

"Of course I won't, either!" I said. Elizabeth made me tired. I'd have to have mother and Dad I knew, but the other two invitations I was saving for Jimmy St. John Jones and Al Wiggers, who didn't care for poetry, but who would be very much interested in meeting the girls. I saw, though, that that plan was ruined by Elizabeth's tactlessness; I would never be able to have the boys now. However, I didn't intend to let Elizabeth in, anyway. "I shall invite Aunt Blanche, who writes," I continued, with great dignity. "It seems to me *she* ought to go; and I shall ask her to invite whomever she wants to go with her." As I spoke it occurred to me that Aunt Blanche might be persuaded to ask Al Wiggers.

"I think Barbie is right, Elizabeth," mother agreed. "It will be a great treat to your poor dear aunt Blanche." Mother always says "your poor dear aunt Blanche." She does not mean that Aunt Blanche is in actual need of pecuniary assistance — she was left "a competence" by grandmother Kittredge; but—well, you would understand if you knew Aunt Blanche. You just do have that feeling about her.

"Good gracious, mother! Aunt Blanche doesn't write Images' poetry."

"I know she does not, my dear Elizabeth," mother said, "but I often think it would be better if she did. Wordsworth is really *passé*. I have heard that some poets who were actually failures before this new poetry came in are now making names for themselves. Hearing Mr. Ives might—"

After that Elizabeth couldn't say anything, but went up-stairs to dress for Paul. I thought I might just as well take the time then to jot down my poem for Mr. Ives and have it out of the way. I know just how a poem ought to look, and I made a picture of it, like this:

Lul-la lul-la lul-la lul-la,
Lul-la lul-la lul-la *lul*,
Lul-la lul-la lul-la lul-la,
Lul-la lul-la lul-la *lul*.

So much was as easy as eating a tin roof. (Maybe I ought to explain that a "tin roof" is a gorgeous new kind of sundae that they have at Maleine's.) I thought to myself that it was no trouble at all to write poetry. But after that it was harder, for some reason. I didn't seem to have many poetic thoughts that I could put into words, and those that I did have wouldn't fit my picture.

At last the door-bell rang. I knew who it was—Mr. Paul Melish Vising. And an idea came to me. "Mother!" I said.

"Yes, Barbara."

"Mother, we each have to write a poem for Mr. Lucien Ives."

"Is that so? That is a very good plan, I am sure."

"And I want mine to be the best of all."

Mother's eyes brightened. She had never before heard me say that I wanted mine to be the best where any school work was concerned, and I suppose she had thought she never would hear me say it. "Of course you do, my dear," she smiled, "and there is no reason why it shouldn't be."

"I have mine all planned out," I continued, "but I'd like— Do you suppose, while he's waiting for Elizabeth, I could ask Mr. Vising's advice about it?"

"Why—" mother hesitated—"I don't know that it would be improper. But the minute Elizabeth comes down—"

"Oh, I will," I promised. And I

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hurried into the reception-room with my pencil and note-book.

I knew Mr. Vising would be a good person to help me because he keeps his ideas sorted and labeled like a collection of antiques in a museum. All he has to do when he wants one in a hurry is to look at the number and refer to the catalogue to find out all he needs to know. My brain, now, is like a dark, old attic—I never know when I go in what I'm going to stumble over.

"Good evening, Mr. Vising," I began.

"Oh—ah—good evening, Barbara," said Brother-to-be Paul.

"Mr. Vising, you know all about poetry, don't you?"

He looked gratified. "Well, no, not *all* about it—"

"Elizabeth says you do. Anyway, you know a whole lot. I just wondered if you would tell me a few things."

"Anything I can do," said P. M. V., "I should be delighted."

"What I want is this," I explained, and told all about Mr. Ives and everything. He was much interested. "I know you write poetry," I ended, "and if you could just give me a few thoughts made into verse I should be eternally grateful."

"Well," modestly hesitated Mr. Vising, clearing his throat, "offhand, I—"

"Oh, just any old thing," I urged. "I don't expect it to be very good. I'm not a bit particular."

"I do not—ah—keep my own verses in mind," demurred Mr. Vising, looking rather stiff for some reason. "But probably—I understand you want something as a working model, shall we say, to found your own efforts on?"

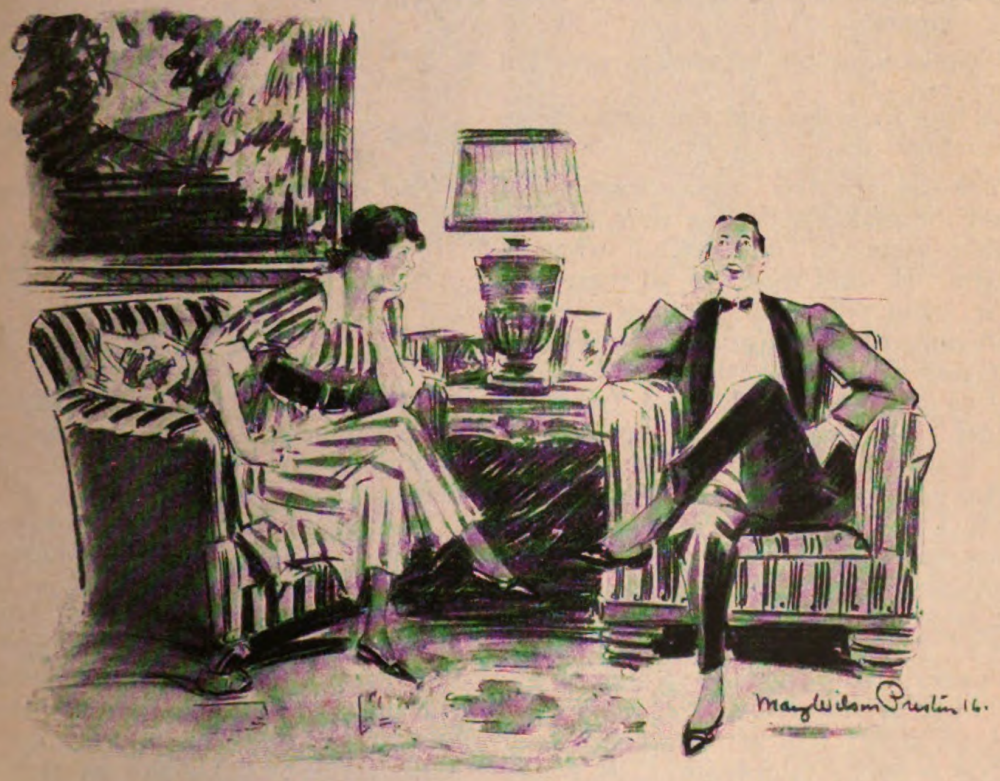
I told him that was just what I did want.

Mr. Vising stroked his temple thoughtfully. "How would this do?" he asked at last, and began something like this:

"Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?"

"That wouldn't do *at all!*" I objected, politely. "It is too *young*. I want something *entirely* different. Can't you think up a poem about love?"

Mr. Vising grew red and wiggled on his chair. "Aren't you rather young for—ah, for *that?*"



"CAN'T YOU THINK UP A POEM ABOUT LOVE?"

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"I'm sixteen," I responded, with dignity.

"Indeed! Then I take it you wish something in the nature of a sonnet?"

"Let me hear one and I'll tell you."

Mr. Vising began thoughtfully:

"Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?"

"Wait!" I cried. "That will do." At any rate, it was better than the other one. I wrote it down one line at a time as Mr. Vising spoke it to me. It went this way:

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee—

You see the last stanza wasn't finished. I told Mr. Vising that, but he didn't seem to understand what I meant. He said that was all there was to it. But who ever heard of a poem with only two lines in the last stanza? But just then Elizabeth came in and I had to go. Anyway, I had a "working model." It might not be very good, but it was better than nothing.

But when I got it up-stairs in my own room, I saw that as Mr. Vising had left it the poem would need quite a lot of changing to turn it into sense, even. In the very first line he had said "summer's," but of course I knew he meant "summer," so I changed to that.

"Thou art more lovely and more—" was all right, but who ever heard of calling a lady "temperate"? It would be kind of an insult. Finally I thought of "exquisate," which rhymed perfectly and was much more expressive. Then, everybody knows the wind doesn't "shake," it "blows"; and I put "do blow the little flowers of May," because that sounded more poetic than what Paul had said. The next line didn't make any sense at all, so I had to make up a new one. The next four lines were silly, too, and I left them out altogether. Two stanzas is long enough for any poem, anyway. I went on with "thy eternal summer" not fading, which was better. After that, though, I got into trouble, for I didn't see a point in this world to "Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest," or to "When in eternal lines to time thou growest," and the last two lines, as I said, didn't have anything to go with them. Finally, though, I had a bright thought: I left out the two senseless lines altogether and put the last two in their place, changing them to make them better, and I had a nice little poem which looked much better on the paper than Mr. Vising's did, and sounded better, too. Anyway, it was more sensible, and if there is anything a poem ought to be first of all it is sensible. I read the completed effort to mother.

"Shall I compare thee to a summer day?
Thou art more lovely and more exquisate:
Rough winds do blow the little flowers of May,
And springtime flees away at early date.

"But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see.
Till thy fair form shall in thy grave be laid,
I swear I love thee and love only thee."

"Barbara!" mother exclaimed. "That is a very creditable achievement, a very creditable achievement indeed for a child of your age."

The next day I took the poem to Miss Sterling, and she was even nicer than mother had been. "That is lovely, really lovely!" she enthused. "Naturally there are one or two things in it that show you haven't had much practice, and the last line is a trifle well-worn; but, on the other hand, there are some really lovely expressions in it, such as the first line and 'thy eternal summer shall

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not fade.' I am really most pleasantly surprised. This is the best poem handed in. Even Wanda Beck's is not so good. We may make a genius out of you yet."

I was not sure I wanted to be a genius, but it was pleasant to have Miss Sterling show the poem to Miss Lawson and read it to the class. The girls all thought I was wonderful, and asked me how I did it. I told them that it wasn't hard at all after you learned the trick. Mr. Vising had showed it to me.

Mother was so pleased—because Miss Sterling wrote her a note telling her how proud she ought to be of me—that she took an extra interest in my dress for the reception. Mother would not buy me lavender. She said it would be a big mistake. I often feel that it would be better if young people were allowed to make their own mistakes instead of being forced to make their fathers' and mothers'. But there is no use in saying a thing of that kind to your parents. In the end I had to have a white dress, of course, and I hate white. It is so weak-minded looking. But finally mother did get tulle and have it made over pale green; and though there weren't any hoops in the skirt, it did have feather-bone around the bottom, and, anyway, it was better than anything mother had ever bought me before.

But Aunt Blanche was the most excited of all about my being a poet. She said that she hoped her mantel was going to fall on me. Why that should be a complimentary remark, I don't see. It certainly would not be very pleasant to have a mantel fall on you. Still, I knew that she meant well, and Aunt Blanche is given to making remarks which have no apparent sense to them.

When I heard and saw all that was being planned for Mr. Ives I began to feel sorry for the man. Being now a poet myself, I did not look at things in the same way. I knew I didn't feel a bit different from the way I always had felt, and I certainly liked the same sort of a good time—dances, and nut-sundaes, and ball-games, and tootsie-rolls, and going with the boys. Probably Mr. Ives liked the things other fellows do, too, but—poor man!—he wasn't going to be allowed to have them. He was going to be met at the station by Miss Lawson and brought to school; then, instead of being introduced to the girls and allowed to have a good time, he would have to go to luncheon with the faculty and sit around with them all afternoon and have no fun at all. The more I thought, the sorrier I felt for poor Mr. Ives.

"I KNOW WE'VE NEVER MET, BUT I RECOGNIZED YOU FROM YOUR PICTURE"

I told Sarah Delle Sherwin my feeling, and Sarah Delle said she thought exactly the same way—that is, if he looked

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like his picture. It was such a little, blurry picture we might be misled—you couldn't tell. But he certainly did have on a checked cap, so she thought he couldn't be terribly bad.

"I wish we could get him out of the faculty's clutches and give him a good time for a few hours, at least," I said.

"How do you mean?" inquired Sarah Delle.

"Oh, take him auto riding, or something like that. We could get Al Wiggers to go along, so that we would each have a fellow, and maybe drive out to the Altamont for tea."

"That would be marvelous—simply marvelous!" Sarah Delle agreed, "but I'll bet anything we couldn't do it. Neither of our mothers would let us. It wouldn't be proper."

"Of course it would!" I told her. "Isn't Mr. Ives a poet? Anything is proper if you do it with a poet."

"Well," said Sarah Delle, "it may be proper, but I know my mother."

"But you ask and see, Sarah Delle. You needn't say anything about Mr. Ives being young and handsome. Simply tell your mother that part of Mr. Ives's entertainment is going to be an auto ride and that you've been picked out to go, and I'm sure your mother will let you."

Sarah Delle shook her head dubiously, but she *was* allowed to go.

My mother was lovely about it. "Why, how charming! How very charming indeed! I suppose you were chosen because of your poem, Barbara."

I didn't say anything, but mother thought that was because I was modest, and she patted my shoulder.

"It was thoughtful of Miss Lawson to plan the ride. Of course Mr. Ives will be interested in seeing the city."

"Yes'm," I answered to that. I supposed Mr. Ives could look at the scenery if he wanted to.

"What is Miss Lawson going to do for a car?" mother wanted to know.

"I—I don't believe that has been arranged yet," I replied, hastily.

"Wouldn't you like to take our new one?" mother offered.

"Oh, would you let me?" I cried. "I mean—I'll ask Miss Lawson, but I'm sure she'll be ever so glad." My mind was greatly relieved, because I hadn't known how four of us were going to crowd into Al Wiggers's racer.

"There is no reason why you shouldn't have the machine for an occasion of this kind," mother went on. "Conrad will be at the door at—?"

"Two-thirty, sharp," I told her.

"Very well," mother agreed. "This will be something for you to remember all your life, Barbie."

"I should say it will!" I exclaimed. That was one thing we agreed upon, anyway.

The next morning Sarah Delle and I went to Miss Lawson.

"Mother thought," I said to her, "that Mr. Ives would be interested in seeing the city." (And mother did think so, too. Those were her very words.) "She wanted me to tell you that our car would be at his service, and Sarah Delle and I will be glad to do all we can to show him the places of interest. Of course, Miss Lawson, we are expecting you to go, too." Naturally we had to say that, but we had heard Miss Lawson telling one of the teachers that she would stay and oversee the arrangements for the evening herself before we asked her.

"Your mother is most kind," purred Miss Lawson. "It would be enjoyable, I am sure. Unfortunately I must not leave the school, and Mr. Ives"—Miss Lawson hunted around on her desk until she found an envelope with hen-scratchy-looking writing on it—"requests *particularly* that he be allowed the afternoon quietly in his own room to rest before the recital. So please give my thanks to your mother—"

She made some more polite remarks, but I didn't hear them. Our scheme was ruined. What made me feel worse was that Mr. Ives should have turned out to be the sort of man who should want to *rest* before his recital.

I was so disappointed that I forgot to tell mother we wouldn't need the car. So the next afternoon, when I came out of school a little after two, there was Conrad sitting outside the gate. I went back to see if Sarah Delle didn't want to go home with me, but she'd left already. When I came out again I noticed a manly form pacing up and

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down the walk to the basket-ball field. The form looked the right age to go with girls like us, and he had on a checked cap. Of course you will feel right away, as I did, that it was Mr. Ives. There was a kind of discouraged droop to his shoulders, as if he were not having a very good time. He did not look at all like the sort of man who would enjoy resting. Maybe Miss Lawson had been mistaken; at any rate, it wouldn't do any harm to find out, particularly as I had to pass him going out.

"How do you do?" I said.

He came spinning around. He *had* had a mournful look on his face, but when he saw me he was cheerful at once.

"Oh, hello there!" he said, just as friendly. His eyes were deep blue, and when he politely removed his checked cap I saw he had simply darling red, curly hair.

"Are you trying to pass the time away until evening?" I thought that was a courteous remark.

"Yes, worse luck, I am," he answered. "I had to come in on the noon train because there was no other, and now I'm stranded here. I did think, though, there might be something doing this afternoon."

The more I talked to Mr. Ives the better I liked him. He didn't use the kind of English I had been afraid he would use.

"They thought you would like to rest this afternoon," I ventured, tentatively.

"Rest?" he snorted, and stared at me. "Rest? Good Lord! Rest?"

"I'm terribly glad you don't," I said, earnestly, "because I planned an automobile ride for you. Sarah Delle Sherwin, my best friend, and Al Wiggers were going; but we heard you wanted to rest, so they're not here. But the car is outside, and if you want to go with me—"

"Do I just!" And then he stopped. "Say, you've not made a mistake, have you? Maybe you think you know me? I'm sure we've never met. I couldn't have forgotten you."

Wasn't that a thrilling remark? I laughed. "Oh, I know we've never met," I answered, "but I recognized you right away from your picture. Of course you don't know who I am. My name's Barbara Vane. I just *thought* you wouldn't be the sort of man who would enjoy sitting around, so when I found—"

"So when you found that Flossie was busy and couldn't take care of me herself this afternoon, you offered to. I must say you're a regular brick."

Florence is Miss Lawson's first name. Being a poet and knowing Miss Lawson all his life, Mr. Ives could, of course, call her Flossie, but it made me respect his character more to hear him really do it.

"She told me you would want to rest, though, or the others would be here, too."

"I'll get even with old Floss for *that*," said Mr. Ives. "That's what I call a low-down trick."

"I think it was, too," I said. "But never mind, let's go." So we started for the car.

When Mr. Ives saw Conrad, he looked thoughtful. "Say, does he have to go?" he asked, in a low tone.

"He—why—do you know how to drive a car?" I asked.

Mr. Ives laughed. "I drove in one of the Indianapolis races, just for the fun of the thing," he said.

"Oh, *did* you?" I liked Mr. Ives better and better. "Then, of course, Conrad doesn't have to go," and I sent Conrad home to tell mother that Mr. Ives preferred to drive himself and that I'd be back about five.

"Do you know," I remarked as we started, "I didn't suppose you would know how to drive a car."

"You must have thought I was a star from everything you've told me," he answered.

"Well, one doesn't expect much of poets, naturally," I told him.

"Of—of—what?" he asked, looking startled.

Then I saw what I had said. That certainly was a tactless remark to make to his face, even though it was true. "Of course," I put in, hastily, "I never knew any poets before, and, besides, I'm sure you're much different from the general run."

"Yes, I think I am." He talked kind of dazedly.

"Nobody could tell *you* from a real man," I said.

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"How—how do you know I'm a poet?" Mr. Ives asked, weakly.

"Oh, because Miss Lawson and Miss Sterling have both been buying books full of the things you've written," I reminded him, "and because you're to read the poems to-night, and—why, everybody knows it. You can't keep a thing like that hidden."

"But how on earth did you—er—recognize me?"

"By the picture Miss Lawson had on the folder, silly," I answered him. You can see how nice he was when I felt at home calling him "silly." "Of course it wasn't a very good picture, Mr. Ives, but the chin was the same, and the checked cap."

"Well—I'll—be—darned!" Mr. Ives returned, slowly, looking at me in wonder. Then he added: "That was a give-away. Still, no one ever recognized me as the poet Ives before."

"I shouldn't think they would," I hurried up to say. "No one would think of such a thing just looking at you." I began to feel sorry for him. He seemed kind of ashamed of his profession, so I added, to make him feel better, "I'm a poet myself."

"You don't mean it?" He looked at me incredulously.

Yes, I said, I was. I asked him if he wanted to hear my poem, and he said yes, so I recited it to him. I hadn't gone farther than the first line when he gave a queer, surprised look at me, and then stared out at the road very hard. He kept staring out all the time I was speaking, and when I had finished he didn't seem to know what to say. If he hadn't been a poet I should have said he was embarrassed, but probably he was just overcome with admiration. Anyway, his ears were red.

"Don't you like it?" I thought I would remind him quietly of what he was supposed to say.

"Oh, it's—it's some poem!" he kind of stammered. "But say, you know, you didn't do that all yourself, did you?"

"Yes," I nodded, "all myself. The man my sister's going to marry—he's a professor at the university—gave me the general idea, but that's all."

"Oh, I see. Well, do you know, now, I should say, to hear that, that you've been studying those old seventeenth-century chaps—Shakespeare, you know, and those." I saw Mr. Ives watching me out of the corner of his eye.

I returned his look pityingly. It came over me that poets don't know so awfully much, after all.

"I guess maybe you've gotten Shakespeare mixed with some one else," I suggested, gently. "Shakespeare didn't write poetry; he wrote plays, like 'The Merchant of Venice.'"

I had noticed from almost the very first that Mr. Ives had a queer habit of looking as if he were startled when there was nothing surprising going on, but he didn't mean anything by it. He looked that way now. "Oh yes, so he did," he admitted. "Anyway, it's a corking poem. Anybody might think Shakespeare *had* done parts of it—that is, if Shakespeare 'd written poetry, I mean."

I could see that that was a high compliment, because it's generally considered an honor to be compared to Shakespeare, even if he is uninteresting. Still, I hoped Mr. Ives wasn't the kind of man who would waste the whole drive talking about Shakespeare. And he wasn't, either. He said, "Let's forget about poetry for a while and enjoy ourselves," and that suited me, so we did.

We had a wonderful drive, and went to the Altamont for tea, and it was half-past five when we reached home. I'll wager Mr. Ives couldn't have told a thing about the scenery. I told mother and Elizabeth, who were all agog to hear the news, that if all poets were like that, I would as soon marry one. Then I telephoned the whole thing to Sarah Delle, and you may just believe she was positively nauseated when she heard what she had missed.

About dinner-time Miss Sterling telephoned to know if I could come over to school early. The girls who had written the best poems were to take the guests down the receiving-line, and Miss Lawson had some final directions for us. Besides, Mr. Ives had turned out to be a very nice man indeed, and wanted to hear us read our poems to him before the recital. I didn't tell Miss Sterling that Mr. Ives had already heard my

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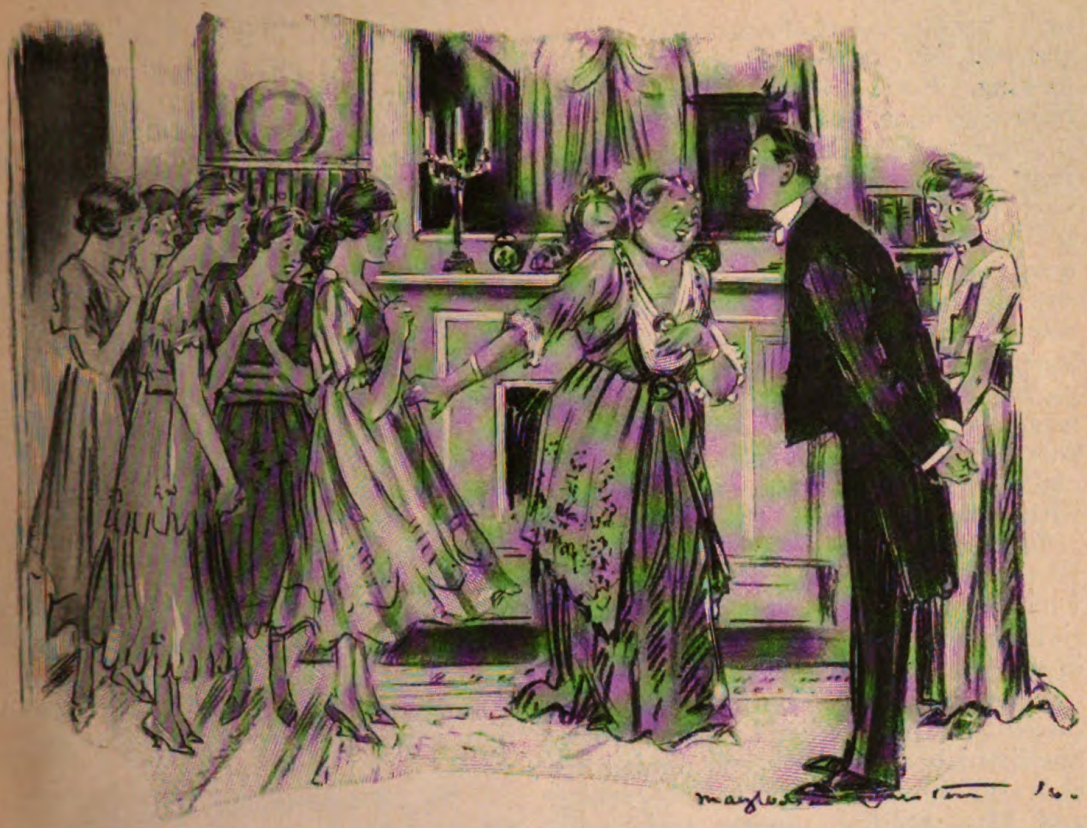

"MR. IVES," SHE PURRED, "OUR LITTLE SCHOOL POETS"

poem, since Mr. Ives hadn't told her himself. I said I would be there at half-past seven. Conrad took me over in the limousine. I stood up all the way, even though it did hurt my neck, because you know how tulle is—just nothing at all musses it, and I wanted to look perfectly elegant that evening and complete the impression I was sure I had begun to make.

The other girls—Wanda Beck was among them, of course—were waiting in the hall when I reached Miss Lawson's. Mr. Ives was supposed to be behind the portières of the faculty parlor, where sounds of spoons rattling in cups could be heard. While we waited I thought best to enlighten the girls as to my afternoon's experience, so that they would be prepared for the familiarity with which the poet and I greeted each other. They were all, and Wanda Beck especially, consumed with jealousy, particularly when I told about Mr. Ives's red hair and his driving in the auto races. When the after-dinner coffee which the faculty were having in collaboration with our celebrity was disposed of, we were called in. A tall man in evening clothes was standing with his back to the door, surrounded by the women of the faculty.

"I don't see his red hair," Wanda Beck whispered.

I thought her voice sounded malicious. Just then the man turned, and I saw it wasn't Mr. Ives at all, but somebody else. This man had a longish face and a big, awfully homely forehead and smooth, pale-brown hair. I was about to tell Wanda that probably Mr. Ives hadn't come down yet, when Miss Lawson took us in tow and went swimming forward with dignity.

"Mr. Ives," she purred, "here are our little school poets who are eager to meet you."

I stopped dead still in my tracks. "That isn't Mr. Ives!" I exclaimed, right out loud, so that every one could hear me. As I think back over it now I believe that my tone was a little contemptuous. I *felt* contemptuous to think that Miss Lawson could be taken

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in by a man like that when Mr. Ives—the real Mr. Ives—was so wonderful-looking. But I see that I ought not to have said that, anyway.

"*Bar*bara?" said Miss Lawson, just that way, accenting the first "Bar" very hard—as hard as she could and still be polite—and ending in a kind of question-mark on the "a." The way she said it conveyed a good deal. The rest of the faculty were looking shocked except Miss Sterling, who was poking me in the ribs in a way that she thought was inconspicuous. The strange man was looking mildly surprised, just as a cat would if it found itself suddenly without a tail.

"It isn't Mr. Ives," I insisted. "Mr. Ives has red hair and deep-blue eyes. I ought to know, because I've been out riding with him all afternoon. He drove in the Indianapolis races, and—"

"Barbara!" This time there was no question-mark in Miss Lawson's voice. She lifted her eyebrows and dipped her chin simultaneously at Miss Sterling, and Miss Sterling quietly and unobtrusively deducted me from the occasion. As we went I heard Miss Lawson introducing the other girls to the man who wasn't Mr. Ives.

"Miss Sterling," I said, as soon as we were out in the hall, "there has been some awful mistake. That poor prune in there isn't Mr. Ives. I know Mr. Ives, and, honestly, that man isn't the poet."

My tone was so convincing that even Miss Sterling began to look startled. "Why, Barbara, how very extraordinary! Where is Mr. Ives, then, if that isn't he, and how—oh, you must be mistaken!"

"I'm not mistaken!" I cried. "Mr. Ives is—oh, *there* is Mr. Ives!" And there he was, sure enough, just coming in the door with Flossie Redway, one of the seniors. "Mr. Ives!" I called, "do come and straighten things out! They have another man in there thinking it is you."

But Mr. Ives's face was getting redder and redder until it was nearly the color of his hair, and he looked as if he wanted to run. Flossie Redway stared at him and then at me.

"Mr. Ives?" she said. "Barbie Vane, are you *crazy?* This isn't Mr. Ives. It's my brother."

"Your brother? *Your brother?*" I stood like a goose repeating it over and over. It *couldn't be*, and yet, of course, Flossie ought to know her own family. "He told me—" I stopped as the full significance of my calamity came over me.

"Bob Redway, what have you been up to now?" Flossie demanded. "I ought to have known better than to invite you to come down from college for this reception. Have you gone and palmed yourself off as Mr. Ives?"

"Look here, Flossie," said Mr. Ives—I mean, Mr. Redway—uneasily, "it was all a mistake. I didn't know Miss Vane thought I was Mr. Ives—not at first. Afterward it was so jolly, and you'd gone off and left me kicking my heels. I'm awfully sorry, Miss Vane, honest I am. I was going to tell you to-night. You're not going to be miffed at me, are you?"

"No," I stammered, dazedly. But I felt as if life were a snare and a delusion as I followed Miss Sterling and the others into the faculty parlor. While Miss Sterling was smoothing things out with Mr. Ives and Miss Lawson, Wanda Beck occupied herself by telling me how much Mr. Ives had praised her poem. In spite of what had happened, I thought she adopted a snippy manner, considering that every one knew I was the best poet of the school, and probably Mr. Ives would think I was simply wonderful when he had heard my poem. But if I had been wounded already, I was about to be mortally crushed.

As I once said, all that happened next was the fault of that despicable Paul Melish Vising. Even if he is ever my brother-in-law, which I suppose he will have to be, since nothing I can say ever has any influence on Elizabeth, I will never be anything but an enemy to him for life.

"Barbara," Miss Sterling proceeded when I had been introduced to Mr. Ives again and he had laughed politely—but not heartily—over the mistake I had made, "won't you read your verses now? Mr. Ives, we consider Barbara our most promising young poet. She has been *so* enthusiastic about your work."

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"Indeed!" said Mr. Ives. "Please do read your poem, Miss Barbara."

So I took out the poem which Aunt Blanche in her pride had typewritten for me, and read the great poet my remarkable production. Of course I had expected to hear an outburst of applause, so I was surprised by a deadly silence. Mr. Ives was looking very queer. All the others were waiting to hear what he would say, except Mr. Redway, who was acting as if he did not want to hear.

"Where did you find that poem?" Mr. Ives asked at last, looking at me rudely. I felt Mr. Redway shiver. It *was* a chilly tone.

"I made it up," I told him.

"Did you realize that you were greatly—influenced, we will say—by a poem written by, that is, by one of my images?"

At that Mr. Redway, who had been staring at the carpet, looked up quickly. The beady glitter in his eye made me think of our terrier when you say "Rats!" to him.

"One of your images?" I cried. "Oh no, I couldn't have been. I never heard anything you wrote except a few queer things where you were squatting on a lotus-leaf and thinking about love. Mine isn't a bit like that."

I heard Miss Sterling and Miss Lawson and the rest of the faculty gasping or something, but they didn't say anything articulate.

"Have you a copy of *Idols and Images* at hand?" Mr. Ives asked, in an extremely dignified tone, with his face red.

"Oh yes; oh, certainly!" and Miss Lawson snatched a book from the table. It was a very new book—so new that it creaked when Mr. Ives opened it. While he was finding the place I saw Mr. Redway edge around the table to listen, as if he were intensely interested to hear every word. His puzzled look was more puzzled than ever.

"This," said Mr. Ives, and began to read. I didn't take down what he said, but I borrowed the book afterward and copied it word for word. It was called "Impression," but, then, so were about twenty other poems in the book. I don't know what the dots are meant for,

IT GAVE ME MORE TIME WITH MR. REDWAY

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but, anyway, I counted to see that I had just the right number.

"Shall I compare
You
To a summer day?
You are more lovely,
" " much more lovely.

"Rough winds do shake the buds
Of May. . . .
Crescendo. . . .
Alas!
"
"
Summer flees away.

"But your eternal summer
Does not fade. . . .
I, even I,
. . . I,
Have made you immortal
With my pen
" " little fountain-pen
Full of ink. . . .
Diminuendo. . . ."

When Mr. Ives had finished reading this he turned around triumphantly. "You see—"

"Of course," murmured Miss Sterling, the color of the lamp-shade.

"A resemblance which could hardly—"

"Resemblance!" sniffed Wanda Beck. "Well, I should say—*resemblance!*"

"Barbara, I am deeply pained," said Miss Lawson. I did not know whether she was pained at me or at Mr. Ives's poem, but she did not leave me in doubt long. "I did not think you would be deliberately dishonest," she added.

"Unthinkable!" cried Miss Sterling. Her tone of voice, though, said that was just what she did think.

I felt that I was undergoing a mortifying experience, to say the least. What I minded most was Mr. Redway. Probably he would never respect me again, and my tulle dress would be wasted. I looked around quietly, but he wasn't where I'd seen him last. He was crawling around the wall, looking in the lowest shelves of the bookcases where all the old masters are kept. It struck me as a queer thing for him to be doing, but I hadn't time to see whether he had any reason for acting that way. I was too busy trying to collect my thoughts.

"It seems to me very strange that this resemblance was not noticed." Mr. Ives stretched his neck and looked around like a rooster about to crow. "My Images are, I may say, not unknown."

Miss Sterling sputtered and Miss Lawson coughed, and some one of the faculty murmured that *she* had never heard my poem before, and then all the others murmured that *they* never had, either, or they would have seen at once—all except Miss Sterling and Miss Lawson, and they couldn't say anything, of course.

I couldn't see how it had all come about unless that horrid old Paul Melish Vising had deliberately copied Mr. Ives's poem just to make himself out smart and get me into trouble. Even so, there were things I couldn't understand—the rhyme, for instance; and then I could have sworn there weren't any "diminuendoes" in Paul's. But I saw they all thought I'd deliberately sat down and copied, which I wouldn't have done for anything. I tried to explain about Mr. Vising, but it didn't make much impression except that Mr. Ives tried to be kind and made a miserable failure of it.

I have had darker moments in my life, but never more uncomfortable ones. Imagine what a surprise and disappointment it would be yourself to think for nearly two weeks that you were a genius and then all at once to find out that you'd gone and plaguered something you'd never even seen or heard before, and be publicly denounced before all your friends and a grand man who had shown all the signs of being crazy about you.

Mr. Redway, any one could see, had received a terrible blow. He had quit crawling along the bookcases and, with his back to the company, was pretending to be interested in a book so as not to embarrass me any more, which seemed to me the act of a gentleman. At least that was what I thought he was doing at the time. Really it was something else—something which will ever remain gratefully inscribed in my memory as having saved me from everlasting disgrace. He came wandering over to where we were standing. Miss Lawson was in a

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state of not knowing what to say next and of trying to think up some way to get me out of the room. She eyed very hard a little red book Mr. Redway had in his hand. It was one of the old masters from the bookcase.

"Queer how these things happen, isn't it?" Mr. Redway remarked, cordially. "Great minds, you know. I suppose you've never come across another poem similar to those two, now, have you, Mr. Ives?"

Mr. Ives said he had not.

"Well, now," Mr. Redway went on, in spite of the fact that Miss Lawson was looking very black, "take this little thing, now. You'll see what I mean."

He opened the book and began reading. He had not gone past the second line before I knew all that was coming. That word "temperate" showed me the whole thing. It was the poem Paul Melish Vising had led me to think he was making up as a basis for my own efforts. As Mr. Redway finished amid a deadly hush, I took courage to glance around me. If some one else had copied Mr. Ives, too, maybe I wasn't so bad. Everybody was looking at the floor or the wall-paper except Mr. Redway, who was viewing Mr. Ives with a look of peculiar pleasure; and Mr. Ives, who was glancing everywhere at once.

"One—of my imitators," Mr. Ives murmured.

"Yes—er—yes," Mr. Redway agreed, "quite so. His name was"—he consulted the back of the book—"Shakespeare, William Shakespeare."

An agitated rustle went around the room. Wanda Beck was looking peculiar, but not more peculiar than Miss Lawson or Miss Sterling, and not half so much so as Mr. Ives. I'm only sorry I didn't have a chance to hear what Mr. Ives would have said, but all at once there was a great fury of talking about the weather and the war, led by Miss Lawson, and Mr. Redway and I were neatly cut off by an impenetrable wall of the faculty. I cannot say I was sorry. I felt as if I had had enough of poets. A moment later Miss Sterling whispered that perhaps we had better slip out into the hall. Later it was conveyed to me that under the circumstances perhaps it would be just as well if I did not take guests down the receiving-line.

I crept out into the hall, still somewhat shattered in mind. There I found the girls, including Wanda Beck, who was looking as if she had lost her hat.

"Bob Redway!" Flossie fairly stammered in her excitement. "However in the world—where did you—I *never* saw any one with your nerve!"

"*I* think Mr. Redway performed a noble and heroic act," said Sarah Delle, putting her arm around me, and regarding Mr. Redway with admiration.

"What I can't understand," Flossie went on, "is how *you* ever knew anything about Shakespeare, Bob Redway!"

Mr. Redway looked bored. "English II.," he said, offhandedly. "Freshman Lit. Required."

"I guess nothing more will be said about Barbie's being a genius, though," Wanda Beck sniffed, sourly.

But if she wanted to make herself popular by saying that, she was fooled. All the girls came around me.

"Don't you care, Barbie," Sarah Delle said. "I think you were awfully clever to think of taking a poem and changing it. And I must say, you did improve it."

"It wasn't your fault, at all, that Mr. Ives happened to copy the same poem that you did," Flossie Redway comforted.

"I'm glad you're *not* a poet," Fidenia Jacocks put in. "It was getting on my nerves to have to treat you like a genius."

But what really restored my self-respect was the few words Mr. Redway whispered in my ear. "The only thing I didn't like about you," he said, "was when you told me you were a poet."

After that I felt better. I didn't even mind not taking people down the receiving-line, because it gave me that much more time with Mr. Redway. He is going to send me his picture taken in his football suit.

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The Psychology of Shopping

BY SIMEON STRUNSKY

IN the list of New York's public buildings rarely do you find any mention of Gibson's. Viewed in the cold light of the tax-rolls, Gibson's is a department store, and so a private enterprise. Actually it is much more a part of the public life of the city than the Library on Fifth Avenue. No one would think of omitting the Pennsylvania Terminal from a study of New York, though that granite palace is only a booth for the sale of tickets to Rahway, Trenton, and San Francisco. The crowds pass through a railway terminal, but they abide in Gibson's by the hour. The terminal is an entrance and an exit, whereas Gibson's is a social institution. There is no folk psychology bound up with a railway station in a big town, however it may be in those places where the leading citizens congregate on the platform to see the trains pass. Gibson's is not only a place, but a force for good and evil, as we shall see. The genitive case shows how it is embedded in the common life. It is not Gibson's Department Store, but simple Gibson's, Smith's, Jones's. It is more intimately related to the life of the community than that other great national genitive, Childs's. We say Gibson's as in England they sign letters Salisbury, Haldane, French. No initials or expletives are necessary.

Why it isn't Gibson's Bazaar I have never quite understood. I am aware that "bazaar" smacks of the small town where they also have "emporiums." But, on the other hand, nothing can be uglier than "department store." It is ugly and it is bad business. If travelers do not speak of department stores as they do of the bazaars of the Orient, it must be because of the impossible name. For Gibson's, as I have said, is not a store where things are merely sold, but actually a bazaar; that is to say, a meeting-place as well as a barter-place, a communal center, a democratic force. Consequently the owner has himself to blame if travelers look for the life of India in the bazaar at Benares and for the life of a little Macedonian village in its market-place but seldom think of looking for the life of New York behind the great plate-glass windows on Fifth Avenue. Or take the Stock Exchange. They print pictures of the Stock Exchange on post-cards, and visitors climb the gallery to look down on a national phenomenon. Yet what the Stock Exchange is to Economic Man the department stores are to Economic Woman. Only the hideous name stands in the way.

Gibson's qualifies as a public building by its significance; it certainly qualifies by size. Any one of its floors is larger than most market-places in Merrie England. It offers you a spectacle with which only the cathedrals and the railway terminals and the Metropolitan Opera House can compare. But it combines all the separate qualities of these monster buildings into an unparalleled effect. The Opera House has color and sound, but no motion. The terminals have sound and motion, but no color. The Library and the cathedrals have spaciousness, but no crowds. Gibson's has them all. It spreads out, glows, and reverberates. An hour in Gibson's, and you bring out with you a symphony of life in action, and not infrequently a headache.

To the male shopper the geography of the department store is a source of never-failing wonder. Technically, he is shopping under one roof. In practice, a man will walk farther to buy a razor and a game of dominoes at Gibson's than if he had bought the razor in Fulton Street and the dominoes near Brooklyn Bridge. The elevator system at Gibson's is complicated. As a rule it may be said that when you want to go down-

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the elevators all go up. But the matter of distances is nothing to the problem of distribution. Commodities in the department store migrate under the influence of the seasons, the laws of political economy, social status, fashion, and biology. Shirts and electric stoves are in the basement in January and on the sixth floor in August. Children's shoes at regular prices are on the ground floor, and at sale prices they are to be found in the basement; and Boy Scout shoes stand all by themselves, like something in Greek grammar. If a man is buying gifts for a brood of three small nieces and one nephew—as will sometimes happen—he is lost. It is borne in upon him by patient floorwalkers that his little nephew is a boy, and will be found on the second floor. His youngest niece, he discovers, is an infant, and three aisles away. The second youngest girl is a child, so you take the elevator to the third floor and walk across. The eldest girl is a miss, and she is in the next elevator coming down. And if the mother of the family, and perhaps the cook, are also to be provided for, say at Christmas, you can see what would happen; for the cook injects a social factor which probably involves a visit to the sub-basement, and the mother of the four is as like as not to be found in a special sub-department which ministers to "stouts." Just when an infant becomes a child, when a child becomes a miss, when a miss becomes a woman, and why a boy is sometimes an infant yet never seems to become a child, but leaps at once right next to the men's department, is something I should like the Professor of Anthropology at Columbia University to tell me.

"And you can always exchange it," says the saleswoman to the woman shopper.

The saleswoman who is worth her salt knows the precise moment when that suggestion must be made. It is the moment when the customer's doubts have apparently been resolved. She wants the new gown very much. It pleases her, soothes her, fits her. It is the moment when the male purchaser would nod and say, "I'll take it," and pull out his check-book. In that moment the woman shopper goes panicky at the thought, the sudden but inevitable thought, whether this new fabric will mean quite the same to her at home as it does now in the store. For, whereas man buys clothes to satisfy a physical need, woman shops largely for the satisfaction of her soul. A man's chest measure and sleeve length are the same at home and in the shop, and a three-button sack cannot conceivably change to a two-button sack under any surroundings. But emotion is not to be tested by the yardstick. Woman, when she has picked and chosen, says to herself, "Yes, I like it now, under this light, in this room, set off against all the other shades and patterns, but how will it be at home?" How will it be with her when she has the new gown to herself, away from this superheated atmosphere of acquisition, in the sudden drop of spirits that is sure to come? At home when she looks into the mirror and sees herself tired around the eyes, or when she first lifts the gown from the box in the cold light of the morning after, when her liberty of choice is gone, when that gown is hers to have and to hold, what then?

In that moment of crisis the wise saleswoman says, quietly, "And you can always exchange it, of course."

It is a problem of high moral importance, this system of purchase with a proviso. Its effect on the moral nature of woman is baneful. For consider only that human society, that all civilization, is based on the inviolability of contract. Organized life is possible only on the assumption that a man surrenders what he agrees to give up, and keeps what he has promised to take. Under special circumstances he is allowed to change his mind, to break the contract, but almost invariably there is a penalty attached. And this penalty he pays as a matter of course, because he recognizes that to decide one way and to want something else hampers the work of the world. It is anarchy.

Too many women, however, enter the department store with the knowledge that they are doomed to buy something they will want to exchange. Woman begins shopping in the certainty, which is almost part of her fate, that her choice will be bad, but that it is of no

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consequence, since she can always send the things back. You see at once how utterly destructive this must be of all moral standards. It means living in a world of free choice where the sinner is not in the least handicapped against the saint. The woman who chooses wisely and once for all is no better off than the woman who keeps on exchanging things until she is satisfied. Consider, now, what it would mean to this world if men went at their day's work every morning saying, "I know I shall make a mess of it." Consider what it would mean if McLoughlin said to himself, "Of course I shall lose the first set, but then we can play it over till I win." Consider what it would mean if Dr. Mayo were to say, "I know this major operation is going to be a failure, but we can always bring the patient to life again."

I dwell on this point at some length because, so far as I am aware, no one before me has pointed out the vicious effect of the department store's unrestricted exchange system upon woman's nature and on her place in society. What sincerity, what force can there be in woman's demand for an equal place in our man-made world as long as she continues to live so many hours a week in a world in which consequences do not follow upon acts, in which she may choose A and keep B?—a world in which mistakes are not paid for, in which you reach the second floor by taking the stairway to the cellar or the elevator to the second floor, it does not matter which ultimately? Imagine a world in which the wages of sin are not death, but a transfer slip which you present at a little window in the rear of the store.

And you can see how the practice of unlimited and unpenalized exchange, if sufficiently continued, might stretch outside the realm of the department store and into life. If choice is always to be made with the idea that the first attempt will fail, and that there is always a second chance and a third, then how, when it comes to selecting a profession, a cause to work for—a husband? The matter here becomes intricate and dangerous, and as a pioneer in the subject I am not bound to exhaust it or even develop it through all its implications. As some one has said, whenever an idea is difficult or dangerous, or does not seem to justify your spending your own time upon it, throw it out as a suggestion for some one else to work out. One might ask, for instance, whether there is any connection between the growth of the shopping habit and the divorce habit among the women of our unoccupied classes, both being based on a choice that is not final and a system of exchange that is not penalized. But, as I have said, the subject is complex, and I throw it out as a suggestion.

In one sense, of course, it is not quite right to say that the habit carries no penalty with it. Specialists declare that the practice of sending things back adds something like ten per cent. to the normal price. So, after all, there is a penalty. But who pays it, my friends? Everybody; the shopper who does not exchange and the shopper who always sends things back, which is again a moral confusion. The wages of sin and the wages of virtue are exactly the same —ten per cent. on the normal price.

Sex antagonism in the department store—I should be making a sorry job of this study of a very important phase of modern life if I omitted the sex factor, which, I am assured, colors all modern life from the quintessence of Nietzsche to the teething habits of the American infant, the eight-hour railroad law, and the "movies." You know, of course, what sex antagonism means. It is unceasing and remorseless warfare waged on a front co-extensive with humanity. Man, the Central Power, is intrenched on the defensive. Allied woman batters away at the wall. War is waged by violence and by cunning. Sometimes the battle flares up in a storm of high explosive which flattens the trenches of masculine domination preparatory to a charge by Sylvia Pankhurst. Sometimes it is the steady grinding process of field-artillery as woman conquers the suffrage State by State. Sometimes it is the consolidation of new lines by Women in Industry, carried on behind a curtain fire of shrapnel. Sometimes it is the silent sapping and mining by which feminist ideas make their way into the male defenses and blow them up sky-high. Sometimes it is plain treachery, as when

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the old-fashioned, womanly woman stretches out her arms and says, "Kamerad! Kamerad!" and the credulous male goes to meet his fate in the coils of the serpent of old Nile. In whatever form it manifests itself there is this eternal war between the sexes, the str v- ing to dominate and not to be dominated, the conquests that are the undoing of the conqueror, the surrenders that are only temporary, the treaties of amity that are scraps of paper; in short, the sort of thing hinted at in Ecclesiastes and Proverbs and amplified by Baudelaire, H. G. Wells, and Freud-Jung.

But I was going to say that the kind of sex antagonism you find in the department store is different from that which obtains in every other province of life. It is antagonism between members of the same sex. It is civil war between the woman behind the counter and the woman in front. The purchase of four and a half yards of dress material is a process untinged by sentiment, a contest in which neither party asks or gives quarter. And the reason, of course, is that the two sides are too equally matched to permit anything but a grim attention to business. On either side of the counter are professional soldiers. I know, of course, that in the manuals of salesmanship there is much talk about the money value of courtesy in salesmanship. But from personal observation I am not prepared to say that such courtesy from a saleswoman to woman customers is the rule. There is, no doubt, a polite attention to duty, efficiency, patience. The arrogant blonde who offers her wares with an air of saying that socially she would prefer not to meet her customer is a disappearing type. But the politeness that is getting to be the rule is a formal, frigid politeness. The patience with which the seller will fetch the seventeenth tailor-made for trying-on is mechanical. Rarely is there heart behind it.

It is quite different when a man wanders into the department store. The rigid rules of warfare do not apply. A man in the rush hour at the counter will be waited on out of his turn without protest from the women shoppers. He is like a babe who has strayed into the No Man's Land between the hostile trenches. There may be a smile on either side of the counter, but in his helpless state he appeals to the innate chivalry in woman. When a man shops for himself he is satisfied with the first approximation to what he wants. When he is shopping for his wife he does not even know what he wants. He reads something from a list and asks for six yards of it, and only wants assurance that he is getting what he asks for. His ignorance of the distinction between poplin and crêpe de chine is a claim on the maternal instinct in the heart of the saleswoman. And he does not waste time. When a man buys half a dozen pairs of silk socks, he is shown a pair and assumes that the other five pairs out of the same box will be the same. A woman usually examines every pair of the half-dozen. A man in a department store is like Sir Galahad. He brings out what is best in everybody. Saleswomen are patient with him. Floorwalkers give him explicit directions to the shoe department. Elevator-boys call out the floors for him distinctly. The girl at the transfer desk guarantees delivery of the goods that same afternoon. The laws of war are not for him. He is not of the enemy. He belongs to the Red Cross.

It is an interesting question whether there would not be a very definite economy of time and nerves if women could have their husbands do their shopping for them. It would be time saved even if we reckon the hours expended at home in persuading the man to undertake the task. I throw this out as a suggestion.

As to the advisability of taking one's husband to the shops, much may be said on both sides. On the one hand, it is certain that after he has spent three hours in a chair while his wife tries on Spring suits, a man will have a very definite idea of what women suffer in the daily task. The next time his wife comes home from the shops with a headache he is likely to be more sympathetic. But then again it may be that the memory of his own bitter ordeal will prevail, and he will carry away with him a more vivid sense of the futilities in which the life of woman is spent. It all depends on the man, of course. But the husband

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endowed with just a bit of philosophic reflection, planted three solid hours in a tapestry chair, in an audience of three hundred women and fifty salesgirls, will watch the strained and tired faces, the tryings-on and divestings, the search after the unattainable ideal, the final purchase made more out of weariness than out of satisfaction; and he cannot help asking himself, "For whom is it all?" And he will say to himself, "For us males?" And it will make him thoughtful. On the whole, a university extension course in Shopping Practice and Observation would be good for the average man. The next time he speaks to a well-dressed woman at dinner he will know what it costs to make the world beautiful for him. He may thereupon decide to get on with less beauty or else he will be more ready to make allowances for women's nerves. But I am not sure.

Taking along one's husband to the store as critic and appraiser is of no use at all. In the first place, his principles of criticism are utterly unlike a woman's. His criticism is of the romantic, impressionistic school. He looks at his wife in the green cloak with fur edging and says, "I like that." Or else he says, "You look well in that." As if the mere fact that a woman looks well in a green coat, or that she likes it, were the deciding factor. Woman belongs, in the matter of dress, to the scientific school of criticism, which bases itself on universal principles—Aristotle, Taine, Brunetière. It is criticism which does not ask whether a woman looks well in a green cloak trimmed with fox, but says, How does this green cloak fit into that woman's life, her temperament, her likes, her friends, her duty to her family and to society, on the one hand; and how near is it in danger of being duplicated by the woman next door, on the other hand? A man likes his wife's new dinner gown when it looks well on his wife in the shop. A woman is bound to think of the gown in relation to the wall-paper and the lights at home, the fact that she had a dark-red dinner gown year before last, the fact that her color is somewhat higher than it was two years ago, that she has taken on three pounds in weight, that her husband's income has materially increased since last year, and that next year people will be wearing greens and purples.

But even the mere question whether a woman looks well in a new gown is one upon which her husband is not competent to speak except in the most superficial way. She is pretty in the new gown, or she is not; the infinite gradations escape him. The trouble, of course, is that he knows the woman in the gown too well. He cannot think of the dress but as an accessory to the woman. He can never see the gown as a thing-in-itself. This is a very subtle point, and naturally beyond the scope of the simple-minded race of husbands. But the distinction is there. When we say a woman is well-dressed, we do not mean that she looks well in a dress, but that she exhibits a dress in which she looks well. It is doubtful whether there are many women who would consent to be so beautiful as to make people unaware of what they have on. It is a very delicate problem, this, of maintaining that perfect balance in which woman and dress do not drown each other. For a true appraisal, therefore, it needs the eye of a stranger to whom the two factors in the ensemble, woman and dress, are equally novel. Husbands should have recognized by this time that if it were a question of merely looking well, women would long ago have adopted the white uniform of the trained nurse, in which, demonstrably, more women look better than in any garment ever devised.

It is only fair, after the emphasis I have laid on the deleterious effects of the shopping habit to suggest that the evil is probably not in the practice itself, but in the excess. It is true that women return from the stores in a state of physical exhaustion and nervous tangle, but it is also true that what they seek in the stores is something like spiritual refreshment. That unmistakable revival of the soul which comes from putting on a new gown, or a fresh suit of clothes—it is the same for women and men—is here to be had in abundance. An hour spent with new things, heaping counters of white stuffs, gay colors, rich textures, the glimmer of crystal and jewelry—it does not matter if it is

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imitation jewelry — and lights, and movement, must be very much like a cold shower for the spirit. There is the chance for an imaginative possession of all these rich, glowing, gleaming, solid, flimsy things. It is, after all, the excitement of the country fair—especially if you count in the music, the restaurant, the candy-counter, the marvelous patent clothes-wringer demonstrated in the basement, and all the other side-shows. It is the bazaar, without the odors of the East, perhaps; but these, I understand, can be easily dispensed with. And I dare say if the public should express a desire for the last touch of the bazaar, a turbaned Persian salesman in the Oriental rug department, a Chinese merchant with great horn spectacles in the porcelain department, the department store will supply them without loss of time. Perhaps they have done the trick already.

But when all is said and done, when the balance has been most fairly adjusted, the influence of the shopping district on the position of women remains deplorable. The more attractive the business is made the greater the lure of the temptation. Try as I may to be fair to Gibson's, the ultimate fact will assert itself: Gibson's is a handicap which women must cast off if they are ever to take an equal share in the work of the world. The tyranny of Dress—for shopping does mostly mean Dress—weighs more heavily on women than any of our man-made despotisms. The waste of energy, of time, of thought, upon clothes by one-half the race is terrifying. It is a burden from which very few women find it easy to escape. Dress is the gate of tribulation through which she must enter upon her business and her pleasures. The boy packs up and goes off to college. His sister must shop before she goes away to college, and through the year she must continue to shop. A man locks up his desk and goes away for a month's fishing in Canada. His wife must shop for a month's holiday in Canada. A man goes off to see McLoughlin play tennis. His wife must first shop for McLoughlin. A man calls up the box-office and reserves two tickets for Fritz Kreisler. Woman begins by looking around to see whether she has anything to wear for Fritz Kreisler. And when a million women strike out for freedom by going out to earn their own living, it is too often only to enter upon a wider career of shopping. I understand that it takes a great deal of time to pick out those simple-looking, expensive materials. Woman's complaint against the Double Standard is justified. The double standard in clothes is largely responsible for her enslavement.

What adds to the lure of the shopping habit is that the vice is made so attractive. Shopping in the best stores is not commerce, but a social function. It is not only that Gibson's has music and pictures for your entertainment; writing-rooms, rest-rooms, playing rooms for the children; parcel-rooms, telephone booths, telegraph and cable stations, summer-resort bureaus. The very business of purchase and sale is conducted with a minimum stress on the selfish interests involved. When you enter Gibson's you are not expected to buy. If you buy, you do not carry parcels home, of course—that goes without saying; you have them sent. And if the preliminary labor of picking out things to be sent is too much of a strain, you have them sent on approval. When you have made your choice, the obligation to stick to your choice, as I pointed out before, is absent. Finally, the institution that goes by the name of the charge account has done away with the sordid handling of money. I cannot imagine how further removed one can be from primitive barter and sale than under this system where no one asks you to buy, no one asks you to choose, no one asks you to carry, no one asks you to pay. It is a delightful relationship of host and visitor. The great spaces are the host's reception-room. The treasures he has gathered from every corner of the earth are his private collections for your entertainment. The music and the reading-rooms and the rest-salons are the setting for a delightful week-end. It is, as I have said, Society. "Mr. J. Walter Gibson requests the pleasure of your company at half after nine every day in the week at 999 Fifth Avenue. There will be music by artists from the

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Metropolitan, a *conversazione* on Picasso, and an exhibition of Japanese pongee shirt-waists, reduced to $4.89."

Luxurious shopping, there's the enemy. It takes a normal and necessary economic function and makes it into a dissipation. Everything has been made pleasant; everything has been made easy. Take this question of "honest advertising," and the special sale about which people are so much concerned. It is argued that if you advertise something for $11.67 reduced from $18, and the article is well worth $11.67, it is nevertheless fraud if the original price was anything less than $18. From the standpoint of pure ethics, this is so, I suppose. Nevertheless there is a difference between the misrepresentation which would sell a second-hand garment for a new one or cotton for wool and the misrepresentation which gives you honest quality and your money's worth and only exaggerates the bargain. A barrel of apples with three layers of good fruit on a foundation of windfalls is fraud. A barrel of apples, sound to the bottom, selling for three dollars, worth three dollars, but advertised as formerly selling for five dollars, is disingenuous, perhaps, but, after all, why shouldn't a housewife know the normal price for a barrel of apples? She should not be compelled to dig into the barrel for bad apples, but she ought to know the world she lives in. It is best for the shopping women that she shall not altogether be safeguarded and sheltered. For her own sake she must not be surrounded with too many automatic safety devices. If she is not to have the worry of lugging parcels home as her grandmother did, if she is to have the privilege of changing her mind, if she is to be spared the trouble of handling money but leaves that to be managed by her husband at the end of the month with a check-book, let her at least exercise the amount of intelligence and effort necessary to distinguish between something which is intrinsically worth $11.67 and something which is worth $18. If even that effort is spared her, she is utterly removed from the realm of responsible action. For her own moral welfare, shopping must retain something of its respectable function as an economic process and not degenerate utterly into a five-o'clock tea.

The Old House

BY GEORGE E. WOODBERRY

O KINDLY house, where time my soul endows
With courage, hope, and patience manifold,
How shall my debt of love to thee be told,
Since first I heard the sweet-voiced robins rouse
The morn among thy ancient apple-boughs?
Here was I nourished on the truths of old,
Here taught against new times to make me bold,
Memory and hope thy door-posts, O dear house!

Heaven's blessing rested on thy dark-gray roof,
And clasped thy children, age to lapsing age,
Birth and the grave thy tale till time's release;
Poverty did not hold from thee aloof;
Of lowly good thou wast the hermitage;
Now falls the evening light. God give thee peace!

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Interlude

BY W. L. GEORGE

"BUT I don't understand, Mr. Lawrence," said the landlady. "I mean—well, after living here all these years."

"I know," said Mr. Lawrence, almost with an air of guilt, "there is nothing— Oh, well . . ."

Mr. Lawrence looked slightly like a sheep; and if a sheep can feel shame, he was looking just then like a sheep that has been caught stealing turnips. He sat at the ugly table, his hands spread out, curiously spiderish, before the breakfast things where a hardly touched and most eloquent bloater showed that some agitation had interfered with the meal.

The landlady was staring at him still. "Let me see," she said, "Mr. Lawrence. You been here fifteen years. Seems more like yesterday."

"Sixteen years," Mr. Lawrence corrected, with his guilty little air.

"'Ow time flies!" said Mrs. Blasket, and her face grew soft as she thought of the good old times that were so like the bad new times, but seemed good because they were gone. She was struggling to explain that life was a funny thing, and what a mercy it was to see it go by. What she said was, "What have I done?"

Mr. Lawrence grew horribly nervous. "Oh, Mrs. Blasket! you haven't done anything; you've made me very comfortable; I'll never forget it, only you see I—I'm going abroad."

She looked at him incredulously. "Going abroad? Got a new job?"

He shook his head.

"What are you going to do when you do get abroad?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Lawrence.

"Then what are you going for?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Lawrence. "I'm going because I've got to go. Something inside."

"Lungs?" Mrs. Blasket suggested, hopefully. "My aunt Bertha, she died of it, and her husband he had fits, and little Jessie what's in the home now—"

"No, no, no!" cried Mr. Lawrence. "It isn't lungs; it's—" His tone grew solemn. "Oh, I don't know, Mrs. Blasket; I think it's soul!"

Mrs. Blasket whispered to herself, "He's dotty," and left the room, blending haste with dignity: one never knew what a looney might be up to.

Mr. Lawrence, alone, heaved a sigh. What a woman! If Mrs. Blasket was a sample of what the world was going to be like when it found out what he was up to, he was going to have a terrible time.

It certainly would be terrible if he told his next landlady about his soul. She would send for a doctor or a clergyman. Anyway, what had his soul to do with it? He looked at himself in the glass—a middle-sized, middle-aged man, obviously of middle fortune, possibly of lower middle fortune, with very thin, rather gray hair, gray eyes in a sallow face, and a slight redness about the nose, which unkind boys in the street misunderstood instead of tracing to slight indigestion caused by twenty-nine years of faithful service at Messrs. Lowell's Sons & Lowell, Solicitors. For a moment he hated himself; hated his forty-four years, his lodgings in Shepherds Bush, his cheap city suit, his sharp-creased lapels and uncreased trousers; he hated his hesitating, spidery hands and his general ineffectual air of worm on the turn. "I'm a clerk," he thought. Then he remembered his soul. His soul that he'd never thought of since he was confirmed: it had suddenly leaped out in a retort to Mrs. Blasket—a clear, shining thing in a cool, opalescent garment that did not seem to have grown at all dusty. He remembered a very old Victorian novel which his mother used to read; it was called *A Hungry*

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Soul. Mr. Lawrence drew the hair-brush through his scanty hair, and thought, "A hungry soul—that's me."

Forty-five minutes later, having set out punctually at ten minutes past nine, he was at the office. He did not look at his watch; something inside (not his soul) had told him that it was ten minutes past nine. He stood before Mr. Lowell, whom he had known so long ago, when Mr. Lowell was only Mr. Dick and was being taught the business. Mr. Lowell was large and legal; the habit of making wills had given him the habit of making up minds. He always listened, and he always disregarded. He was the Law. So he listened while Mr. Lawrence explained. Mr. Lawrence did not explain very successfully. It was his last day, and Mr. Lowell wanted to know. He wanted to know so that he might prevent. His clerk was turned into a client.

"It's all very well," he said, cutting into Mr. Lawrence's confusion. "I don't want to be inquisitive, but look here, Lawrence, I hate letting you go like this; you've been with us—well, ever since I came into the business. Of course, I understand that a man doesn't want to work forever, but you're young yet."

"Forty-four," said Mr. Lawrence, "and it's time I began—"

"Began what?" cried Mr. Lowell, suddenly impatient and human. "What? What do you want to begin?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Lawrence. Then, fearing that his former chief would hurl the ink-pot at him, he made a great effort and was delivered: "Oh, Mr. Lowell, I do hope you won't think me ungrateful, but going on and on like this—every morning, every morning. I want to get about—to see the world."

Mr. Lowell made a broad gesture. "My dear fellow, if you're off color, have a day off, have a week off. Go—to Folkestone!"

Mr. Lawrence shook his head. "Thank you very much, Mr. Lowell; thank you very much, sir. No, it isn't that. I want to travel—everything won't be planned out." He indicated the window: "Out there. Things will move. Oh, sir, I can't explain. I think I want adventure."

Mr. Lowell overlooked the word "adventure," for he did not think it respectable. He did not want to be hard on Lawrence, so fastened upon the tourist side of the idea. "You will be disappointed," he said. "The world's all alike. Believe me, I've had lunch at the Metropole, London, the Metropole, Brussels, and the Metropole in Madrid, and all the food comes out of the same kitchen. You won't see the world; you'll only go round and round having your ticket punched; and whether it's in the Strand, or in Wall Street, or on the Corso, you'll have your pocket picked by different fingers, but in the same way. Now, Lawrence, don't be a fool. I wouldn't talk like this if I didn't like you. You're earning four pounds a week; it isn't so bad, and you must have saved a bit, too."

Mr. Lawrence shook his head. "No, sir, thank you very much; I've got to see the world. I've got to"—his voice swelled into manliness—"I've got to get out."

He was free. It was May. Across a sky of mother-of-pearl floated spatters of gray cloud. On the first floor of a restaurant in Cheapside pink geraniums, bursting with life, hung out of their boxes and called to him: "Come on, old Lawrence, come! We are alive." It was warm, the women were blooming, and the men wore new suits; even the asphalt was soft and scented as if the earth breathed. He stood in the everyday world, but a mantle of salmon-rose had fallen across it; its soft radiance dazzled him. Mr. Lawrence looked at the bank with more emotion than if he were a millionaire. With quick steps, as on exploration, he went through the city, down into the Strand by the river that is brown and silver like a pheasant. He rested his sharp elbows upon the parapet and stared down into the throbbing water. In it he saw life; he was free; there were no more trains to catch; *caveat* and *ex parte* meant nothing now. He glowed as he thought, "I am rich," and recited the details of his wealth: eighteen hundred pounds; seven hundred, legacy from Aunt Emma, and eleven hundred saved in thirty years—from all the temptations he had learned

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to unlearn. But now he was rich; he could stand there and think of his investments. He smiled; he held shares in the Chesapeake & Ohio, also Buenos Ayres Great Southern Debentures, and some good old steady Edinburgh City Loan. "Rich and Free"—what a motto! With a gesture of adoration rather than capture, the spidery hands beckoned to the world. He thought: "Where shall I go to? Italy? Yes, Italy—gondolas, beggars, macaroni— But no, no, not Italy. Everybody goes there, all the self-improvement societies." He thought of the Western States, the gay Californians, fruit-ranches and bronco-busting. But then, again, a sad feeling: perhaps he was too old to bust a bronco. What was a bronco? Was it an ox or a horse? He thought of Spain and bull-fights; of Paris, the wicked city (well, well, why not?). But, little by little, there formed in Mr. Lawrence's mind a vision stainless as the petal of a white rose: Japan, snow-tipped peaks blushing in the dawn like frightened nymphs, cherry-blossom and *mousmés* with waxed hair and the long, soft eyes of gazelles— He stared down into the sullen waters of the Thames, and floated in a flower-boat upon the Yang-Tse-Kiang. He did not know exactly where flowed the Yang-Tse-Kiang, but never mind.

Mr. Lawrence was a free man. He thought, "What shall I do?" He went out and bought an atlas. "Romeo and Juliet," "The Song of Solomon," "The Skylark," all the poetry of the world, he obtained that, too, within the covers of a common little atlas, price half a crown. The broad rivers pressed their mouths to the breast of the sea; they flowed down unfamiliar valleys—valley of the Isar, valley of the Nile; it was as if he had lighted upon the valley of the shadow of life. You will figure him: little, elderly figure that the years have dried and the locusts left uneaten; with hunched, sharp shoulders he hangs as a bird over the pages that with the days grow friendly because thumbed. He traces his journeys along the winding roads, where roll stage-coaches and sway palanquins; sometimes he halts at an oasis, drinks spring water and eats dates, but he forgets the book of verse and but dimly hears the houri in the wilderness; his rather the bridal of the sun and the frosty companionship of the moon. Sometimes Mr. Lawrence tangles his thin fingers in his thin hair and is a modern gentleman, riding in a Pullman car all the way, with attendants in livery bringing him lemonade (in wilder moments, champagne). This Mr. Lawrence carries a brand-new bag, and probably the bottles have silver stoppers. Sometimes he flies in an aeroplane over Tibet and Salisbury Plain. He owns yachts, submarines, and sports among the whales; he is locked among icebergs, thawed out, scorched in the desert; he pants upon mountain-peaks, or he threads in Rome the catacombs. Brigands abduct him; shyly, he abducts maidens; he fights duels, and slim hands drop roses from the Bridge of Sighs.

Mr. Lawrence thought, "I wish I wasn't such a bad sailor," and remembered his awful journey from Southend to Ramsgate. "Oh, how it rocked! I oughtn't to have taken that patent medicine to keep down seasickness," he reflected. Indeed, the patent medicine had made the journey more dramatic. But Mr. Lawrence seemed to have concentrated within that week all the energy which, carefully expended over forty-four years, ought to have made him the owner of at least a detached villa. He was going; that was certain. Already he was selling his goods, storing a few with which he dared not part, such as mother's sideboard, because—well, it had always been there. But he had very little to sell, and so at the end he stood almost naked in the world, with his clothes, a few books—such as *Hakluyt*, *Don Quixote*, and *Gulliver*, which he had bought rather at random because they seemed to fit his case. The only drawback to adventure was that he could not fix his destination. Seasickness was still pressing on his mind. Of course, railways cross Europe, only they have a way in the end of landing you on the shores of the Caspian, or, at most, near the Behring Strait. The Behring Strait froze in the winter, he remembered. Sleds! And Mr. Lawrence swelled into an Eskimo. But before the black Monday drew near on which the

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adventurer must venture many other complications arose. Such as clothes. He would want coats like gossamer for the tropics, and leather jerkins lined with skunk for colder places, and india-rubber boots with which to tread the moist, snake-haunted grasses in the jungle. It would mean an awful lot of luggage. Language made the prospect worse. Mr. Lawrence reflected that luggage would compel directions to porters of every color in every conceivable dialect. It would be awful. He remembered a town in Russia which had taken his fancy because of its name, Brzysk. If you could not have an adventure in Brzysk—well, appearances were deceptive. Only any adventure led to complications—coinage. How was he to be supplied with money when he straddled Himalay? Also a thermos would not last for weeks. He would have to be inoculated, too; and Mr. Lawrence shivered at the idea of successive mild attacks of typhoid and enteric, while, of course, he would have to be vaccinated for cholera and the plague. Then there were foreign politics: as Mr. Lawrence complimented himself upon being a Liberal, he would eventually be sent to Siberia—to stay. It was all very terrible, for in an imagination which daily grew more feverish he was knifed in Naples and garroted in Madrid.

You will picture him at last among the traffic of the Edgware Road, nearly finding final adventure among the motor-busses; yet among the motor-busses came the great idea: "In London I can't think. There's too much noise. Hang it all! one can't dash into adventures like this. Adventures are like everything else in life; they've got to be planned out properly." He seriously wondered whether some professional had not written a convenient manual such as "Adventures Made Easy" or "A Hundred Ways of Being Bold and Bad." But the librarian did not understand, so the great idea matured: "I'll go to a nice, quiet place where I can think out my plan. I'll go to—" And, after much reflection, he took a ticket for Folkestone.

Charing Cross was luminous. The sun, shining through the glass roof, made the dirty panes into wings of opal; the bondless trains undulated in and out. Mr. Lawrence was a little late; also he was very slow, for he had bought a heavy, check overcoat with a lot of fluff on it. He carried a fearfully yellow bag with clasps that shone; he wore thick boots, fit for a mountaineer, which hurt him. "But, anyhow, they were jolly new!"

The train was rather full, and he grew hot wondering whether his luggage had been overlooked—that beastly luggage! It was the cause of his being late, for it had taken his weight, that of Mrs. Blasket, and of the maid to close the trunks. He felt it undignified to worry about his luggage, "but, hang it all! you can't set out on adventure without luggage." Besides, he was in the hands of a violent porter and an officious guard who would not let him stop at suitable carriages. He was out of breath, and irretrievably ruffled his scanty hair as he tried to catch his hat on the wing. When he recovered he was in a second-class carriage—the first time in his life. This promotion made him shy, though he wished he had ridden full-tilt for fate and gone first. The train pulled out through the tunnel, and Mr. Lawrence told himself how nice it was to be alone for a couple of hours and be able to plan. Slowly the darkness decreased into twilight, turned into gray dawn; then all was light. He started; he was not alone; with him sat a lady.

For a few moments Mr. Lawrence gazed at this unexpected apparition. He could have sworn she was not there when he got in. Still, he had been practically thrown in by a desperate porter and a guard so officious that he had practically picked Mr. Lawrence's pocket of a shilling, so he could not be quite sure, and, anyhow, wherever she came from, there she was. Mr. Lawrence was afraid of women, and stared at his companion in delicious tremor. This was not his first experience of loneliness with a lady, but then he had not been setting out on adventure. So, thinking himself extremely clever, Mr. Lawrence opened *The Times* as wide as he could, and round one corner watched the lady. She was very wonderful; she did not seem to know he was there. He had full leisure

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to examine her, to tell himself that such a mass of red hair, so round a figure, such a blue coat and skirt, such fawn-topped boots too small for mortal feet, such molding gloves— Yes, it was worth while being thrown neck and crop into Paradise. His heart gave a little flutter, for the gloves were thin, and on the fingers of the left hand he could guess at no rings. She seemed so composed, and was reading a publication he had never seen before—*The Era*. Mr. Lawrence told himself not to be a fool, and settled down to an exciting leader on the gold standard, but through the thick pages of *The Times* he saw only the gold sheen of the lady's hair.

Then, quite suddenly, the lady stretched herself like a kitten, gave a pretty yawn, and for a second looked up. It was terrible; she had green eyes! Green eyes and red hair! No, it was too much like a novel; and Mr. Lawrence, with extreme precipitation, plunged back into the leader on the gold standard. Still the only thing he saw was "green eyes and red hair." At last, with the caution of a frightened rabbit, he peered round the corner of *The Times*. Well, he never! The lady was actually settling down to sleep. He saw her huddle into her corner, and the copper-crowned head slightly incline, while the green eyes veiled, and a soft, almost pathetic droop came into the open, red lips. Time passed, half an hour. She slept soundly, it seemed. Mr. Lawrence guessed her about twenty-five and a little tired of a blatant world.

An indignation arose in him: "Poor little thing; life's been too much for her. No doubt she's never had a man to stand up for her." His chest expanded and he felt muscular. Then a trifle fascinated him. Upon her lap was a very little bag; as the train rattled on the bag jolted up and down and moved always nearer to her knees. With every second Mr. Lawrence grew more fascinated as it slid down and down. What should he do? Prod her? No, that would be vulgar. Could he say, "Your little bag's going to fall off"? But fancy waking her like that! and she so tired and sleepy. The bag went on sliding, and Mr. Lawrence never asked himself why it would matter if the bag fell. Perhaps because it was incongruous that anything of a creature so divine should come to dust. Mr. Lawrence felt impelled to seize the bag while there was time, but fortunately remembered that she would probably think him a thief. Then she moved and the bag fell. . . .

Mr. Lawrence was on his knees, gathering strange little articles the use of which he did not know—a metal tube that showed a stump of red paste, a little, exquisite handkerchief, deliriously scented, some letters in envelopes, a pitifully thin purse, some stamps which had seen life, and an enamel box from which escaped a powder-puff.

The lady stirred, then said: "Oh! thank you so much! How clumsy of me!" She smiled. What a smile! Like a lovely advertisement. Her voice fell like cool dew upon something in Mr. Lawrence's heart that suddenly began to bloom. She smiled, and Mr. Lawrence felt young. All the past came up: the girl at the sweet-shop who always broke up his cocoanut ice, saying, "I only do that for you." And the lady at the house opposite, who brushed out her golden hair without pulling the curtains. And the Queen, whom once he had seen in the park, acknowledging his salute. And the major's daughter at the big hotel in Cornwall, whose eyebrows were black as a raven's wing. They came up, shadows that never had bodies, and stood in heavenly welcoming about her who still smiled her thanks, and then slowly drew over her green eyes the deep curtains of her eyelashes.

It seemed a very long time later. Yet Mr. Lawrence had not yet seen another station fly past. Already they had sped through lives. The lady looked up again, and said: "Would you mind very much opening this window for me? It's so heavy!" In pathetic appeal she raised her small, gloved hands.

Mr. Lawrence stumbled across the carriage, catching his knees in the heavy coat and still keeping a tight grip on the yellow bag. He could only mumble, making ingratiating noises as he awkwardly tugged at the strap. It took a long time to get the window down, and before he had done his whole being was filled with the soft scent of her neighborhood.

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She laughed: "Oh, don't struggle; never mind, if it's too hard."

"It's not too hard," said Mr. Lawrence, making a savage attack to prove his manhood. "Ur—you devil, come on!" he addressed the window. He brushed against her knee, catching his breath, and nearly fell when suddenly the window gave way.

"Thank you so much!" said the lady. "I didn't think anybody could open that. How strong you are!"

"Oh no," said Mr. Lawrence, blushing, trying to pretend he didn't feel like Hercules—"no, not at all; quite a pleasure, I assure you." He had nothing more to say, yet felt he must say something, for this was the minute of Faust when he "cried to the fleeting moment: 'Tarry yet awhile, thou art so beautiful.'" So, with an incredible effort, he said: "One wants a little air. I couldn't have got to Folkestone without."

"Oh!" said the lady. "I'm going to Folkestone, too."

Mr. Lawrence stared at her with round eyes. What an extraordinary coincidence! and in the same train! He again tried to speak, but only managed to mumble, "Holiday?"

The lady drooped a little. "Holiday?" she said. "Oh no, not exactly—"

"Work?" said Mr. Lawrence, gritting his teeth.

"No," said the lady; "worse luck."

Then Mr. Lawrence knew what it was to feel clumsy and brutal; neither work nor holiday; of course, family bereavement. Tactless brute! A warm flood surged up in him; he must apologize at once. "I say," he remarked, "I'm most awfully sorry."

She smiled. "Oh, it 'll be all right by and by; I'll get another job. I'm resting now. But, I say, how awfully clever of you to guess. However did you tell I was in the profesh? 'Course you might have guessed that; but how you could have guessed I was resting—that beats me. You *are* clever!"

Mr. Lawrence shrank away from this false praise, especially as he understood neither "resting" nor the "profesh." But she thought him clever. What balm after forty-four years of mediocrity! It would never do to give himself away, and her praise raised his courage.

"Oh, well, you see," he remarked, vaguely, "just that . . . traveling about the world, you know, one gets a sort of—Oh, well, you know."

"Yes," said the lady, "one does."

"Doesn't one?" said Mr. Lawrence, and for a while the two remained enraptured by mutual discovery.

The lady said: "Yes, I been touring lately. I've never had my chance. We've been doing the C towns lately, and the stage-manager he was that down on me for weeks he cut down my lines every night just to give all the fat to—Well, I'm not spiteful. Oh! I wouldn't advise any girl to go on the stage. If I had my life to begin over again—"

She remained eloquently silent, and Mr. Lawrence understood. So, she was on the stage. For a moment he gazed curiously at this woman who was very like other women, though an actress. No. She was incomparably more charming, and it was terrible to think her ill-used. He felt chivalry grow big in his breast. He leaned toward her.

"Tell me all about it," he said, with inspired courage.

She did. He was made to understand what the "profesh" was; that the "fat" was the best part, and what it meant to tour from the dustiness of one lodging-house in a tiny provincial town to a dingy lodging-house in a tinier provincial town. In rapid glimpses he saw the life of grease paint and footlights, bouquets, admirers, chocolates, notices in the papers, romances, meaningless parts, ugly scenery; he experienced everlasting cold mutton and a general smell of cabbage soup and candle. He found himself murmuring, "Poor little thing! poor little thing!"

She said, "My name's Dolly Vernon."

A heart-stirring name. It overcame his reserve, and in a moment, haltingly, brokenly, leaning on "You see" and "It's like this," Mr. Lawrence had told her—thrown at her feet the golden cargo of his dream galleon. "I want to see the world, to get out under the stars." He stopped; that was rather a good phrase. "I want to get to all the wild life, among the birds and—the monuments of historical interest." (Slight come-down, this.) "Not to be tied up any more; you know what I

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mean. I'm not a rich man, but, well, I ought to be able just to pull along—see all the mountains, you know, and get up at half-past nine."

She nodded. "Oh," she said, "some people have all the luck."

Emotion fumed in Mr. Lawrence's brain. He said, "Young and beautiful as you are." He blushed and half choked.

She shook her head. "Oh, you men! you're all the same. *I* know."

"No! no! not all the same; no, none of us. At least I'm not." She was smiling. His dream still strong upon him, he said: "When I get to Folkestone I'm going to think, think how to get away. I know where I really want to go to, you know—Japan. I've seen pictures at the cinema, with the white hills, and the cherry-blossoms falling on your head as you walk along the paths—rice-fields in the water—and knotty bamboos—and—"

"Pretty girls with black eyes," said Dolly Vernon.

Mr. Lawrence shook his head. Then he did not exactly speak, but something sprang out of him, and it was this: "No, not black eyes, but green eyes."

Dolly Vernon said nothing, looked away as if offended, but a quiet smile played over her full lips.

He went next day to see her at her mother's house. Mrs. Vernon let lodgings when she could. Dolly Vernon occupied the drawing-room floor just then because it was unlet. She had a sideboard just like Mr. Lawrence's, and Dolly Vernon leaned on it with her arms outstretched, like a shimmering butterfly. She thought him a nice little old man, not badly off, and life was very hard. It was she who said "Yes" a second before he asked, "Will you marry me?"

It was two months later. Mr. Lawrence sat in the drawing-room of their little house in Shepherds Bush, not far from his old lodgings, but oh, how different it all was! Dolly had done the furnishing; the drawing-room was like her, papered in white with a pattern of wistaria on a trellis and a frieze of little pink roses. There were cerise curtains; the Brussels carpet was all pattern. The chairs were covered in flowered cretonne, and wore at each corner a blue bow. There were other chairs, too—gilt—but you couldn't sit on those. On the walls were "The Return of Persephone" and a very, very large engraving after Dendy Sadler. But she loved best various Dana Gibsons and their tall embraces. Mr. Lawrence stared at the mantelpiece; there stood a large collection of china dogs and Goss mugs round many ladies in tights and gentlemen in Charles II. ringlets, encased in silver frames, signed "Your old Pal, Dick," or "Yours to a cinder, Mabel de la Pompadour." But he was stirred, for Dolly was irretrievably untidy. She had left her veil on a chair, her gloves on the table, a pretty little silver slipper, forlorn, by the cottage piano, on which they had paid the first instalment.

Mr. Lawrence felt happy and stroked in this feminine atmosphere. How wonderful she was! How wonderful it all was! What an adventure, even if it wasn't in Japan! For a moment he called up the recent memories of the honeymoon. It had almost been what he wanted; no, it had not been quite what he wanted. He would have liked to lead Dolly to the crest of inaccessible rocks and read Byron, or Ella Wheeler Wilcox, or something. And the sky should have been dark and lowering, and the moon would have floated as a pan of molten gold. It would all have been mystical and Edenic. It had not happened quite like that, for Dolly said Cornwall was dull. So they had gone to Brighton for a fortnight, and walked up and down the front in their best clothes: they had listened to a great many bands, seen "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" at the theater, visited all the music-halls, and nearly all the cinemas. They had been driven in a motor, seen the wax-work figures, and been photographed. There had been moments—Mr. Lawrence closed his eyes as he thought of some of them—when Dolly had a headache and curled up, whimpering, in his arms like a hurt child that asks for the place to be kissed and made well. His heart felt unendurably large then; he who wanted tragic Phædra and weeping Andromache

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had followed with delighted but bewildered eyes a dancing sprite that bought picture post-cards and charmed and horrified him by smoking cigarettes in the lounge.

Mr. Lawrence made an effort. This would not do at all; he was forgetting the serious business of the day. He was not here to indulge in sentimental memories; he was here to finish the accounts, and they looked rebellious. Furniture? never mind; he had sold out one of the good old Edinburgh city bonds, but that was capital. The piano was on the instalment system; count it as nothing. So, in his clear, copper-plate writing, he put down: Income, £85. Expenditure: Rent, £38. Rather dear, but then they had a bath-room, and this was the first time Mr. Lawrence owned a bath-room. At Mrs. Blasket's they washed the collie in it. Very annoying. Then there were rates. Difficult to say; oh, make them £10 for luck. The household? Well, Dolly said she could feed them like fighting-cocks for twelve and six a head. Twenty-five shillings a week was £65 a year. Mr. Lawrence made it £70, generously allowing for Christmas and, of course, the anniversary of the wedding. Then there was light and heat. Oh, he supposed a ton of coal would go a long way—say £2 a year. Clothes? He had never spent anything noticeable on clothes. Say nothing for himself—and a woman ought to get a lot of clothes for £15. This item detained him a little while, for he had heard that blouses cost anything up to twelve and six, and that women paid as much as thirty shillings for a hat. He mustn't be mean. Make it £25 a year. He regretted that he could not make it £1,000 a year, and created a vision of a Dolly in ruffles and ribbons and frills, gorgeous silks— But he thought: "What does it matter? Whatever she has on she'll still be Dolly." He was so moved that he raised the allowance to £40. Then, feeling he must do the job thoroughly, Mr. Lawrence put down odds and ends—newspapers, fares, postage-stamps, holidays, doctor, dentist, chemist, front garden, dog license (an old ambition), and pleasure. As he expected to live on love, he reckoned £20 would be enough for pleasure.

Then Mr. Lawrence added up. For a moment he sat incredulous before his figures, his hands and feet quite numb, for this was the balance-sheet he saw:

Expenditure.	Income.
£180.	£85.

He remained staring. Apparently he was going to get into debt at the rate of £95 a year. Something in him shrank. He thought: "I say! what have I let myself in for?" As he thought this a few feathers fell from the wings of the angel of love, hovered awhile, and slowly settled into the dark abyss of memory.

He heard a rustle. Dolly was always prefaced by a rustle. The door opened vigorously, and she came in, loudly singing:

"It ain't all honey and it ain't all jam,
Pushing round the houses a three-wheeled pram . . ."

She clapped both hands over his eyes, reflecting that he was a nice little old man, and there were the cerise curtains, and she hadn't done badly for herself. "Guess who it is!" she cried. As a rule he answered, "Star Eyes," but this time Mr. Lawrence freed himself and looked at her. Was this indeed Dolly? or was she not merely a deficit? She was quick to understand him. "Hallo! what's wrong?" Then she saw the figures and guessed. "Stewing over the ledger? What do you do it for? You're a rich old hunks; that's what you are."

Mr. Lawrence shook his head. "I'm afraid I'm not so rich as I thought."

Dolly turned a little pale. "Storky," she murmured (indeed, such were his legs), "are you hiding anything from me?" He looked at her, miserably. Then, suddenly, unable to face an explanation, he handed her the balance-sheet. With cockney quickness she understood it. "So," she said, and two little white lines formed to the right and left of her tight mouth, "you've only got £85 a year. Well, of all the—" she was going to say "cheek," but remembered that, after all, £85 a year wasn't so bad. Something to look to for a rainy day. She turned to a detail. "You've forgotten the servant." Mr. Lawrence grew self-conscious. Yes, he had forgotten the servant. But she was hitting him

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before he contested. "What do you take me for? Do you think I married you to do the washing up?"

"No, no; of course not," cried Mr. Lawrence. He vaguely felt she might dust the drawing-room, this being his masculine view of household duties. Washing up! Those little hands! With adoration, in which there was some remorse, he suddenly seized one of her hands and kissed it, a haze before his eyes that had not been there since he was twelve.

"Look here," said Dolly, "old cock, we've got to fix things—you and I. We're up a tree."

"Yes," nodded Mr. Lawrence.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Lawrence. "I thought—" He stopped, for he had not thought at all.

Dolly laughed; then, with a negligence that showed she knew what she was doing, she said: "Oh, never mind, Storky. I'll just go round to Bedford Street, and see if I can get an engagement. You can come round touring with me, and meet me at the stage-door every night."

"*What?*" roared Mr. Lawrence. He had never before felt such indignation.

"Well, why not? We'll be like regular love-birds, you and me, and you'll see the world, Plymouth, and Winchester; and, if I get on a bit, that's not the end of it, Storky. I'll be at the Theatre Royal, Manchester; and, tell you what—you'll be my dresser." She stopped as Mr. Lawrence bowed his gray head into his hands. Skilfully, she grew soft. "Storky," she whispered, "what else can we do? You can't go back to your old job in the city." She laid a hand on his shoulder. "Don't take on; I can make a bit for both of us."

A little to her amazement, Mr. Lawrence flung both arms about her and wept on her shoulder, murmuring incoherent words of gratitude. He had practically deceived her—and now she was wanting to keep a man who could not keep her— Oh, it was too much; he wasn't good enough for her.

At last he grew calmer, and Dolly again said, "Storky, what else can we do?"

Mr. Lawrence's face grew rigid. He was rather frightened, but cleared his throat with an effort and said, "I'll look after you, Star Eyes," and in his pain found life unendurably exquisite.

"Lawrence," said Mr. Lowell, "it's very unusual, I must say, very unusual. You leave us with some silly notion in your head, and now you ask me to take you back. Do you think that's the way to treat a firm with whom you've worked all your life?"

"No, sir," said Mr. Lawrence.

"Well, then, I understand you met this lady in the course of your ridiculous escapade. If you'd known her before, well, I—I'm a man of the world, I could have understood it. But where you're not like most men, Lawrence, is that you became a lunatic first and married after, instead of beginning by marriage and the usual consequences following."

Mr. Lawrence stared at him as if he did not understand, and added, "I wish you'd give me another chance, sir."

Mr. Lowell reflected that the junior clerk whom he had given Mr. Lawrence's post was not shaping at all well, and that Mr. Lawrence knew his job, such as it was. Also that his wages were very low. So he decided to be generous. "All right," he said, "and don't let it happen again."

Next morning, just after breakfast, something inside Mr. Lawrence (not his soul) told him that it was ten minutes past nine. It was the fall of the year; the summer was heavy with its own death; already dry leaves rolled along the pavement. Mr. Lawrence looked up at the broad office front that he had forsaken for such a little while to plunge into dreamland. He thought of Dolly in Shepherds Bush, sitting at the piano on which he had now paid the second instalment. Only ten more. Before his eyes floated the phantom of her loveliness. What had he to complain of? An exultation filled him. Was he not the most fortunate man in the world? —not poor in money, and so rich in love. Had not fate been very generous, after all?

As he mounted the steps of the office he thought, "But still, it ought to have been in Japan."

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

THE human predicament, as Mark Twain sees it in his wonderful story of *The Mysterious Stranger*, is such as apparently to turn our beloved humorist to a satirist without hope and without faith. The old tenderness for suffering, the old indignation with wrong is there. He is still at his best in these, but the laughter has died out of it all. He cannot promise himself or us any escape from the infamies and atrocities which form our conditioning here, as he could in the story of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*. There will never be another like him as he used to be when he gave us our primacy in humor throughout the world, but we cannot believe this without some endeavor to escape from the drear conclusion and to see what is still left of the riches which once rejoiced us. We have so abounded in those who laughed and made us laugh that we might well have imagined there could be no end to them, but could not there be?

The satirists have always abounded everywhere, but the humorists have always been comparatively few even in America, and they seem to be growing fewer, especially those humorists who have been chief among our civilizers, and have enabled us to laugh when we felt more like crying. We will own that there have been times when we were afraid they were carrying their respective jokes too far and had better not have made us laugh so much, but now we find ourselves of a different mind, and we can only wish that their line may never end. If we are tempted to repine at the loss of the greatest of all our humorists, we may recall that he was greatest among the great. The lesser lights of the firmament where he still shines from the past are almost nebulous for multitude, but we are not going to train our binocular on that quarter of the sky where they more faintly glow. That would be as idle as to distinguish among the politicians who joked away the night when Lincoln smiled through his tears, but each of those minor wits enriched our life in his little hour. No least Danbury News Man but added to the gaiety of our nation and helped us up the path which has climbed under us to such heights of humanity as we have won. Songs and sermons have been forgotten, but some pleasantry which those kindly fellow-men lodged in our memory keeps their names sweet and dear. We would not undervalue them, though we cannot rejoice in them now so much as we could when every citizen put up his stove in the fall and struggled with the joints and elbows of its pipe. Bill Nye, Josh Billings, Petroleum V. Nasby were not of "the lights that did mislead the dawn" of their days. They were true astral bodies, though they made us sorry sometimes when they meant to make us glad. They were of the genuine American strain, and, while they overworked their bad spelling in the genial cause, their will was always good. They were not to blame if some of their readers could not distinguish between their handwork and the art that gave us Hosea Biglow. Most people of a little earlier day than theirs preferred John G. Saxe to Oliver Wendell Holmes, though this saying is not quite fair to Saxe. He was a true humorist and, if not of the finest, he is worthy of something much better than oblivion, or, at least, lasting oblivion. But none of those other humorists was of such universal appeal as the sort we mean. If we were driven to specify which sort we mean, we must name as the earliest of our national humorists that Artemus Ward who became international in the motherland where he died. No other jester of ours has rivaled

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him there except the humorist who at first followed in his steps and then so immeasurably surpassed him. Mark Twain came so soon after Artemus Ward that most of us have forgotten, if the most of us ever knew, how small the interval was between them; but the interval was wide enough for the delicate shimmer of Charles Dudley Warner's playfulness. While the sunburst of Mark Twain's glory filled the sky it did not eclipse the meteoric splendor of Bret Harte's sudden apparition, or the brilliancy of John Hay flashing out in the *Pike County Ballads*, and so soon fading and failing after it emerged from the anonymity he loved.

Our wit, like our weather, formed the habit of coming first from the farther West, and we learned to look to the horizons of the sunset for the glories of the sunrise. It was an effect of that disorientation in which the points of the compass subjectively change places. But at the first, it was not always the custom for the sun of our humor to rise in the West. In the very beginning, in fact, it rose in the East, in the far East, in the extra-continental East beyond the Down East, where it was American by the descent from the loyalists who fled from New England before the triumph of our Rebellion. There they took refuge from their brothers beyond the skirts of our stepmother country; and there, in no long time after, was born the Nova-Scotian American, Haliburton, who created the first great Yankee type known to literature, in *The Connecticut Clock Peddler*, "Sam Slick of Slickville." His figure dominated our sense of fun for generations, until a more genuine expression of the New England spirit deposed it. This is still the best, the very best of American humor, and we say this with a full sense of the debt we owe to the humor of the West. No one yet, not even Mark Twain himself, has equaled its author in the humanity which inspired it and the allegiance to the truth which it avouched.

Of course, it surpasses all other humor of ours in beauty of form. *The Biglow Papers* remain the classic they instantly became, and they will continue supreme as the best expression of Yankee character, with nothing false in nature or parlance, studied from the life and governed by an ideal of the best that can be imagined of America. From the height of it, in what followed there must be a descent, but for the very reason that Lowell and Mark Twain have been in the past, we can trust the future for the like of them.

Mr. Finley Peter Dunn no longer strikes the single string which he long "made discourse such eloquent music" in the accents of Mr. Dooley, and there is no one but Mr. George Ade worthy to be named in the same breath with those master humorists. No one else has known how to interpret America to itself in certain phases with such unfailing security of touch to such perfectly satisfying effect, and we must not think this effect is cheap and common because the material it works is so. A masterpiece is a masterpiece, and mastery resides in the quality of the doing and not the material of it. There are three or four little books of Mr. Ade's which we may name, in the order of our acquaintance with him, as *Artie*, *Pink Marsh*, *Doc' Horne*, and *In Babel*, with the feeling that they cannot be surpassed by any like group in any modern language, though we must, of course, leave the treasures of the indented tile, the papyrus, and the palimpsest to the judgment of the ancients who may dispute the unsparing satisfaction which we feel in the beauty of these intaglios. The *Fables in Slang*, which followed Mr. Ade's earlier Chicago studies, are true histories of life, but they are not the fulfilment of the promise which these gave, and which remain the author's hostages to criticism. "Pink Marsh" is the sort of darky in whom the North has recognized the abiding lovableness of his race, and "Doc' Horne" among his associate dwellers in the Alfalfa Hotel is a figure which, if it were dug up ages hence out of the Chicago River, would be unerringly known for a type of American as the Civil War period formed him. Among the sketches put together under the name of *In Babel*, from the newspaper where they were thrown out from day to day, there are things of such perfect temperament that we should not know where to match

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them except in Miss Edith Wyatt's group of Chicago studies which she calls *Everyone His Own Way*. We are always praising these, if the least chance offers, but if we name it here, in speaking of Mr. Ade's kindred work, it is not to praise them less. The work of both has the property of being less character study than type study; or, if we can be more explicit, the characters instantly fix themselves in the mind as types. The figures there vitalized are shown as simply and directly and without effort to justify the use of the material as if they were native to literature, as if they were Londoners or Parisians, or even New-Yorkers; and the contribution to literature is the democratic quality which they express, and which one feels, say, in Mr. Henry B. Fuller's Chicago novel, *With the Procession*.

There is one of the slight pieces in the group called *In Babel* which we would like to distinguish as the most courageous reach of this spirit. In "Effie Whittelsey" no American worthy of his birthright can fail to feel a thrill of pride in the higher citizenship which it divines. There are only three people in the sketch—the girl Effie, who came up from the country town of Brainard to find a servant's place in Chicago, and her mistress who was "related to the Twombleys of Baltimore," and this lady's husband who used to go to school with Effie in Brainard and shared with her the simple life common to all small-town children. The drama is merely the mutual recognition of the fellow-villagers across the table where Effie has come in from the kitchen to serve dinner to Wallace and his wife, and they involuntarily recall the plebeian past in the neighborhood names they bore in Brainard. They become Effie and Ed, and Mrs. Wallace becomes "faint from loss of pride," but returns to joy in her husband after he has visited Effie in the kitchen and arranged with her to leave their service and go back to Brainard at his expense and indefinitely visit friends there. The thing that seems impossible is the only possible thing, for it is the human thing, and Wallace escapes being a cruel snob and a vile recreant. The whole affair is as beautiful as it is true, and all the pieces in the book are of a sort to make the reader rejoice in the author as the hope of a supreme humorist whose first quality must be humanity.

It is this quality which enriches everything we get from our beloved Uncle Walt Mason, who gives us day by day a true poem in the guise of prose, when so many others are giving us true prose in the guise of poetry, as they call their *vers libre*. He may not be James Whitcomb Riley, as Mr. Ade may not be Mark Twain or Lowell, but who would have them other than they are when they are so sufficing as themselves? We might be very tired of them if they were not themselves, but as it is, we feel that we could never tire of them. Uncle Walt survives so vigorously, and promises the long life we hoped from another Kansan genius who called himself Ironquill, and was of as kind and generous make, but fell silent long before he ceased to be. What, indeed, is the secret of long breath in any artist? We are eager to overpraise the early lost; but Shakespeare was of elements not less precious than Keats, though he died twice as old, and Titian was as masterly as Raphael, though he painted on into his nineties and Raphael died young. All we can say is that we hope any given humorist of ours will live out the greatest length of days and not stop joking before he dies.

We need every moment of his threescore years and ten to keep us sane and kind, and we cannot be satisfied with a stinted measure of time for him. When he begins unsurpassably to delight the world, our national pride as well as our human need is bound up in his continuance. Possibly we are going from bad to worse as we have always been; but we think we have been kept from the worst by the humorist's smile, not by the satirist's frown. Other races, other lands abound in songs and sermons, but we have sent our laughter over the world to save it alive more than anything else could.

Our earlier humorists brought us the spirit of the Far West, and have left the inspiration of its sunrise in the Middle West where the eastern sunset has faded into it. The poetry, the impassioned humanity of Hosea Biglow must remain classic, the novel form and

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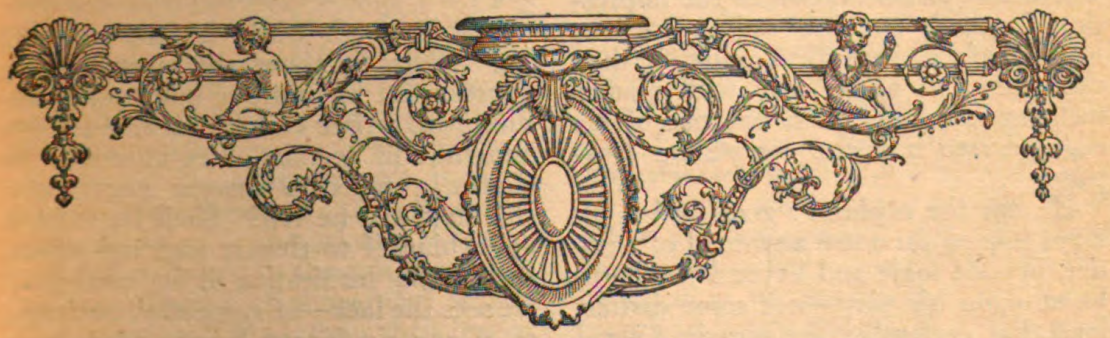
the liberal wit of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* must remain classic, too. Whatever other excellence there may be, the excellence of these can never be less, but they have limitations which must keep them short of the universal effect of Western humor. They grew out of a civilization which, if perfect, had the defect of the quality inherent in all perfected things. If New England is passing, or has passed into the United States, still it has passed, though it has become one of many forces shaping the national life.

The beauty of New England humor at its best is ideal, but there is something a little forbidding in the beauty which has crystallized into an ideal. When the humor of *The Biglow Papers* and the wit of *The Autocrat* were new, they were vibrant with actuality. They expressed the hour and the man with excellent truth, but there is something in actuality inimical to longevity. The truth remains in it, but the life is gone.

The Far-Western humor came East in huge, number eleven boots, but there was something in its rude plunge which woke the sense of brotherhood in whoever heard it. It had somehow come to stay, and it has stayed in the Middle West; but in Chicago the refining grace of the New England spirit also abides from its first coming. East and West have met there in the humor of Mr. Ade, whose democracy seems instinctive, and who apparently cannot help choosing the best phrase for the aspect of the life he wishes us to realize. His *Fables in Slang* have this inspiration; they have established his universality and they must be very broad-based to stand so level with the common perception and acceptance.

His humor is not only a far advance upon the earlier Western humor in material, but it is a reversion to the still earlier humor of the East in refinement of form. His joke is not the huge joke of the frontier, with the heroic outlaw, the magnanimous desperado, the self-sacrificing gambler, and their womenkind, and whatever was grotesque in the struggle of outlawry with order. These had already lapsed through time, if not through taste. To the romantic magazinists and their readers, the prey of Mr. Ade's keen wit is the eternal snob, man, woman, and girl (rather especially girl), and he seizes these in their infinite variety as he finds them in a metropolis striving for alien worldliness with the persistent consciousness of its heart, of the farm, the village, the country town where it was native. He visits these origins with the same unsparing vision and poses their types against the background of our kind American commonness with a sense of the reason of things, pervasive almost to compassion. His portrayal of life is almost absolute in its perfection; each of his *Fables in Slang* is a little human comedy, brief as a moment of the film and as true to the conditioning as any drama rehearsed in the street for the moving picture. If his talent too easily contents itself with perfection in the things which cannot be his greatest things, still it is a talent unrivaled in its sort, and through it alone he keeps unbroken the high succession of our master humorist.



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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

YOUNG writers of fiction, modestly conscious of immaturity—perhaps not confidently, but yet beseechingly—often look to editors for helpful advice and criticism. "If my story does not meet your approval, kindly tell me why."

These writers are not quite aware of what they are asking. To be sure, they are showing examples of their work. They might have been utterly baffling if they had inquired beforehand, without such an exhibit, what kind of story the editor wants. We have had even those purveyors of manuscripts known as "literary agents" ask this inept question, with a view to actually printing the answers of several representative editors for the guidance of their customers.

It is easier, of course, for an editor to say why stories submitted have been declined. But, excluding those obviously worthless and promptly dismissible by a competent reader, without ever reaching the eye of the editor, and taking account of only those which merit his careful attention, a considerable proportion of these, whether they succeed or fail, do not yield to any definitive analysis. As we have often said in the Study, the editorial habit in reading is not primarily or willingly critical; it is rather that of voluntary submission. The editor yields himself to the impression created by the writer, as the readers of his periodical must, if they ever see it in print, only with readier inclination on his part, because of his eagerness to find the compelling creation.

He has the explorer's zest, and is always hoping for some new field of wonder, beyond logic and beyond words, to burst upon his view—not some distant land, but preferably the surprise lodged in familiar things. How could he beforehand have defined what he wanted, when the want itself is for the first time disclosed by that which meets it? And how could he have told those aspiring young writers after what fashion to create?

It is needless to say that the supreme surprise is not an every-day affair. Nor, in the case of so exalted a type of creative imagination, is the full disclosure made in the first offerings of the most promising of new writers. Here the editor is a Columbus to whom are wafted only the airs from the unseen shores of a new world. How faint a suggestion of Thomas Hardy's later work was given in *A Pair of Blue Eyes!* But if the beginning writer's promise, though too dim to serve as a firm basis for prophecy or even for acceptance, is discerned by the sympathetic editor, the appreciation is pretty sure of its reward.

Be the kind or degree of creative power what it may, as felt by the editor who, accepting or declining, gives an encouraging response, this is more likely to convey his impressions than any directly helpful advice or definite critical estimate. The best of real criticism must itself be creative. Formal criticism is applicable only to the perfunctory effort, which may not be worth even that.

"Is it worth while for me to keep on?" That is about the most baffling question an industrious but as yet unsuccessful writer can put to an editor—one that in certain cases it would be almost a relief to answer negatively. But how can he tell? Shall he take it upon himself to thwart aspirant effort, though no inspiration is in evidence? He sees the lack—of sympathy, perhaps, or of any significant human interest in the writer's past offerings, or it may be of a wide enough appeal, and probably

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he has already pointed it out, frankly and explicitly enough. It is not possible for him to go further and by positive helpfulness remedy the defect; he cannot transform the writer's sensibility and change his whole attitude toward life. This writer must be born again, his soul reclaiming him; but this can happen to him only if he persists in his aspirant effort.

Doubtless many of our readers who solicitously desire to enter upon a literary career ask themselves why an editorial department like this Study does not directly give them leading suggestions in the line of their aspirations, but so unkindly leaves them to nurse their own solicitudes. The writer of the Study has been far from indifferent to this silent appeal, but when his thoughts have turned that way he has been confronted by the utter futility of the attempt to give them practical form. Perhaps what he has just been saying affords an explanation, since acting in an editorial capacity, where the appeal has become articulate in connection with contributions actually submitted, he has found it difficult to be more than negatively suggestive. How much more difficult out of the air to meet the unvoiced but felt appeal!

If the young writer attempting fiction wishes to contribute to periodicals, it might be of use to him if he could be shown what short stories seem especially desirable to different classes of weekly and monthly publications. The writer can best find out for himself by actual observation and by his own intuitive impressions rather than through any definite classification—if that were possible—made out for him. It is in published material apart from fiction that obvious variations are most discernible, owing to the different audiences sought. When a publication aims at a range of popularity inconsistent with judicious selection, the fiction as well as other matter will be of a sensational character, and fail to appeal to the cultivated taste and intelligence of thoughtful readers. The stories will depend for their interest upon striking incident and eccentricities of idiom and situation rather than upon fidelity to life or genuine characterization.

In the comparatively few periodicals willing to sacrifice indiscriminate popularity, not to academic standards necessarily, but at least to a natural scheme of excellence, and trusting to the expansion of a real culture for its prosperity, the variations in fiction are not fixed, but dependent upon the individual creator. For the literary aspirant who cares more for the worth of his work than for merely commercial success, such periodicals will best reward careful study. He will at once see that writers of developed power do not aim at accommodation to publications or to audiences, but that their appeal is based on their developed sensibilities, and that they are inimitable, save perhaps in certain unessential traits.

It is worth the aspirant's while, also, to read contemporary fiction and short stories of eminent writers collected in book form. It is presumed that he has received or by patient effort acquired an elementary education, even if so soon forced into a vocation as to preclude his entering upon a university course. But by extensive reading that includes the expression of the best that has been thought and creatively imagined in the past as well as in the present, he may attain to a humanistic culture more liberal in a general sense than is reached by the majority of university graduates. The close attention to books has its perils in possibly too rigid seclusion or in the too ready adoption of past models, but to a flexible and expansive sensibility the advantages are incalculable.

The reading of the autobiographies of authors who have most impressed the readers of our own time is especially helpful to our young writers. Above all, we should recommend Howells's *Years of My Youth*, most fascinating to every appreciative reader, which, while it is so largely a disclosure of pioneer life in Ohio two generations ago, yet shows very suggestively what, through the reaction of his sensitively sympathetic youth to family and social environment, was his preparation for the distinctive literary career of which he had already

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given us a record in the recollections of his maturer life.

We see how the limitations imposed by outward circumstance contributed to an intensive culture, in a kind of seclusion open on all sides—to reflections of the immediate scene and to vistas of the past. But, even when he took up his residence in our Eastern cities and through travel multiplied his European contacts and impressions, still the immediate scene, in poem, essay, or story remained always primary, and into whatever area it opened—for it was never confining—it was into that of deeply impressionable sensibility and sympathetic reflection. His individual culture continued to be intensive, as Wordsworth's was in poetry. All artists in literature—even Thomas Hardy in his Wessex novels—start also from the immediate scene, and, whatever departures they make, instinctively revert to it. But, unlike other artists, Howells, while he may in a few instances change the scene, never departs from the immediacy. He is not, as so many writers are, allusive, as the result of generalizations. Instead of allusiveness, his intensive culture gives him in his creations a genetic specialization, as in a physiological organism, his psychical sense and faculty following a law which holds as closely to kinships as any biological sequence.

It is because he stands alone among living writers as a wholly consistent realist, after this genetic plan, that he is worthy of careful and sympathetic study by all who come to be in love with a literary art that has its genesis in poetry. This would not hold good if he were not, *par excellence*, a humanist, after his own natural manner. So he comes into comparison with other humanists who write fiction; and here is another field for study, fruitful to writers at any stage of their progress. Howells himself has, of course, been impressed by methods of other distinguished writers so alien to his own, being himself a most catholic critic.

Thus, in an article in the December number of *The North American Review*, we find him making the distinction between "intensive" and "extensive" fiction, though it is characteristic of him that he makes it suggestively as a "conjecture," as if fearful of confining reality within a term. At first he seems to be drawing the line between intensive fiction—of which he finds examples in writers varying as widely as from Hawthorne to Tarkington and especially in women novelists, past and present—and simply "the vast and wandering field of romance." He contrasts the wonderful harvests from the very limited area cultivated by the former with the many-acred yield of the latter. But as he goes on, he includes other than the romanticists in the field of extensive fiction, and concludes: "Perhaps if I were to be very, very candid I might own that the greatest fictions are of the extensive method." Perhaps he recalled the example of Thomas Hardy, who, though a creative realist, and showing a distinct predilection for the limited area of intensive fiction, is of the extensive method. Howells is handicapped for a full treatment of his subject, in that he may not treat his own fiction. With his pre-eminently intensive culture he has an expansiveness that is quite different from Hardy's and that points more to the future of fiction than the work of any other master.

We mean that he is the unique and most integral example of the tendency, since the middle of the last century, toward realism in literature, following the genetic method, as we have already suggested. His culture, due to contacts with life and with the best that has been thought and imagined in the past, is never nakedly exposed; it is absorbed into the sense and power which give realization to his creations.

It is in dealing with the main currents and tendencies of literature rather than with suggestions bearing directly upon a literary career that we have hoped to be most helpful to beginning writers in the Study, and, at the same time, of interest to all our readers. Since literature has come into such intimacy with life that all our vital contacts and relationships are concerned in the consideration, the field is inexhaustible.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

The Origin of Species

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

THE great god Mumbo Jumbo,
Big chief, or "Bwana Tumbo"
Of Africa, evolved—no matter when—
Some anthropoidal creatures
Alike in form and features,
Yet some of them were Monkeys, some were Men.

So all the lake and wood gods,
Both naughty gods and good gods,
And fetishes of high and low degree,
Protested, "Mighty Brother,
We can't tell which from t'other!"
But Mumbo Jumbo chuckled, "Wait and see!"

He next, with shrewd intentions,
Produced some quaint inventions
And scattered them about the hills and dales—
Contraptions lithe and sightly
That dictionaries brightly
Describe as "caudal processes" or "tails."

The Creatures, who, as stated,
Had lately been created,

MUMBO JUMBO CHUCKLED, "WAIT AND SEE!"

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THOSE TAILS ARE FIXED MORE TIGHTLY THAN HATCHET-HEADS ARE FITTED ONTO HELVES

Adopted lives on wholly different planes.
With High Ambition fired,
One-half of them Aspired;
They scorned those foolish Tails and used their Brains.

They spent their time in fighting,
In art, and picture-writing,
In bungling things and trying them again,
In liking and in loathing,
In making love and clothing,
In doing all they could—so these were Men.

The other half were sportive;
With enterprise abortive
They pilfered nuts and ran away and hid;
They gamboled, frisked, and chattered
Of Things that Hardly Mattered,
And idly mocked what other people did.

Now, one of these, espying
A Tail—the edifying
Device of Mumbo Jumbo—on a thorn,
Purloined it, wagged it, switched it,
And ultimately hitched it
Behind himself—where tails are being worn.

Then all his futile nation
In eager imitation
With tails bedecked their persons, great and small.
'Twas lots of fun to flop them;—
But when they tried to drop them.
They found they couldn't get them off at all!

Those tails, that they so lightly
Assumed, are fixed more tightly
Than hatchet-heads are fitted onto helves;
And that's what makes them Monkeys—
Which serves 'em right, the donkeys!
For having made such monkeys of themselves!

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The Moonlight Sonata

ANNOYED GUEST: "*Sh-h-h-h! Don't applaud yet, madam! He's only half finished.*"
CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE: "*I'm not applauding; I'm trying to catch this moth.*"

An Old Acquaintance

WHILE visiting the Zoo in Washington, a little girl saw a great white bird standing on one leg in a cage. She threw in a piece of candy; the bird gobbled it up eagerly, and thrust its head through the wire for more.

Presently the child's mother came along.

"Mother," cried the youngster. "See here! What kind of a bird is this?"

The mother pointed to the sign on the cage, which read, "The Stork."

"The stork!" cried the child, enthusiastically. "Oh, mother, do you know, he actually recognized me!"

A Strategist

TWICE, as the 'bus slowly wended its way up the steep Cumberland Gap, the door at the rear opened and slammed. At first those inside paid little heed, but the third time they demanded to know why they should be disturbed in this fashion.

"Whist!" cautioned the driver. "Don't spake so loud; she'll overhear us."

"Who?"

"The mare. Spake low! Shure Oi'm desavin' th' crayture! Everry toime she 'ears th' door close she thinks wan o' yez is gettin' down ter walk up th' hill, an' that sort o' raises her sperrits."

Free Speech

AN old negro woman had lived with a certain family in the South for many years. One day her mistress had occasion to reprimand her quite sharply for something that had gone wrong. The negress said nothing at the time, but a little later her voice could be heard in the kitchen in shrill vituperation of everything and everybody, with a rattling accompaniment of pans and kettles. So loud became the clamor and so vindictive the exclamations that Mrs. C. went hurriedly down to the kitchen.

"Why, 'Liza," she began, in amazement, "who on earth are you talking to?"

"I ain't talkin' to nobody," the old negress replied, "but I don't keer who in dis house hyars me!"

Living Up to His Name

WHEN the train stopped at an inland Virginia station the Northern tourist sauntered out on the platform. Beneath a tall pine stood a lean animal with scraggy bristles. The tourist was interested.

"What do you call that?" he queried of a lanky "cracker."

"Razorback hawg."

"Well, what is he doing rubbing against that tree?"

"He's stropping himself, mister; jest stropping himself."

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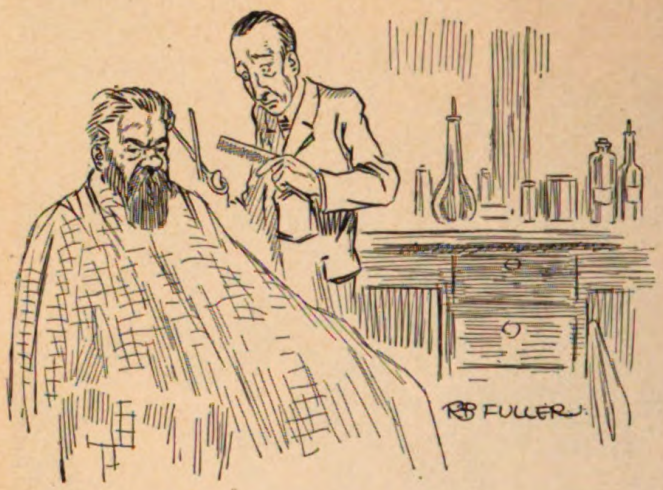

"*Barber, cut both short!*"
"*Yes, sir; hair and beard, sir?*"
"*No. Hair and conversation!*"

The Best Definition

IT was a first-grade language class, and the subject was, "The Horse."

"What is a horse?" asked the teacher.

"An animal," said one. "A steed," said another. "It has four legs and a tail," said a third.

"But," said the teacher, "suppose I were a little Eskimo boy who had never seen a horse. How would you describe a horse so that I could tell it from any other animal?"

Again they struggled to express themselves, when Elmer, who was growing weary of the subject, spoke up:

"Oh, gee! I'd say, 'Come on out here and I'll show you a horse.'"

A Long Drought

A WESTERN Congressman, in discussing the droughts that sometimes afflict his State, tells this story:

"One day some one asked an old farmer, 'How would you like to see it rain?'

"'I don't care about it myself,' said the old man, 'but I've got a boy six years old who would like to see it rain.'"

Reducing the High Cost of Living

THE Congressman had received ten applications for pea seed from one constituent, and when the eleventh came he wrote:

"I am sending you the seeds, but what in Heaven's name are you doing with so much pea seed? Are you planting the whole State with peas?"

"No," came back the answer, "we are not planting them at all. We are using them for soup."

Realizing His Own Importance

LOUIS is the only boy, not only in the immediate family, but also in the collateral branches. One night at his nurse's knee, he said his prayers aloud:

"'Now I lay me down to sleep.
I pray the Lord my soul to keep.
If I should die—"

Pausing, he reflected a moment, and then broke out:

"Golly! Wouldn't there be a row in this family if that 'u'd happen!"

An Embarrassing Sermon

IN one of the mining towns of Arizona there is a church that has an excellent young pastor, but the attendance, unfortunately, is small. Among the members is a rather attractive young widow. One evening, when the attendance had been unusually small, she met the deacon after service, who shook hands heartily and asked:

"How did you like the sermon?"

"I think it was just too perfectly lovely for anything," gushed the widow, "but the congregation was so small to-night that every time the preacher said 'dearly beloved' I positively blushed."

Political Genealogy

AN Irishman in Boston may not have had the best of reasons for his political faith, but he certainly had enough quickness of wit to compensate for that deficiency.

Some Republican political workers were trying to get him to vote their ticket, but he persistently refused on the ground that he was a Democrat.

"But why are you a Democrat?" he was asked.

"Well, me father was a Dimocrat, and me grandfather was a Dimocrat—"

"But what difference does that make? Suppose your father was a thief, and your grandfather was a thief? What would you be, then?"

The Irishman's eyes twinkled. "Faith, I'm thinkin' I'd be a Raypooblican!"

An Honest Label

A CYNICAL-MINDED gentleman was standing in front of an exhibition of local art talent labeled, "Art Objects."

"Well," he announced to the attendant in charge, "I should think Art would object, and I can't say that I blame her."

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Cause for Commotion

A MINISTER, spending his vacation in the north of Ireland, was out walking, and, feeling thirsty, called at a farmhouse for a drink of milk. The farmer's wife gave him a bowl of milk, and while he was quenching his thirst a number of pigs gathered round him. The minister, thinking that the pigs were acting in a rather unsual manner, asked:

"My good lady, why are the pigs so excited?"

The farmer's wife replied, "Sure, it's no wonder they are excited, sir, for it's their own little bowl you are drinkin' out of."

An Apt Pupil

TOMMY, on being asked to define a simile, could not answer.

"Well," said the teacher, "if you said, 'My hours at school are bright as sunshine,' what figure of speech would that be?"

Whereupon Tommy quickly answered, "Irony."

Making a Virtue of It

PAUL'S father had been trying to inculcate in his young son a sense of chivalry toward his little sister, with the injunction, "Ladies first always, Paul."

The boy inwardly resented what seemed to him an injustice in this preference, but his opportunity to turn it to advantage came.

Toward evening one day their mother sent the children on an errand to the cellar. The door, opening upon the dark, abysmal regions below, had its usual effect upon small children. But the boy was reluctant to admit his fear. Turning to his sister, and holding open the door, he said, suavely:

"Ladies first, Louise!"

An Unjust Stigma

A MATTER-OF-FACT mind like Mrs. Moody's is a comfort to the person who has it, and a never-ending delight to the person's friends.

"I suppose you went to bed with the chickens while you were staying on the farm this summer," said one of the neighbors.

"No, indeed!" replied Mrs. Moody, with much dignity. "They were very neat, quiet people, and the chickens slept somewhere at the back of the house."

A Lesson In Grammar

GRACE'S uncle met her on the street one spring day and asked her whether she was going out with a picnic party from her school.

"No," replied his eight-year-old niece, "I ain't going."

"My dear," said the uncle, "you must not say, 'I ain't going.' You must say, 'I am not going.'" And he proceeded to give her a little lesson in grammar: "'You are not going. He is not going. We are not going. You are not going. They are not going.' Now, can you say all that?"

"Sure I can," responded Grace, heartily. "There ain't nobody going."

According to the Text

A MARYLAND father, wishing to test the generosity of his son, gave the boy a quarter and a cent as he was starting off to church.

"You can put whichever you please in the contribution-box," he told him.

Curious to learn which coin the lad had given, his father questioned him on his return.

"Well, Dad," said the boy, "it was this way: The preacher said the Lord loved a cheerful giver, and I knew I could give a penny a good deal more cheerfully than I could a quarter, so I put the penny in."

MOTHER: "*What's the matter with baby?*"
SON: "*Nothing; I was only makin' him smile with the glove-stretcher*"

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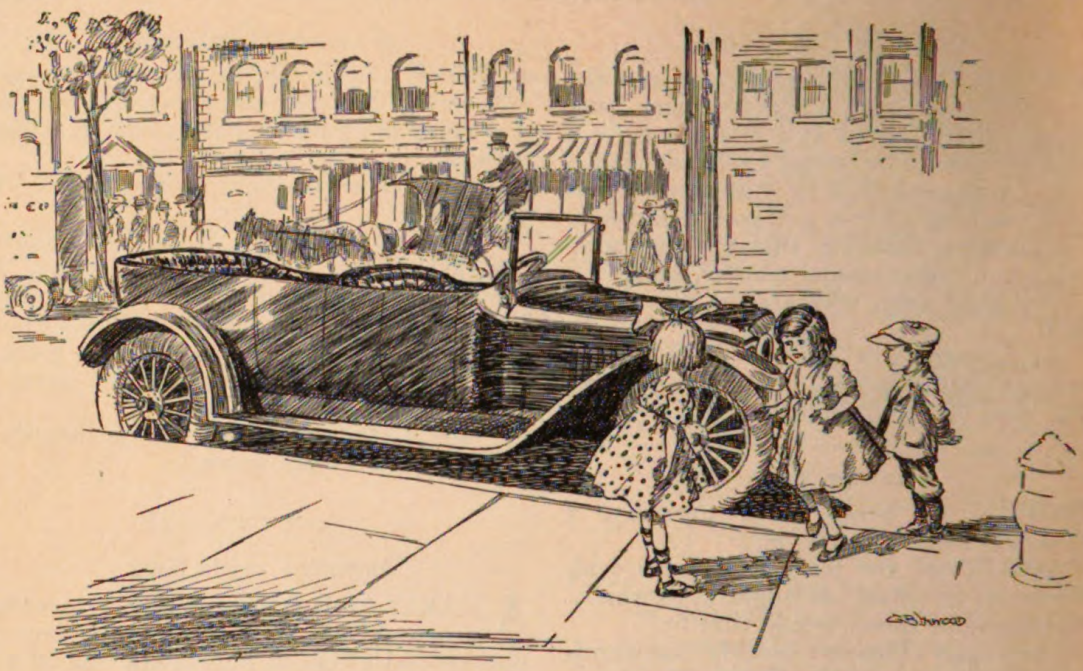

"Oh, Mayme, if we're good to him, Jimmie says he's goin' to give us the second ride in this automobile he's wishin' he owned!"

Nouveau Riche

IT was the first week that the Smiths, who had fallen heir to considerable property, had been in their new home. Mrs. Smith was giving a dinner party, with the fond hope that from this occasion she would be fairly launched in society.

"Lena," said Mrs. Smith, to her new cook, "be sure to mash the peas thoroughly tonight."

"What, ma'am?" exclaimed the amazed cook. "Mash the peas?"

"Yes, that is what I said, Lena, mash the peas," repeated the mistress. "It makes Mr. Smith very nervous at dinner to have them roll off his knife."

The Interpreter

JOHN McINTOSH and his daughter Janet, from Canada, visited relatives in Detroit recently. Day after day Janet and her father went sight-seeing, always together.

The girl's aunt, noticing this one day, suggested that she let her father go down-town alone occasionally, and added, jokingly, "Men do not like to have women always tagging along."

"Ay, ahntie, but he wahnts me," explained Janet, earnestly. "He canna thole to stir oot o' the hoose his lane. Ye wadna believe hoo fasht he is onywhere wi'oot me. Ye see, faither taa'ks sic braid Scoatch that stranger folk dinna ken what it's aboot, an' I hae tae gang wi' him tae dae the converrsin'."

Lapsus Linguæ

THE ceremonies attending the recent inauguration of a new president at one of our oldest colleges put a heavy strain upon academic dignity. The old president had been an administrative disappointment. Rumor spread disquieting doubts as to the qualifications of the new president.

The new president had made his speech. The Governor of the State then rose to his feet. Throwing out the gubernatorial chest, and glancing at his bulky manuscript, he began:

"Fellow Alumni, ladies and gentlemen: We are gathered here to-day to celebrate another millstone in the history of our Alma Mater."

A Well-known Town

GEOGRAPHY can be made a very interesting study for the youthful mind. That is the view of at least one English teacher who endeavors to train the child mind on novel lines.

One day she took France as the subject of the lesson, and started off with the question:

"Now in this terrible war, who is our principal ally?"

"France," came in a chorus from the eager youngsters.

"Quite right," she beamed. "And now can any of you give me the name of a town in France?"

"Somewhere!" shouted one small boy, promptly.

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An Unanswerable Defense

LITTLE Fred had recently taken up the study of physiology, which he found so interesting that he was eager to apply its teachings in the home. Particularly as regarded the daily food, Fred was inclined to condemn or approve, uncompromisingly, from his physiological standard.

One evening Mrs. M. was serving some fresh apple cider, when Fred's uncle jokingly said, "How about this cider being good for us, Fred?"

Master Fred, looking very serious, replied, "I don't think it is very good for us, Uncle Ray, for our Physiology says cider contains ten per cent. alcohol."

"Is that so?" said Uncle Ray. "Well, how can you explain the case of our neighbor, Mr. Franklin, who raised a great many apples, made cider by the barrel, and all his life drank quantities of it and yet lived to be ninety-four years old?"

Little Fred felt his pet study was being severely assailed, and it was up to him to defend it with a clinching argument, so, with quivering lips, he stammered, "Well, I—I'll—bet he wasn't very healthy when he died."

One Difficulty Overcome

WHEN Jimmy Wallace announced that he was going to give up barbering and study dentistry, every one in the village had some comment to make upon it, pro or con.

"Wal, Jimmy," contributed his uncle Si, after due cogitation, "it 'll be about th' easiest thing y' can take up, next t' barberin', I reckon, 'cause y' already know how t' work th' chair."

Financial Backing

THE teacher was reading a description of Columbus's first voyage to America to her class in the primary grade.

"'Queen Isabella sold her gems to help Columbus,'" read the teacher. "Now who can tell me what gems are?"

Jimmy Moore, quick to anticipate the other pupils, cried out:

"Biscuits!"

Doubtful Praise

WILLIAM HENRY had become greatly puffed up over the fact that his wife was telling the neighbors that she had a model husband. He bored the boys in the office about it until one of them called him to one side and suggested that he should look up the definition of the word "model." William Henry took down the dictionary and read: "Model—a small imitation of the real thing."

The Retort Courteous

JOCK MACPHEARSON was paying his initial visit to America, and stood gazing at a fine statue of George Washington, when an American approached him.

"That was a great and good man, Jock," said his American friend. "A lie never passed his lips."

"Weel," replied the Scot, "I praysume he talked through his nose, like the rest of ye."

THE ELOPER (after the accident): "*Oh, Willie, why did you desert me?*"

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TOMMY (whose hour has struck): "*Oh! well—if you're goin' in for this 'frightfulness' business!*"

A Precocious Pupil

"DO animals show that they love us?" asked a teacher of her primary class.

"Yes, ma'am," chorused the class.

"Good," said the teacher; "and now tell me what animal has the greatest natural fondness for man."

A small boy promptly spoke up:

"Woman!"

Promptness

"THEN," said the young man with a tragic air, as he was leaving the room, "this is your final decision?"

"It is, Mr. Carrots," replied the young girl, firmly.

"Then," he replied, his voice betraying an unnatural calmness, "there is but one thing more to add."

"Yes?" she questioned, sweetly.

"It is this—shall I return those white-satin suspenders by mail, or will you have them now?"

In Spite of Himself

ONE of the justices of the Supreme Court tells of a young lawyer in the West who was trying his first case before the late Justice Harlan. The youthful attorney had evidently conned his argument until he knew it by heart. Before he had consumed ten minutes in his oratorical effort the Justice had decided the case in his favor and told him so. Despite this, the young lawyer would not cease. It seemed that he had attained such a momentum that he could not stop.

Finally Justice Harlan leaned forward and, in the politest of tones, said:

"Mr. Smith, despite your arguments, the court has concluded to decide this case in your favor."

An Old Patron

ONE morning the patrol-wagon arrived at the police-court to take to jail the prisoners who had been arrested the night before. As they filed into the van, an old woman, who was the last to enter, shouted to a young prisoner in the van:

"Come out of there! You've got my corner."

Then, as the old lady took her accustomed seat, and the door was closed, while the policeman stepped up behind, she turned to him shrilly:

"Home, James!"

Filial Respect

MATILDA was milking the cow when suddenly a mad bull came tearing over the field. Matilda, unruffled, continued milking. Some passers-by who had run to places of safety saw, to their great amazement that the bull stopped dead short within a few feet of the girl and the cow, turned around, and then retreated.

"Weren't you frightened? Why did he run away?" came the questions, breathlessly.

"He got scared," explained Matilda. "You see, this cow is his mother-in-law."

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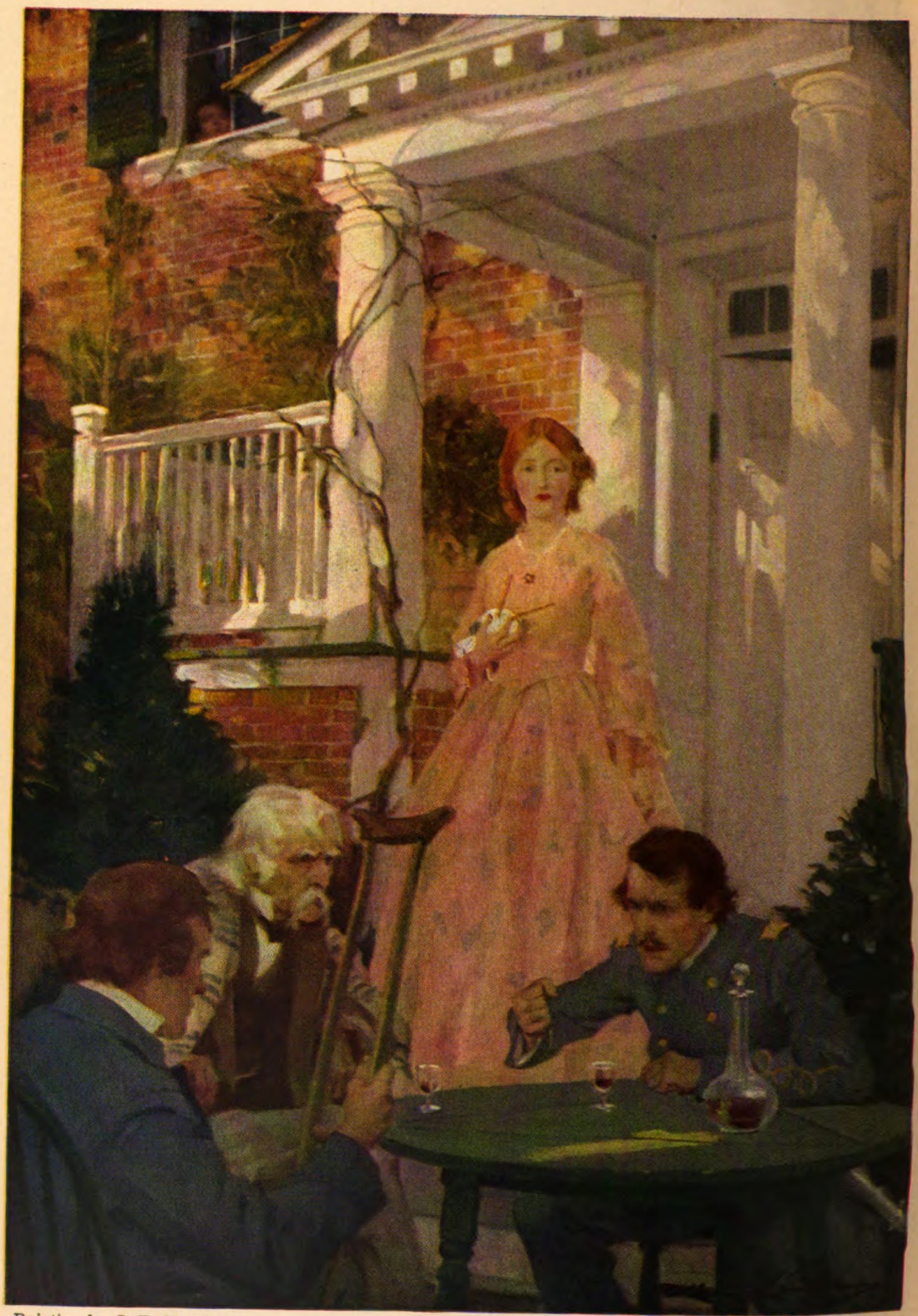

Painting by C. E. Chambers

Illustration for "Dare's Gift"

"AND THE CONFEDERACY IS LOST, YOU SAY, IF HE ESCAPES?"

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXIV MARCH, 1917 No. DCCCII

The "Killers" of Provincetown

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

THE early sun, flowing suavely through the windows of the Fish Exchange, shows it bare and massive and immaculate — like everything else on this great, new fish-pier on the South Boston flats. Smith protests: "There used to be some color about 'T' Wharf; now, in the old days—"

But the days are new. One may see the change out there beyond the windows, where the vessels cling along the concrete cliffs, waiting for their "trips" to be sold; and where a wink ago there were none but sweet masts singing into the blue, and slender 'sprits nudging for bow room, now one sees black funnels creeping in—seven of them this morning—beam-trawlers, "company boats," with their otter-trawls stowed and fires sleeping in their bellies and their crews of long-visored deck-hands, who never go over the side at sea. No dories nested there, no miles upon miles of stinging cod-line coiled in tubs, no ghosts of departed bait—nothing but cinders and power and a drag-net to fetch up the ocean's bottom and dump it on the deck. If one loves the old schooners, white feathers canting across the blue-gray wisps riding in the gray —well, the black funnels have eaten up the white sails in many another quarter of the globe, and so they will do it here, and in turn be eaten up by who knows what.

The change is in here, too. Down in the varnished pit of the Exchange the opening gong has clanged, and the fish-buyers, waving, clawing, wrestling, bellowing, strain about the railed rostrum in the center. A scattering of the "little fellows" are in the middle of the pen—power-boat seiners with mackerel, a sloop skipper with a trip of herring to dispose of quickly, a gasoline-dory man who has set a few tubs of trawl for haddock just outside the light—Yankees, Boston Irish, one Italian. Over at the farther side, shoulder to shoulder, stand the Portuguese, Santos and Gaspa, the rival "killers" of Provincetown. No "little fellows," these, but lords of the fleet. Bronzed, booted, blue-shirted, they cannot keep themselves altogether clear of the game, but play upon the tumult of the bidders with gestures of their strong arms — thorough-going Latins. It would be hard to find two better specimens of this race of men, come over from the Western Islands to do the Cape's fishing, and do it better, some say, than ever the Yankees did it before them.

At the nearer end of the rostrum the companies' agents are selling the catches of those seven steamers, two gentlemen with the city pallor on their faces, well-tailored, with creamy Panamas and shining shoes, nodding briefly as they jot down the sales on their order forms. Neither of them has seen a scale of the fish he is selling; in all probability neither of them could tell you point-blank where a dog-fish bites a hake. But they do it better this way, and I am

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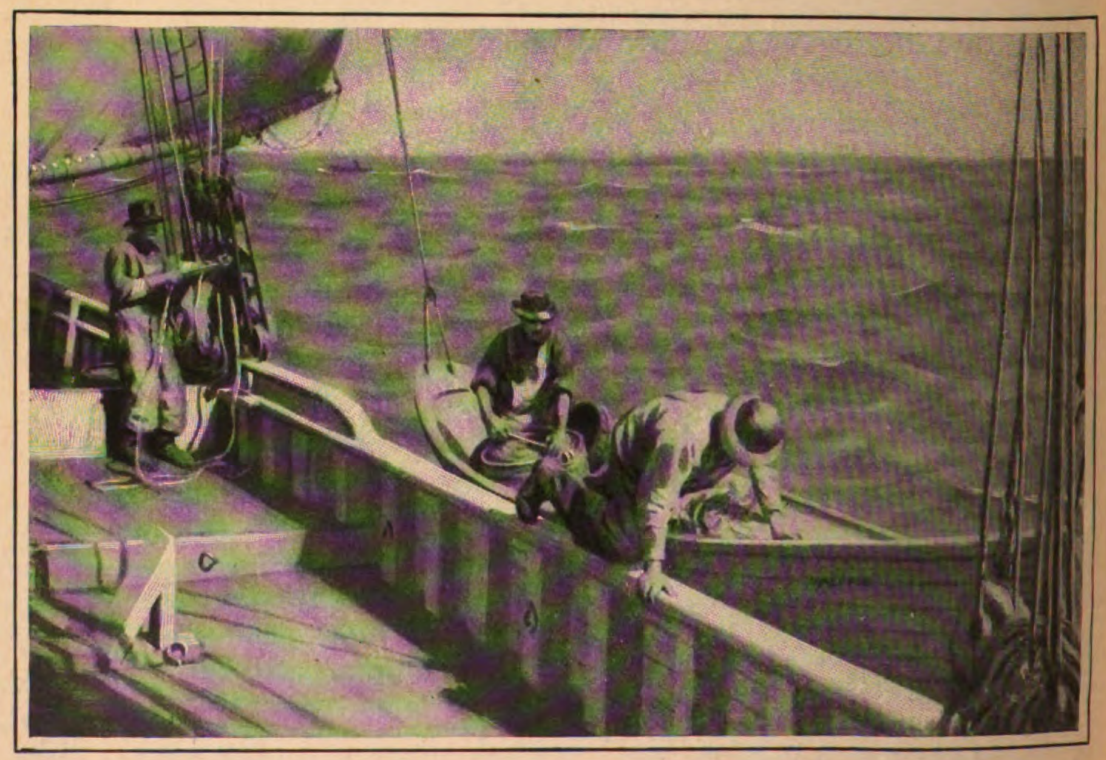
afraid it is safe to prophesy that the day will come when they may save the gold-leaf "Captains" in that legend on the outer door, "For Captains and Members Only."

But looking down from the gallery at Santos and Gaspa, one must think of them, not here, breathing city dust and dinned about by city voices, but out there at home in the broad, rustling silence of the ocean world as we had known them, Santos as yet no more than a fleck of sail and a name to conjure with, and Gaspa, the lord of a little creation, dark, handsome, with the mustachio of a brigand and the instincts of a prince. At the pillared house on the front street, down in Provincetown, I had known him for years, as a lavish and courtly host, loving to be surrounded by people and conscious of the background of the tradition of his romantic escapades.

Could we go for a trip with him? I have been on trips with many skippers, but it has always been as a favor to me. Gaspa, by word and gesture, makes himself indebted to one, as if by turning him, the captain, out of his bunk, and eating up five days' rations in his forecastle, one has somehow conferred upon him an everlasting benefit. I think it would be the same if we had requested a pound of flesh from near his heart. He has never moved in royal courts, this fisherman, but he has the air.

The second day out we saw our first hard fishing; the first day had been heavy, with a northeaster blowing black till almost noon, and only one small set had been made. But the second day the men were stirring early, crawling out at two o'clock to the call of the watch. By half past the hour they had finished breakfast, and then we watched them go over the rail with their dories, twenty men, two to the boat, swinging out and down on the falls amidships, sliding aft, their painters handled by the cook and the spare hand, and taking up their position in the ever-lengthening queue trailing at the vessel's stern. With the oil-torches flaming in their bottoms, their trawl-tubs glistening with their myriad baited hooks, their garish trawl-buoys thrusting out their flags at every angle, the



OVER THE RAIL WITH THEIR DORIES

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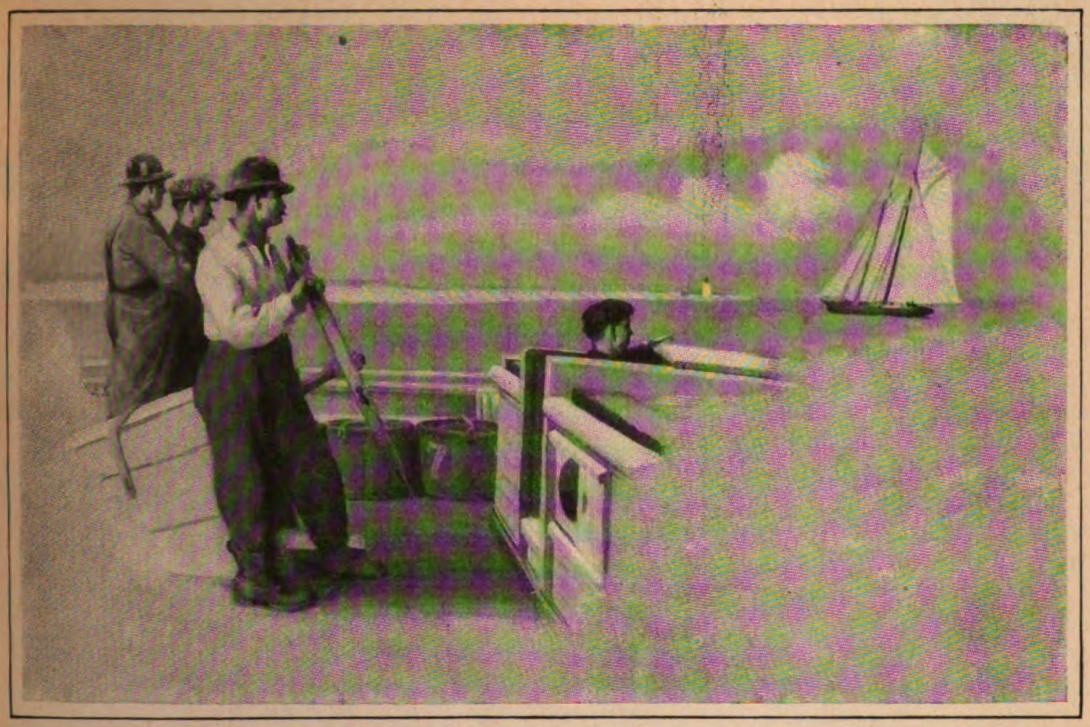

GASPA, AT THE WHEEL, WHIRLED THE SPOKES

paired dories made a procession strange to a landsman's eyes. Their crews sat at ease in the yellow light, smoking and joking across the gunwales.

Gaspa, at the wheel, whirled the spokes, and the vessel gathered headway, across the tide. By and by he lifted an arm; word of it ran back along the glistening string and one of the last two sparks dropped away. Another was unloosed after a hundred fathoms or so, and then they went, one by one, till they were all away, and we came about and hove to near enough to see the last one at work, rowing down the tide, one man at the oars, the other standing like a band-master behind the footlights, whipping the baited trawl out over his shoulder in a singing arc.

So they would go to the end of their tubs, three or four miles of a single, thin line, with a baited hook every fathom of the way, the anchor at one end and the dory at the other and the tide-run keeping it taut. And after that they would rest and let it lie on the bottom a half-hour. And after that they would begin to "haul," lifting in the haddock and the hake and the big, fat cod, beating off the hungry dog-fish that clogged the hooks with their carcasses, cursing the skates.

The sun was rising half-way up the sky before they began to come in to the vessel and pitch their catches over the sides into the deck-pens. It was pretty dry fishing that day—the ten dories had no more than seven thousand pounds among them. They cleaned them and iced them down, and then went to dinner. After dinner they had to bait their trawl again, slicing up fifteen or twenty barrels of frozen herring with their long knives to cover their hooks. It was well after noon before they were ready for the second set. It was midnight before they were through with that and their tubs all baited up again for next morning's set.

They had worked twenty-two hours standing before they put out, one by one, the torches on the after-house that made of the vessel an intricate and fairy candle in the pit. And then they could sleep as soundly as they pleased from midnight until two in the morning.

They vanished into their bunks, their boots came flying out again, all alone,

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and immediately we heard them through the ship's internals, like the noisy dead. The candles' flames stood up straight in the heavy air before the Virgin, the boots of the watch passed and repassed overhead, and in rhythmic and muffled explosions the mainsail slatted to the ground-swell as the vessel lay hove-to across the tide.

The trouble at two in the morning was that the vessel was no longer *across* the tide. One of the watch, hard-pressed for sleep, I have no doubt, and finding the water shoaling in toward Chatham Bar, had put the craft over on the other tack, to edge off. And there the wind, working with instead of against the southward-going tide, had got us miles out of the way.

In the morning's darkness we heard the captain's voice, acrimonious, keen, with a stabbing sarcasm; mysterious propositions in Portuguese, disrupted by sudden, surprising, English oaths. I had never known him in this rôle of the martinet. I had seen him "on edge," to be sure—once, tacking off the Poles of Nausett, with two men beside him at the wheel and the decks white with broken water; and once on a midnight, coming in around the Race under stay-sail and trisail, and the wind blowing the top off the sea. But not like this.

We got up and crawled on deck. The moon, waning, rode high in the western sky, and already a faint, cool phantom in the east made a ghost of a cross-fire. The men were forward in the mid-decks, handling lines or making business about the dory-nests, dark silhouettes ridden by the anger aft. In the mixed lights of the night Gaspa loomed huge over the wheel. He made enormous, passionate gestures. A throaty pathos tinged his voice as he "rode" the crew in bulk for the sins of the man who had "put 'er on the other tack."

The passage would have seemed altogether preposterous had one not had the context. On the first day out of Provincetown we had made only one "set," while Santos had managed to get in two. He had been our neighbor to the north, a faint, far-away loom of a main-peak jutting out of the mist, and we knew all about him—how, I cannot say. It is always a fresh marvel to one, this intimate gossiping among the fleet, this microscopic interchange of news, comment, raillery, challenge; speck speaking to speck across the waters.

The second day, yesterday, we had failed to get "onto the fish," coming south, and in the two sets the dories had brought in a scant fifteen thousand pounds, mainly small hake, doubtful on the market. And that day Santos was not with us, but out of sight, mysteriously, somewhere under the horizon. Gaspa was sure he was doing "big." He was in a state of nerves about Santos; he was ahead of the great "killer" this season for the first time in his life, and that was the reason.

Santos's old vessel was sunk by a gasoline explosion in Boston Harbor late last winter, carrying three men to the bottom with her, and it was a month lost before Santos had another deck under him. Everybody said he was "dead" for this year at least. Santos! What, a fisherman! Already, by late June, he had come up through the fleet, topping one by one, till he was on Gaspa's heels, and Gaspa was nervous. Just last trip, by being on the market two hours' earlier, he had beaten Gaspa ten dollars—ten dollars, that is, in the "share" of each of his twenty-three men. That is how a trip is reckoned—by the "share."

This morning Gaspa had had in mind a place to fish. That, in itself, always seems preposterous to the landsman. There is nothing on the sky-lines save perhaps one of those gossiping tufts of sail; nothing between them but blue and moving ranks of swells, telling no tales. And yet these people will leave Highland Light astern, going out; they will drift, sail, fish, eat, sleep, wake up again, for days on end, all in a pellucid and never-changing vacancy; they will squint at a distant fleck of white and nod their heads sagely and "guess Tony Costa's doin' well there, by his south'rd dory," or that "that Gloucester feller 'll be shiftin' to deeper water this afternoon—you watch!" And they will "have in mind a place to fish." As if, for all the world, the blue ocean were cut up into city blocks, with broad, familiar thoroughfares and squares and

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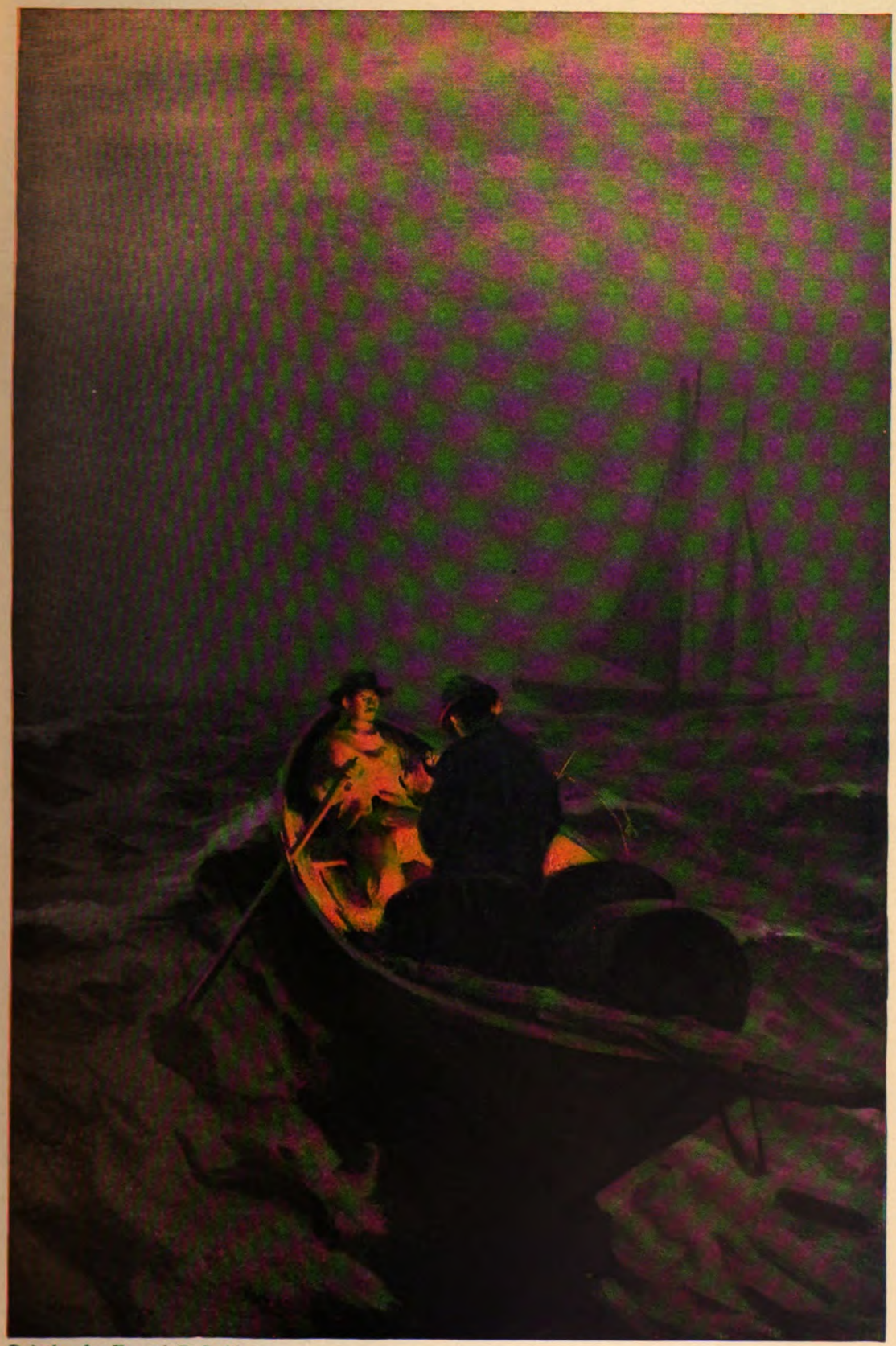

Painting by Howard E. Smith

THE CREW SAT AT EASE IN THE YELLOW LIGHT

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parks, misty traffic officers, immaterial finger-posts to point the way. There must be something of the sort.

I remember once seeing Marianne Perez, the old "killer," come up out of his cabin after two days of "blow" and two days of fishing, sixty miles to sea, look around at the sky and the water, finger his chin, announce a course to the man at the wheel, and return below to sleep. And after seven hours of driving on a fair reach there came Highland jutting out of the sky, an exact and proper half-point on the vessel's lee bow. It is incomprehensible to the landsman, but not so incomprehensible as it would be if he knew more.

But getting back to the morning, and to the man nursing his anger over the wheel. His tirade had died away of a sudden and the men amidships were turning uneasy eyes. "Squid," the spare hand, leaned his elbows on the deck-house and peered forward into the paling night.

Away off on the port bow shone a star, or rather a constellation of stars, close-set; gone now in the eclipse of a rocking swell; blazing out again as we climbed the crest—a gang of dories towing astern of an invisible vessel, each with an oil-torch flaring in its bottom.

"He's all ready to set," said "Squid."

The captain's voice lifted again in a fiercer castigation.

"Look! Look there, will you! Curse the —— that put 'er on the other tack! I'd 've had my gear on the bottom by now, and now look who's got my berth. And look up there! God! why can't they fish on their own?"

Other shapes appeared in the gray; vessels wheeling down the wind like shadowy vultures in the wake of the "Killer"; Tony Costa over to the east, and the "down-street boat," Manuel Deutra, looking out for a berth as near as possible to the golden Santos.

We were coming up with him now. At a word two of the crew came running aft to slack off the mainsheet, killing the vessel's way. The east lightened, though a pall of night still lay over the water. The *Josephine*, riding a hundred fathoms or so up the tide, remained a vague silhouette attached to that twinkling chain of lights.

It was queer that he didn't set. He had had his dories astern since we came in sight, and now they were still there, towing slowly, still awaiting the shadowy gesture from the vessel's deck to cast off.

Gaspa was studying them with a scowl of speculation.

"Dories!" he broke out, of a sudden, shaking his arms at the crew. "Take your torches along, but don't light 'em—see?"

An immediate and ordered commotion stirred the mid-decks; an air of furtive relief moved the dark, laboring forms. There came a thin scream of lines in blocks and a dory lifted out of the starboard nest and swung outboard to ride against the sky, swaying slightly to the buck of the seas, the heads and shoulders of its crew in silhouette above the gunwales. Another was up on the port side, behind the sweep of the mainsail.

"Let 'em go aft!" Gaspa bawled under his breath. "Let 'em go aft, I tell you!" An indefinable sense of conspiracy was upon us.

The dories dropped below the rail, took the water with little rushes of spray, and came aft along the vessel's sides, "Squid" making the painters fast to the bits. Already, as the pair tailed out astern with jets of gray breaking at their stems, another two swung up in the falls.

It was a race now, against time and our neighbor's tardy whim. The instant one of those bright specks up there should detach itself from the moving string and become stationary in the gloom, the game was up. Once the vessel had set one dory, then all that blue field down-tide from him was inviolate, a rectangle bounded in depth by the length of a dory's gear—two to three miles, according to the number of tubs he was using and to the number of lines to the tub—and in length by the distance over which he chose to drop his boats—two to three miles again.

Under ordinary circumstances it was already inviolate. His intention to set could not be mistaken. It was sometimes done, to be sure—this "setting

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under" a fellow by stealth. It would have the effect of a complete checkmate, for once the lower vessel's gear was started out, the upper man could not send his trawl down on top of it, for fear of fouling; neither could he set the other way, against the tide, or he would have enough snarls on his hands to keep the crew overhauling till the bait went rotten.

I had heard of it, though. Sharp practice! Dirty fishing! Sometimes the little fellows did it—the little fellows who would do anything. But Gaspa!

"He'd do it to me," we heard him complaining venomously under his breath. He slapped the wheel with a heavy hand, twisted his mustache uneasily. Two more dories were towing astern, and two more hung in their falls.

"Hold 'em there!" he cried, with a bitter violence. The men at the falls took a hitch around the pins and stood balancing under the shrouds, staring aft with inquiring, whitish eyes. The race hung. Time went on to the measured beat of the *Valerie's* cut-water shouldering into the seas. Gaspa sat on the wheel-box, his shoulders bent, his eyes on the glittering jewels of Santos, one hand slapping the wheel, the other dragging at his mustache. He apostrophized the "Killer" in an undertone:

"Why don't you set, you damn fool, you?"

A hail came aft from one of the skied dories. Gaspa straightened up and he may have sighed.

One bead had fallen off from that blazing string up there. Santos had set at last. The dory came down astern of us, invisible save for the fronts of the working men with the torch between them, like midnight conspirators in a closet without walls. One of them lifted his head and bawled an Island gibe.

"Shut up, you fellows," Gaspa snapped down at his own men in the

THE CATCHES WERE PITCHED OVER THE SIDES INTO THE DECK-PENS

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MIDNIGHT—THEN SLEEP TILL TWO IN THE MORNING

boats. "Don't answer 'im! *Main-sheet!* Ay, there, forward—*main-sheet!*"

They came tumbling aft in a rout, hauled the main home, hand over hand, and the *Valerie* began to gather way.

We had lost the slack of the tide. Santos was setting wide, crowding us deliberately into the east. And in the east Tony Costa was already dropping his boats. Between the two there would have been room for a restricted set, but while Santos was sending his dories south Costa was setting southwest, so that his end dory would fetch up with Santos's end dory when the trawl was out, forming a V-shaped pocket. Gaspa refused to fall into the trap, and, putting the helm astarboard, floated out into the clear.

The sun rose upon a keen and glittering day. By and by the tide changed and we could set to the north, with the field to ourselves. The yellow dories went over the side, dropped off one by one till they were all gone, and the deserted vessel, putting about, drifted back lazily under the sun. Gaspa, leaning on the wheel, talked of the kings of Europe, and later of whales.

Whales were all about us, how many of the shining creatures I can't say. Here and there, as far as one could see, moving spots of darkness marred the clear mirror of the waters—schools of herring moving north and playing as they moved. That was the reason for the whales. We saw the main body of them far off to the southwest in the very core of the sun's path, a veritable congress of leviathans, spouting silver in a mist and making a sound as of a hundred geysers. And all around us came the foragers, by ones and twos, their glittering black backs sliding in and out of the water with prodigious blowings. Once, when we had drifted into one of the dark patches and the herring made a sound of heavy rain all around us on the water, a pair of huge mouths protruded suddenly right under the starboard rail, gulped for an instant with a noise as of shaken umbrellas, turned over and gave us a glimpse of broad, curved tails, hard as metal. "Squid" called after them in a genial tone:

"Sheeny's over there to the east'rd. Go see Sheeny, boys!"

We passed "Sheeny" later in our

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drifting circuit of the lines, a plump, good-natured fellow in number seven. There was a whale somewhere beneath him, and the poor fellow, standing up among the empty tubs, was beating a desperate staccato on the dory's bottom with an oar. He was in terror of whales. He confessed as much to us in the forecastle that night, recounting the most bizarre episodes, and dwelling upon the unfortunate fondness of whales for dories, "when their bellies are full." It seems that, exactly like pigs, they are uncommonly fond of scratching their backs—especially baby whales. The *Stella Veira* lost a dory that way two years ago. It is on account of the barnacles.

Sharks, too, are bad. On the Grand Banks, he said, where they fish one man to the dory, the ravenous creatures will oftentimes rear themselves out of the water and, resting their chins on the dory's gunwale, stare significantly at the occupant. He seemed sincere, and the Islanders are not the "yarners" that their Yankee predecessors were.

The captain was more like himself after that last set. Driven out of his berth, he had done better in deep water than the "Killer" and his satellite had done on the Bank, and as the *Valerie* wore around that afternoon on the "market tack," the crew stood to their thighs in the deck-pens cleaning the catch, gore to the elbows, their long knives flashing in the sun, great, glittering cod flying the air from hand to hand, a colored carnival. The light sails went up one after another; jib, balloon jib, the two "tops," then the staysail; Gaspa gave a course to the helmsman, and, donning a Panama and lighting a long, slim Havana, lolled at his ease against the weather rail and talked of the islands of his youth; and of how, after long refusal, his parents had let him come to America—to break up a love-affair. And of how he had gone to the "Banks" that first year—four months of it for eighty dollars—the fool that he was.

I had heard something else of that in Provincetown, where they remembered a common "Ginny" dory-hand of nineteen, just out of the stinking steerage, who had been too proud to be seen carrying his own ditty-bag to the vessel in which he had shipped and had hired a boy with his last quarter to carry it for him, walking reverently behind. He would never make a fisherman, they said then—that stripling dude.

That aspect of the man, back in the mists, needs another to balance the picture. The thing happened the day we left Provincetown on our trip to the grounds. The *Valerie* is a new vessel; Gaspa has had her only three years. His old craft, the *Matchless*, was getting under way as our anchor came up, and as she passed across our quarter, with three lone figures grouped about the wheel, the master followed her with an expression in his eyes of anger mingled with sadness. He lifted his big arms of a sudden and shook them after the receding craft, and from his lips burst a cry of protest, long pent.

"—— —— your souls! Now look what you done! I telled you! I telled you when you left me for dead—you, Man'el—always crazy to go cap'n! I telled you—'you'll never do no good'! And now look what you gone and done, —— —— your soul to hell!"

"Squid" explained, leaning on the deck-house with an eye over his shoulder at the bellowing master. The *Matchless*, always second-liner in the fleet while Gaspa had had her, had been going down steadily since he had sold out his share to the other pardner. The new skipper, Gaspa's old spare hand, "always crazy to go cap'n for himself," had not done well in her. And now she had been sold up Boston way, to carry coal. There was more behind it, to be guessed at; the dim outlines of something like a feud.

But that was not needed; the episode was dramatic enough in its simplicity. To one who loves ships, it seemed an incredibly sad thing to watch that sweet, spiring, clean-lined creature going away in the shadow of disgrace, a city sailing-master at her wheel, the anchor, rising at her bows, relinquishing for the last time the waters of her life-long hailing-port; to think of her blotting away behind the Light, vanishing swiftly below the horizon, forever a memory; and then the long penal servitude, her back breaking with her burden of coal

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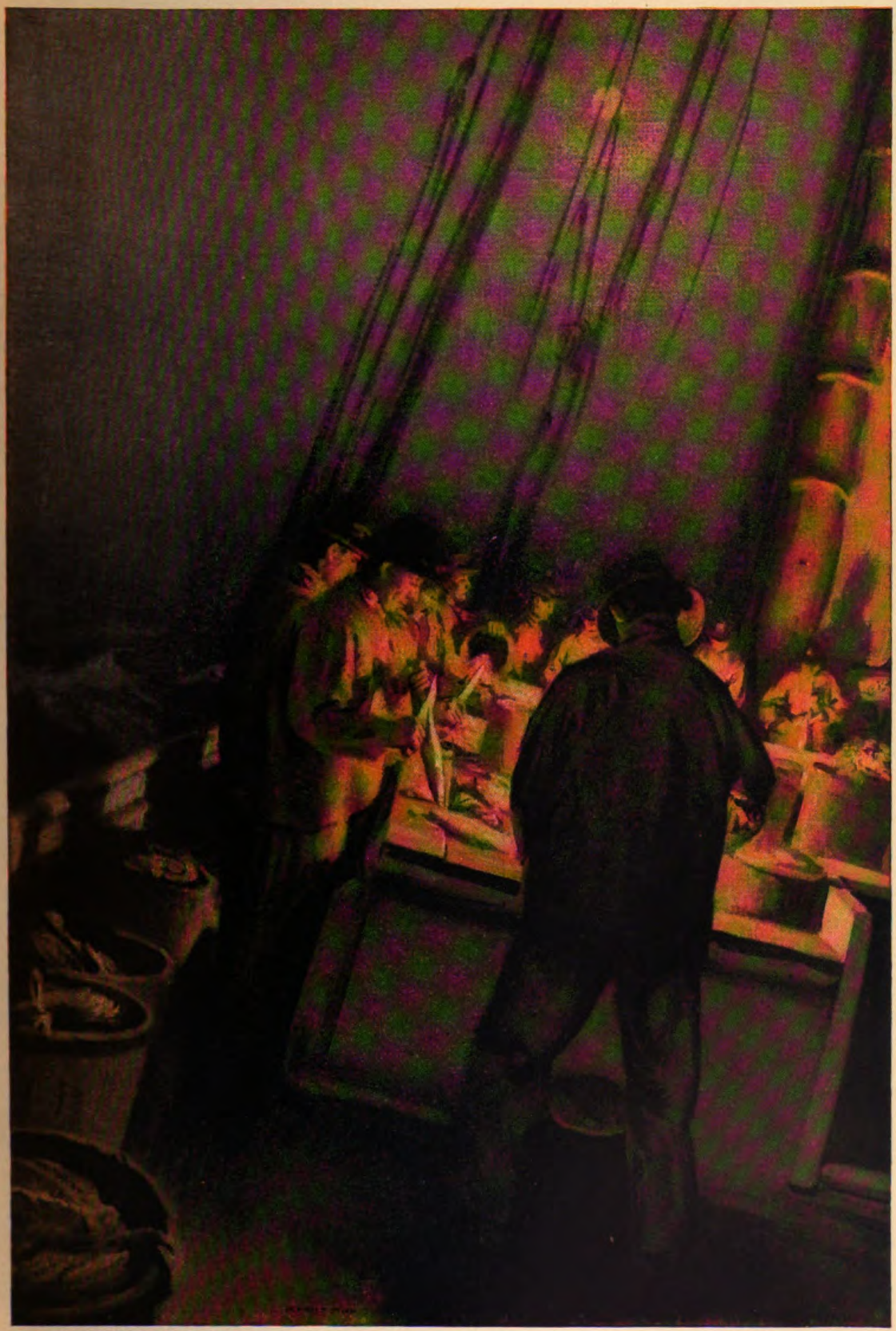

Painting by Howard E. Smith

CLEANING AND ICING DOWN—A MIDNIGHT TASK

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and her features blackened with the dust of it.

The men were massed aft just then, heaving in the main-sheet, closing in with a gesture of unconscious art about that central and passionate figure of Gaspa. He became conscious of us after a moment; his arms fell to his sides and his face took on a still deeper fire. Something glistened in the corner of either eye.

He muttered: "You think I'm goin' foolish, I guess. It's none o' my bus'-ness. I 'ain't got a cent into her no more. What is it to me? . . . But I tell you—I give her the best years out o' my life, that old boat—I did. I don't care!" The Southern would not down. His right hand was on his breast, and his eyes, after a little, shifted back to the slim figure of the exile.

"You thought I was dead," we heard him repeating under his breath. "And now you're dead, you fellows; and I—I'm killer o' Provincetown, for a little while, anyhow. High-liner, this year. An' you're dead!"

It is hard to give the feeling of it—as near as anything to the anger of a man at the betrayer of a woman he has loved.

Now, relaxed after the grind of three days' fishing, he had slipped back into the mood by which I had always known him ashore — the gentleman-voyager through life. He talked at large, expressing a seaman's admiration of Columbus, and passing from that to awed speculation as to the number of cod-fish there must have been in the channel before the Pilgrims landed, over there beyond the sand-cliffs that came out of the western sky to meet us.

The crew washed, first the decks, then themselves. An air of profound relief settled over the vessel; some of the men rested and smoked; others, answering to the interminable call of the gear, began to overhaul, shifting the trawl from one bucket to another, coil after coil after coil, replacing lost hooks, and "gangeings." By and by the cook's head appeared in the forward companion and the note of a bell was heard, inviting the "first gang" to supper.

The sun set and Highland Light came out abreast of us, winking its measured periods. The water strip between was as smooth and bright as a lagoon mirroring the sky, incredibly peaceful—the "Graveyard of the Atlantic," gorged with the bones of a thousand tall ships.

The color of the world deepened. Highland slid into the rear. Beyond the bowsprit a ghostly dome reared on the sky-line where the land clouds gave back the myriad lights of the city.

I started below to have a nap, a fisherman's "kink," and paused on the companion ladder to call back to Gaspa, leaning darkly beside the helmsman.

"Where's Santos?"

He waved a hand across the bows. "Oh, he's gone in," he said.

Smith sighed below me in the cabin. I was glad, too. We had been hoping Santos would be there; like boys, we were anxious to "see the fun" when these two lords of the fleet should come together.

There wasn't much "fun" at first sight, down there in the pit of the Exchange, beset by the howling buyers. Of course it was neither the time nor the place for that sort of thing; it would have been out of key with the atmosphere of the pale gentlemen selling the beam-trawlers' trips. But later, perhaps.

The bidding languished. Gaspa closed his book and straightened up inside the railing. We hurried down from the balcony and took position outside that door "For Captains and Members Only."

They emerged after a moment, the two "killers," huge, broad-shouldered, thick-chested, brown and adequate in that company of hangers-about. And over the shoulders of one rested the arm of the other. They talked and laughed with the abandon of school-boys let out; their deep voices intermingled. We were noticed by and by, because we were standing in their way. Gaspa made a huge gesture:

"Shake hands with the king of 'em all. Killer he is, since the day he started cap'n. Never was another man like this man, boys!"

Santos smiled with a gleam of gold teeth and waved his hand in pleased protest. He was the older of the two, a slow, heavy man with a kindly face,

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drooping lids, stubbly hair and mustache—a perfect foil to Gaspa's *élan*. He shook his head.

"No, no. He beat me out thees year. I'm dead thees year. He beat me. He's sma't man."

"Beat *you*?" Gaspa laughed aloud, and in that laugh we had the story of the two men. "*Me*—beat out *you?* Ha-ha-ha!"

There was a little stand just there, laden with candies, fruits, and cigars, and watched over by a large woman with blond hair and admiring eyes. She invited them—"Cap'n Frank" and Cap'n Man'el"; they were welcome to anything in sight, if their fancies pleased. They accepted cigars; Santos smiled at her, Gaspa told her how beautiful she was, and, pushing through the gathering fringe of the curious, they rolled away up the length of the crowded dock, arm in arm, still talking. Fragments came to us, blurred by the familiar hails of fish-buyers and cart-men, captains and hands from the thronged basin, chandlers' clerks, beggars:

"If you hadn't set that minute, same's you did, damn your skin—"

"That time?"

"Why, I'd 've had my gear under you like a shot, you old fool."

"Ha-ha! I was watchin' you, Frank. Don' never think I wa'n't watchin' you. I see you."

Gaspa turned on us, waving an arm. "He's a sma't man, boys! A—— —— sma't man. I don't never want to beat him out while he keeps fishin'. I been second to him five year now, an' that's all I ever want. I don't feel right, ahead o' the Killer."

And this was the "fun" to which we had looked forward. They loved each other like brothers.

I saw the two later that day, quite by accident, taking their lunch amid the splendors of the Japanese garden at the Quincy House, up-town, a spot of living color in a crowd of black and white. And here the rôles were changed and it was Santos who did obeisance. One could see it in the eyes, half-awed, half-wistful, with which he followed the younger man. As for Gaspa, easy, well-groomed, with the grace of a cavalier and the balanced exuberance of a man alive—it would seem that he had never touched food anywhere in his life but in a Japanese garden.

A stranger suspects him of traveling incognito. Women twist their chairs to look at him. Waiters perform prodigies for his smile. He thinks nothing of a forty-dollar check at dinner. His is a soul of pageants and careless triumphs and the sumptuous gestures of princes. It weighs upon him more and more as he grows older—the fact that he can neither read nor write.

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The Idyl of Uncle Paley

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON

IT was a hot September evening. The front porch of that well-known college hostelry, The Ivy Inn, was strewn with the wrecks of strong young men. Mrs. Baxter, the proprietor, alone appeared comfortable as she rocked swishingly in a small chair which she completely overflowed, and perpetrated a design of scarlet poppies on a pallid square of denim.

Derry Pleasants felt that the poppies added a final touch to the overpowering atmosphere. He thought he would go in swimming, and was stirring with that intent when Mrs. Baxter's voice flowed into the air like spilled oil.

"My poor roses," she sighed. She rethreaded her needle with a dark and secret shade of crimson.

Uncle Paley unfolded himself from the ancient arm-chair in the background, descended the steps, and reached from beneath them a watering-pot of gigantic proportions.

"Really," commented Mrs. Baxter, looking after him, "Uncle Paley ought to wait until it gets cooler; but he is so fond of those roses."

Derry moved definitely away. The path to the river wound past the pump in the side yard. Uncle Paley swung on to the handle, folding and unfolding rhythmically. Silently Derry took it into his own capable grasp. Having filled the four-gallon watering-pot, with a glance which might have been construed as asking Uncle Paley's permission, he started around the house corner with it. Uncle Paley followed at leisure, smoking his scandalous old pipe.

The roses were charming, and smelled like a tea plantation. Derry sniffed with enjoyment as the showers descended, and the drooping rose heads came up. After another trip to the pump they looked satiated and sleepy. The slanting shadows had overlapped the slanting sun-rays. A cooling breeze lifted and grew strong of wing. A big moon of silver-gilt blossomed above the tree-tops. The call of the river came too clearly to be longer ignored.

"I'll have a dip," said Derry, restoring the watering-pot to its place under the step nook.

Uncle Paley nodded, knocking out his scandalous old pipe on the edge of the porch. He folded himself into the arm-chair again, and Derry restrolled the river path.

Returning an hour later, he was greeted by the light from Uncle Paley's lamp on the path. The brick cabin, which had been the large old kitchen in other days, formed an ideal retreat for Uncle Paley. He liked it because he felt free there. Mrs. Baxter liked it because it kept the scandalous old pipe out of the house. Derry liked it because Mrs. Baxter never by any chance came there.

The door stood hospitably open. Uncle Paley lay on the broken-backed lounge, his knees up, a large atlas open on them, and a Civil War memoir spread, face down, across his chest. Beside him was stacked a heap of magazines. They ranged from a *Southern Literary Messenger* of 1835 to the latest humorous weekly left lying about by the boys.

"Come in, come in," he called to Derry's pause on the walk.

Derry entered and sat astride a chair, his arms along the back. Uncle Paley was applying a chipped reading-glass to the map, apparently in vain. He offered the atlas to Derry, who found him the scene of carnage in a moment. Uncle Paley took the atlas back and peered it over well. He referred to the memoir.

"They never get anything right," said he, severely. He began to read aloud. What he read was history. He had been in that famous charge he was reading

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about so argumentatively. After a few sentences he gave his abrupt asthmatic cough. "I'm hoarse to-night," he said, handing Derry the book. Derry took up the tale willingly enough. He had the reconstructive imagination, and it was real to him as he read, his brilliant gaze seeking Uncle Paley's eyes every now and then in mute comment on passages which he found particularly splendid.

"You'd have been in the thick of it," said Uncle Paley, holding one of these glances.

"Think so?" asked Derry, so pleased that he blushed.

"Know it. I was just such another. Hand me that box from the mantelshelf."

Derry obeyed, putting by the book for the moment.

Uncle Paley shuffled over a pack of tiny yellow photographs, and handed one across the chair-back. It showed the pale-brown image of a lean young daredevil in the uniform of a captain, and with his arm in a sling. He passed other things across the chair-back—his enlistment papers, his captain's commission, his discharge. When he came to the tinted daguerreotype of a girl Uncle Paley hesitated; but he finally passed that over, too.

"My mother in her youth," said Uncle Paley.

Derry looked for a long time at the portrait of Uncle Paley's mother in her beautiful youth. "I think you look very much like her," he said.

Uncle Paley warmed to his tone. "I used to. I used to," he agreed, flurriedly and modestly. He stroked his small, pointed beard, drawing out the little curl it finished itself off in, meditatively. "If any one had told me, then—" began Uncle Paley. He glanced about the room, and shut up with a sucking in of the breath, his eyes back to Derry's unconsciously sympathetic face. "Well," he wound up, "life's interesting. It's worth going on just to see what's going to happen." It was his utmost confidence to his young friend concerning his sojourn with his widowed grandniece. "Hand me that other box up there," he resumed, "and I'll show you an interesting little thing that happened to me once." He opened the box in question, took from it a leather case and, opening that in turn, showed Derry a shaving-set, most costly and astonishing. "Cousin Dirk sent me that once when he was East on a flying business trip," he told Derry.

Every Eastern family has its Western romance. Derry gathered that Cousin Dirk was Uncle Paley's Western romance. He thoughtlessly commented on the fact that Uncle Paley never shaved, and said it seemed a pity to own such a thing and not be able to use it. But he regretted having spoken, for it was immediately made clear to him that the recipient of the gift considered it a plain leading of Providence that he had never contracted the foolish habit of shaving, and so had been able to conserve the set in its native beauty.

"I've a lot of themes to look over," said Derry, who was the youngest subprofessor in the old college across the campus. He took himself off with his long stride, and his head up, and the old man gazed after him somewhat wistfully, for Derry was the one youth to whom he might sometimes play the sage, that most charming and suitable rôle of old age.

But Uncle Paley was used to having pleasant things taken from him. He gave Derry up easily, and turned to the old *Messenger*, which contained an article on a point of local interest which he had been meaning to read for a long time back. He found in it a description of sunrise which he particularly admired.

"'In the olden time,'" read Uncle Paley, aloud, "'when Jupiter's thunderbolts were manufactured in the caverns of Ætna never did such glittering scintillations fly from under the forge hammers of Cyclops—it was the Sun darting his topmost rays over the mountains and dispersing their sparkling threads in the bright and cloudless atmosphere.'

"They don't write like that now," said Uncle Paley, knocking out his pipe.

"Bessy," said Derry, "do you love me?"

Bessy Moreland smiled tranquilly at Derry across her front gate. She was a smooth, sedate young thing who always wore her dark hair parted in the middle.

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"YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN IN THE THICK OF IT"

"I'm simply wild about you," said Bessy.

"Then you may come along," said Derry.

She passed with dainty, deliberate movements through the gate he was holding open, and kept her ruffles with care from the dusty walk as they strolled across the campus to The Ivy Inn.

Uncle Paley came forth to meet them, furbished for the occasion. His eyes shone with pleasure at the unexpected sight of Bessy. Lovely woman would never lose her charm for Uncle Paley.

"She would come," said Derry.

"Do you mind?" asked Bessy.

Uncle Paley smiled benignly on the kind, handsome youngsters. They crossed the college campus and passed through the gates of the Military Institute and along the parade-ground, and halted at length in the shadow of a deep archway of masonry. Here Uncle Paley, the cadet of ancient days, said a talismanic word to the spruce young sentinel in charge, and he stood aside respectfully and allowed them access to a stair in the castellated tower. High up they came to pause in a very empty little cell.

"My old quarters," said Uncle Paley.

He led them to the curtainless and alcoved window, and they gazed down over a wide landscape touched with the sighing peace of the fall.

"They shelled us from the hill yonder," Uncle Paley told his young companions. "These buildings were on fire as we marched away to join our forces. The college was burning, too. A lot of books from the library had been stacked out on the campus. I ran back for a couple—a pocket Iliad and a Pope. I've got them on my table now."

Bessy glanced up at Derry's tremendously interested face.

"He was one of the Oldtown cadets, you know," said Derry, turning to her. "He'll get the Oldtown medal and his name will be on the monument."

Uncle Paley flushed complacently. "They make a lot of fuss over a pack of fool boys," said he.

"We're awfully vain of you," said Bessy, squeezing his arm. "Are you going to march in the parade?"

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Was he? For this Uncle Paley had been living for months. Yet he made a pretense of indecision.

"Oh, you've got to!" said Bessy and Derry together.

"I guess I'll have to," said Uncle Paley, obligingly.

As they descended Uncle Paley held Bessy's round elbow most carefully. She looked a lovely darling, tripping down the worn stone stair between the young man and the old. She caused the old man to recall the maidens of his youth with her parted hair and her quiet, pretty movements. He wondered if she and Derry were in love. When Derry wandered off to gather her a branch of bright autumn leaves, Uncle Paley sounded Bessy.

"A good boy," said Uncle Paley. "A fine fellow."

"But not for me," said Bessy, who had a humor of her own.

"I don't understand," said Uncle Paley, shaking his head.

"That's because you only see one relation between a young man and a girl," said Bessy, lightly. "Why, there are lots of others. They can be friends."

"So you and Derry are friends?" asked Uncle Paley.

But Bessy looked puzzled as she turned to Derry, who had come up. "What do you suppose we are, Derry?"

"Pals," said Derry, promptly. "You happen to be a girl, but you'd do just as well if you were a boy."

To Uncle Paley's satiric eye it seemed as if Bessy considered herself in receipt of a compliment.

Derry sat astride his favorite straight-backed chair in the brick kitchen while Uncle Paley pondered over a letter from Derry's father, an invitation to come home with Derry for a Christmas in the country. Though cordial, it was brief; yet the old man read at it for a good while, a sensitive quiver in his lean cheek. He had not received the precious flattery of consideration for so long a time now that, visibly, it embarrassed him.

Derry, too, was somewhat embarrassed. He was thinking perhaps it had been a fresh thing for him to do, getting his father to send that invitation. He was sure Uncle Paley would like to accept it, but he followed the old man's cogitations with painful clairvoyance. It was as if he heard him saying to himself: "Can I go? How can I go?" He saw him glance at the frayed rim of cuff visible at his sleeve edge. Derry looked down at his own fingers, which were beating a light tattoo on the chair-back.

"I'll do it," said the old man. But Derry could see that he didn't know exactly how he was to do it.

"I'm sure glad of that," said Derry. "Then I may say you'll be home with me?"

Uncle Paley said that he might. He cast thought of the morrow aside and expanded in this atmosphere of social engagements. He told stories of the house parties of his youth, and a reckless humor pervaded his conversation. Derry put the proper questions and applauded in the proper places; but in reality he was mulling over a scheme suggested by catching sight of Cousin Dirk's shaving-set on the end of the mantel-shelf. He brought the talk around to it, and Uncle Paley said, luxuriously, that he shouldn't be at all astonished to get another surprise from Dirk. He shouldn't, indeed, be astonished to learn that Dirk had left him a fortune—nothing from that source could astonish him. Derry's scheme matured with amazing rapidity.

"Bessy," he said, meeting her later that day as she emerged from Talbot's Emporium, her arms laden with weapons for the undoing of men while on a holiday visit to her married brother in the city—"Bessy," said Derry, "can you keep a secret?"

"Till death," vowed Bessy.

"It's something I want you to see to for me while you're away," went on Derry, taking over Bessy's packages. They continued down the street, their heads conspiring together until people turned and stared after them. At the very least they appeared to be planning an elopement.

Three days before Christmas Uncle Paley beckoned mysteriously to Derry, who was coming up the front walk. He steered him around to the kitchen and closed the door.

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"Dirk's been at his tricks again," he told Derry, joyously.

He showed him a box of cigars which had arrived by express that morning. The brand was that which manufacturers present to monarchs and moving-picture stars. Only, instead of gilt sashes, some of the cigars in the top layer wore sashes of gold certificates.

"*Hullo!*" cried Derry. "Did you hear from him?"

Uncle Paley said no; but then, Dirk hadn't written for months about the shaving-set. He might never write about the cigars at all — might never even think of them again. He unsashed a cigar and spread out the bill almost reverently.

"It's good to see a little money again," he said. He added, vaguely, "It's not as if it were any one but old *Dirk*."

A LEAN YOUNG DARE-DEVIL

It was at this precise moment that doubt flicked Derry, who, eyes down and foot on chair, tied and retied, somewhat unnecessarily, at a shoe-string. But he had to straighten up at last; and, though his cheek was slightly flushed, he was able to say, heartily:

"Well, all I say is I wish *I* had a Cousin Dirk."

"There they come," said Caroline. She descended the stairs with her dignified air. Mona, her seventeen-year-old visiting cousin, hopped after. Caroline glanced back. "Don't tread on my ruffle," she implored, in a harried undertone.

Mona looked down and removed her white-kid toe from Caroline's black-lace ruffle.

Thus Uncle Paley's reverend head bowed over her aunt Carry's hand came as an unnerving shock. She clutched Caroline's arm in surprise.

"Don't pinch me like that," entreated Caroline, with a second backward glance, agonized this time. Mona let go, and Caroline, smiling like a Spartan, went forward to greet her brother and his bewildering guest.

Much later that evening, when the girls were together over Caroline's bedroom fire, Mona confided to her cousin:

"I'm dead in love with him."

"Derry?" asked Caroline, indulgently.

Mona made a negative and negligent gesture.

"Oh, you mean Derry's old gentleman," said Caroline. She was still rather vexed that he had not been Derry's young gentleman.

"He looks as if he might write poems to a lovely young girl," said Mona. "Would he write me a poem? Would he let me be Rose Aylmer?" She chanted:

> "'tis verse that gives
> Immortal youth to mortal maids."

Caroline had never heard of Landor and his Rose. She let down her hair.

"And did you notice his blue eyes and his perfectly new blue tie to match? Ruskin wore blue ties like that."

Caroline had heard of Ruskin, though not of his blue tie. She began to brush out her hair.

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"I'll do it for you," offered Mona.

The two girls assumed a listening air. The men were coming up. A fragrance of expensive tobacco floated through Caroline's keyhole. "This way, sir," said Derry. The footsteps receded.

More than once during the days which followed Derry's father looked speculatively at Uncle Paley, but he was never able to place him. Occasionally he looked from Uncle Paley to Derry, but Derry was impassive.

Uncle Paley, with his impeccable linen, and his soldierly looking suit which he had hitherto kept exclusively for his reunions, might have had almost any background. He smoked a good cigar, certainly, and his Christmas tips convinced the servants that he was a coal magnate at least. Still, Pleasants had no idea that he was anything of the sort. Not that he cared. He was just interested in the boy's queer taking up with the old codger, he told himself.

Derry's mother never even looked a single question, though she must have been devoured by curiosity; but she gave Uncle Paley a dinner to which was bidden the importance of the neighborhood. It was during this dinner that he received a belated bit of mail—a tiny package.

Derry, at the old man's right, knew he had been expecting such a tiny package. "Open it," he murmured, with a smile.

"Later, later," said the old man, flushing.

Derry took it gently from him. "May I?" he asked, with odd, out-of-character insistence.

Uncle Paley's assent was both reluctant and eager. Derry undid the package amid a general silence, and carefully extracted a Greek cross of dull metal. He passed it to Uncle Paley, who nervously tried to stuff the bauble into his pocket.

"Pin it on," said the smiling Derry.

"Oh, what is it?" asked Mona. Every one gazed at her gratefully.

"A—a medal," mumbled Uncle Paley. He had to place it in her extended hand.

Mona studied over it for a brief, impressed moment; then, with the spontaneous grace of a kitten, sprang to the seat of her chair and held out the medal, showing it to all assembled there.

"It's his Oldtown medal," cried Mona, a thrill in her rich young voice. She paused, her glowing eyes on it. "'For Valor,'" read Mona. Her ringing tones were grave and proud.

The table rose to its feet and cheered Uncle Paley. Pleasants shook hands with him. Every one had to shake hands with him. Derry swung Mona down, and she ran to Uncle Paley and fastened the medal beside the rosebud she had placed on his lapel earlier in the evening. There she reached up and kissed him.

No one offered a criticism but Caroline, and all she said was, "Your ruffles got in your plate, Mona, when Derry whisked you down from that chair."

The table's plaudits were valued by Uncle Paley, but what he probably liked best was something Derry said to him as they bade each other good night toward morning in the upper hall.

"I'm awfully proud to be friends with you, Captain Crawford," said Derry. His hand went out. They hung on to each other's hands for a queer, emotional moment, for, though neither had taken anything stronger than black coffee, the evening had gone to their heads.

Derry went hastily on to his own room, in the grip, after staving it off for days, of a definite sensation of guilt. He perceived clearly that for your own ease of mind you have no right to play tricks with the self-respect of any other human being on earth. He really wanted to go straight to Uncle Paley and 'fess up; but he was incapable of easing his own conscience at the expense of another's pride. He was still standing, gazing down into the fire with abstracted eyes, when a tap at the door roused him. It was his father looking in to talk the dinner over. Derry drew forward a chair.

"The captain's a great old chap, isn't he?" said Derry. There was a tinge of something quite inexplicable to Pleasants in his reflective tone.

"I've never just placed the captain," said he—since Derry had brought him up.

"Why," said Derry, meeting his father's eye frankly, "he is Mrs. Bax-

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ter's granduncle. He boards with her. She seems to be all the family he has."

"How the dickens do you come to be so thick with him?"

It rather blurted itself out, and Pleasants was vexed with himself for letting it; but Derry answered, smiling:

"Oh, I don't know. I always wanted a grandfather. I never did have one to know—you know."

In spite of Derry's absolute truthfulness, Pleasants departed with a baffled feeling, and one night some weeks later said to his wife:

"What did you make of Derry's old gentleman?"

"If you want to know what I thought," said Derry's mother, "I thought Derry was taking up for him."

"There wouldn't seem to be any need of that." He repeated the information Derry had imparted.

"It's as plain as can be," said Derry's mother, "that hateful Mrs. Baxter imposes on the old man shamefully."

Pleasants gazed at his wife in awe and apprehension. And this was the sort of creature who would do jury duty in his State in a not nearly remote enough future.

THEY APPEARED TO BE PLANNING AN ELOPEMENT

Toward two in the morning Derry leaned from his second-story window, straining his ears. Heedless of his sketchy costume, he swung himself over the sill, fumbled for a foothold among the tough ivy-vines, and let himself down like a thief in the night.

The cabin door stood open and a rush of wintry air entered; but Uncle Paley seemed not able to put the air to its proper uses. He gasped for breath as he struggled upward with the weird, moaning sound which had brought Derry to his side.

"The amyl," he panted. He motioned at the mantel-shelf and clutched his throat. His irritated eyes stared after Derry, who searched blunderingly among the odds and ends on the shelf.

"*That!*" cried Uncle Paley, with a sharp, gasping outcry as Derry's hand touched a small vial.

The strange little glass globules poured themselves out in Derry's palm, but he had no idea how to use them. He looked a question.

Uncle Paley grabbed frantically at

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Derry's hand. "Break them," he motioned rather than spoke.

Light dawned on Derry. He crushed a globule in his handkerchief and held it to the old man's face. Uncle Paley clutched the handkerchief and inhaled the amyl fumes greedily. He became easier at once, but he felt at his head.

"Hard—on the head," he muttered, weakly. He sank back. "Better get me a wet towel."

Derry found a towel which he wrung out in icy pump water, and the old man wound it about his head. Afterward he lay silent, turbaned like a Turk, looking horribly queer and ill, his eyes resignedly closed. His books and old pipe had a pathetic appearance, lying unused by his side. Derry, at a loss, mentioned medical attendance.

Uncle Paley's eyes showed a streak of blue. "Doctors can't help me," he said. There was a note of boastfulness in his voice.

Not knowing what else to do, Derry took a chair and waited. In about half an hour Uncle Paley rose up suddenly, cast aside the towel, and reached for his pipe. He seemed quite as usual.

"You'd better be getting back to bed," he said to Derry.

"I didn't know you had these spells."

"Been having them for twenty years, but I don't often have them that bad. But you go on to bed, son. I'll be all right."

"I'll just hang on a bit—if you don't mind," said Derry.

It was as well that Derry did this, for the attacks returned with violence. In fact, Uncle Paley had three alarming nights of them, though he seemed pretty much as usual in the daytime. After the second night Derry spoke to Mrs. Baxter on the subject. She discussed it rationally, saying that it was true doctors could do no more for Uncle Paley than he was doing for himself—that while it was likely one of these attacks would carry the old man off some day, still he had been having them for twenty years past and there seemed no reason why he should not go on having them for twenty years longer. She added that she supposed they did seem terrifying to a young person. But she did not appear to consider it necessary to give Uncle Paley any special attention, and Derry would not leave the old man alone with his struggles for breath and his cramped left arm. Not until the third morning did he really seem all right again.

"Well," said he, looking up from the breakfast-tray Derry had carried him across from the house, "they didn't get me this time." He was jaunty over it. "I'm glad, too," he went on. "I wouldn't want to miss the reunion this year."

"I should say not," responded Derry, warmly, for all he was dropping with sleep. For the Oldtown monument which would be ornamented with Uncle Paley's name, and which was even now in process of erection on the Institute parade-ground, was to be unveiled at this reunion.

Uncle Paley was easily the tallest and most magnificent veteran in the great Oldtown reunion parade, and his captain's uniform singled him out to the eye of the beholder.

Bessy, standing on a chair in front of the court-house, the center of a crowd of crazy boys, flung reserve to the south winds and wildly waved a flag. Subconsciously she was much annoyed because Derry would persist in hampering her by holding on to her elbow.

The line passed, and the crowd followed to the scene of the unveiling. The small granddaughter of one of the town's world-famous men pulled the cord. The tall shaft sprang against the blue heavens. A wild yell split the sky. Derry did it as well as any veteran there. For the first time within the town's experience of Bessy Moreland, her dark tresses were mussed up. Her hat had been knocked off by a waving arm, and she swung it along with her flag. In the press she caught sight of Uncle Paley just behind them.

"Oh, do come here and look at your own name!" cried Bessy.

Derry drew Uncle Paley forward. The people near by acclaimed him. He had a small ovation all to himself at the base of the soaring shaft. Most of the owners of the names inscribed thereon were dead. Uncle Paley's heart swelled with gratitude that he, by God's grace,

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"HE LOOKS AS IF HE MIGHT WRITE POEMS TO A LOVELY YOUNG GIRL"

had lived to see the day. The sun-rays picked out the legend on his bronze medal. He nervously adjusted a ribbon badge over it.

"No, you don't," said Derry, catching him at it. He restored the legend to the shouting sun-rays. "This is your day, sir," said Derry, splendidly.

It continued to be Uncle Paley's day. He rested on the porch of the colonel's turreted home, and the colonel's wife brought him refreshments, and happy in the honor. Other veterans were having refreshments there, too; but Uncle Paley, with his medal and his name on the monument, was easily king. Derry and Bessy guarded his chair. Bessy fanned him with her palm-leaf, and Derry held the bouquet some little girl had given him. Once more life was beautiful, once more worth while to Uncle Paley. He towered, silver-crested, his lean cheek flushed, the tiny curl which finished off his small, pointed beard trembling with excitement.

He was carried off, presently, by other veterans to the camp-fire. He turned to wave to his young people, and for a moment stood there, the white, commemorative shaft at his back, looking like one of the sculptured figures at its base come to life, and the color of life.

Next morning, as Derry reached the inn gate, an unknown veteran stopped without.

"I'm looking for some one named Pleasants," he said, addressing Derry, after a slight hesitation.

"I'm Pleasants, sir," said Derry. He now recognized the veteran as old Mr. Stark, who had a carpenter shop near the river.

"From the captain," said Mr. Stark, offering Derry a small package. His face was portentous.

Derry's heart stirred uneasily. "The —the captain?" he repeated.

"He ought never to have been allowed all that excitement," said Uncle Paley's old comrade, shaking his head.

"He's—ill, then?" asked Derry. But already he knew better than that.

"He was never so well, my laddie,"

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said old Stark. He uncovered his head as he spoke.

Derry turned abruptly and stared at the roses Uncle Paley had broken his old back over. They bloomed in bright rows. He flung around from the sight of them, fumbled for the gate latch, and came outside and walked along with old Stark while he unfolded his story.

Uncle Paley, it seemed, had been taken ill at the camp-fire. He had sent up to the cabin after his amyl and his box of souvenirs—"little pictures and the like," said his old comrade. Afterward he had appeared better, and none thought him in immediate danger, when, all of a sudden, he went off—"like *that!*" said Mr. Stark, snapping a forefinger and thumb. "But *he* didn't think he was going to get over it. Anyway, he told me to hunt you up and give you these, in case he didn't."

He indicated the package, and the Oldtown medal, which he now took from a pocket and handed over. The morning sun-rays brought out its legend, and it gave Derry the steadiness to ask:

"You're quite sure these were to be given me, sir?"

Old Stark nodded energetically. "And what's more, I've a message to you from the captain. He said, 'Tell the boy to keep what I send him.'" He looked at Derry meaningly and jerked a thumb backward in the direction of The Red Inn before he went on: "He'll lie in the Armory to-morrow. We'll have a military funeral for him, of course."

They parted company at Bessy's gate. Derry carried the package in to her, and they went through it together and found it to contain the papers constituting Uncle Paley's Civil War record.

"He turned over his annuity to Mrs. Baxter regularly," Bessy told Derry. "I heard mamma telling some one about it. It may not have been much, but it was surely enough to cover all he got at the inn."

"And *that* was precious little, let me tell you," said Derry, his face darkening.

Bessy looked down at the papers in her lap. "He didn't want her to have these. She got into the Daughters on Uncle Paley's record, and into the Dames on his grandfather's. Naturally, she meant to have these things. Oh, Derry, she'll be raging when she finds out."

She looked up into Derry's touched face, her dark eyes admiring him through her tears of excitement and pity. She felt it very right that young manhood such as Derry's should receive into its keeping these souvenirs of a soldier's youth.

"You take care of the papers for me just now," said Derry. But he kept the medal shut up in his hand as he walked back to the inn.

He did not enter the house, but continued around to the brick kitchen. Its door stood open, and the room was in that disorder which commonly precedes a departure for merrymaking. The books and magazines on the lounge toppled higher than usual. The scandalous old pipe reposed on the table beside an almost scraped-out box of cheap tobacco. Uncle Paley's chipped reading-glass lay near, its handle wound about with a bit of twine for tightening purposes. Derry quietly closed the door, and sat down astride the chair facing Uncle Paley's old lounge. Before long he put his head down in his arms on the back of the chair.

Going through the hall of the house some half an hour later, he encountered Mrs. Baxter. She was in street array, and appeared serious. Though a mean woman, Mrs. Baxter had her moments of being otherwise. She said, after a glance at Derry:

"You might take some of those roses down to the Armory this evening, Mr. Pleasants."

But Derry wouldn't have a petal of Mrs. Baxter's roses. He went over next morning and made Bessy give him all hers. These he carried to the hall where Uncle Paley lay in state attended by old comrades, and looked down upon by the tall, sunlit shaft of commemorative marble which closed the vista commanded by the high arched Armory doors.

It was early, and, except for the guard, he had the hall to himself. He stood pondering over the peaceful and noble aspect of the mask once worn by Uncle Paley's departed spirit, and the emptiness beneath it struck like black frost

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to his heart. One of the watchers was old Stark, and with him Derry spoke briefly and softly. Old Stark said how fitting a thing it was that death should have crowned and consecrated Uncle Paley's great day, but Derry thought Uncle Paley would have enjoyed talking it over afterward in the brick kitchen.

It was the next week that Mrs. Baxter's nephew called upon Derry in his room one morning. Mr. Morton, a young insurance man abounding in energy, said that he had been returning from a five-mile constitutional and a dip in the river when his aunt Baxter hailed him and brought her little matter to his attention. He produced a pocket-comb and begged the use of Derry's mirror.

"Sure," said Derry.

Mr. Morton, eyeing Derry frankly in the mirror, poured forth his errand. It was to the effect that Mrs. Baxter was quite brokenhearted over the idea of any one save herself having been intrusted with Uncle Paley's war record and his Oldtown medal. Uncle Paley, it appeared, had been her daughterly care, and these simple little relics of his presence at her hearth were her tender womanly desire. They were not—could not be—of the slightest value to Derry. Couldn't he be a good old scout and hand them over?

Derry gave the agreeable blank of Mr. Morton's countenance a prolonged scrutiny in the mirror. He concluded to make the interview as short as possible.

"I can't do that," he said.

"Oh, come, let us talk the thing over," said Mr. Morton, in a tone of maddening reasonableness.

ONCE MORE LIFE WAS WORTH WHILE TO UNCLE PALEY

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"I won't do it," said Derry. "I've my own reasons for keeping the things. And"—he consulted his watch—"I've a class in five minutes. Good morning, Mr. Morton. Pray help yourself to my room as long as you like."

Mr. Morton overtook him on the stair. His face was red and he passed Derry without speaking.

Derry's father, who had come down for the unveiling, had remained over to Commencement so that he could accompany Derry home. He was staying with the Morelands and Bessy had made her mamma ask Derry, too, for the three big days.

The final evening she went with him for a farewell stroll. Returning, they passed Mrs. Baxter and Mr. Morton suspiciously near the house.

"I know they've been at your father," whispered Bessy; and in fact Pleasants rose up from a porch chair, saying:

"I'd like a word with you, son." He turned the reluctant Derry about. A few yards down the walk he said, apologetically, "I hate to meddle, but I've promised to— Darn that woman!"

Derry wasn't going to help Pleasants out. His jaw set.

"What's your side?" asked Pleasants, smiling.

"I'll let you get it from some one else," said Derry, arriving at an abrupt decision. He walked Pleasants down to the river and halted him before old Stark's carpenter shop. "This is my father, Mr. Stark," explained Derry. "Mrs. Baxter is kicking up a row over the captain's things. She's set my father after me. Tell him how I happen to have them, please."

"There's little to tell," said old Stark, looking up from the doll-house he was making out of hours for a small granddaughter. "The captain wanted the lad to have the things. He didn't want the woman to have them. That's plain, it seems to me."

The last words came vaguely to Derry, now wandering riverward. He stood on the shelving bank waiting on his father, who appeared entering into a conversation. The alternate murmur of Pleasants's familiar tones and old Stark's burred speech mingled with the river voices and the twilight stir among the young willow branches. A faint breeze whitened the willows and lifted Derry's hair at the temples. He took off his hat and leaned his arms on a low-hanging bough, and gazed down into the flowing water which carried his thoughts so far away that he controlled an impulse to jump when Pleasants's voice sounded close at hand.

"You didn't need to bring me here, you know," it said.

"Oh, I know that, father. It was just an impulse."

"And I apologize for meddling. Where does the nephew hang out?"

"*That's* all right," said Derry. He added, "We pass his place."

He left his father at Mr. Morton's and continued down the street to where he observed Bessy's white dress in the dusk at her gate.

"You're not going to let her have them?" asked Bessy, breathlessly.

"Why, I think not," answered Derry, smiling, and glancing back to where the light from Mr. Morton's door streamed across the road and climbed a house wall opposite.

It was not until they were back home that Pleasants said to Derry, in his friendly way, "Why were you so keen on the old chap's things?"

"Oh—he liked me," said Derry.

"Let's have a look at the medal again," suggested Pleasants. They were up in Derry's room at the moment of speaking.

Derry colored. "I haven't got it."

"You gave it to Mrs. Baxter, after all?" asked Pleasants, surprised.

"The devil I did!" said Derry, strong feeling in his voice. He remained silent a moment, then went on, looking his father in the eyes, "No; I gave it back to him—that day at the Armory."

After Pleasants had gone out, Derry went to a drawer and took from it something which he had slipped into his pocket after he lifted his head from his arms that morning in the brick kitchen. It lay in his clean young palm, beneath his reminiscent eyes. It was something he had liked better than the medal to remember Uncle Paley by. The medal was a high light, a wave's crest, a lonely apotheosis; but this was Uncle Paley's scandalous old pipe.

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To America On Foot

BY M. E. RAVAGE

WHEN I hear all around me the foolish prattle about the new immigration—"the scum of Europe," as it is called—that is invading and making itself master of this country, I cannot help saying to myself that Americans have forgotten America. The native, I must conclude, has, by long familiarity with the rich blessings of his own land, grown forgetful of his high privileges and ceased to grasp the lofty message which America wafts across the seas to all the oppressed of mankind. What, I wonder, do they know of America, who know only America?

The more I think upon the subject the more I become persuaded that the relation of the teacher and the taught as between those who were born and those who came here must be reversed. It is the free American who needs to be instructed by the benighted races in the uplifting word that America speaks to all the world. Only from the humble immigrant, it appears to me, can he learn just what America stands for in the family of nations. The alien must know this, for he alone seems ready to pay the heavy price for his share of America. He, unlike the older inhabitant, does not come into its inheritance by the accident of birth. Before he can become an American he must first be an immigrant. More than that, back of immigration lies emigration. And to him alone is it given to know the bitter sacrifice and the deep upheaval of the soul that are implied in those two words.

Oh, if I could show you America as we of the oppressed peoples see it! If I could bring home to you even the smallest fraction of this sacrifice and this upheaval, the dreaming and the strife, the agony and the heartache, the endless disappointments, the yearning, and the despair—all of which must be ours before we can make a home for our battered spirits in this land of yours. Perhaps, if we be young, we dream of riches and adventure, and if we be grown men we may merely seek a haven for our outraged human souls and a safe retreat for our hungry wives and children. Yet, however aggrieved we may feel toward our native home, we cannot but regard our leaving it as a violent severing of the ties of our life, and look beyond toward our new home as a sort of glorified exile. So, whether we be young or old, something of ourselves we always leave behind in our hapless, cherished birthplaces. And the heaviest share of our burden inevitably falls on the loved ones that remain when we are gone. We make no illusions for ourselves. Though we may expect wealth, we have no thought of returning. It is farewell forever. We are not setting out on a trip; we are emigrating. Yes, we are emigrating, and there is our experience, our ordeal, in a nutshell. It is the one-way passport for us every time. For we have glimpsed a vision of America, and we start out resolved that, whatever the cost, we shall make her our own. In our heavy-laden hearts we are already Americans. In our own dumb way we have grasped her message to us.

The story of my own migration, which I am now about to relate, is thus more than a mere personal narrative. It is an account of the aspiration of a great company of people toward an ideal, and of the manner in which that aspiration was realized. In a sense, indeed, it is the tale of all immigrants to America, from the first voyage of the *Mayflower* to the landing of the latest steerage passenger. And if I have allowed my own experiences and emotions to occupy a large part of the canvas, it is only because they are representative of the mass, and because it is much easier and perhaps

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more effective to portray the individual life than the collective.

It was in the early winter of 1899 that a certain fellow-countryman whom I choose to call Couza, burst in upon us of Vaslui, Rumania, after an absence of fourteen years in America, to stir us out of our lethargy and our self-sufficiency. And it was no more than six months, if I recall aright, after his sudden departure, before the greater part of Vaslui's men of wealth and distinction had rolled away in carriage and railway car and steamboat. It is strange, the effect of one great personality on the life of an entire community. One fortnight of Couza simply revolutionized our existence. Well-to-do, respectable merchants took the habit of bankruptcy and made off to America with their creditors' funds. The value of real estate dropped to one-fourth its customary level, and there came a time soon when no one could be induced to buy a house or a farm at any price. Personal property, including furniture, horses, and even clothing, were given away in such quantities that trade was completely at a standstill. And what took place in Vaslui was only typical of what had come to be the state of affairs in every city and town in Rumania.

I am certain that in any other country such a general exodus, bringing the serious consequences in its wake that this did, would have been stopped by the police. Was not the affair taking on the air of a national disaster? But the government of Rumania was far from any thought of interference. It stood by idly while the procession kept moving on, apparently only too happy to be rid of an element of its population for which it had always entertained a quite frank antipathy. In fact, it did the reverse of stopping it. Ordinarily the getting of a passport had been a matter of very serious trouble and considerable expense. But in this remarkable year, 1900, the bars were unaccountably let down, and every person not of military age who made application for a passport was cheerfully sped on his way by the officials and granted the document with the minimum of cost and almost no trouble at all.

Along about the beginning of May the astonishing news reached us of the new turn that the emigration movement had taken. It was to the effect that a band of young men in Berlad had formed themselves into an organization for the purpose of walking to America. I remember how incredulous we were when we first heard of it. In the first place, we had learned entirely too much about that romantic country during Couza's visit to swallow any such absurd notion as that it could be reached by walking. And besides that, the report was brought to us by a woman whom rumor credited with neither too much truthfulness, nor complete sanity. We little thought that before many weeks we were to have a To-America-on-Foot Society in our own town.

Yet that is precisely what happened. We had hardly had time to make up our minds as to whether there could be anything in the strange story from Berlad, when a number of the boys in our own set held a meeting and announced that they had formed a walking group right in Vaslui. I do not wish to be immodest, but historical truth demands I should confess that I had the glory of being present at that meeting and becoming one of the charter members of the organization. We assembled, about twenty-five of us in all, in Monish Bachman's grain-shed just outside the town gate. The place was well chosen, for that shed had already become sacred in our hearts by many tender associations. It had been the scene of a long series of theatrical performances in which the present organizers had been both actors and audience. And although we were now practical men and quite done with childish things, our instincts must have guided us in selecting this sentimental spot for our adult activities. We ranged in age from fifteen to eighteen, with the exception of young Frankel, the druggist's son, who having spent a year at the university in Bucharest, was looked up to as a man of the world, and was, therefore, asked to give us the benefit of his parliamentary training.

The meeting was a thunderous one. As in all parliaments, the body, which

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had gathered as a very harmonious one, soon split up into a number of factions. There was the extreme left, which advocated secret procedure and the exclusion of parents from our councils. They were in favor of immediate action, a nocturnal departure with French leave, and not a word to our families until we had reached New York, when a telegram would suffice to inform them of what had happened. That plan had in its favor the element of romance. But it was, forthwith, howled down by the extreme right, the reactionaries, who laughed at the whole scheme and declared that if we could not travel like gentlemen we might as well abandon the idea of America entirely. Finally the moderates won out. Led by the chairman himself, they argued that it would be wiser to take the townspeople into our secret, and gain the benefit of their advice and support.

Before adjourning, we took up, at Frankel's suggestion, the matter of permanent organization. We elected a president and invested him with tyrannical powers over our bodies and souls. He was to preside at the meetings while we remained in Vaslui, and to act as the captain of the band on the march. He could dismiss a member from the group for a capital offense, or punish him with reduced rations and solitary marching forty meters behind the column for minor misdemeanors. A number of us objected to making the captain into a king, pointing out the patent fact that he was called a president, and crying vehemently that this granting of wholesale privileges to a president was totally out of harmony with the spirit of the great country to which we were going. Next we turned to the choosing of a treasurer, and experienced tremendous difficulties in deciding what one of us could most safely be intrusted with our prospective common funds. Then the temporary chairman suggested that we ought to have a secretary, "just for the dignity of the organization," even though we may find no duties for him. Last of all, I was myself picked for the post of commissary-general, with powers to purchase supplies and apportion the rations—always, of course, under orders from the president and captain.

But, alas, the irony of fate and the cruelty of parents! No sooner had we each retired to our own homes, and no sooner did we break the news to our several fathers, than we found good reason to repent of our failure to adopt the program of the leftists. The ingrate Monish Bachman, unmindful of the glory that had fallen upon his grain-shed, promptly deposed the powerful tyrant, who was his own son Yankel. Neither he nor my parent would hear of the "absurd" idea. Monish, having once been wealthy, and being still very proud and something of a power in the community, could see no reason why his son should undergo the hardship and the indignity of having to tramp to America. "If Yankel must go away," he declared, with a flourish, "I am not yet so poor but that I could afford to have him travel as befits my position." But Yankel need not leave home at all, he insisted. The youngster was very useful to him in his business. In vain did the boy object that he cared nothing about dignity and position, that he thought the railway and steamboat were tiresome, uninteresting, grandfatherly modes of travel, unworthy of a boy. Monish had put his foot down.

With me things went quite as badly, if not worse. My father was a cleverer man than Yankel's, and therefore he had no difficulty in trumping up a whole chain of causes why he could not let me go. Number one: had I forgotten that no more than a week before, while I was bathing the horse down at the swimming-hole, I had very narrowly escaped drowning, and a whipping afterward into the bargain? With that exhibition of my incapacity still fresh in his memory, how could I expect him to trust me to take care of myself on such a journey and in a distant country? Number two: I was the youngest in the family, and probably for that reason mother's favorite child—he was not talking about himself now. Paul was in the army at Hushi, and Harry was in business at Constantza. Was I cruel enough to go away and leave mother to die of longing? Number three: The crops last fall had failed; times were woefully hard; there was

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not money enough in the house to fit me out for any kind of a journey, however inexpensive.

All this array of logic I might have met, but before long father's arguments were reinforced by mother's pleadings. Had I forgotten Annie, my only sister, who had died but three years before, a flower struck down in the midst of spring? How could I think of abandoning father and mother in their sorrow and quit the precious soil where Annie lay buried? Against the logic of bereavement, I saw, I had no hope of prevailing. Even though my reason did not yield, my heart did, and the session ended in tears.

In the mean time Vaslui generally showed a very different disposition toward the new emigration. In spite of its deposed president and commissary-general, the group had managed to grow both in numbers and in public approval. It had been joined by several older men, so that the roster contained, by now, some forty-odd names. The organization held daily meetings—no longer in the grain-shed, but in one of the town halls—the preparations for the journey were being rushed and enthusiasm ran very high, not only among the members themselves, but especially in the community. If the earlier emigration had aroused interest, this new and strange development had in it the picturesqueness and the heroic pathos which could not but appeal to the imagination and touch the heart. The majority of those who composed the reorganized group were preparing to walk to America out of real necessity, not for adventure. Vaslui gave them the homage and the sympathy that a nation gives its army marching off to war.

The most striking evidence of the community's interest in the movement appeared right at the start. Before matters had proceeded very far a few prominent citizens of the town undertook to guide the destinies of the group in a more systematic fashion. They perpetuated the old committee which had been chosen to welcome the man Couza, whose missionary zeal had started the whole migration. The purposes of this higher organization were at first purely decorative. It made arrangements to give the group a suitable send-off on its departure, with flags and speeches and the like; and it instituted preparations for the welcoming of such groups from other towns as might happen to pass through Vaslui on their way to New York. But once the committee had been formed it found a multitude of unforeseen avenues for its activity. It was discovered, in the first place, that such funds as had been gathered from the contributions of the members themselves were absurdly inadequate to the needs of the journey. Furthermore, it was out of the question for the boys to camp out or stop at hotels in the towns where the night might overtake them. The most serious problem of all arose over the question of how the young people were to be cared for in the foreign countries through which they must journey.

Thus there came into being a whole succession of institutions which the original organizers of the walking movement had not even dreamed of. The home committee of Vaslui was soon duplicated in every town where groups were forming, and before long these separate bodies became merged into a really formidable national committee, with branches in every corner of Rumania and activities that covered every possible need of the emigrants. And then the process of organization was carried to the last climactic step when the newly born national committee entered into correspondence and ultimately became affiliated with the great charitable alliances of Vienna, Berlin, Paris, and London. So that the marching group which had started out as an almost grotesque, childish fancy of merely local scope, had in a short time evolved into a world movement, with agencies in the principal capitals of Europe and even in New York itself.

By far the most noteworthy by-product of this amazing movement was the advent of the newspaper. Hitherto Vaslui had been content to get its news second-hand. Journalism was a thing unknown, not only in Vaslui, but in all the other cities of Rumania except Bucharest. There may have been news-

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papers in Jassy, but I never heard of them. Even the Bucharest dailies were taken only by the coffee-houses of Vaslui, where they hung on racks clamped into their holders, and were glanced at sporadically by the merchants who congregated there. But all this was now changed. In the last month or two Vaslui and Rumania generally had passed through a cycle of changes the like of which had taken, elsewhere, centuries to effect. The mere thought of New York had somehow in a moment of time raised us to the level of Western civilization.

I have often heard it said since, in school and college, that the genuine art and literature of a people are the direct result of its history and invariably reflect the popular soul. If this be true, I have myself been present at the birth of a little movement which may—who can tell?—prove a real contribution to the development of a genuine national art. For these daily and weekly papers that arose so suddenly among us were no mere purveyors of the world's daily scandal. They were essentially of the stuff of which literature is made, although I dare say they never found their way into books or libraries. They were filled with poems and passionate eloquence, words of cheer and hope, eulogies of the land of our aspirations, which for some reason or other was continually referred to as Jerusalem, encouragement to those who were left behind, and praise to the Almighty for delivering his people from the bondage of the modern Egypt (Rumania). Nearly all the contents were the work of the members of the groups themselves. And for the first time in their lives our humble, simple people had found an interest in journalistic endeavor. They eagerly devoured every issue from the first word to the last.

The ancient arts of music and oratory likewise came in for their share. We had never dreamed of the profusion of talent that lay fallow in our own midst. Moritz Cahana, the owner of the Hotel Regal, acquired a reputation overnight for impassioned public utterance which extended beyond Vaslui and even beyond the frontiers of Rumania. All the meetings of the group consisted in large part of songs, with Hebrew, Yiddish, and Rumanian words, whose airs were adaptations of ancient melodies — tender lullabies, melancholy yearnings for Zion, and solemn chants of the synagogue. Some had been borrowed from the *doinas* of the shepherd, and others had filtered in, after many vicissitudes, from the *cafés chantants* of Vienna. The martial airs were quite recognizable plagiarisms from the military composers. But all of the compositions had been blazoned with the heroic spirit of the young men who sang them and the fervid enthusiasm of the times.

In this immense burst of literary and artistic fire, the practical side of the undertaking was, I am afraid, somewhat neglected. I attended the majority of the meetings, but I cannot recall ever having seen a map at any of them. In fact, I am pretty certain that not even the captain of the expedition had the faintest glimmer of a notion about routes. It was the broad, magnificent idea of the thing that occupied all minds. No one seemed to be in the least interested in mere details. As far as I can now determine, there was not a member in the whole group who could tell just which way he was headed, except that the initial stop was to be Berlad—some forty miles away—and the ultimate destination, New York. It was never made clear in the speeches or the newspapers how the Atlantic was to be inveigled into suffering the foot-voyagers to bridge its chasm. Only once had there been an allusion in biblical phrase to the cleaving of the sea and the rising of its waters like a wall, but as that came out in a poem it was not remarked.

It was early in May that this first group, having completed its preparations, set out on its strange adventure. The day was a clear and balmy one. The marchers assembled at the gate of the little circular park in the center of the town, and from the earliest hour of the morning vast throngs of people came out to greet them. Promptly at ten o'clock the bugle sounded and the procession began. It was headed by Moritz Cahana, the orator of the occa-

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sion, and some other members of the committee in a droshka. Then followed the group in double file, clad in brown khaki, military leggings, and broad-brimmed canvas hats, each with an army knapsack on his back and a water-bottle slung jauntily over his shoulder. Last in order came well-nigh all that remained of the community of Vaslui. We marched and sang through the main thoroughfare, and then we swung off to a by-road that led to the southern gate of the town. There we halted, and Moritz Cahana made a speech that caused the whole throng to cheer and brought a lump into my throat and the tears into my eyes. Finally came the long last farewells, with tears and sobs from other people besides myself. The bugle sounded again, the captain gave the command, and the column was off on its way.

I had given my word that I would not again ask to go with that group, and I had kept it, in spite of the fact that Monish Bachman had withdrawn his objections and allowed my friend Yankel to go. But when, several days later, the papers began to publish exciting accounts of the progress of the group I quite frankly began to be sorry for having been so good. It made me desperate to think that here I was condemned to inactivity, my hopes and my ambitions turning sour within me, while the boys who had been my friends and companions were plucking rich adventure, seeing the world, and daily drawing nearer to that magic city of promise, New York. They had, according to a letter to me from Yankel, reached Berlad; the whole town had turned out to welcome them, had fought for the privilege of entertaining them at their homes, and had banqueted them for three days as if they had been princes. From Berlad they had gone on to Tecuci, where their reception had been even more lavish than in Berlad. Can you wonder, after this glowing report, that I was getting restless and repenting of my good behavior?

Therefore, when, toward the middle of June, the second Vaslui group was organized, I returned to my attack on father. I threatened to run away and join the group at the next town. I reminded my parent of his ambitions for me, and asked him, after all the rebuffs his efforts had met, whether he could still hope to make anything of me in Vaslui. I painted a gloomy picture of our life in Rumania—the poverty, the absence of every variety of opportunity, the discriminations of the government against us. I emphasized particularly, knowing my audience as I did, the dreadful horror of the recruiting officer, who was constantly lurking in our path like a serpent, ready to spring upon a young man, just when he had reached the stage where he could be useful to himself and of help to his family. There was my brother Paul, a case in point. He had struggled for years—ever since he had been twelve—to learn a trade; had served a three-year apprenticeship for his mere bed and board; had then toiled like a slave first for fifty, then for a hundred francs a year. And when at last he had become master of his calling and was about to become independent, along came the scarlet monster and packed him off to its musty barracks, to be fed on black bread and cabbage, to learn senseless tricks with his feet and a gun, to spend days and whole weeks in prison cells, as if he were a criminal, to be slapped in the face like a bad boy, and to live in constant terror of war and the manœuver for the rest of his life. "If this is the sort of future you want for me," I concluded dramatically, "you are right in trying to keep me here."

It was cruel, this relentless logic of facts. Mother began to weep quietly, and father bit his lip and turned to look out of the window. But with the single-eyed selfishness of youth I looked only to the advancement of my own cause. I perceived that my speech had had its effect. So I followed up the argument with a brilliant sketch of the great things that were awaiting me in New York. Had they forgotten the wonderful man from New York who had recently visited us? Had they forgotten his jewels, his clothes, his trunks, his fine, impressive appearance, his cultured manners, his official position? That was what America was making out of *her* men. For our visitor, by his own confession, was not the only one

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who had been so marvelously transformed in that great country. Everybody who went there became a millionaire overnight, and a doctor or a teacher into the bargain. There, in America, was my future as well as theirs. For it would take me only a few weeks to make enough money to send for the whole family.

So at last I conquered. But my victory turned out to be only a partial one. In fact, by the time it was finally won the best part of the glory had been extracted from it. Although father and mother were both completely won over, the chief difficulty still remained to be overcome. When father had previously told me that there was not money enough in the house to fit me out for the journey he had touched on a real obstacle, as I now learned. The costume alone would cost about fifteen francs, the passport about ten more, and I must have a few francs in cash. I suggested selling the cow, and father consented. But by the time that could be accomplished the second group had left Vaslui, and me in it, a thoroughly broken and disappointed boy.

Meantime mother set about with a heavy heart to prepare for the great day which I looked forward to so impatiently and which she so horribly dreaded. For the next four weeks she knitted socks, and made me underwear of flannelette, and sewed buttons, and mended my shirts and my old overcoat. She filled several jars with jam for me and one or two with some of her far-famed pickles. In the evening when we were alone together she would make me sit on her footstool, and while her deft fingers manipulated the knitting-needles she would gaze into my eyes as if she tried to absorb enough of me to last her for the coming months of absence. "You will write us, dear?" she kept asking continually. "You won't forget your old father and mother when the Lord blesses you with riches. You won't, will you? Promise me again my son. And if I should die when you are gone, you will remember me in your prayers, oh, my *kadish*, my male child." Once or twice she gave way to passionate sobs: "I have borne you, my boy, and brought you into the world in pain, and I have nurtured you, and prayed over your cradle in the night, oh, my joy and my solace." At such times I tried to comfort her by promises of daily letters, by calling her silly for imagining dreadful things, and by assuring her again and again that it was only a matter of a little time before we should be once more reunited.

Throughout those days of preparation father was silent with that pregnant silence which he always maintained when his heart was breaking. Only on the day before my departure he betrayed himself. He had apparently been worrying all the time about that incident at the swimming-hole, when I had come dangerously near drowning, and he had resolved that he would impress me with the seriousness of it so that I should never again imperil my life. On that memorable Saturday night, therefore, after the beautiful home service with its candles and songs was over, he took me around to the house of the rabbi and made me take part in a scene which still lingers in my memory as one of the most solemn experiences of my life. Even at the time I remember comparing it with that impressive incident in the Bible when Jacob calls his son Joseph to his death-bed. As we entered the rabbi arose and shook hands with me. Then, still holding my hand in one of his, he placed his other hand on my head and pronounced a blessing in Hebrew. When he had finished that he asked me to promise him by the love I bore my father and mother that I would never again bathe in open water. "That was an omen from above," he said. "The Lord of the universe has spared you. But you must not tempt him again. Promise me that you will not. Be a good son of Israel." Then he bade me a cheerful good-by and a successful journey.

At last my preparations were completed and the last and greatest obstacle to my migration had to be faced. By this time the second Vaslui group was approaching the city of Galatz on the Danube, which is about two hundred miles from Vaslui. Father was using his influence as a member of the committee to get me admitted into the group at that point. But the leaders

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of the organization would not hear of it. To begin with, they argued, it was against the constitution and the by-laws, and, besides, it would set a bad precedent. Why should any one care to walk at all and endure all the hardships after this, if he could come in at the last moment and reap all the advantages? They had wandered about over the whole country, had once or twice been attacked by brigands, and had exposed themselves to sickness and every variety of danger. And now, just as their difficult journey was drawing to an end, a member of the committee was trying to foist a raw recruit upon them. But father was determined, and after endless dickerings and pleadings and debatings he won his point.

It had developed, you see, that the walking was not to be continued all the way to New York, after all. The home committee—the general staff, as it had come, appropriately enough, to be called—had apparently decided that at the outset. But the captains and the other leaders of the groups themselves had found the tramping too jolly—in spite of their occasional complaints to the contrary—and threatened to rebel. Not until they were convinced that without the support of the committee they could not march a step, would they listen to reason. So they agreed to walk only as far as Galatz, and there board a Danube River steamer for Vienna. Once out of Rumania, they would be out of the jurisdiction of the national committee and would be taken charge of by the Jüdische Allianz zu Wien. From Vienna they would journey by rail through Germany as far as Rotterdam, at the expense and under the guidance of the Verband der Deutscher Juden and the Alliance Israélite, and from Rotterdam they would sail for New York. That was the route that the group, and I along with them, actually followed.

It was not until Sunday morning that I knew whether I was going or not. As soon as the good word reached me I proceeded to put the finishing touches to my packing and to attend to the inevitable farewells. All that day I went around shaking hands with what was left of the community—most of them people I had never spoken to before—and every one asked me to deliver his regards to some relative in New York, and to urge him to send a steamer ticket to this one or that one. During the early part of the evening mother and I walked up and down in the front yard, my hand in hers, talking of the past and the future, and carefully avoiding any reference to the present. Just before train-time she put the gold-clasped prayer-book into my grip which father had given her on their betrothal, and sewed two gold napoleons into the lining of my waistcoat. She seemed calm and resigned. But when the train drew into the station she lost control of her feelings. As she embraced me for the last time her sobs became violent and father had to separate us. There was a despair in her way of clinging to me which I could not then understand. I understand it now. I never saw her again.

For several hours I sat stark and stiff on a wooden bench in my railway carriage, unaware of the other passengers, mechanically guarding with one hand the fortune in my waistcoat, as father had repeatedly urged me to do. I did not even try to collect my thoughts. I could only see a blurred vision of my mother going home from the station, and kept vaguely wondering whether America, with all her prizes, could be worth that.

Toward morning my mind cleared and I could see things a little more in their true relations. As the train approached Galatz I looked out and beheld the wide expanse of the Danube with the rosy hues of dawn reflected on its placid surface. There were ships along the wharves, both on the Rumanian and on the Bulgarian side. My heart leaped up at the beautiful sight. I had never seen a real ship before. Here was the gate of the great world opening up before me, with its long open roads radiating in all directions. It was but an earnest of the nobler destiny ahead of me. In a very few days I should be out of Rumania. And then in two weeks more New York would no longer be a vision, but an inspiring reality. I could no longer doubt that my sacrifice was worth while. And I turned my face to the West.

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The Smaller Craft

BY MARY ESTHER MITCHELL

LITTLE Luther Butts sat on the door-step, a small, dejected heap of bewildered misery. The silver breeze ruffled the soft ends of his silver thatch, inviting him to join in its revels; all the joys of the open beckoned him afield, but he paid no heed. Life had suffered a change for Little Luther, and the upheaval set him astray.

Little Luther had lost the sturdy roundness of his baby days. The ignominious pinafore no longer confused the question of sex, but his little trousers announced him boy more emphatically than did his absorbed ways and gentle pursuits. A slender slip of a child was he, quiet, unassertive, uninterested in the pastimes of his brothers and sisters. His round, blue eyes seemingly ignored the present. His little smile spoke of an unshared something quite his own. "Half-baked," pronounced Turkey Hill, to whom the measure of mentality was reduced to "them as is all there," and "them as isn't," and no fine distinctions. Mrs. Butts may have had her doubts as to the quality of her son's intellect, but she never voiced them. "You let him alone! He's got more sense than the whole lot o' yer!" she would say. She dreamed not, and would not have understood if she had, that the big, white bird of fortune had bestowed on her youngest the shining jewel of fancy. "He ain't no fool!" was the best defense of which she was capable, but she saw to it that Little Luther was not too roughly handled by an unsympathetic world. Thus sheltered, his peace was seldom disturbed; he flew free in his own heaven, his wings unclipped, his soul serene. Now protection was withdrawn; he had lost his great refuge in an uncomprehending land.

In the humble house, surrounded by the awe and gloom of solemn state, rested Mrs. Butts, very still, very unconcerned. Little Luther had never before seen his mother idle, and it frightened him. For the first time she paid no heed to demand or circumstance, and crying need was met by frozen indifference. What baffled hopes lay behind that sealed countenance was her secret for eternity. Perhaps she had missed no star from her sky, had recognized little sense of unfulfilment, feeling only the dull dissatisfaction of the moment's stress, the fret of ceaseless drudgery. If so, well—that was also her secret.

There had been one ambition, at least, of Mrs. Butts's meager existence; it was realized now when ambition and existence were hers no longer. All her life she had yearned for a parlor, furnished, tidy, and sacred to ceremony. Mrs. Leavitt, sister of Mrs. Butts, over from the Center to take temporary direction, looked about the barren little front room and sniffed.

"Good Lord, Luther Butts! I wouldn't *ask* a woman to be buried from such a hole! Not a stick in it, to say nothin' of them walls an' plasterin'! An' all Turkey Hill comin' to gape! If you want *my* help you've got to do somethin' 'fore the minister comes!"

Mr. Butts, dazed more by the interruption of daily habit and direction than by actual personal grief, muttered that he "didn't see where the cash was comin' from to pay for the funeral, let alone fixin's." Thereupon Mrs. Leavitt, animated by family pride, with her own capable hands pasted a cheap but clean paper on the offending walls, and bestowed what she termed a "lick and promise" of paint on the woodwork. Then she hired a few articles of furniture which imparted a specious air of comfort to the apartment and gave to the heedless dead that which had been denied to the living. There was no hint of irony on Mrs. Butts's white lips as she lay in the midst of unwonted luxury; her

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smile was serenely remote, while, outside in the sunshine, sat her little son, groping for understanding.

Miss Barcelona McAllister guided the "Rolling Jenny" slowly up the grass road which led from the highway to the Butts's house. The little black cottage was scarcely more than a cabin, but it was set in the garden of the gods, and its approach was royal. Azure, emerald, studdings of silver and gold, were above, below, on every side. The rosy foam of the apple bloom ran over the trees in a heavenly canopy, while the sweet air rang with the music of the "bright-breasted men." The carpet of the earth was fresh with the first flowers. Nature, with her impersonal disregard, gave no sign of sympathy for the little house at the end of the joyous lane; instead, she shouted life and growth, warm, pulsing, radiant, overflowing with color, scent, sound.

"Well," exclaimed Miss Barcy, drawing Bolter to a willing halt, "if there ain't Little Luther!" Then she paused in honest embarrassment. What was there to say to a child just bereft of his mother? Miss Barcy did not know, so she held her peace. Mrs. Leavitt, hearing wheels, came to the door, and her bulk loomed large behind the child.

"Good mornin', Miss Barcy!" Mrs. Leavitt's voice was hoarsely adjusted to the exigencies of the occasion. "You're real good to come round. Little Luther, you git up off'n that step an' take yourself outer sight!"

The boy shrank up against the jamb of the door. His aunt brushed by him impatiently.

"Sometimes I think that child's a plumb idiot," she remarked, with no lowering of tone. "He 'ain't shed a tear; jest set moonin'. I allers said Myra was too soft with him, but I declare I did give him credit for havin' a mite o' feelin'."

Miss Barcy, sturdy, weatherbeaten, winced as if flicked by a lash; but all she said was, "He's a real pretty little feller."

"*Pretty!*" Mrs. Leavitt voiced her scorn. "What's the use o' bein' pretty if you're lackin' in a decent sense o' sorrer? I'd rather have a young un homely as a bag o' nails! I've done my best to bring it home to him, but he don't seem to take nothin' in."

Little Luther slowly got down from the steps and disappeared around the corner of the house. Miss Barcy watched the retreating little back.

"Aint more 'n seven, is he?" she inquired, gently.

"Land! don't ask *me!* I never could keep run o' Myra's children. Well, she'll have no more, poor thing! Wont you 'light, Miss Barcy? Myra's lookin' real nateral."

Miss Barcy hastily gathered up the reins. "I must be gittin' 'long," she answered. "I jest called round to see if there warn't nothin' I could do for you at the Center."

Mrs. Leavitt searched her mind. "Can't think of a thing; Luther drove over early this mornin'. Thank you, kindly, jest the same. Hope you can see your way to comin' to-morrer."

Before Bolter could gather up his powers of progression Miss Barcy added, as if in afterthought. "Wouldn't you like to have me take Little Luther off o' your hands this mornin'? He can set right up here by me, an' he likes drivin'."

Mrs. Leavitt shook her head. "I'm obleeged to you, but it don't seem jest the thing for him to be enjoyin' himself, an' his mother not cold. The services are at three to-morrer, an' we'll be pleased to see you."

Miss Barcy hastened Bolter's steps down the ribbon road. When she reached the highway she breathed a sigh of relief. The forenoon sun was broad and cheerful. The young grass and the fresh-turned earth were sweet to her nostrils, and her eyes swept over acres of open, thriving fields, and on uplands wooded thick with vigorous growth. "Poor little feller!" muttered Miss Barcy. "Poor Little Luther!"

A dandelion-puff will stand in rounded entity until some vagrant breeze rends its crest, blowing the feathery seeds to new and separate existence, while the barren stalk of former anchorage knows them no more. The Butts family had held together until the wind of adversity struck it, sending its component parts hither and thither on various currents of circumstance, and dropping

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by H. Leinroth

MISS BARCY HAD TO COME TO THE RESCUE

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them with apparent disregard to the laws of right or reason. Some of the seeds settled upon good soil, and some lodged upon stony ground.

In the partition of the House of Butts, the lot of Myra's youngest fell to Mrs. Leavitt. "Seems kinder too bad," commented Miss Barcy when she heard of it.

"Jest what *I* say," assented the bearer of the news. "M's Leavitt's got about as much as she can spring to without a pesterin' young un taggin' at her heels."

"It warn't Mrs. Leavitt I was thinkin' of," returned Miss Barcy. The remark passed unheeded; popular sentiment was all on the side of Mrs. Leavitt.

"I ain't hankerin' for the job," acknowledged that worthy woman. "But there, you can't set an' see your own relations put on the town. There's one thing; he'll git no coddlin' from me. I reckon I can learn him a thing or two, if he 'ain't much sense!"

It is one thing to expound wisdom and quite another to win a way to its reception. It takes a wiser hand than Mrs. Leavitt's to steer a soaring little soul into the regions of practicality. It also requires time and patience, and Mrs. Leavitt possessed little of the former and none of the latter commodity. She soon took the course of the least resistance—for her. Little Luther fell upon evil times. Under his aunt's stern eye he committed all sorts of atrocities; he stumbled over things, spilled things, broke things. A command from Mrs. Leavitt only too often spelled disaster, and corporal punishment was the quickest way out of it—for Mrs. Leavitt. Little Luther was pulled and twitched and shaken. His physical being cowered under expectation of attack. He grew jumpy, cried a good deal, and appeared more and more stupid. In the Leavitt household no concession was made to appetite; it was "take or leave." Little Luther mostly left, and he waned into a small shadow of his former thin self. He said nothing, made no complaint. A child sees no gate in the wall of his oppression, and is silent. Such resignation found small favor in the eyes of his aunt. "'Ain't got the spunk of a sick calf!" she said.

Even in the cloudiest days, just around the corner joy awaits the child. Long hours of solitary play formed the rope on which Little Luther climbed to content. Over the slope of the Leavitt back yard, hidden by the big barn, lay the garden, open to the cheer and warmth of the southern sun. Good brown earth was there, tangles of green-smelling vines, sheltering bushes, tall, whispering rows of corn. Flowers, too, and friendly toads and angleworms. Birds lit there, and the drone and hum of insect life never ceased. Here Little Luther found sanctuary.

One day in late summer the boy was sitting flat on the ground, absorbed in an exciting new game. Out of summer squashes, slim cucumbers, and broken sticks he had constructed a most satisfactory monster. At first he laughed as he tried to straighten the wabbly head. "Funny ole man!" he said. But under the spell of his play the creation achieved formidable reality. "Bad ole giant!" whispered Little Luther, propping the ogre against a bean-pole. Behind the giant lay the princess, clad in pink hollyhock skirts, waiting to be rescued.

Who can locate the realm which is the child's birthright? From what hills of dream flock the host of faery? The wisest may journey and never sight the borders; the child with unguided feet marches straight into the freedom of the hidden country. Whence came Little Luther's key to the magic door? He had small inheritance of the lore to which the majority of children naturally fall heir. The Butts household had not been one to stimulate the imagination. A legend or two from his mother's almost forgotten youth; a stray story; a power of personification which gave life to every stick and stone—these formed the basis of Little Luther's dramas. He was very happy now, and crooned softly to himself as he set his stage. First, he marshaled his avenging host. Round tomatoes make fine, fat warriors in scarlet coats. Little Luther helped himself liberally. Then came the action. The little red company swept up the hill. Recollections of Decoration Day gave form to the march and music, untroubled by any

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sense of anachronism. Medieval, or modern—what matters it in fairyland? It was very real, that rush of red soldiers. Little Luther's legs fairly ached in sympathy with the tug of the assault. His breath came fast as the first line reached the foot of the castle wall.

Suddenly the earth fell away from Little Luther. Clutched from behind, he was swung around until the world turned upside down. Then, with a thump, he was released. The sky resumed its familiar position, but the earth still rocked beneath him. He put out a hand on either side and held on to the ground. His stomach felt queer.

Mrs. Leavitt, on a still hunt, had spotted her nephew by the shining of his white head. She bore down on him impatiently, but her irritation changed to wrath as her eyes took in the wanton destruction.

"For the land's sake!" she cried. "What in creation are you up to?"

Little Luther looked up with frightened eyes. "N-n-nothin'," he gasped.

"Don't you lie to me!" Mrs. Leavitt's hard hand gripped the bony shoulder. "Don't you know it's stealin' to take them vegetables? You tell me this minute what you're doin' with 'em!"

"T-they're s-soldiers," stammered Little Luther. "An' a giant."

"Nonsense!" cried Mrs. Leavitt. "They're my good vegetables an' they're sp'iled. You're a reg'lar little thief! There ain't no sech things as giants, an' you know it. It's only idiots that play like babies. I'm goin' to put a stop to this. It's somethin' to do that you want, an' I'm goin' to see that you git it! I've a mind to lick you good an' plenty for wastin' all that food. You march to the barn an' pick up kindlin's till I tell you to stop! Then we'll have a settlin'."

Mrs. Leavitt's heavy foot demolished all semblance of the sturdy ranks. She scattered the brave little army; she kicked the giant to pieces. Then she strode away, but Little Luther did not follow. Instead, he sat and stared at the desolation. About him lay more than the ruins of his fancy; something more precious than the giant's head had been broken beyond repair. Somebody had entered and laid waste. Brutally the bullets of fact had demolished his fair country. A cloud came over the sun. He looked at the remains of his little regiment; they were just tomatoes on foolish sticks; the princess was a withered flower; the giant a silly squash. The veil had been rudely rent.

A feeling of outrage grew upon Little Luther. He rose slowly, for he was still dizzy from his upheaval. A wave of something hot and fierce swept over him. It waxed to fury. With a little cry of anger he fell upon the garden and devastated it. He pulled tomatoes, big ones this time, from the vines, and crushed them with his stout little shoes. He bent stalks of corn with a strength born of wrath. He ground his heels into the squashes and cucumbers. Bean-pods flew wide. The lust of vengeance augmented as he worked. He pulled flowers from the stems and scattered them broadcast. Great hard lumps rose in his throat and sobs shook his frame, but up and down he went, like a small Scourge of God. He held not his hand until desolation was complete.

A little later, Mrs. Leavitt went to the shed. It was empty. Grasping a stout shingle in her hand, she descended the slope. There she stopped, dismayed. Before her lay the ravaged plot. "Luther Butts!" she shrieked. But Little Luther was not there to answer.

Twelve o'clock marked the dinner hour for Turkey Hill and the Ridge. Miss Barcy, through years of solitary living, had kept as much regularity in the matter of meals as her occupation permitted. "It's easy enough to let down to jest a bite standin'," she would remark. "Many's the time I've heard Pa say: 'Eat in the galley, if so need be, but see to it that it's shipshape an' tasty; it 'll keep you seaworthy an' self-respectin'." Miss Barcy's table was set in the kitchen, but it was orderly and her food was well prepared. She was in the act of opening a steaming potato, on this particular noon, when she stopped, listening. The faint thumping on the back door continued, and Miss Barcy rose and looked through

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the screen. At first she saw nothing, then, her eyes lowering, fell on the white head of a little figure, much dishevelled, clinging feebly to the door-frame as if for support.

"Little Luther Butts! What you doin' here?" exclaimed Miss Barcy.

There was no intelligible answer. Sobs struggled with words and produced a series of strange sounds. Miss Barcy opened the door; the child tottered as if about to fall. Miss Barcy grabbed one of the thin little arms. It shrank from her touch, but the woman's hand was as gentle as firm. She gathered the small frame in her arms and laid it on the kitchen lounge. "Did you git lost, Little Luther?" she asked. "Never you mind. I'll ride you home, by'mby, behind Bolter. You'll like that."

Little Luther made a great effort. "I—I ain't goin' home!" he cried.

"Well, well," soothed Miss Barcy. "You'll feel better after a bit."

"I ain't goin' home!" repeated Little Luther. "I'm goin' to live with you!"

"What's that?" asked Miss Barcy.

"I've come to live with you!" reiterated Little Luther.

"Well, of all things!" exclaimed Miss Barcy.

Anger and exertion had sapped Little Luther's strength as might a fever. By the time Miss Barcy had recovered her presence of mind the boy's eyes were closing in the sleep of exhaustion. Miss Barcy leaned softly back in her chair. "I'll be willin' to wager it's that Leavitt woman," she said to herself, as she looked at the pale little face. Dinner grew cold on the table; yet Miss Barcy did not move. It was an hour before Little Luther opened his eyes. For a moment he stared, bewildered. Then he remembered, and he smiled in evident relief.

"I guess you'd better have somethin' to eat," remarked Miss Barcy. The boy tried to rise, but he sank back, pale and panting. His round, blue eyes were frightened now.

"Land! that ain't nothin'," soothed Miss Barcy. "It's jest as if you was on shipboard in an awful chop. We'll play we was at sea, an' I'll bring your victuals to you in your berth." This was a flight of fancy for Miss Barcy, but it met Little Luther on his own ground. He assented happily.

Miss Barcy's dinner tasted good to Little Luther, and the color came gradually back to his face, while his breath grew soft and free.

"There," said Miss Barcy, "now I'll go an' harness Bolter."

Little Luther's form grew rigid once more. "I ain't goin' home!" he screamed. "I don't like that house! I'm goin' to stay with you!"

It was no use to argue; Little Luther was hysterical and quite beyond reason. When he was quiet once more, Miss Barcy remarked, quite casually, "Look here, Little Luther, I've got to go out a bit. Do you 'spose you could lay right here an' look at them pictures in the paper till I git back?"

"Yes," said Little Luther.

"You don't tell me he run all the way to your house!" exclaimed Mrs. Leavitt, as she stood by the Rolling Jenny. "Well, I don't wonder he cleared out after what he done! You'd think a herd o' cows had gone over that patch. An' the garden truck! Well, it 'll cost me a pretty penny. I guess the kindest thing you can say of him is that he's a half-wit. I'm sorry for the trouble he's give you, Miss Barcy. I'll send Willie round for him soon's he gits home from school."

"'Tain't no trouble," returned Miss Barcy. "I reckon I'll keep him a spell till he gits over this. He seems to want to stay. That is," she added, "if you don't mind."

"Mind! Land, no, if you can stand it! But it seems as if he oughtn't to be pampered after what he's done. I don't know what I'm goin' to do with him. There's a feeble-minded home over Greenhill way; p'raps I can git him in there. You wait jest a minute, Miss Barcy, an' I'll fetch him some clothes."

"Little Luther don't seem a mite lackin' to me," said Miss Barcy, when Mrs. Leavitt brought her the little bundle.

"Well, I dun'no'. He does queer things. An' you can't learn him anythin'. My Willie could say the Lord's Prayer backwards when he was Little

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Luther's age. He 'ain't got no gratitude, anyways."

Miss Barcy rode slowly home. "Don't seem to me," she ruminated as Bolter picked his own way, "that there's any *reel* advantage in sayin' the Lord's Prayer backwards. From what I've seen o' Willie Leavitt, I should think if he could say it forrads, an' mean it, it would be a good thing for him! But, there, all folks ain't made alike!"

Little Luther accepted his surroundings without comment. He stayed quietly and contentedly on the lounge during the afternoon, but he ate his supper sitting on a big nautical book which had belonged to the old captain. It was strange to Miss Barcy to look across the table into a little boy's face, but Little Luther was perfectly at home. The burden of the past dropped from his small shoulders, and in the sense of security he forgot everything but present comfort.

Then bedtime came, and with it difficulties for Miss Barcy. She had never before been in intimate contact with a child. Little Luther, still weak from the stress of the day, made a futile effort to undress himself, but he was dizzy, and buttons and strings eluded his tremulous fingers. Miss Barcy had to come to the rescue.

"I don't quite git onter the riggin'," she remarked, eyeing the little figure, with its complication of fastenings. "Land! I've sold dozens and dozens of them bone buttons, but I never had no idee where they went to!"

She attacked her task with a seriousness which conquered. "I guess I've got the ropes!" she announced triumphantly. A flush crept into her brown cheeks as the last small garment dropped and the little body stood, white and naked, at her knee. Little Luther felt no embarrassment. He stretched his sticks of arms in enjoyment of their freedom, and his laugh rang out as Miss Barcy struggled with the nightclothes. "That ain't the way," he cried, joyously. "You've got 'me upside down!"

He looked very small in the old captain's big bed, curled up like a puppy. Miss Barcy had a vague sense that some rite was still to be performed.

"Goin' to say your prayers?" she suggested.

"God bless ma an' pa 'n' all of us!" gabbled Little Luther.

Miss Barcy still lingered. "'Ain't you got nothin' to say about bein' sorry for sp'ilin' your aunt's garden?"

Little Luther considered a moment. "I ain't sorry," he said finally.

"All right," returned Miss Barcy. "I guess it won't do no good to say things you don't mean." As she left the room she added to herself; "Dun'no' as I blame him! Anyways, I reckon the Lord's got some jedgment about sech things."

The days went by and Little Luther's cheeks grew round and pink. A beautiful great calm enveloped him, and the figure of his aunt faded into mist. He was never frightened, never jarred. Miss Barcy's square, quiet presence imparted a sense of safety to his existence. Up on the Ridge the sun seemed to be always shining. Miss Barcy watched the boy with shrewd eyes.

"He's all there, land knows!" she said to herself. "But he's what pa'd call feckless. He means well, but meanin' ain't enough in this world. He can't even pile up kindlin' so's it 'll stay, an' as for his dustin', 'twouldn't pass on a gundalow. 'Course he's only seven year old!"

Miss Barcy thought a good deal those days. "Don't 'spose it's any o' my business," she told herself, "but there's rough weather ahead for the little feller if somebody don't lend a hand. He don't work together. Seem 's if his sails was set one way an' his rudder another, an' he don't git nowheres."

Miss Barcy's conclusions were arrived at quite unhampered by the theories of child culture. The intricacies of psychology would have held no lure for her. "What's the use o' talkin' about doin'?" might have been her comment.

Small and amenable as was Little Luther, he was, in point of fact, an element of considerable disturbance in Miss Barcy's domestic economy. Her trips of trade were restricted; the order of her house was upset. Little Luther was anything but tidy, and his progress could always be traced by a trail of

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"LITTLE LUTHER DON'T SEEM A MITE LACKIN' TO ME," SAID MISS BARCY

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small possessions. Footprints tracked the clean floors; chairs, tidies, and mantel ornaments were no longer in their places. One day she returned to find that Little Luther had broken into the reserve stores of the "Rolling Jenny." Buttons by the gross adorned the floor. Spools stood around by the dozens. "They 're percessions!" announced the boy, gleefully. It took Miss Barcy a weary evening to reduce order from the chaos. There were times when Miss Barcy's patience was threatened; when her fingers twitched and tingled with strange impulses; when the racial instinct to spank called imperatively. But not once did her balance shift.

"I'm goin' to stay home to-day an' do up some bakin'," announced Miss Barcy, one morning. "Wish you'd pick me up a basket o' chips, Little Luther."

"All right," said Little Luther, running to the shed. Half an hour went by, and no chips. An hour, and Miss Barcy investigated. The basket on the floor was nearly empty, and the boy sat among the chips, absorbed in play. "An' all the little brown men from out o' the ground piled up the gold in heaps, an' piled it, an' piled it, an'—"

" 'Spose they pile it in the basket, Little Luther," suggested Miss Barcy.

Little Luther looked up with a laugh. "I'll tell 'em to put 'em right in," he agreed. Miss Barcy made no comment when a well-filled chip-basket was brought in, but when dinner was over and cleared away she called Little Luther to her as she sat in her rocker by the window. He came happily. He looked very small as he stood by her, his little hand on the arm of the chair. There was never any demonstration between them; Little Luther never offered any, and Miss Barcy would not have known what to do with it if he had. But there was entire confidence in the way the little warm body pressed against her knee.

"Little Luther, why didn't you git my chips when I asked you to?"

"I did," said Little Luther.

"Not 'fore I'd waited a long time. We came near not gittin' any o' that nice pie for dinner."

Little Luther's round eyes fell. "I dun'no'," he faltered.

"I mustn't scare him," thought Miss Barcy. "He seems like one o' them soft leetle flyin' creeters that crush up in your hand." Then she said, aloud: "Now you think, Little Luther, think reel hard, an' tell me why you didn't pick them chips up right away, like I asked you to."

Little Luther's finger traced a pattern on the shiny arm of the chair. He looked up timidly and took heart of grace. This was no conference with his aunt! A smile of pleasant recollection stirred the corners of his mouth.

"There was little brown men all made outer dirt," he began. "An' white fairies that come outer the clouds, an' they ran round pickin' up gold. There was lots o' gold, an' I was goin' to buy you a—a—" he held his breath while he searched for a fitting offering—"a castle."

"But, you see, I don't need no castle and I did need chips."

Little Luther pondered over this; then he shook his head. There seemed no way of explanation.

"I know you don't mean to be naughty," went on Miss Barcy, "but you warn't good when you played instid o' worked. Them was bad fairies, for they kep' you from doin' what you'd oughter. I don't want none o' them kind in my house."

"They did help me!" cried Little Luther, his eyes filling. Miss Barcy had never found fault with him before.

"They was a long time 'bout it. These fairies and leetle creeters are all very well so long's they don't hinder. I'd like to have 'em 'round if they'd turn to an' help git the work done."

Little Luther brightened. The situation was improving; it almost seemed as if Miss Barcy might understand. "Aunt says there ain't no fairies," he said.

"Well, my sayin' I 'ain't never seen any ain't sayin' there ain't any," admitted Miss Barcy. "I guess there's lots o' things in the world I don't know about. But that ain't here or there. S'pose I was thinkin' o' fairies when I was cookin' your dinner, what kind o' victuals would you git? Jest as

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likely as not I'd put 'lasses in your stew, an' then where'd you be?"

Little Luther laughed outright. "P'raps you'd put salt in the puddin'!"

"Like's not," returned Miss Barcy. "Now, see here, Little Luther, we're sailin' in the same boat, you 'n' me, an' I take it you're my mate. I don't believe them fairy creeters are made for work, anyhow. I want you to see that they're all cleaned outer the ship till the chores are done up. When all's made tidy for the day then we can have 'em back for a bit an' play with 'em. Ain't that fair?"

Little Luther planted a very sharp little elbow on Miss Barcy's knee. "I'll scat 'em off the ship," he cried eagerly. "Every one!"

"That's a bargain," returned Miss Barcy. "You can't tend to them little fairies, an' scrub decks at the same time, any more than you can whistle an' chew meal all to once."

Little Luther, impressed by the last statement, tried the experiment in the fastness of the pantry. His confidence in Miss Barcy's judgment was strengthened at the expense of some physical discomfort.

Days went on, and still Little Luther lived on the Ridge. "He seems spryer," thought Miss Barcy.

They grew very friendly, the business woman and the dreamy boy. When the "Rolling Jenny" stopped to trade, Little Luther was sure to be on board to take the reins.

"Good for the little feller to think he's doin' somethin'," thought Miss Barcy. "Bolter wouldn't run if I druv tacks in him! I think pa uster have a sneakin' hope he would; pa liked spirit."

The frost came, giving a bite to the air, and Little Luther shivered on the high cart's seat. One day Miss Barcy stopped at the Center store and bundled the boy into a warm overcoat; it had a collar which turned up, and big pockets for cold hands. "You're a reg'lar leetle jumpin'-jack," she said, as she buttoned the garment about the ecstatic little figure. "Warm, Little Luther?" she asked, when they were once more on the way.

"I'm warm as—anythin'," answered Little Luther, snuggling close.

Miss Barcy felt warm, too, just then.

The first snowflakes fell, in pity for the bare, brown earth. "I've got to take the young un back," thought Miss Barcy. "Winter's settin' in an' he's got to go to school. I'll have more time when he's out from underfoot. I'll keep him over Sunday; I promised him he could go to the Corners tomorrer," she added, as if in self-excuse.

So Little Luther, in happy ignorance of impending fate, sat once more in the pew beside Miss Barcy, and puzzled out the numbers of the hymns for her, sucked peppermints, and dreamed dreams. "He looks reel nice," thought Miss Barcy, glancing down at the smooth head. She smiled at him as he raised his eyes to hers, and he answered in kind. "I'll tell him to-night," she said to herself, as she turned her outward attention to the minister.

"Don't you think it's about time you went to see your aunt?" began Miss Barcy tentatively, as Little Luther sat on the edge of the bed, unlacing his shoes.

"No," returned Little Luther, indifferently.

Miss Barcy said nothing further on the subject. "He mightn't sleep," she thought. When she tucked up the boy, Little Luther drew her face to his and kissed her cheek. "I—I like you," he said, shyly.

"Lord!" said Miss Barcy, as she went back to the kitchen. A warm little spot burned on her cheek. Her eyes drifted away from her work and around the room. A ball lay on the floor and the chairs were pulled from their places. "Childern make an awful mess," she thought, but she smiled.

"I've done pretty well this year," she added, with apparent irrelevance. "I guess it don't hurt a ship none to feel the tug of a towin' rope! Seems like the big boats oughter look out for the leetle ones. Little Luther 'll stan' on his head, he'll be so tickled."

But Little Luther did nothing of the kind when Miss Barcy told him that he was to be her boy. Indeed, he took it quite as a matter of course. He had made up his mind at his first entrance, and had seen no reason for changing it.

"All right!" said he.

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Revisiting the Marne

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

ONE is very small in one's chair when it comes time to write of France. The ink is so pale and the pen is so poor! "An impertinence!" goes through the mind. Sentences are scratched out—a whole day's work goes into the waste-basket. One of the world's tremendous events, and one of the humblest of earth's creatures is trying to put it down in an arrangement of black lettering on white paper.

Yet France is to be felt if not to be expressed. I began to glow with the privilege of the experience as we were presenting our passports on our own dock. It was not the voyaging of other days. There were no flowers, no candy, no eggs with initials on them. The dinner-gowns were left in the trunks, and we put on sober sea clothes for the trip. In exchange for these emblems of enjoyment a thought took hold of us as the days passed. We looked at one another with respect. There were no wasters on the boat, no one crossing to kill a summer. The passenger might be buying or selling, taking up relief-work or seeking relatives, but there was an absence of idle traveling. Our reasons might not have been glorious, but they were reasons. We were a shipload with a purpose. More than that—a whole shipload with sympathies in but one direction.

And this is as good a preparation as one can get for France. The sensation continues. The country breeds—dare I say—the restfulness which comes with concerted effort. The stranger enters a land of but one idea. There is no distracting tangent of thought or action—no diversity of opinion. With this as a background, like the huge encircling canvas of a back drop, the emotions of a day are of small consequence. To be sure there are arguments, dread jealousies, black grief, but none of them matters. If I may be permitted to state anything so ridiculous on the surface, there is peace in France — a mental peace. I do not know how one could endure the consciousness of so much suffering if the mind were not eased by this great tranquillity.

When I was sure of this I found that I could laugh, for the little tinkling noises oiled the creaking of the heart, and the vibrations did not so much as ripple the mighty canvas of the panorama. These assurances came to me in the processes of discovery, but I went farther than that. One grows in France and has the long, dark nights to think. I was awakened to the value of smiling on the morning we were leaving for a tour "toward" the front. I cannot in all honesty say "to" the front.

I had been afraid that I was going to be tearful in this visiting of the towns of the Marne. I did not realize then that the nearer we get to the real activities the less our grief. In some one else's phrasing, "It is too interesting to admit of anguish." And, while I thought this rather dreadful, I found myself so swept along in the rapid movement that there was no time to feel that it was dreadful even if it was.

An example was presented to me for the total abstinence of tears as we made our way through the mass of departing regiments at the railway station. Two working-girls were pushing fiercely against us and more violently assailing with their tongues a companion. It seemed that in bidding farewell to her soldier the third girl had been guilty of crying. "We should say things to make them laugh," they shoutingly admonished, "and as they depart they must remember us smiling. We must always keep smiling. It is the priest who told us this."

I decided, if all France could keep smiling, there was no particular reason why I couldn't manage it. And I did

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begin as soon as I had finished crying particularly hard over what those girls had said. But the more time we spent in the villages of the Marne, so steadily continuing their usual occupations, the less inclined I was to speak lightly of laughter as a little tinkling sound. It was tiny as compared to the boom of guns, but in its relation to the universe it is as much a part of the scheme as any destruction of life. So I found no horror in the world wagging on like a faithful pendulum, the clockwork unimpeded by the fumbling of human hands. The horror—and the end of things—would be in a cessation of the natural expressions of living.

We left by the Gare de l'Est, which gathers in the soldiers and sends them forth as they go and come from the zones of war. Strange how a building can put on mobility! It becomes animate as does a false face after we have stared at it for a long while. And this great, gray station is a guardian of the soldier, gruffly, roughly filled with concern of him. The walls are placarded with directions and advice; the waiting-rooms given over to such slender ease as can be offered the warrior new to Paris. There is a *cantine* where bread, beer, and coffee are freely served; a second one secures for the soldier with the expenditure of two cents the dignity of a club. And always there are cots with a doctor and nurses in attendance for such of those as have not felt the strain of the trenches until they have left them. The hospital trains come into the Gare de la Chapelle, reserved entirely for this sad transportation, but it is not unusual for a stalwart man to collapse utterly of that ailment without reason known as shock.

By day and by night the vast creature accommodates the army. At one end is a roped-off space where the women wait for those returning on their short "permission," and packed thick to the platforms are more women bidding adieu to more men. Indeed, my first, last, and most astounding impression was the legions of soldiers. I had not noticed in previous years that there were a thousandth part of this number wearing uniforms of any sort.

There was in my heart a growing fear, coupled with respect for the authority that is invested in these various uniforms. In former years I had always looked upon a bluish coat and red, baggy trousers as a nice arrangement of color which added to the beauty of a landscape and gave spirit to a restaurant scene. I never thought that the time would come when I would be tremulously eager to do what these uniforms bade me and in dire dread of unwittingly disobeying them. Indeed, I was very much afraid of what had only been an admired decorative scheme.

I felt that an apology was due the Army for taking so flippant an appendage as a dog into the war zone, but none of them seemed to mind whether we were pulling him along or not, and as a dog is part of the universal scheme I suppose he fitted into the picture as well as we did. Besides, a traveling canine has a certain dignity in France. A little ticket can be bought for him with a greyhound leaping about on it, and he can enter a first-class carriage though there are no seats left, which is a special privilege not even accorded generals.

The first-class carriages are now always filled. The usual French lady with white-kid gloves, a fan, and no book is there; and officers, each with a heavy little trunk and with a new and welcome desire to have the window open. We seat ourselves humbly, although only the colonel with the stars on his cuff may frown. It may be natural for colonels to frown suspiciously, but it is very quiet before the train starts, and after a while it seems to me that it has become ominously so. Although my *laissez-passer* to leave Paris and go to towns designated has been examined, although my passport with hideous photograph so immediately recognized has admitted my impeccability, I begin to entertain a sense of guilt. I expect some one of these silent men to bounce suddenly at me shouting, "Spy!" I keep reading the placard that has been pasted since the beginning of the war in every public place: "Be quiet. Trust no one. The ears of the enemy hear you." All the others seem to be reading it, too, and then looking at me.

I recalled the story of a woman who,

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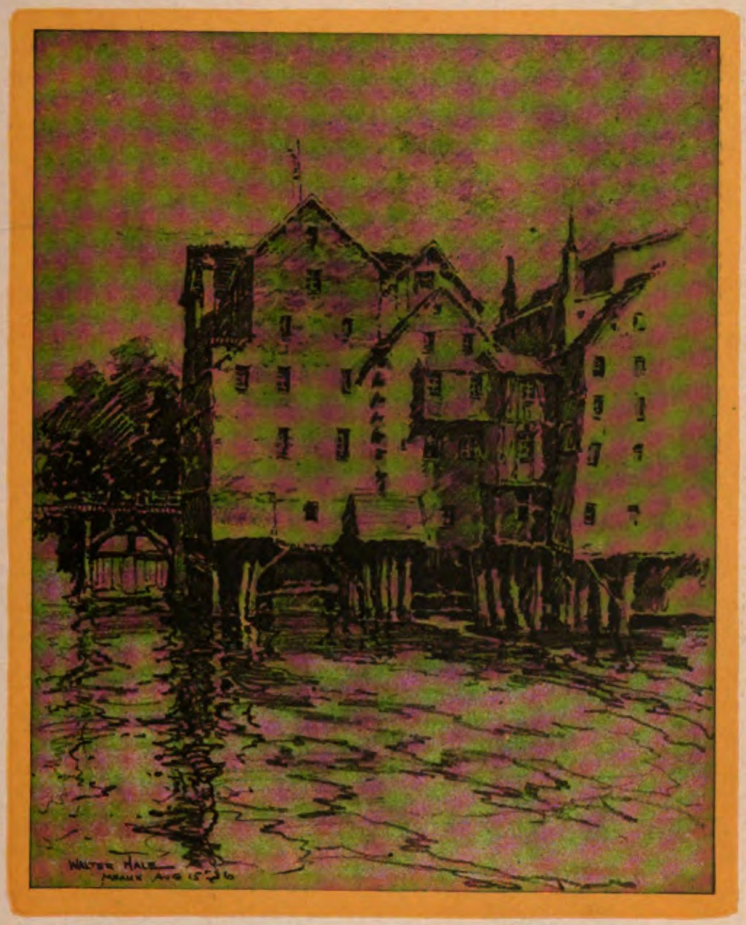
in entering a railway carriage, stepped on the toe of a soldier. He was wearing a British uniform, but he exclaimed, "*Ach, Gott!*" After some preliminaries he was shot, and this incident stayed so unpleasantly in my panic-stricken mind that I tucked my feet uncomfortably under the seat. Investigation proved him an unquestioned spy, but I was sure at that moment that if any one inadvertently trod on my toe I would have exclaimed in German, and gone to my doom. I had but two consoling thoughts during those heavy moments—one that my German pronunciation might have saved me, and the other that Toby was not a dachshund.

After what seemed long years the huge silence is broken by one of the fiercest-appearing officers asking mildly if he might smoke. I find myself urging him in French to do so—spontaneously—and the crisis of nervousness for which the psychologists may have a name is passed. I have found out since that I am not alone in this perversion of the tongue. A most loyal worker for the Allies was warned by the authorities of the hospital where she gave her services that she, who had never spoken German, was employing too many exclamations for her own good in that forbidden language.

Grown bolder, I read their uniforms. On the cuff of both sleeves are the straps or stars that signify their rank. On the upper left arm are the chevrons which tell of the length of their service in the war—a single chevron for the first year and an additional one for each half-year afterward. The men of our carriage all bore the three. On the right-arm sleeve is the same marking which bespeaks their wounds — not every wound, for shrapnel may pierce a man's body in many places, but a soldier receives the arrowlike bit of braid for each visit to the hospital. I have seen a man with five of these badges of distinction, and our carriage showed a full complement of past suffering. The youngest of the officers was deaf, probably from the beat of the bombardment upon his ear-drums.



FAMOUS OLD MILLS OF MEAUX, GROWING OUT OF THE MARNE LIKE PREHISTORIC FUNGI

The train moved erratically along, swift little spurts through the country, the line guarded by territorials, and long waits at the many stations for the

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crowding on of more soldiers. They ran back to the third-class carriages, and the women ran along with them, handing in bread and wine. Nobody cried, but they kissed one another good-by with an open abandonment new to Latin countries. Love-making is for all to see in England, but in France even the black coat-sleeve about the girl's waist on dusky country roads used to be hastily withdrawn when our motor of happier days bore down upon them.

A MILITARY MOTOR IN THE COURTYARD OF THE HÔTEL DE LA SIRÈNE, MEAUX

We descended at Meaux, absurdly impeded by a tugging canine, rapidly becoming a war dog, our luggage and a handful of identification passes to get us through the gates. There were no porters to assist us, and the love of France and its people dissolved in a mean attempt to get ahead of the other civilians and secure the only cab. French cabs are very proud these days; there are so few vehicles and so many passengers to choose from at each train that you try to look your best in case the driver has developed a penchant for beauty in place of the honest taking of us in turn.

Thanks to my new hat, we were accepted in preference to a fat lady indifferent to appearances, and we continued without any challenge from sentries, although I was prepared for them. As we rattled along the street by the river Marne with its famous old mills growing out of the stream like prehistoric fungi, the driver pointed with his whip to the dynamited arches by which the British successfully stopped the flow of the Germans on to Paris through Meaux. He chanted out the date with ease, as he had probably done before; and, while I stared at the damaged bridge with interest and respect, I found myself shaking awesomely for another reason. For almost two decades the Illustrator and I have followed the indicating whip-lash of all the countries of Europe as the history was unfolded of whatever monument or event the cabby was exploiting. But always, always these illustrious happenings have been of years we have not experienced, of centuries in which we have no reckoning — yes, of ages on which the wisest man can only conjecture.

This day we were sitting sunnily in a cab, our dog at our feet, looking at a bridge whose demolishment we read of

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Drawn by Walter Hale

SOARING HOME FROM THE BATTLE-FRONT—MARNE VALLEY

in the evening paper only two years ago. By some unsought privilege we are living in a history-making era. We were, in that cab, among the forerunners of a countless number of men and women who will come for countless years on this visit to the battle-fields of the Marne. We were—to crystallize our thrilling position—the Adam and Eve of trippers.

The admitting that we were trippers rendered us more comfortable—gave us less to live up to, and the thought that

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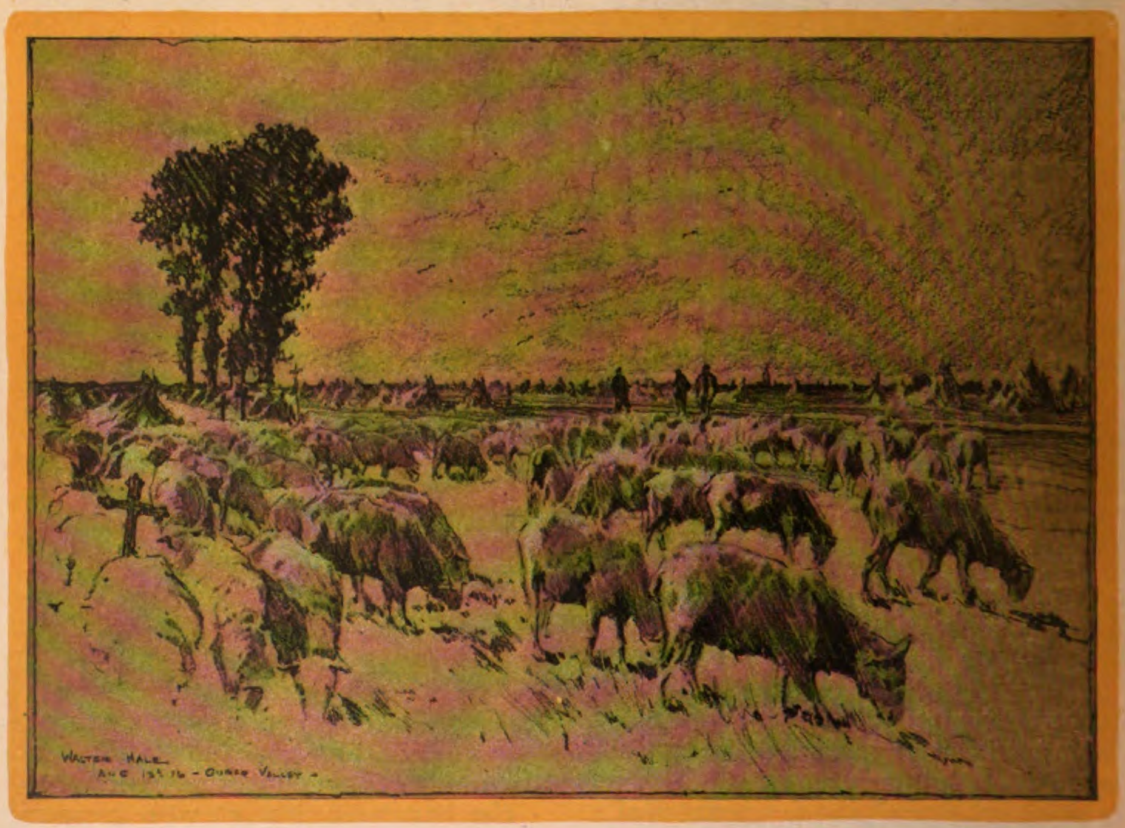
the series of struggling towns we were to visit would some day be rich from the coin of the traveler assuaged, in a degree, our anxiety over their present scant prosperity. As recognized tourists, we fell into the manners of such—if you understand me. We asked the landlady of the Siren Hotel if the building was not an old château; and while the idea was apparently new to her, she rose to the demands of these people who would henceforth come and go under her rooftree, and said it was. Then the Illustrator changed his room after unpacking, and left his sponge-bag in the old one, while I stubbornly clung to my first choice as an example, although I knew it wouldn't be so comfortable. All, all was as before except that the waiter was older and the "boots" younger.

I was always glad when I saw very young boys, for it will be a number of years before they go into training, and in the mean time the war may be over. He was quite young who came to take us to the battle-fields, yet he was of next year's class and would enter in January. He had seventeen years. With that sense of invulnerability which is part of youth he whisked the ancient automobile into the courtyard, squeezing it like an India-rubber ball along the walls, and waited for us thirstily, as though he was to take driving a couple of Germans. It was generally conceded at the hotel that we were fortunate to come on a fête-day or he would not have been free to act as guide. Indeed, they were right, for he continued confident. We admitted that we had no permits to go into the country, and an older man would probably have given up the job, but he thought he could "arrange" in case of trouble, and, while a fear of consequences forced to my lips a volley of Teutonic exclamations, I managed to keep them back.

We arrived at the graves sooner than I had expected—or wished. Already a very ugly monument of cemented bits of stones has been erected at a cross-



SHEEP GRAZING OVER THE GRAVES OF THE BATTLE-FIELD OF THE OURCQ, NEAR CHAMBRY

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roads. I wish there were no such monuments, for the white flags waving in the fields of grain which bespeak the French and English soldiers' resting-places are much more eloquent. There were black crosses for the German graves, and an effort to preserve the dead man's number and his regiment in case some day his little space of earth should be sought out. There was more time for those things at the first. This battle from the 6th of September through to the 10th occurred as we at home were hesitatingly extending the duration of the war from a month to two months. We did not wish to be too extravagant—overestimate the seriousness of the situation.

AROUND THIS CHURCH AT BARCY CENTERED, IN ITS EARLY STAGES, THE BATTLE OF THE OURCQ

This particular district of the vast battle-ground was known as the Ourcq, and, at the risk of being sentimental (and we were all three trying to appear practical, the chauffeur and the Illustrator with hats off, just the same), I regretted that gentle streams must lend their names forever to grim conflict. But the young driver, with the unconscious poetry of his race, thought it was well to designate great battle-fields by running water. The Ourcq goes into the Marne and the Marne into the Seine and the Seine into the sea, "and the soldier's life is like that, madame, very little in itself, but strong when his blood is poured in with his comrades' and moving, madame, moving like the river—not standing like a pond."

And, remembering this, all the region of the river Ourcq through which we motored that afternoon is very significant. As the stream is young and gentle, yet develops fiercely as it flows into the Marne, so was the blood shed on its borders a sort of accumulation of strength, the combination resulting in the first successful defense of the country. It was at this very spot that the Germans began to turn back. Some of my "tripping" fraternity may not be tempted to Meaux and the vicinity, when the battle-grounds become showgrounds preferring to plunge at once to some harvest-place of grimmer garnering. But to me this recoil upon a complacent enemy, this relentless driving of the menace of Paris to the intrenchments which had wisely been prepared in advance, is the real beginning of the kind of warfare which has since been waged.

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I will spare the reader detailed description. He who follows us will carry better maps than have been prepared in this short space of time, and I feel conscious that a woman like myself who can tell the extreme right of the Allies from the extreme left only by standing up in her small drawing-room to face the east would be of poor assistance to the student of strategical moves. The Illustrator sought to enlighten me by employing the language of the kindergarten, but I insisted upon leaping at the grand conclusion: "They did beat them"—which finally silenced him.

What impressed me most, as we drove through Chambry, Barcy, and other little villages, each with its proud exhibit of shattered walls, was the children now playing in the streets who had been hiding behind the walls during those four September days. Each could tell me more of the war than the historian could devise, and I found that they, too, took an interest in what I had been doing those days back in America: "Where were you on the sixth, madame? Did you read of us on the seventh or the eighth? Was there rejoicing on the tenth?"

Only a nature instinctively untruthful could rise to such a responsibility. I painted the scene in New York as dramatically as I could manage on short notice. But their queries pressed against my brain that night. What were we doing? What are we doing? In what fashion are we making glorious the days that in France are proudly full of courage and effort and stupendous accomplishment?

We went on to ——, but I shall not mention the name. There is no reason why I should not mention it except I am sure tourists like ourselves will adopt, for effect, war-time parlance. They will write on postal cards, "Somewhere in France"; and, while I shall not employ this phrase, though the whole army shoots me, I *will* use the blank of mystery when I say, "We went to visit German prisoners near ——."

There were plenty of them working on this great farm, which I have vaguely indicated, and I should judge by their activity in gathering the grain, working extremely well. A soldier (not a first-line soldier, but at least a Frenchman with a gun) is appointed to every five prisoners. The farmer cautiously refused to tell me his financial arrangement, but I understand that the French Government receives ten cents for each prisoner per day, and the prisoner himself receives four cents. The farmer is also under bond to feed the men so many ounces of meat and bread daily, and, while I appreciate that "so many" ounces is not enlightening, it is undoubtedly enough, as the appearance of the men was hardy.

To be sure, I did not look at them very closely. I had been searching for German prisoners at work in fields ever since our arrival in France, yet when I was brought face to face with them I felt the bad manners of staring. I kept smiling and waving my hands toward the distant horizon as if I had only come for the view; and then I grew very chilly, fearing that the French soldiers might think I was making signs and planning the prisoners' escape. And I found much relief in climbing into the rickety automobile again, admitting my failure at any kind of investigation which might hurt one's feelings.

I did some investigating later on, after we had returned to Meaux and paid our account to the lady who now ran the livery-stable. She was the only woman I saw in France who was enjoying marcelled hair. We joined the rest of Meaux who were walking up and down along the river-bank, the Illustrator sketching, while I sat idly on a bench near a blind man. He was one of the "old-school" blind men. The new ones of the war are doing such wonderful things with their "ten eyes." He sat upon an uncomfortable little box with his big placard suspended from his neck, as he must have sat for many years. The officers swung by him without so much as a glance, but now and then—now separated widely from the then—some ancient civilian, who had probably grown old with him, dropped a sou in the tin cup and exchanged a word or two.

With all this releasing upon the world of mutilated young men I am afraid the old-fashioned blind will have a hard time of it. A boy finally came to take him home, for he was fearful of every

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Drawn by Walter Hale

AFTER THE RAIN—PORTE SAINT PIERRE, CHÂTEAU THIERRY

step, and I followed along discreetly. I appreciated that this was no way to end a day in the war zone, and I hoped for the ease of my mind that he would arrive at a spacious house of the kind we are often told the earnings of mendicants buy. But this was a very meager little place among the poorest of the town, and it was evident by the uproar that I heard behind the closed shutters that his "catch" had been disappointing.

After all, this mild research-work was not the end of my day, for I walked out into the unlighted highway after dinner and immediately lost our dog. Night

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THE RUINED CHÂTEAU D'ARMENTIÈRES, BATTLE-FIELD OF THE MARNE, NEAR OULCHY-LE CHÂTEAU

is never so black in the country as in streets where lights are forbidden. I was confounded by the darkness, and each passing shadow of man or woman seemed a malevolent sprite. I ran hither and thither, calling, "Toby, Toby!" until unseen boys took it up mockingly and "Toe-bee! Toe-bee!" sounded like a tocsin through the town. Fortunately he is a white dog, and, after pouncing upon two newspapers which had his semblance as they waved in the wind, he was made prisoner, and, had he been a German, I would have cut off his buttons as a punishment.

The next afternoon found us at Château Thierry, whose high bridge across the Marne had been restored that endless supply-wagons and ambulances for the men at the front might roll over it. There are many hospitals in Château Thierry, but in none of the towns of the war zone does one find the aftermath of wounded stumping along among the crowds. When the men are in condition to leave the hospitals, they are sent to those farther back for their convalescence. A surgeon of a base hospital told me that the wounded soldier detests to remain within sound of the guns. "They always smile at me when I go my rounds," he said. "I don't take it all to myself. They want me to feel they are quite free from pain, and well enough to be moved on to Paris or Lyons or farther west."

The landlady of our hotel apportioned us rooms across the street above a shop whose sign reads, "Ancient and Modern Furniture. Cycles. Billiards and Accessories." The antiquities were doing very poorly. Indeed, all through these towns we found the doors to such traps for the traveler barred. One

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doubts if they will ever reap their previous rich harvest. We will have different interests from now on in the war zone: cartridges, shells, canteens, and some day a man may make a profitable living manufacturing and "ageing" helmets. One would think there would be enough to go around.

We chose the Hôtel du Cygne for the reason that the Illustrator had been there before and has an allegiance to old places. He expects mine host and his people to rush out and embrace him, and, though they seldom recognize him at all, he still remains loyal. I can recommend the Hôtel du Cygne to our brother tourists, although there is no sign of the battling in the streets save a splintered mirror (remaining carefully splintered), whereas a fellow hostelry, the Hotel of the Elephant, has a large hole in its façade—also preserved with care. This item is not of value to the reader, but it prompted a thought in my mind—that in the wasting of these cities lay their re-establishment. The Illustrator drew the church at Barcy the day before, while an anxious young priest sought funds from me for the rebuilding of the bombarded tower. The great bell lies upon the floor now, rubbish about it, and I asked him what number of men and women the ringing of that bell brought to the old church. His honest answer showed a surprising few. "If it continues to lie there, it will bring more," I argued with him, for I thought of the hundreds of thousands who will motor out to see it while the tower remains a ruin—and leave something in the poor-box.

That will be the case throughout all of these towns, yet the priest's response to my contention that it was best in its present state confuted me. "To lie there is not the purpose of the bell," he said. I know he is gloriously right. The houses with picturesquely punctured roofs must be repaired, for otherwise they leak; the streets, choked with fallen walls, must be cleaned, for the world must pass through. And while the war-ruins have their appeal, that appeal must fade before a devastation left for calculated effect. A sight of these produces but ephemeral sympathy with a laugh behind it. There is enough black tragedy in a field of grain along a river to keep our pulses beating.

There are old-fashioned ruins in Château Thierry—the château itself—which came upon me as a surprise. We have read the name so continually in the last two years that it has lost its significance. The stiff climb began after we had passed the statue of La Fontaine. The fabulist was born here, and I made a mental resolve to read his stories to find, if I could, a fable for this war which Mr. Wells's Mr. Britling calls "this hell's foolery."

This château, like all good ruins, presented to the eye of the visitor its store of wiggly tables and uncomfortable iron chairs on the ramparts, where one may sip an *apéritif* as he enjoys the view. Thence we looked down upon the Red Cross flags of the hospitals, saw the army motors scorching along the Paris road, the *camions* going eastward to the front, and we saw also, soaring back from the German lines, eleven beautiful birds, high in the air. "Are they French?" I asked a little boy, rather timorously. "Without doubt," he answered, scornfully. Only Toby the dog had sense enough to be afraid when he heard the staccato of the engines above him—where engines should not be—and I think La Fontaine could have made a fable about that.

I left the Illustrator sketching the great gates while I returned to the post-office for the mailing of the inevitable post-cards. I walked about there, reading the strange new notices that are hung with such care for the assistance of the people. Indeed, quite as much as the Church, the Government is playing the great mother to her children. Placards tell them in the simplest language what can be sent to the French prisoners held in Germany. All clothing, it is announced, must be made. No needles or thread can be sent. Bread was on the list, but for some reason had been crossed out. However, bread they do now send, for they have found a process, by baking it seven times, of keeping it from molding. The people must not send postal cards with French flags or emblems of victory upon them to those districts in France held by the enemy. The letters must be left open,

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with but few words, so that the foe can read quickly and pass upon them. With exquisite care the Government presents a few models upon the posters. For example: "Family installed at Paris. Well. Uncle Charles dead. Hope to have word of you. Kisses." All the examples ended up with kisses, and in most of them some one was dead. Farther along the wall, France is pleased to notify all those interested that there will be "a recruiting of ladies between the ages of eighteen and thirty for stenography."

Upon the post-office wall was also a brief notice telling of the burial on the following day of a townsman, "dead from his wounds," and asking citizens to meet at "the statue" to follow his body to its resting-place. And everywhere, everywhere, along the walls of railway stations and public buildings (between the gay, idle posters of other days inviting one to winter at Algiers or summer in the Haute-Savoie) runs the warning: "Be quiet. Trust no one. The ears of the enemy hear you."

We came in late to dinner, which politely annoyed the landlady, as she was obliged to go to the expense of turning on the light. I sympathized with her, for a sense of economy creeps over one in France. I did not tell her that to save her expense I had been feeling my way up the street in the deepening gloom to a *charcuterie* that I might buy a little meat for our dog. He would be fed at the hotel kitchen, but he would not be fed enough, and although we would give something extra "on the part of Toby" when we paid our bill, not even an Oliver Twist could ask for more in these straitened days. There is always enough on the platter when one dines, but there is not an extra piece, and after a while I found myself hesitating to cut into a portion, if I was not sure I would eat it all.

A small girl of eight years of age served me at the *charcuterie*, weighing the gelatine, flapping the slice down on a piece of paper (a small piece of paper) and offering it to me with a "*Voilà-un-franc-dix-merci-madame-bon-soir*" which took my breath away. I suppose it is a French instinct to know what a kilo is, but to know an eighth of a kilo and how to weigh it and do it up (with a mind to the paper) and charge for it without recourse to a blackboard and chalk adds another laurel-wreath to the feminine portion of France.

"If a girl of eight can tell what an eighth of a kilo costs," I communed with myself as I stumbled along the street, "what can a Frenchwoman of thirty do if she has to?"

I turned into the shop of Madame ——. You see here comes a blank, not that it will make any difference to the army or that my writings will ever penetrate to this brave and battered village, but Madame —— was the only one of her sex I met in France who broke down and cried as I talked to her. And she was so ashamed of having cried and so fearful of it "getting out" that I will shroud her name in mystery so, when my fellow-trippers pass this shop, those of them who may have stumbled across this erratic guide will not say, "Here is the woman who cried."

I should like to tell it to the world, so that all might go to her shop and get her on her feet again. Yet she would not care for it. Like the bell inert upon the floor in the Barcy church, her shop would not be serving the purpose of a shop, which is no place for charity, even though its mistress put her head down upon a crate of unsold stock and wept—wept because she was cold and underfed and alone, her man at the front.

I should have given her a great deal of money in recognition of her services to me, for she drew back for an instant the curtains of the *petite bourgeoisie* behind which lurks anxiety and a necessary economy unthought of among our wasteful people. We travelers rarely see behind those curtains, for a well-stocked shop window presents itself between the public gaze and that clean, darned white Nottingham. The boxes of clothing come over from America, but the little shopkeepers do not apply. The *ouvroirs* offer work, but they will not admit the slackness of their trade. The munitions give to the poorer class more money than they believed existed, but the *petite bourgeoisie* remains behind the darned Nottingham. It was risking the business quite enough, she told me, to apply for the franc.

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This remark of hers struck me, for I had thought that any soldier's wife was entitled to the eighteen cents a day without shame. I had vaguely supposed that the amount came by letter each week, and that all along the street the housewives would be proudly opening the envelopes and shaking the sum out of them. But it is not asked for by the lower middle class until it is gravely needed, until the husband comes home, perhaps, on his short "permission," and says: "It is your right; I must help France—I cannot help you. It is your right." Then she goes to a great building and asks for the franc, and the official, since he has become an automaton in the asking of questions, jerks out, "Do you need it?" And my poor lady confessed to me that she was obliged to confess to him that she did need it—although there were neighbors about. Then he asked what her husband earned before he had been called to his colors, and it seemed—a flood of tears here—they had never made as much out of the shop as was generally supposed. And now all the world pointed the finger.

Every week when she went to draw her dole she suffered anew. "It is like walking naked through the streets," she said. When I sought to console her by the suggestion that all were feeling the same pinch, she returned that it was not the case. Those who sell food and drink do well; toys are still bought (which I would have thought was the first economy), and the upholsterers she sternly included among the prosperous. Her own trade was entirely gone, for the Army supplied the families of those at war with the commodities she sold.

And this is the only clue I shall give any one as to her identity. It was marvelous the way she finally did up my order after she had cried her grief out. She guarded the paper, guarded the string, and placed the parcel in my hands with "*Voilà-cinq-francs-merci-madame-bon-soir*," snapping out affluently. It was reversion to type, but I like to think that she found some relaxation of the heart in tearing down the curtain, no matter how hastily she strung it across her life again after the relieving flow of tears.

We ate dinner in silence, watching covertly the commander who sat late over his coffee at the table apportioned the officers. Two pups with magnificent manners lay quietly at his feet, probably filled with the same admiration and awe that I entertained toward the Army. The landlady had said that we must ask the commander for permission to go into the country the next day, and, when he spoke kindly to the pups I thought he would let us; but when he firmly attacked the plums I knew we had little chance.

And we hadn't. Since we could show no permission from the War Office in Paris to leave or return to Château Thierry except by train, we must remain within the confines, and as he delivered his ultimatum (kindly as to a pup, yet firmly as to a plum) I trembled for fear the Illustrator would speak triumphantly of our going outside of Meaux with that intrepid youngster and of my insistence upon visiting German prisoners. But the Illustrator preserved a discreet silence.

If anything, Château Thierry was blacker at night than Meaux, and, dreading to run into a sentry, I went straight to bed. I pinned my curtains carefully across, fearful of the gendarme's warning that my light was shining out. It wasn't much of a light at best, but by capturing with a ribbon the single incandescent globe swinging on a wire I managed to pull it near enough the bed to decipher the print.

There was music that night at Château Thierry—a great flood of it beaten out on a piano by a man's powerful hands. I looked across the street and found it came from the room of the kind but firm officer. I could see him swaying on the stool in a light more venturesome than mine. Like me, he was crowding out the memories of the day with recollections of happier nights. He played no martial airs. "La Bohême" capered across the keys; "Samson et Delilah" offered its potion of forgetfulness; "Louise" was played, and "The Cry of Paris" yearningly repeated. At the end his hands strayed idly, and the Prize Song of "The Meistersinger" began to form itself—then stopped—with a bang of chords. His light was extinguished. How un-

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fortunate that music, the universal voice, must have a nationality; that generations, perhaps, of the Latin races will be hostile to Wagner, the great parent of new forms of song.

Hardly had I composed myself to sleep than the supply-wagons began banging their way up to the front. The roar in the cobbled way was deafening, engines vying with the rumble of wheels. For three hundred miles on all the roads leading to the lines of soldiers, these great *camions* were bringing food to the host. After a time there was a lull, then, faintly, came another far sound. I heard it again and again. "I believe," I stammered—"I believe I am hearing guns!"

This business was not new to the Illustrator, but he respected the greatness of *my* hour. "Of course," he replied, "they're shelling the wagons bringing up the food."

"These same wagons! These same wagons!" I kept repeating, when the uproar of the motors commenced again as they pressed on toward the danger-lines.

There was another explosion the next day as we were on the train to Paris. I had found myself proud to be returning without having committed an error in speech or action. I felt that this was my baptism by fire, and if I could go safely through two towns on the Marne, I could manage those nearer the front whither we were going in a few days. I had not counted on the unexpected explosion. I was not steeled for it.

The officers in the train had been petting Toby, and I had felt immune from any unfortunate expression that might rise to my lips. I understand now that the noise was only a terrific thunderclap, and whether or not I thought it a bomb underneath the train has nothing to do with the case. Certainly I did not think it a sneeze, and I did not know until we were safely in a taxi why the Illustrator had stared at me immediately after the thunderclap as though, if it came to a question, I really did not belong to him at all.

"Thank the Lord they did not hear you!" he exclaimed, dramatically, when in the taxi.

"Did not hear what?" I answered, feeling very safe.

"Do you know what you screamed out when that thunder thundered?" he demanded.

I did not know.

"You screamed out, 'Gesundheit!'"

An Exile

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

I AM a vagrant of the spring;
  I am a vernal vagabond;
I yearn to hear the bluebird sing;
  I long to see the first fern frond.

I am an exile in this place,
  With samite draped, with ermine clad;
Oh, for the glamour of her face
  Who makes again the earth grow glad!

The dearest thing that I await,
  Now days are chill and nights are frore,
Is April calling at my gate,
  And crocuses about my door!

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Bixby's Bridge

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

THE story of John Bixby must begin with hearsay, as it came to me from his mother when, after I had engaged board with her for the summer, she sat with me for a while in my room and gave me her life history.

Where her son's ruinous ambitions had come from Mrs. Bixby had no idea, but was certain that it was not from *her* side of the family. No doubt, therefore, it was his father's fault; but as he had been killed at his job—which was track-walking—within a year of their marriage, she hardly felt, looking back over a quarter of a century, that she had been to any extent acquainted with his true character. She wished to be quite fair and reserved in her judgment, but it was clear, as she sat with a strong hand on either knee and considered the old romance which was responsible for that sick lad in the attic, that she felt she might have done better. Moreover, she made it plain that, but for John and his sickness, she might do better even now. She was not, she said, an old woman yet; but where was the man who would take on an invalid stepson?

It had been one of her own city boarders who had given young Bixby that deplorable ambition of his. A chit of seventeen or thereabout who wore ruffles, and whose mother went off at last, leaving an unpaid laundry bill. Having, therefore, received this enormous inspiration, John Bixby looked about him and decided on mechanical engineering for a career. But first he must work his way through college.

I believe it was pneumonia that he had that first winter. He was boarding himself, and also had to heat his own room. Fuel was dear. Having been so badly set back by sickness, of course he had to study very hard the next summer, and this had to be done at night, because in the daytime his mother needed his help about the house. But Mrs. Bixby always turned the gas low at the meter at night, and it was difficult to see by so tiny a flame as his one jet afforded. So some of his almost imperceptible hoard had to go for glasses in the fall. But even with glasses his eyes bothered him a good deal the next winter, and for economy he had to discriminate rather sharply against his stomach. I *think* the girl with ruffles wrote to him now and then during this interval. On this point his mother was uncertain, though she was sure that *he* wrote.

In his Junior year he began to have rheumatism and his eyes were very much worse. He never went back for his Senior year. By then he was as blind as a stone and had many great pains throughout his body, and lay day and night in the same little garret bedroom where he had dreamed his first dream of ambition at the bidding of the girl with ruffles.

He had good care—at first, anyway. He was an interesting case. The local doctor dropped in often. Once a physician from the city came up on purpose to have a look. And the village people talked with pride of their "ossified" man, who must lie there, goodness knew how many years, turning to stone. It was the popular belief that he would live until the heart itself turned to stone; then, they argued, not without reason, he must die. If the physicians spoke in other terms they were no more optimistic. They would have been glad to have this interesting case in a proper hospital where it could be under observation. But right there Mrs. Bixby's maternal instinct asserted itself and she put her foot down. It may be also that the singularity of her son's case seemed to her in a way a distinction that in some measure atoned for his sad failure in all other ways. I would not say that she basked in the interest of her

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neighbors, and found keen pleasure in the occasional newspaper paragraphs concerning him. No, one could hardly say that.

If it hadn't been for the boarders, she explained to me, with a high note of pathos, she could have moved him down-stairs; but she could not give up her bread-and-butter, so he had to keep his attic room, though, indeed, it made her many weary steps; and, to be sure, it did get hot in summer and she couldn't seem to keep the flies out.

Yet, to do her justice, I believe that John Bixby was unfeignedly glad to be thus kept by his mother. The lonely heart that was to turn to stone some day was a very soft and affectionate one, and, when bereaved of all else in the world, turned helplessly and gratefully to that rough shelter.

If, for a time, he thought wistfully about the ruffly girl, this pain can hardly have lasted long, for the distance of the stars was between them, and things so very far away are no longer real. But one thought remained. One thing whispered constantly at his ear and drew incessant splendid visions upon his stone-blind eyeballs. That was work. At first his longing for work ran upon near, small, almost practical schemes.

"If I could only use my hands, mother, you could teach me to knit."

But he could not use his hands. He could breathe and eat and, in some sort, sleep. That was all, except think. He could do *that*.

"The doctor says," he confided to a spruce young clergyman, "that I may live for years. He says it as if it were a pleasant thing. Would you, if you were I?"

He paid but little attention to the young man's stern denunciation of suicide.

"Anyway, the only thing I could do would be not to eat, and mother puts things into me with a spoon. If I didn't swallow, she would hold my nose the way she used to do when she gave me medicine. Funny, how you *can't* hold your breath. At least I can't."

But there came a day when his mother found his pale face glowing with pleasure.

"Mother, I can *imagine* I'm at work! I've even imagined the place I'm in, down to the every nubbin of cactus and the wind-marks in the sand. There's a lot of niggery Spanish Indians in my gang, and a red-headed Irishman to cuss them out. Ambitious lad—wants to be an engineer himself some day. It's a railroad bridge. Wild country—snakes, tarantulas. Oh, I've got 'em down fine! I've got 'em digging. And my plans are all drawn. I can remember all I learned and can figure in my head. You'd be surprised if you could see the inside of my head, mother. I'd no idea it was so full of things. I thought things sifted out of one's brain about as fast as they went in, but everything's there."

At this point, scandalized, his mother made off for the efficient young minister. Presumably John Bixby talked straight on in her absence. When she came back with the minister his tongue was still going.

"Why, I can spend a year on it—longer, for I won't let it go any faster than it really would."

The minister listened silently for a while, observing the happiness of the unconscious face, and no doubt its youth appealed to his own youth. He turned away, rather scared at a sudden realization of the largeness of the things he did not know, and reassured the mother somewhat brusquely as to the morality of her son's spending his time that way.

So John Bixby built bridges in this manner for five years.

To this point her harsh narrative took me, and I seemed to gather out of it something of John Bixby—something that oppressed and terrified me as it had oppressed and terrified the young clergyman. I went out, when at last the woman left me, and took a long walk among those green and cultivated hills, found myself at last by a multiple-sounding little brook and listened to it and looked upon it avidly. Whatever I saw and touched took on an amazing preciousness. Though I did not blasphemously thank God that I was not as Mrs. Bixby's son, I was filled with terror at what a man may endure. I was like one of some group of placid, feeding brutes when one of their number is seized. They must have a little season

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to recover themselves before they can go on with their harmless munching.

I did not return until dusk, and so, as I went down the hill, I had a momentary glimpse of a light in that hot and wretched room under the roof, and of Mrs. Bixby passing the window, bearing a plate.

Something about that window summoned and entreated me. I resolved that I would visit him.

I found the room clean in the same efficient, soapy way that obtained throughout the house, but only one of the small windows was open, and the screen had rusty gaps at the side through which the flies and mosquitoes might go and come at will. It was breathless there. Outside there were June roses, and a cool, sweet breeze, and a kitten was playing in and out among the roses to the laughter of a young girl.

You would have thought those wide, brown eyes could see. But if they did see, their vision did not include anything in the room.

I had brought some of the roses with me, and I laid one beside his face on the pillow without speaking. I had been warned that if one spoke he ceased to talk of his imaginings.

"That is strange," said he, a pleased perplexity in his almost inaudible voice. "There can be no roses *here*. It must come from that other. . . . Is some one here, then?"

I laid aside my caution and made some effort at explaining my presence. He did not fall silent, however, but, having listened, thanked me, and went on to talk of that which I wished to hear. Knowing of his phantom bridges, I listened at first with swelling tears of pity for the delusion upon which he fed, for by this time it had passed all bounds of solitary pastime. But as he went on, I experienced suddenly that singular shudder with which one's flesh acknowledges an appeal to the sixth sense. I leaned closer to the scarcely moving lips, trembling. . . . Delusion?

His articulation was so difficult, the whisper often so low, so broken, so disconnected, that I must give up any attempt to tell the thing in his own words. It was exactly as if one were listening at a long-distance telephone. You felt that the real speaker was remote from those almost immobile lips. This thing upon the bed, pitiable, not alive, was merely a bit of mechanism. For the broken messages that came were all of freedom, of great sweeping valleys, which he descended at will; of soaring mountains which he lightly ascended. I gathered that the sun rose from a plain and went down behind those mountains; that there were forests, and a great and beautiful desolation. Some feeling, too, about the North, as if it were near and menacing; yet he spoke once or twice of flowers.

It was not at once that I obtained this understanding of the country out of which John Bixby was speaking. At first the words came slowly and under the breath, like a man talking to himself. But afterward, when he had accepted my presence, instead of resenting it, as I had been forewarned he would do, he took pains to speak more clearly. I seemed, in fact, to be regarded by him as in some sort a fellow-spectator, a bodiless presence which kept pace with him among his valleys and boulders, so that at times, especially as that crisis of all his affairs drew on, and he fell into great doubt and perplexity, and fear came upon him and he fled here and there in aimless terror — then, sometimes, it was clear that my presence comforted him, and then, as he could, he spoke clearly.

For the long dream that had begun so splendidly and in which he had taken so much comfort was no longer untroubled. That which had been his only toy was a toy no longer. He was lost in it, overwhelmed, tossed here and there by strange forces.

Yet he was still building bridges as at the beginning. Only this bridge, it seemed, was a grander affair than any that had gone before. And there was another difference. When the play began he had been accustomed to direct his phantom crew in his own person—just as children are the heroes of their long epics. But now he seemed to be a spectator merely, and his inability to break through and direct things as formerly occasioned him the keenest distress.

I have seen fine points of sweat spring

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out upon his forehead as he tried to make his wishes understood by a certain vigorous phantom he called Terence. This man seemed to be the same as the red-headed Irishman who had been his foreman when his fancies began. I am not sure of this. If it is so, it throws the whole matter into even greater confusion and mystery. For *that* man must surely have been no more than a creature of the lad's sick brain, while this other— But I must even tell the tale as it came to me.

Terence, then, was a very large part of the management of that road to the north. Some vague conception I obtained of a long trail of great activity, like nothing so much as a moving procession of ants who have laid a line of march from some far corner of the back yard through a house to the incalculable treasure of a sugar-barrel, and whose innumerable caravan moves day and night on the business of its safe bestowal. In exactly this manner I saw a black line of men stretching over plains, bridging valleys, burrowing through mountains, to that point in the far northwest where, under the unmelting snow, lay enormous coal-fields.

Terence's bridge was stationed at the farthest point of this line, crossing a ravine at the bottom of which ran a little stream which had once been a huge river. At one side of the bridge there rose a mountain, sheer and dreadful, crowned with rock masses which had stood since the world was.

I gathered that Terence was enormously proud of that bridge; that it was his first real achievement of note; that his love for it was maternal; that he sat out and looked at it under the evening sky as a mother sits by the crib of a sleeping child, watching the perfection of the little face.

At such times John Bixby appeared to be sitting beside him, talking, talking—using terms which I could not understand, relative to the utter excellence of that bridge and the satisfactory outlook for Terence's own future. Terence was to be married, it seemed, wherefore his assignment to this bridge had meant very much indeed.

But at other times Bixby would be terribly out of patience with this Terence of his, and spend hours of tempestuous argument and explanation.

"Damn it!" said he, after a long, technical harangue which had so fatigued me that I was on the point of leaving him, "if it wasn't for Sally, you could fight it out for yourself. Where'd you be then? Where'd you be without *me?* It's not *your* brain that has put it through—though I can't blame you for not knowing that, I suppose. *I'm* the one that does it. And make the most of me, for I can't tell how long I shall be able to keep this thing up." And then, in a sighing aside, "Oh, if I could only *talk* to him instead of this pushing against air. . . ."

After this outbreak I went out of that presence with new and strange ideas, bewildered and stumbling. That night I arranged my notes. Away from the sick-room they seemed to take on a certain coherence. *What* the coherence pointed to I did not dare to think.

It was soon after this that the great distress I have spoken of came upon John Bixby. His mother met me one morning with an excited air, saying that he was very wild. He was talking louder. She feared he would disturb the boarders. Yes, I might go in if I liked, but be careful not to excite him any more. Such nonsense she had never heard—quite delirious—seemed to be afraid of a tree. She had a mind to call in the doctor. When I sat down beside him he recognized my presence with what seemed relief.

"See that eagle?" he said to me. "His nest is in it. *He* knows enough to worry. It has moved three feet in the last half-hour. That doesn't look like much from here, but it's an awful lot when you think what must be moving with it! It's the blasting has done it, I suppose. . . . Terence! I can't seem to reach the man at all. Where are his ears? Why can't he hear for himself? I've been hammering at him all day, and now it's getting dark" (it was ten o'clock in the morning where *we* were). "It will come on them in the night. . . ."

"What's all this, John?" said a jovial, patronizing voice behind me. "What's all this about a moving tree? I thought you were a sensible fellow."

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The tormented voice from the bed hesitated as if perplexed and at fault. The local doctor took my place beside him, touching the wrist in the conventional manner.

John Bixby seemed gathering himself together; he spoke carefully, as one man to another—wistfully, too, knowing the hopelessness of getting a hearing.

"The old pine with the eagle's nest in it," said he, "has changed its position with respect to the rock formation behind it. A very large portion of rock near the summit has been loosened, possibly by the blasting. A rock slide is inevitable—very soon, and I cannot make myself understood when I try to warn them. I know what you think of it, Dr. Brown, but I am *not* delirious. This thing is as real as the room in which I lie and hear your voice and cannot move. You must not interfere with me in any way. I *must* reach those people."

The physician murmured something consolatory and reassuring, said he would leave something that would fix all that, and left it in a glass and went out.

"Listen to me, John Bixby," I said, when we were alone.

"I am listening," said the voice, faint and distant again, as though half a world away and speaking over a troubled wire.

"Where are you?"

There was hesitation.

"I don't know," came finally, despairingly.

"You know that your body lies sick and motionless in your mother's house?"

"Of course I know that," was the impatient answer.

"Yet you talk of mountains and of a bridge in danger. *Where* are those things? Can't you tell me the names of the people? If you could tell me more. If you are seeing—whatever way it is that you see it—some danger threatening this place, I might be able to get a message there in time."

He seemed to strain against some difficulty. One got an idea, in spite of his marble stillness, of straining muscles, of some power taxed to its utmost.

"No," came the answer at length.

"But why?" I cried. "If you can see so much, can you not see a little more?"

"When I try to see more," he answered, wearily, "it breaks and changes. No, I must try to make him feel me as I have before. . . . Terence! Terence!" he began. "For God's sake look at that tree! Turn your ear to the sound of that inward slipping. Get your men out! . . . No, I can't reach him. It's only when he thinks about his construction that I can make him understand. Yet—there must be a way. . . . Terence! My God, he *sees* me! How he stares! Get your men out! . . . Now I can't do any more. Ah, he has heard it at last. . . . He hears the rocks. . . . There will not be time—not half enough time. *I* must save them—I! And I am only air—nothing! They are real—they are loved and needed. They have women and children. Their bodies can be hurt. Ah, God! such splendid nerves and muscles to be ground down into waste! Must I watch this thing when a word would save them?"

A quiver—but not of muscular movement; that could not be—ran over him. I saw that his hair was as damp as a swimmer's. Then his voice rang out clear and strong, yet somehow with that strange effect of distance.

"Men! Men! Look up!"

After an interval, in a sobbing whisper: "They heard. Their faces turned my way. They have seen; they are coming out. . . . They are safe."

Another silence, and then, solemnly, "It is coming."

The room was very still. A wasp droned against the pane of the window, and a girl's laugh came in from the lawn where the kitten was again at play. Instead of these light sounds I felt that my ears should have been stunned by a world-splitting crash. My ear was at the receiver. Would no sound come? Almost I thought that the mechanism had been destroyed and no more of the message would ever come over the wire. But at last the lips moved again.

"A hundred feet deep. A hundred feet of broken rock. It fills the cañon from side to side. It moves and settles, like coal that has just been sent down to its bin through a chute. It will lie there till the end of the world. And the bridge under it. There is a branch

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of the eagle's tree sticking up like a dead man's arm. But there are no dead men down there—none. The eaglet is under. There go the birds, circling about and mourning. And there at the very edge stand Terence and his men—safe. Safe through me . . . who am . . . nothing. . . . But I have done a man's work . . . after all . . . after all."

In the silence that followed upon these words his changelessness seemed, in some subtle way, broken. There was a different look in the blind eyes. When the room had filled with people I do not know; but now I was thrust aside by his mother, who fell upon her knees and clutched at him with high, throaty lamentations of which he seemed entirely unaware. His next words were for his Terence.

"You wish you were under it, don't you, old man? But Sally doesn't. You go to her. She will make you see it is nothing, after all . . . nothing . . ."

The faltering voice strengthened as with a great surprise, an amazement greater than the laboring heart could bear.

"What is this?"

But while we stood about, bewildered and still expectant, a hand came in front of the curiously bright face, touched it very gently, and closed the eyelids—a fine, professional hand. I looked about and recognized a famous physician who was spending a few days at the hotel.

"I wish," he said to the local doctor, "I might have seen this case sooner. It seems to have been most unusual."

I went out into the hot and golden afternoon. The pure air, flower-scented, rushed to meet me. I was dizzy with the heat and closeness, confused by the strangeness of what I had heard. For if the dead do sometimes break through and speak, why, then, might not poor Bixby, who had really been of the dead these five years?

Somewhere I was positive, but where, were Terence and those others even then standing aghast, with the still quivering rock slide at their feet? Under what sky were the eagles now circling above their ruined nest?

I was the only one of all who had heard, who believed that there might be something in it besides delirium. After a little I also lost faith in its reality, yet for months I watched the papers furtively.

It was not, however, until a year later that I came upon anything that might fit. Then, in an illustrated weekly I found an article illustrated with photographs of the very nearly completed work of a certain railroad. And there was one picture showing a mountain with a great scar upon its flank, and in the foreground a mound of broken rock out of which a dead tree-top protruded. There was also an arrangement of derricks and an abrupt ending of the thread of railroad at the edge of the rock. A group of men in the foreground turned sheepish grins toward the camera. Underneath this picture a paragraph from the article had been set:

The engineering difficulties were very great. A hundred feet deep under a mass of fallen rock lie the ruins of the Sisco bridge, which was practically completed at the time of the slide, and said to have been one of the most perfect of its kind in existence. A triumph of engineering skill. The men escaped as by a miracle, for the thing happened altogether without warning. It is said that they were warned in the nick of time by some stranger—probably a prospector, as there are no white inhabitants within several hundred miles, and that this man is the only one to have lost his life. At any rate, he was never seen after that one appearance. For this reason, no doubt, there seems an undercurrent of belief among the men—who are chiefly of Celtic origin—that there was something supernatural in the circumstance, but they are chary of discussing this aspect of it.

Yes, one would be chary of discussing it.

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Dare's Gift

BY ELLEN GLASGOW

PART II

ALL night I sat by Mildred's bedside, and in the morning, without having slept, I went down-stairs to meet Harrison and the doctor.

"You must get her away, Beckwith," began Harrison with a curious, suppressed excitement. "Dr. Lakeby says she will be all right again as soon as she gets back to Washington."

"But I brought her away from Washington because Drayton said it was not good for her."

"I know, I know." His tone was sharp, "but it's different now. Dr. Lakeby wants you to take her back as soon as you can."

The old doctor was silent while Harrison spoke, and it was only after I had agreed to take Mildred away to-morrow that he murmured something about "bromide and chloral," and vanished up the staircase. He impressed me then as a very old man—old not so much in years as in experience, as if, living there in that flat and remote country, he had exhausted all human emotion. A leg was missing, I saw, and Harrison explained that the doctor had been dangerously wounded in the battle of Seven Pines, and had been obliged after that to leave the army and take up again the practice of medicine.

"You had better get some rest," Harrison said, as he parted from me. "It is all right about Mildred, and nothing else matters. The doctor will see you in the afternoon, when you have had some sleep, and have a talk with you. He can explain things better than I can."

Some hours later, after a profound slumber, which lasted well into the afternoon, I waited for the doctor by the tea-table, which had been laid out on the upper terrace. It was a perfect afternoon—a serene and cloudless afternoon in early summer. All the brightness of the day gathered on the white porch and the red walls, while the clustering shadows slipped slowly over the box garden to the lawn and the river.

I was sitting there, with a book I had not even attempted to read, when the doctor joined me; and while I rose to shake hands with him I received again the impression of weariness, of pathos and disappointment, which his face had given me in the morning. He was like sun-dried fruit, I thought, fruit that has ripened and dried under the open sky, not withered in tissue paper.

Declining my offer of tea, he sat down in one of the wicker chairs, selecting, I noticed, the least comfortable among them, and filled his pipe from a worn leather pouch.

"She will sleep all night," he said; "I am giving her bromide every three hours, and to-morrow you will be able to take her away. In a week she will be herself again. These nervous natures yield quickest to the influence, but they recover quickest also. In a little while this illness, as you choose to call it, will have left no mark upon her. She may even have forgotten it. I have known this to happen."

"You have known this to happen?" I edged my chair nearer.

"They all succumb to it—the neurotic temperament soonest, the phlegmatic one later—but they all succumb to it in the end. The spirit of the place is too strong for them. They surrender to the thought of the house—to the psychic force of its memories—"

"There are memories, then? Things have happened here?"

"All old houses have memories, I suppose. Did you ever stop to wonder about the thoughts that must have gathered within walls like these?—to

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wonder about the impressions that must have lodged in the bricks, in the crevices, in the timber and the masonry? Have you ever stopped to think that these multiplied impressions might create a current of thought—a mental atmosphere—an inscrutable power of suggestion?"

"Even when one is ignorant? When one does not know the story?"

"She may have heard scraps of it from the servants—who knows? One can never tell how traditions are kept alive. Many things have been whispered about Dare's Gift; some of these whispers may have reached her. Even without her knowledge she may have absorbed the suggestion; and some day, with that suggestion in her mind, she may have gazed too long at the sunshine on these marble urns before she turned back into the haunted rooms where she lived. After all, we know so little, so pitifully little about these things. We have only touched, we physicians, the outer edges of psychology. The rest lies in darkness—"

I jerked him up sharply. "The house, then, is haunted?"

For a moment he hesitated. "The house is saturated with a thought. It is haunted by treachery."

"You mean something happened here?"

"I mean—" He bent forward, groping for the right word, while his gaze sought the river, where a golden web of mist hung midway between sky and water. "I am an old man, and I have lived long enough to see every act merely as the husk of an idea. The act dies; it decays like the body, but the idea is immortal. The thing that happened at Dare's Gift was over fifty years ago, but the thought of it still lives—still utters its terrible message. The house is a shell, and if one listens long enough one can hear in its heart the murmur of the past—of that past which is but a single wave of the great sea of human experience—"

"But the story?" I was becoming impatient of his theories. After all, if Mildred was the victim of some phantasmal hypnosis, I was anxious to meet the ghost who had hypnotized her. Even Drayton, I reflected, keen as he was about the fact of mental suggestion, would never have regarded seriously the suggestion of a phantom. And the house looked so peaceful—so hospitable in the afternoon light.

"The story? Oh, I am coming to that—but of late the story has meant so little to me beside the idea. I like to stop by the way. I am getting old, and an amble suits me better than too brisk a trot—particularly in this weather—"

Yes, he was getting old. I lit a fresh cigarette and waited impatiently. After all, this ghost that he rambled about was real enough to destroy me, and my nerves were quivering like harp-strings.

"Well, I came into the story—I was in the very thick of it, by accident, if there is such a thing as accident in this world of incomprehensible laws. The Incomprehensible! That has always seemed to me the supreme fact of life, the one truth overshadowing all others—the truth that we know nothing. We nibble at the edges of the mystery, and the great Reality—the Incomprehensible—is still untouched, undiscovered. It unfolds hour by hour, day by day, creating, enslaving, killing us, while we painfully gnaw off—what? A crumb or two, a grain from that vastness which envelops us, which remains impenetrable—"

Again he broke off, and again I jerked him back from his reverie.

"As I have said, I was placed, by an act of Providence or of chance, in the very heart of the tragedy. I was with Lucy Dare on the day, the unforgetable day, when she made her choice—her heroic or devilish choice, according to the way one has been educated. In Europe a thousand years ago such an act committed for the sake of religion would have made her a saint; in New England, a few centuries past, it would have entitled her to a respectable position in history—the little history of New England. But Lucy Dare was a Virginian, and in Virginia—except in the brief, exalted Virginia of the Confederacy—the personal loyalties have always been esteemed beyond the impersonal. I cannot imagine us as a people canonizing a woman who sacrificed the human ties for the superhuman — even for the divine. I cannot imagine it, I repeat; and so Lucy Dare—though she rose to

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greatness in that one instant of sacrifice —has not even a name among us today. I doubt if you can find a child in the State who has ever heard of her—or a grown man, outside of this neighborhood, who could give you a single fact of her history. She is as completely forgotten as Sir Roderick, who betrayed Bacon—she is forgotten because the thing she did, though it might have made a Greek tragedy, was alien to the temperament of the people among whom she lived. Her tremendous sacrifice failed to capture the imagination of her time. After all, the sublime cannot touch us unless it is akin to our ideal; and though Lucy Dare was sublime, according to the moral code of the Romans, she was a stranger to the racial soul of the South. Her memory died because it was the bloom of an hour—because there was nothing in the soil of her age for it to thrive on. She missed her time; she is one of the mute, inglorious heroines of history; and yet, born in another century, she might have stood side by side with Antigone—" For an instant he paused. "But she has always seemed to me diabolical," he added.

"What she did, then, was so terrible that it has haunted the house ever since?" I asked again, for, wrapped in memories, he had lost the thread of his story.

"What she did was so terrible that the house has never forgotten. The thought in Lucy Dare's mind during those hours while she made her choice has left an ineffaceable impression on the things that surrounded her. She created in the horror of that hour a psychic environment more real, because more spiritual, than the material fact of the house. You won't believe this, of course—if people believed in the unseen as in the seen, would life be what it is?"

The afternoon light slept on the river; the birds were mute in the elm-trees; from the garden of herbs at the end of the terrace an aromatic fragrance rose like invisible incense.

"To understand it all, you must remember that the South was dominated, was possessed by an idea—the idea of the Confederacy. It was an exalted idea—supremely vivid, supremely romantic—but, after all, it was only an idea. It existed nowhere within the bounds of the actual unless the souls of its devoted people may be regarded as actual. But it is the dream, not the actuality, that commands the noblest devotion, the completest self-sacrifice. It is the dream, the ideal, that has ruled mankind from the beginning. . . .

"I saw a great deal of the Dares that year. It was a lonely life I led after I lost my leg at Seven Pines, and dropped out of the army, and, as you may imagine, a country doctor's practice in war-times was far from lucrative. Our one comfort was that we were all poor, that we were all starving together; and the Dares—there were only two of them, father and daughter—were as poor as the rest of us. They had given their last coin to the government—had poured their last bushel of meal into the sacks of the army. I can imagine the superb gesture with which Lucy Dare flung her dearest heirloom—her one remaining brooch or pin—into the bare coffers of the Confederacy. She was a small woman, pretty rather than beautiful—not the least heroic in build—yet I wager that she was heroic enough on that occasion. She was a strange soul, though I never so much as suspected her strangeness while I knew her—while she moved among us with her small, oval face, her gentle blue eyes, her smoothly banded hair, which shone like satin in the sunlight. Beauty she must have had in a way, though I confess a natural preference for queenly women; I dare say I should have preferred Octavia to Cleopatra, who, they tell me, was small and slight. But Lucy Dare wasn't the sort to blind your eyes when you first looked at her. Her charm was rather like a fragrance than a light—a subtle fragrance that steals into the senses and is the last thing a man ever forgets. I knew half a dozen men who would have died for her—and yet she gave them nothing, nothing, barely a smile. She appeared cold—she who was destined to flame to life in an act. I can see her distinctly as she looked then, in that last year—grave, still, with the curious, unearthly loveliness that comes to pretty women who are underfed—who are slowly starving for bread and meat,

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for bodily nourishment. She had the look of one dedicated—as ethereal as a saint, and yet I never saw it at the time; I only remember it now, after fifty years, when I think of her. Starvation, when it is slow, not quick—when it means, not acute hunger, but merely lack of the right food, of the blood-making, nerve-building elements—starvation like this often plays strange pranks with one. The visions of the saints, the glories of martyrdom, come to the underfed, the anemic. Can you recall one of the saints—the genuine sort—whose regular diet was roast beef and ale?

"Well, I have said that Lucy Dare was a strange soul, and she was, though to this day I don't know how much of her strangeness was the result of improper nourishment, of too little blood to the brain. Be that as it may, she seems to me when I look back on her to have been one of those women whose characters are shaped entirely by external events—who are the playthings of circumstance. There are many such women. They move among us in obscurity — reserved, passive, commonplace—and we never suspect the spark of fire in their natures until it flares up at the touch of the unexpected. In ordinary circumstances Lucy Dare would have been ordinary, submissive, feminine, domestic; she adored children. That she possessed a stronger will than the average Southern girl, brought up in the conventional manner, none of us—least of all I, myself—ever imagined. She was, of course, intoxicated, obsessed, with the idea of the Confederacy; but, then, so were all of us. There wasn't anything unusual or abnormal in that exalted illusion. It was the common property of our generation. . . .

"Like most non-combatants, the Dares were extremists, and I, who had got rid of a little of my bad blood when I lost my leg, used to regret sometimes that the Colonel—I never knew where he got his title—was too old to do a share of the actual fighting. There is nothing that takes the fever out of one so quickly as a fight; and in the army I had never met a hint of this concentrated, vitriolic bitterness toward the enemy. Why, I've seen the Colonel, sitting here on this terrace, and crippled to the knees with gout, grow purple in the face if I spoke a good word for the climate of the North. For him, and for the girl, too, the Lord had drawn a divine circle around the Confederacy. Everything inside of that circle was perfection; everything outside of it was evil. Well, that was fifty years ago, and his hate is all dust now, yet I can sit here, where he used to sit on this terrace, sipping his blackberry wine—I can sit here and remember it all as if it were yesterday. The place has changed so little, except for Duncan's grotesque additions to the wings, that one can scarcely believe all those years have passed over it. Many an afternoon just like this I've sat here, while the Colonel raved and Lucy knitted for the soldiers, and watched those same shadows creep down the terrace and that mist of light—it looks just as it used to—hang there over the James. Even the smell from those herbs hasn't changed. Lucy used to keep her little garden at the end of the terrace, for she was fond of making essences and beauty lotions. I used to give her all the prescriptions I could find in old books I read—and I've heard people say that she owed her wonderful white skin to the concoctions she brewed from shrubs and herbs. I couldn't convince them that lack of meat, not lotions, was responsible for the pallor—pallor was all the fashion then—that they admired and envied."

He stopped a minute, just long enough to refill his pipe, while I glanced with fresh interest at the garden of herbs.

"It was a March day when it happened," he went on, presently; "cloudless, mild, with the taste and smell of spring in the air. I had been at Dare's Gift almost every day for a year. We had suffered together, hoped, feared, and wept together, hungered and sacrificed together. We had felt together the divine, invincible sway of an idea.

"Stop for a minute and picture to yourself what it is to be of a war and yet not in it; to live in imagination until the mind becomes inflamed with the vision; to have no outlet for the passion that consumes one except the outlet of thought. Add to this the fact that we really knew nothing. We were as far

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away from the truth, stranded there on our river, as if we had been anchored in a canal on Mars. Two men—one crippled, one too old to fight—and a girl—and the three living for a country which in a few weeks would be nothing—would be nowhere—not on any map of the world. . . .

"When I look back now it seems to me incredible that at that time any persons in the Confederacy should have been ignorant of its want of resources. Yet, remember, we lived apart, remote, unvisited, out of touch with realities, thinking the one thought. We believed in the ultimate triumph of the South with that indomitable belief which is rooted not in reason, but in emotion. To believe had become an act of religion; to doubt was rank infidelity. So we sat there in our little world, the world of unrealities, bounded by the river and the garden, and talked from noon till sunset about our illusion—not daring to look a single naked fact in the face—talking of plenty when there were no crops in the ground and no flour in the store-room, prophesying victory while the Confederacy was in her death-struggle. Folly! All folly, and yet I am sure even now that we were sincere, that we believed the nonsense we were uttering. We believed, I have said, because to doubt would have been too horrible. Hemmed in by the river and the garden, there wasn't anything left for us to do—since we couldn't fight—but believe. Some one has said, or ought to have said, that faith is the last refuge of the inefficient. The twin devils of famine and despair were at work in the country, and we sat there—we three, on this damned terrace—and prophesied about the second president of the Confederacy. We agreed, I remember, that Lee would be the next president. And all the time, a few miles away, the demoralization of defeat was abroad, was around us, was in the air. . . .

"It was a March afternoon when Lucy sent for me, and while I walked up the drive—there was not a horse left among us, and I made all my rounds on foot—I noticed that patches of spring flowers were blooming in the long grass on the lawn. The air was as soft as May, and in the woods at the back of the house buds of maple-trees ran like a flame. There were, I remember, leaves—dead leaves, last year's leaves—everywhere, as if, in the demoralization of panic, the place had been forgotten, had been untouched since autumn. I remember rotting leaves that gave like moss underfoot; dried leaves that stirred and murmured as one walked over them; black leaves, brown leaves, wine-colored leaves, and the still glossy leaves of the evergreens. But they were everywhere—in the road, over the grass on the lawn, beside the steps, piled in wind-drifts against the walls of the house.

"On the terrace, wrapped in shawls, the old Colonel was sitting; and he called out, excitedly: 'Are you bringing news of a victory?' Victory! when the whole country had been scraped with a fine-tooth comb for provisions.

"'No, I bring no news except that Mrs. Morson has just heard of the death of her son in Petersburg. Gangrene, they say. The truth is that the men are so ill-nourished that the smallest scratch turns to gangrene—'

"'Well, it won't be for long—not for long. Let Lee and Johnston get together and things will go our way with a rush. A victory or two, and the enemy will be asking for terms of peace before the summer is over.'

"A lock of his silver-white hair had fallen over his forehead, and, pushing it back with his clawlike hand, he peered up at me with his little, near-sighted eyes, which were of a peculiar burning blackness, like the eyes of some small, enraged animal. I can see him now as vividly as if I had left him only an hour ago, and yet it is fifty years since then—fifty years filled with memories and with forgetfulness. Behind him the warm red of the bricks glowed as the sunshine fell, sprinkled with shadows, through the elm boughs. Even the soft wind was too much for him, for he shivered occasionally in his blanket shawls, and coughed the dry, hacking cough which had troubled him for a year. He was a shell of a man—a shell vitalized and animated by an immense, an indestructible illusion. While he sat there, sipping his blackberry wine, with his little, fiery, dark eyes searching the river in

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hope of something that would end his interminable expectancy, there was about him a flash, a fitful gleam of romance. For him the external world, the actual truth of things, had vanished—all of it, that is, except the shawl that wrapped him and the glass of blackberry wine he sipped. He had died already to the material fact, but he lived intensely, vividly, profoundly, in the idea. It was the idea that nourished him, that gave him his one hold on reality.

"'It was Lucy who sent for you,' said the old man, presently. 'She has been on the upper veranda all day overlooking something — the sunning of winter clothes, I think. She wants to see you about one of the servants—a sick child, Nancy's child, in the quarters.'

"'Then I'll find her,' I answered, readily, for I had, I confess, a mild curiosity to find out why Lucy had sent for me.

"She was alone on the upper veranda, and I noticed that she closed her Bible and laid it aside as I stepped through the long window that opened from the end of the hall. Her face, usually so pale, glowed now with a wan illumination, like ivory before the flame of a lamp. In this illumination her eyes, beneath delicately penciled eyebrows, looked unnaturally large and brilliant, and so deeply, so angelically blue that they made me think of the Biblical heaven of my childhood. Her beauty, which had never struck me sharply before, pierced through me. But it was her fate—her misfortune, perhaps—to appear commonplace, to pass unrecognized, until the fire shot from her soul.

"'No, I want to see you about myself, not about one of the servants.'

"At my first question she had risen and held out her hand—a white, thin hand, small and frail as a child's.

"'You are not well, then?' I had known from the first that her starved look meant something.

"'It isn't that; I am quite well.' She paused a moment, and then looked at me with her clear, shining gaze. 'I have had a letter,' she said.

"'A letter?' I have realized since how dull I must have seemed to her in that moment of excitement, of exaltation.

"'You didn't know. I forgot that you didn't know that I was once engaged—long ago—before the beginning of the war. I cared a great deal—we both cared a great deal, but he was not one of us; he was on the other side—and when the war came, of course there was no question. We broke it off; we had to break it off. How would it have been possible to do otherwise?'

"'How, indeed!' I murmured; and I had a vision of the old man down-stairs on the terrace, of the intrepid and absurd old man.

"'My first duty is to my country,' she went on after a minute, and the words might have been spoken by her father. 'There has been no thought of anything else in my mind since the beginning of the war. Even if peace comes I can never feel the same again—I can never forget that he has been a part of all we have suffered—of the thing that has made us suffer. I could never forget—I can never forgive.'

"Her words sound strange now, you think, after fifty years; but on that day, in this house surrounded by dead leaves, inhabited by an inextinguishable ideal—in this county, where the spirit had fed on the body until the impoverished brain reacted to transcendent visions—in this place, at that time, they were natural enough. Scarcely a woman of the South but would have uttered them from her soul. In every age one ideal enthralls the imagination of mankind; it is in the air; it subjugates the will; it enchants the emotions. Well, in the South fifty years ago this ideal was patriotism; and the passion of patriotism, which bloomed like some red flower, the flower of carnage, over the land, had grown in Lucy Dare's soul into an exotic blossom.

"Yet even to-day, after fifty years, I cannot get over the impression she made upon me of a woman who was, in the essence of her nature, thin and colorless. I may have been wrong. Perhaps I never knew her. It is not easy to judge people, especially women, who wear a mask by instinct. What I thought lack of character, of personality, may have been merely reticence; but again and again there comes back to me the thought that she never said or did a

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Drawn by C. E. Chambers

"I CAN NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN. I DO NOT WISH TO SEE HIM"

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thing—except the one terrible thing—that one could remember. There was nothing remarkable that one could point to about her. I cannot recall either her smile or her voice, though both were sweet, no doubt, as the smile and the voice of a Southern woman would be. Until that morning on the upper veranda I had not noticed that her eyes were wonderful. She was like a shadow, a phantom, who attains in one supreme instant, by one immortal gesture, union with reality. Even I remember her only by that one lurid flash.

"'And you say you have had a letter?'

"'It was brought by one of the old servants—Jacob, the one who used to wait on him when he stayed here. He was a prisoner. A few days ago he escaped. He asked me to see him—and I told him to come. He wishes to see me once again before he goes North—forever—' She spoke in gasps in a dry voice. Never once did she mention his name. Long afterward I remembered that I had never heard his name spoken. Even to-day I do not know it. He also was a shadow, a phantom—a part of the encompassing unreality.

"'And he will come here?'

"For a moment she hesitated; then she spoke quite simply, knowing she could trust me.

"'He is here. He is in the chamber beyond.' She pointed to one of the long windows that gave on the veranda. 'The blue chamber at the front.'

"I remember that I made a step toward the window when her voice arrested me. 'Don't go in. He is resting. He is very tired, and, oh, so hungry.'

"'You didn't send for me, then, to see him?'

"'I sent for you to be with father. I knew you would help me—that you would keep him from suspecting. He must not know, of course. He must be kept quiet.'

"'I will stay with him,' I answered; and then: 'Is that all you wish to say to me?'

"'That is all. It is only for a day or two. He will go on in a little while, and I can never see him again. I do not wish to see him again.'

"I turned away, crossed the veranda, entered the hall, walked the length of it, and descended the staircase. The sun was going down in a ball—just as it will begin to go down in a few minutes—and as I descended the stairs I saw it through the mullioned window over the door—huge and red and round above the black cloud of the cedars.

"The old man was still on the terrace. I wondered, vaguely, why the servants had not brought him indoors; and then, as I stepped over the threshold, I saw that a company of soldiers—Confederates—had crossed the lawn and were already gathering about the house. The commanding officer—I was shaking hands with him presently—was a Dare, I knew, a distant cousin of the Colonel's, one of those excitable, nervous, and slightly theatrical natures who become utterly demoralized under the spell of any violent emotion. He had been wounded at least a dozen times, and his lean, sallow, still handsome features had the greenish look which I had learned to associate with chronic malaria.

"When I look back now I can see it all as a part of the general disorganization—of the fever, the malnutrition, the complete demoralization of panic. I know now that each man of us was facing in his soul defeat and despair; and that we—each one of us—had gone mad with the thought of it. In a little while, after the certainty of failure had come to us, we met it quietly—we braced our souls for the issue; but in those last weeks defeat had all the horror, all the insane terror of a nightmare, and all the unreality. The thought was like a delusion from which we fled, and which no flight could put farther away from us.

"Have you ever lived, I wonder, from day to day in that ever-present and unchanging sense of unreality, as if the moment before you were but an imaginary experience which must dissolve and evaporate before the touch of an actual event? Well, that was the sensation I had felt for days, weeks, months, and it swept over me again while I stood there, shaking hands with the Colonel's cousin on the terrace. The soldiers, in their ragged uniforms, were as unreal as the world in which we had been living. I think now that they were as ignorant

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as we were of the things that had happened—that were happening day by day to the army. The truth is that it was impossible for a single one of us to believe that our heroic army could be beaten even by unseen powers—even by hunger and death.

"'And you say he was a prisoner?' It was the old man's quavering voice, and it sounded avid for news, for certainty.

"'Caught in disguise. Then he slipped through our fingers.' The cousin's tone was querulous, as if he were irritated by loss of sleep or of food. 'Nobody knows how it happened. Nobody ever knows. But he has found out things that will ruin us. He has plans. He has learned things that mean the fall of Richmond if he escapes.'

"Since then I have wondered how much they sincerely believed — how much was simply the hallucination of fever, of desperation? Were they trying to bully themselves by violence into hoping? Or had they honestly convinced themselves that victory was still possible? If one only repeats a phrase often and emphatically enough one comes in time to believe it; and they had talked so long of that coming triumph, of the established Confederacy, that it had ceased to be, for them at least, merely a phrase. It wasn't the first occasion in life when I had seen words bullied—yes, literally bullied into beliefs.

"Well, looking back now after fifty years, you see, of course, the weakness of it all, the futility. At that instant, when all was lost, how could any plans, any plotting have ruined us? It seems unreal enough now—a dream, a shadow, that belief—and yet not one of us but would have given our lives for it. In order to understand you must remember that we were, one and all, victims of an idea—of a divine frenzy.

"'And we are lost—the Confederacy is lost, you say, if he escapes?'

"It was Lucy's voice; and, turning quickly, I saw that she was standing in the doorway. She must have followed me closely. It was possible that she had overheard every word of the conversation.

"'If Lucy knows anything, she will tell you. There is no need to search the house,' quavered the old man; 'she is my daughter.'

"'Of course we wouldn't search the house—not Dare's Gift,' said the cousin. He was excited, famished, malarial, but he was a gentleman, every inch of him.

"He talked on excitedly, giving details of the capture, the escape, the pursuit. It was all rather confused. I think he must have frightfully exaggerated the incident. Nothing could have been more unreal than it sounded. And he was just out of a hospital—was suffering still, I could see, from malaria. While he drank his blackberry wine—the best the house had to offer—I remember wishing that I had a good dose of quinine and whisky to give him.

"The narrative lasted a long time; I think he was glad of a rest and of the blackberry wine and biscuits. Lucy had gone to fetch food for the soldiers; but after she had brought it she sat down in her accustomed chair by the old man's side and bent her head over her knitting. She was a wonderful knitter. During all the years of the war I don't think I ever saw her without her ball of yarn and her needles—the long, wooden kind that the women used at that time. Even after the dusk fell in the evenings the click of her needles sounded in the darkness.

"'And if he escapes it will mean the capture of Richmond?' she asked once again when the story was finished. There was no hint of excitement in her manner. Her voice was perfectly toneless. To this day I have no idea what she felt—what she was thinking.

"'If he gets away it is the ruin of us—but he won't get away. We'll find him before morning.'

"Rising from his chair, he turned to shake hands with the old man before descending the steps. 'We've got to go on now. I shouldn't have stopped if we hadn't been half starved. You've done us a world of good, Cousin Lucy. I reckon you'd give your last crust to the soldiers?'

"'She'd give more than that,' quavered the old man. You'd give more than that, wouldn't you, Lucy?'

"'Yes, I'd give more than that,' repeated the girl, quietly, so quietly that it came as a shock to me—like a throb

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of actual pain in the midst of a nightmare—when she rose to her feet and added, without a movement, without a gesture: 'You must not go, Cousin George. He is up-stairs in the blue chamber at the front of the house.'

"For an instant surprise held me speechless, transfixed, incredulous; and in that instant I saw a face—a white face of horror and disbelief—look down on us from one of the side-windows of the blue chamber. Then in a rush it seemed to me that the soldiers were everywhere, swarming over the terrace, into the hall, surrounding the house. I had never imagined that a small body of men in uniforms, even ragged uniforms, could so possess and obscure one's surroundings. The three of us waited there—Lucy had sat down again and taken up her knitting—for what seemed hours or an eternity. We were still waiting—though, for once, I noticed the needles did not click in her fingers—when a single shot, followed by a volley, rang out from the rear of the house, from the veranda that looked down on the grove of oaks and the kitchen.

"Rising, I left them—the old man and the girl—and passed from the terrace down the little walk which led to the back. As I reached the lower veranda one of the soldiers ran into me.

"'I was coming after you,' he said, and I observed that his excitement had left him. 'We brought him down while he was trying to jump from the veranda. There he is now out on the grass. I reckon you'd better take a look at him.'

"The man on the grass was quite dead, shot through the heart; and while I bent over him to wipe the blood from his lips, I saw him for the first time distinctly. A young face, hardly more than a boy—twenty-five at the most. Handsome, too, in a poetic and dreamy way; just the face, I thought, that a woman might have fallen in love with. He had dark hair, I remember, though his features have long ago faded from my memory. What will never fade, what I shall never forget, is the look he wore—the look he was still wearing when we laid him in the old graveyard next day—a mingled look of doubt, surprise, disbelief, terror, and indignation.

"I had done all that I could, which was nothing, and, rising to my feet, I saw for the first time that Lucy had joined me. She was standing perfectly motionless. Her knitting was still in her hands, but the light had gone from her face, and she looked old—old and gray—beside the glowing youth of her lover. For a moment her eyes held me while she spoke as quietly as she had spoken on the terrace.

"'I had to do it,' she said. 'I would do it again.'"

Suddenly, like the cessation of running water, or wind in the tree-tops, the doctor's voice ceased. For a long pause we stared in silence at the sunset; then, without looking at me, he added, slowly:

"Three weeks later Lee surrendered and the Confederacy was over."

The sun had slipped, as if by magic, behind the tops of the cedars, and dusk fell quickly, likely a heavy shadow, over the terrace. In the dimness a piercing sweetness floated up from the garden of herbs, and it seemed to me that in a minute the night was saturated with fragrance. Then I heard the cry of a solitary whippoorwill in the graveyard, and it sounded so near that I started.

"So she died of the futility, and her unhappy ghost haunts the house?"

"No, she is not dead. It is not her ghost; it is the memory of her act that has haunted the house. Lucy Dare is still living. I saw her a few months ago."

"You saw her? You spoke to her after all these years?"

He had refilled his pipe, and the smell of it gave me a comfortable assurance that I was living here, now, in the present. A moment ago I had shivered as if the hand of the past, reaching from the open door at my back, had touched my shoulder.

"I was in Richmond. My friend Beverly, an old classmate, had asked me up for a week-end, and on Saturday afternoon, before motoring into the country for supper, we started out to make a few calls which had been left over from the morning. For a doctor, a busy doctor, he had always seemed to me to possess unlimited leisure, so I was not surprised when a single visit sometimes stretched over twenty-five

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minutes. We had stopped several times, and I confess that I was getting a little impatient when he remarked, abruptly, while he turned his car into a shady street:

"'There is only one more. If you don't mind, I'd like you to see her. She is a friend of yours, I believe.'

"Before us, as the car stopped, I saw a red-brick house, very large, with green shutters, and over the wide door, which stood open, a sign reading 'St. Luke's Church Home.' Several old ladies sat, half asleep, on the long veranda; a clergyman, with a prayer-book in his hand, was just leaving; a few pots of red geraniums stood on little, green-wicker stands; and from the hall, through which was wafted the smell of freshly baked bread, there came the music of a victrola — sacred music, I remember. Not one of these details escaped me. It was as if every trivial impression was stamped indelibly in my memory by the shock of the next instant.

"In the center of the large, smoothly shaven lawn an old woman was sitting on a wooden bench under an ailantus-tree which was in blossom. As we approached her, I saw that her figure was shapeless, and that her eyes, of a faded blue, had the vacant and listless expression of the old who have ceased to think, who have ceased even to wonder or regret. So unlike was she to anything I had ever imagined Lucy Dare could become, that not until my friend called her name and she glanced up from the muffler she was knitting—the omnipresent dun-colored muffler for the war relief associations—not until then did I recognize her.

"'I have brought an old friend to see you, Miss Lucy.'

"She looked up, smiled slightly, and after greeting me pleasantly, relapsed into silence. I remembered that the Lucy Dare I had known was never much of a talker.

"Dropping on the bench at her side, my friend began asking her about her sciatica, and, to my surprise, she became animated. Yes, the pain in her hip was better—far better than it had been for weeks. The new medicine had done her a great deal of good; but her fingers were getting rheumatic. She found trouble holding her needles. She couldn't knit as fast as she used to.

"Unfolding the end of the muffler, she held it out to us. 'I have managed to do twenty of these since Christmas. I've promised fifty to the War Relief Association by autumn, and if my fingers don't get stiff I can easily do them.'

"The sunshine falling through the ailantus-tree powdered with dusty gold her shapeless, relaxed figure and the dun-colored wool of the muffler. While she talked her fingers flew with the click of the needles—older fingers than they had been at Dare's Gift, heavier, stiffer, a little knotted in the joints. As I watched her the sense of strangeness, of unreality, stole over me. What was life, after all? Was the essence of it drained fifty years ago by Lucy Dare or was there a profounder significance in this old woman knitting her interminable mufflers for another army?

"When we rose to go she looked up, and, without pausing for an instant in her knitting, said, gravely: 'It gives me something to do, this work for the Allies. It helps to pass the time, and in an Old Ladies' Home one has so much time on one's hands.'

"Then, as we parted from her, she dropped her eyes again to her needles. Looking back at the gate, I saw that she still sat there in the faint sunshine—knitting—knitting—"

"And you think she had forgotten?"

He hesitated, as if gathering his thoughts. "I was with her when she came back from the shock—from the illness that followed—and she had forgotten. Yes, she has forgotten, but the house has remembered."

Pushing back his chair, he rose unsteadily on his crutch, and stood staring across the twilight which was spangled with fireflies. While I waited I heard again the loud cry of the whippoorwill.

"Well, what would you expect?" he asked, suddenly. "She had drained the whole of experience in an instant, and what was left to her but the empty and withered husks of the hours? She had felt too much ever to feel again. After all, it is the high moments that make a life, but the flat ones that fill the years."

[THE END.]

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At the Sign of the Dollar

BY LORIN F. DELAND

I AM not writing this paper to glorify advertising. It doesn't need it, and I am not sure that it deserves it, although it has made so many fortunes that we have given up trying to count them.

Forty years ago a daily newspaper was supported by its subscribers, advertising yielding about thirty-five per cent. of the total receipts; recently, in the case of a few papers, it has yielded as high as ninety per cent., and the revenue from subscriptions is almost negligible; so it is evident that advertising and fortunes are related in the public mind.

Now what is the factor in advertising which creates wealth? Sometimes it is the inherent merit of the thing advertised; sometimes it is a combination of persistence and pluck; but in many cases it is merely an understanding of human nature. The advertiser who takes account of the hopes and fears of the public is operating on a system which is almost certain to succeed.

It seems to me that valuable lessons may be learned by a little study of advertising methods. And if at times I speak against advertising, I hope the reader will not misunderstand me. For I believe in advertising; I glory in advertising; I love it as Peary loves the North Pole. But the frozen fact about both advertising and the North Pole is that many die in the process of arriving, and it is useless to invite your friends to make the trip unless you study the conditions, plan the best route, and see that they are properly dressed for the journey.

The enthusiast is apt to make two mistakes. The first is to believe that advertising is a weapon of unqualified goodness; in other words, that all advertising, like all Kentucky whisky, is good! Some men will claim that the worst advertising is better than none.

And so advertising, *per se*, being always a good thing, he makes his second mistake by claiming that you can't have too much of it. If a little advertising is good, twice as much is better. But here a man ought to crawl before he walks, and walk before he runs. There are many firms who can advantageously spend a small sum, but not a large one. It is the part of safety to make haste slowly.

I was so fortunate as to be able to devote twenty years of my life to trying to solve advertising problems. Some of these were explained in a little book, *Imagination in Business*, which aimed to prove that the use of imagination was the first essential in advertising. I should like now to go one step farther and say that the second essential is to understand human nature.

I look back on the experiences of those twenty years and am amazed to see how inevitably the whole business was intertwined with human nature. My customers included the halt, the lame, and the blind; gentlemen with cold hands and cold feet; men who had tried advertising and found it a failure; and men with conditions that advertising couldn't reach. Along with these came a different class:—men who had made fortunes and wanted to fight anyone that took hold of the ladder; and men who had tried advertising, salted down the profit, and now wanted new methods of publicity manufactured while you wait. It was a mighty interesting mix-up!

One thing was evident: for most of this hungry horde plain advertising would not do. It was my job to find a way of whipping the advertising devil round the stump. I found so many ways that it seemed to me finally as if plain advertising ought never to be plain. It was so interwoven with the complexities of human nature that the proper study for the advertiser was not newspapers and magazines, but *man*.

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And that is what I want to emphasize here. I want to urge that the last step needed to make advertising as safe as Government bonds is to harness it to some one of the motives, the instincts, the weaknesses, the passions, prejudices, hopes, or fears of mankind, and then let human nature do the work for you. I want to show that advertising, to be successful, must constantly reckon with human nature.

In this poor work-a-day world how much has come out of a knowledge of human nature! Take away from Abraham Lincoln his insight into human nature and you would alter the whole course of history. It wasn't his menagerie that made P. T. Barnum the foremost showman of his time; it was his knowledge of human nature. The patent-medicine man doesn't merely sell medicine; he gambles on the hopes and fears of mankind. Take this away and leave him only his medicine, and his profits would dwindle into insignificance. Even the pickpocket lives on his knowledge of human nature. He knows that the whole secret of his business is inattention, and he finds it in a crowd. Then he wants one supreme moment of misdirection of attention, and to get it he steps on your foot. That is all he needs, and your watch is his.

If I were asked to name the qualities that enter into good advertising, I should say, first, imagination; second, knowledge of human nature; and third, a little more knowledge of human nature.

Somewhere (and this seems to be a proper place) I want to say a word to the business houses that employ an advertising-man. There are only two things to do to an advertising-man—develop him or fire him! Try developing first. Give him a free hand! Remember that your progress depends much on him! Help him to grow! Tell him that you look to him for *ideas*. Then in a short time, if he doesn't show results, drop him! There's no half-way ground in this matter, for an advertising-man who cannot be developed by power and responsibility is a drag on the wheels.

But when he has studied your business with some success, when he has introduced a few ideas that have commercial value, when he begins to reckon with human nature for your profit, then remember that he has become an intellectual partner in the business, and ought to be treated accordingly. He is a creator; and Oliver Wendell Holmes, a profound student of human nature, says somewhere that men who have creative power are hand-forged by Almighty God, while the rest of the world is merely stamped out by machinery. Don't talk hours or salary to such a man! Let him fix his own salary; if it's a high one, so much the better! He must work all the harder to earn it.

I knew a firm once who employed such a man. He always decided his own salary, raising it or lowering it each year as he felt his work of the past twelve months warranted. The head of the house never questioned that salary, although he was the closest buyer that I ever saw. I asked him once why he let his advertising-man fix his own salary. He looked at me somewhat contemptuously for a moment. Then he said, "I calculate to buy everything in my line of trade a little lower than any other living man! Beating down prices is my business, and I yield to no man on it. But do me the credit to admit that I have never been fool enough to try and beat down the price of *brains!*"

That man realized in a groping sort of way that he was buying something more than a knowledge of newspapers and type display, more even than new ideas. He was buying something whose quality was absolutely dependent on the mental attitude of the seller. He was buying enthusiasm, and that is almost as unpurchasable as instinct or love. He was "developing" his employee, and incidentally getting the largest returns.

To come back to the study of human nature, there is a verse in Kipling that I often recall:

> Go, stalk the red deer o'er the heather,
> Ride, follow the fox if you can!
> But, for pleasure and profit together,
> Allow me the hunting of Man;—
> The chase of the Human, . . .

There is no more fascinating occupation, and none more profitable, than the

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study of the human "herd instinct," or, as some writers call it, the group mind. Let me take time for one illustration—although its connection with advertising is a little indirect.

A factory employing over a thousand hands found itself in a position where it needed better co-operation from its employees. There had been no open antagonism, but the "feel" of things wasn't right. They wanted their workmen to take some interest in the success of the business, to realize all that was being done for them, and to co-operate. Merely as a business investment it was worth ten thousand dollars to get those men solidly behind that business.

Now here was a clear-cut problem. Suppose the case is your own! What will you do? The man who was consulted about this particular case said, "Put up a letter-box and ask every man to drop into it any suggestion he can make for the success of the business, or any complaint of things not properly done. Offer rewards for helpful constructive criticisms."

Well, the box was put up, and I wish you could have seen the contents. It brought nothing but anonymous abuse—some of it of the vilest sort. A few letters were merely contemptuous; but others were insulting! It was discouraging to read those attacks and still hope for co-operation. But the man who ordered that letter-box never felt one moment's uneasiness as to the outcome. He was playing a game that had got to be played sooner or later with those men, before co-operation could come in that factory. It was the "search for the human," and it was turning out exactly as he had expected. Men with grievances were having a chance to get rid of them; the atmosphere had been heavily charged, and now it was clearing.

Three weeks after the box was started, some man dropped into it a suggestion which was good, distinctly good. A check for $1,500 was quietly handed to that man as he worked at his bench, with the statement that that was what his idea was worth to the firm. It represented to him the equivalent of two-years' wages, and to many of them the savings of a life-time. If a bomb had dropped in that factory, it could not have made a greater psychological change. Two more checks a short time later to other workmen, one for $500 and one for $1,000—and then with only $3,000 spent, the spirit of co-operation had been born, and four-fifths of those employees were thinking how that business could be helped.

One incident transpired which might have made trouble had not the same policy been followed. The president of the company chanced to hear a speech made by one of his workmen at a Sunday night labor meeting, in which he denounced the company for grinding the face of the poor in order to swell its ill-gotten gains. On Monday morning the president called the man to the office, and said, "I heard your speech last night!" The man smiled grimly, and said, "You needn't trouble to discharge me; I know that's what you are going to do!" The president replied, "That's where you're wrong the second time. I didn't call you down to discharge you, but to ask if you, or any of your men, understand figures and accounts. If you don't, go and get a bookkeeper that does, and bring him here. Three of your men come with him."

Well, the books of the company were shown to those workmen, and they realized, to their chagrin, that the company was having quite a hard time to get along. The discontent received a body blow on that day. In both of these cases there was present an element of surprise which always gives added power to any action.

Before we leave this subject, some one may say, "It's easy to apply improved methods to a small retail business where things are slack, but it's a very different thing to improve upon the system in some of our large establishments." I know it is not easy to invent possible economies, to utilize waste products, or discover sources of new income in the highly organized business systems of to-day. But there is not one business in which human nature is not a factor, and with that as a guide, new methods can be discovered. It is in just these larger enterprises that the results of a little thinking grow into high figures. I was employed by two of the most

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perfectly systematized of the industrial combinations—the Standard Oil Company and the American Sugar Refining Company. They were both wonderfully organized, but as Mr. Havemeyer often admitted to me the superiority of the Standard Oil Company over his own company in organization, let me take the Standard Oil Company as an example. What can be accomplished there? Where will you find a weakness in that wonderful system? Yet it is not so long ago that one man noticed a contrast in the stable bills of the different stations as a result of the careless measurements of different hostlers in the feeding of horses. A careful study was made, the proper amount of food to keep such a horse in the best possible condition was determined, and an order was issued that every horse in every stable should be fed, not by measure, but by weight—just so many pounds and ounces per day. The saving effected by that innovation amounted to nearly two hundred thousand dollars a year! This is exactly the sort of thing that close study will disclose in many business establishments to-day.

We come back to human nature and the advantage that is taken of it in advertising. In all ordinary retailing of merchandise to the public, success seems to favor the men who occupy the opposite ends of the line of fair dealing; that is, the man who is without any principle and the man who is overburdened with it. The dealer who is seemingly too dishonest to stay in business and the dealer who is seemingly too honest to stay in business are the ones who can make money.

As an instance of the success of "fool honesty," let me tell a story. I once complained to a horse-dealer that he had lied about a horse he had sold. To make my words doubly offensive I added, "You lied *unnecessarily*." At this he was off in a flash. "Never!" he cried out; "I never lie unnecessarily." We had some words about this, and it ended in my wagering that I could sell a horse promptly, at a fair valuation, and without a single lie.

The horse assigned to me to sell was a tall, raw-boned animal with a Roman nose and a vicious eye. Apparently there was nothing to him but bones and bad temper. I refused to sell him until I knew something about him. The dealer agreed that I couldn't sell him according to my prescribed standard of "fool honesty," unless I had personal knowledge of him. So I took him away to try him. The first day I had a veterinary look him over; he said he couldn't live more than a month, that his extreme thinness was due to chronic "scouring," caused by some disease of the stomach.

I went back to the horse-dealer and told him the story. I didn't ask him to give me another horse, but I did demand time in which to discover whether the veterinary was right. The dealer confessed that he was a little shy on time; he had none of it to spare in this case; he realized that as the old covenant reads, "time is of the essence of this contract." In other words he had suspected the horse couldn't live, and must be sold quickly. So he couldn't grant me any extension of time.

I told that dealer what I thought of him. I offered to buy the horse and take my chances of selling him, if he had the courage to make his bet without a time-limit. I even offered to double the stake. I used every argument and every epithet, and at last he accepted this revised bet. It was agreed that I was to buy the horse, and have as long a time to study and enjoy (!) him as I wanted. Afterward, I was to sell him from the dealer's stable, in the dealer's presence, to tell only the truth about him, and to sell him at a fair price within one month after offering him.

I paid for the animal and took him away. He was a marvel of unsoundness. He had spavins on both hind legs and splints on both front legs. He was affected at so many points that they must have neutralized each other, for, strangely enough, he didn't go lame. There was only one name possible for him, so I christened him "Bones."

I tried driving him, but there was too much bony structure; he seemed to rattle at every joint; it really needed a shoe-horn to slip him into the shafts of a buggy. Then I tried riding him, and here I was delightfully disappointed. With his long, "springy" pasterns, he

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was as easy as a rocking-chair, while, despite his evil eye and general look of viciousness, he seemed to be gentle. But on that eye he could have brought a libel suit against his face and won a verdict from any rider. Standing fully sixteen and a half hands and looking like the slaughtering war-charger of Attila, it really needed John L. Sullivan on his back to make the ensemble complete.

He never went exactly as he was headed. He was always reviewing imaginary troops on his right or left side. With his head turned at an angle of ninety degrees he would gaze at the setting sun and gallop furiously north or south, champing his bit and acting as if the great trouble was scheduled to break out at any moment. But he was a fine humorist; it was his one little joke; the trouble never came.

At the end of a month he was still alive. In three months he had grown so fat that I changed his name to Jones. Two months more of unadulterated joy in his society, and then I carried him to the dealer's stable and placed him on sale.

I advertised him twice in the daily papers, and at last a buyer appeared in the person of a middle-aged, kindly, trusting gentleman, who looked as if he might be a small manufacturer in a country town. The dealer looked on with a leery eye. He waited to hear me describe that horse without telling a lie. But instead of saying anything good about him, I began by calling attention to his defects. I told the man that I wanted first of all to speak of the various "outs" about the horse, for fear he might overlook some of them. Then I pointed out the spavins and the splints and the vicious eye; I enlarged upon the veterinary's death warning, and the "scours"—

"But," interrupted the man, "he *didn't* die in a month!"

"No," I said, "he didn't, and he hasn't died since, and he doesn't scour any more, and he hasn't stomach disease, and he isn't lame, and he isn't in the slightest degree vicious; he's just about the kindest, safest, most delightful horse I ever rode. But I won't sell this horse to any one without pointing out every defect that I know about him." Then I told him what I thought of the way in which horses were usually sold by lying horse-dealers.

The effect was like magic. The man began by immediately shaking hands with me. Then he said, "I don't know anything about horses, but that's the horse I want." He bought and paid for him with almost indecent haste. It transpired that he was a somewhat timid doctor in a neighboring city, who knew little about riding a horse, but had just been appointed on the governor's staff. The dealer looked very chagrined when he saw the money pass; I was getting an advance of thirty per cent. over the price I had paid!

Now observe the human nature in that transaction. There was a lot of it, from first to last. But the main point is this: the best way to sell many an article in this world is not to emphasize its merits, but its defects. That sounds paradoxical, but it is true of nearly everything that permits of a personal relation between buyer and seller. Disinterested frankness in the description of your wares is in the nature of a confidence, and confidence instantly establishes such a relationship. Wherever there is the slightest chance for an expression of the personality of the seller, the rule holds.

Let us analyze the value of truth in that horse trade. Bear in mind that few persons are good judges of horses. My buyer, not knowing horses, was looking for something to guide him. The moment he saw my frankness he felt he had found something he could depend on. The whole transaction, so far as he went, shifted then from the horse to its owner. From that moment he was not sizing up the horse; he was sizing up me! When he heard me tell the grim, unpalatable truth about the horse, he was judging, not horses, which he didn't know, but human nature, which he did know. He shook hands and counted out his money—not in tribute to the horse's excellence, but to the owner's honesty.

In fact, he was doing what you yourself do when a man comes into your office all aflame with the marvelous

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richness of a new copper-mine. Now you don't know anything about conglomerate lodes, or amygdaloid, or calco-pyrite, but you do know something about human nature, so you pay no attention whatever to his glowing words; they go in one ear and out the other. But you *watch your man*, and notice whether he's up in the air or whether his two feet are firmly on the ground. In the latter case it's a fair gamble; which is the best you can say of any newly discovered copper-mine.

But whether it's selling a horse or floating a copper-mine, the principle is the same, and he who, disregarding his own interests, insists upon pointing out the defects in his property has taken the first sure step in its sale. I believe the gentleman who discovered the sor did value which attaches to frankness of this sort was Mr. John Wanamaker. Mr. Wanamaker's reputation as an honest man is beyond dispute, so let it not be thought that I asperse his sincerity when I call attention to the remarkable prosperity which he so long achieved through pointing out the defects in his merchandise. Listen to Mr. Wanamaker:

"*These 25-cent Handkerchiefs are a little dirty. We allow you 10 cents for washing them.*" (As a laundry charges only one cent, the liberality of the proposition is appealing.)

Listen to the same story in another key: "*There's no good reason why a few finger-marks should make men's Linen Handkerchiefs 50 cents each from a dollar. It has done it here just the same.*"

Here's another: "*Decorated Toilet Sets made up for 'Ivory' finish. Now and then comes a piece where the 'Ivory' is not of perfect polish. Possibly one in ten might mistrust it. Just the same, $7.50 sets go at $4.*"

Another: "*Some of the most noteworthy stories by American authors. Bound in cloth, and made to sell at 50 cents. Our price 10 cents. Some of the covers may be a trifle soiled.*" (Yes, some of those covers may be a trifle soiled, but not so that you would notice it unless Mr. Wanamaker insists.)

The use of this kind of disinterested appeal, continued through many years of his advertising, brought him to the very top rung of the prosperity ladder, while the business world sat at his feet and learned the commercial value of telling the truth. Remember that it is no question of sincerity or insincerity, but merely of the strong appeal which frankness makes to all of us. The sincerity is almost always taken at its face value.

This brings up the general question of the force of the advertising appeal. Now we are coming to close quarters with our subject. The root of all we are seeking lies right here. You will find a great many men who can prepare advertisements that attract attention; it takes little skill to do that. You will find a smaller number who can make the advertisement carry conviction; yet even that is not enough! *You have got to carry your reader beyond conviction, into action.* Your appeal must put a hair-cloth shirt on him which will not let him sit still. You must arouse him to nothing short of purchase; for conviction which does not eventuate in action tends only to paralyze the will. It is not enough to prepare advertisements that compel admiration, excite wonder, and delight the reader; they must sell the goods! Admiration is of no value unless it records itself on the sales-book.

What is the test of a great preacher? Massillon gave us the answer two hundred years ago: "The test of the preacher," said he, "is not when his congregation come enthusiastically from church and wildly praise him, saying, 'Oh what a magnificent sermon! What a wonderful preacher!' but when they come quietly out of church saying only, 'I will do something!'"

You must apply that to your advertising. Not praise, but power; not compliments, but conviction; that must be the foot-rule for measuring its performance. The effect of Massillon's preaching is exactly the effect which you want to produce by your advertising. What that effect was is well illustrated by a compliment paid to Massillon by the king—(perhaps the greatest ever given to a subject by his sovereign, and that sovereign the Grand Monarque of France)—"Father, I have heard many great orators, and I have

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been satisfied with them; but, as for you, whenever I hear you, I am dissatisfied with myself!"

Here is the result to strive for in advertising. Make each reader dissatisfied with himself until he follows your suggestion. Massillon was one man in a hundred thousand, and naturally his standard seems high. But on the other hand, he was doing something a hundred times more difficult than the mere selling of goods; and it is not too much to insist that no advertising argument is complete if it stops short of making the sale.

But now some one will say that advertising cannot create a demand. I agree with you. Advertising does not create a demand. It never did! It never can! Then why is conviction so important, if the problem is merely to tell the public where a demand can be supplied? For this reason: because the impulse to action must come under your control, must move at your summons, must be exercised in the hour you select. And then, too, the problem is not so simple as it looks. Make no mistake! Advertising does not create a new, previously non-existent demand, but it can and does constantly remind the public of a demand that they had forgotten, or suggest a demand that was not fully realized before.

Consideration of the convincing force of the appeal brings us to the writing of advertisements. The advertisement-writer—a man whose work is seldom appreciated, a man who can save or lose your money without your detecting it—seldom receives from his employer a proper amount of either praise or blame. "Write me a short editorial, Mr. Dana," said a caller in the office of the New York *Sun*. And Mr. Dana replied that he had no time to write a short editorial, as it might take him half a day, but he would gladly write a long editorial, for he could do that in a few minutes. Yet every advertisement-writer will agree with me that he has been told a score of times, "*Don't stop to write a long ad. I want to get this all into three inches, so that every one will read it. You can do that easily in ten minutes!*" The man who can put a long ad. into three inches "so that every one will read it," will probably take half a day in doing it, but if he does it successfully, even in that time, he is worth from three to six times what you are now paying him.

It is said that Conan Doyle received for his last Sherlock Holmes stories the sum of fifty cents a word, and Theodore Roosevelt is reputed to have received for his African work the highest price ever paid to an author—one dollar a word! But the words of an advertisement-writer cost five dollars each to his employer if the advertisement is to have a general insertion in all the local papers. Take the case of a full-page ad. in the three or four Sunday papers of one of our large cities. When your advertisement writer is able to present his case equally well and reduce his space only one-fortieth, he is worth about twenty-five hundred dollars a year more to you. In other words, saving a tiny finger-nail strip of space across the page of each Sunday paper in your city means half of all the salary you are paying him. The next time he wants a raise of salary, just think of this.

To a large percentage of the readers of this magazine, perhaps the most important question about advertising lies at the very threshold of the subject and should have been considered before. That question is whether to advertise or not. Why study the psychology of successful advertising unless you plan to make some use of your knowledge?

"To advertise or not to advertise," is a problem. The solution awaits you at the end of a path beset with pitfalls. You will meet a hundred advocates for the affirmative side of the question, and if you travel on the line of least resistance you will probably end by plunging into advertising as into a fool's paradise. It is safe to say that most men in business need the spur rather than the rein, yet men will invest in advertising who would not think of taking an equal risk in any other direction. After all, the only path for a man here is the analytical, matter-of-fact, "show-me-and-I'll-believe-you" route. Let us follow the analysis of an advertising proposition from this point of view.

What shall I take for an illustrative case? There are so many things to

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advertise, so many ways of advertising, so many vehicles for spending the money, that no single illustration can be regarded as typical. Let us choose wholly at random. Here on my desk is a letter which reached me recently from a friend who is a lawyer in Montreal, asking whether he had better advertise in a United States legal directory. To insert his card will cost fifty dollars. About twenty firms of lawyers in Montreal have already taken similar cards—eloquent testimony that the investment commends itself to their judgment.

I do not know the legal directory—I have never seen a copy of the book—but with due allowance for my shortcoming let us see what it really offers. Suppose you look at it in this way: The man who must employ a lawyer in Montreal, if he is to advantage my friend and give him a run for his fifty dollars, must, as a *sine qua non* have subscribed for that directory, or at least know of its existence and consult it for reference. Figuring by the doctrine of chance and taking the chances at par one hundred, we shall have to eliminate a certain percentage of the one hundred on that score; say we take off a modest ten per cent. Next, he may possibly have his correspondent already and so not want my friend; off comes another five per cent. Next, if he has no lawyer in mind, he may very naturally consult with some of his friends to secure an endorsed man as against an unknown quantity; off comes another fifteen per cent. at least. Next he will very likely ask his banker for the name and address of the solicitor the bank employs in Montreal; another ten per cent. dropped. Other methods may be adopted and the very last idea will be to take as his trusted, confidential representative a "name" from a directory list, for the very good reason that the known is preferable to the unknown. Then, too, there is always a slight chance that the name chosen at random from a directory list may be friendly to the other side. So that, adding all these minus quantities, we get at least fifty per cent. off, and possibly more, before the advertisement is resorted to. Then our man finds the cards of twenty firms from which to choose, so that my friend will have one chance only in the list of twenty, which reduces the possibility of his being chosen to about *two and a half per cent.* His prospect of getting back a part of his fifty dollars by any direct return in business is so ridiculously small that it amounts to a gamble which no sane man would entertain in any other speculation.

Then how shall we explain the cards of the other lawyers? Is it vanity, a desire to be noted as "among those present"? Very likely this enters into the question. Some may suggest that they get an indirect return which cannot be traced. But that is exactly what I refuse to believe. In this case all the real benefits to be derived are in plain sight, and such an advertisement must pay its own bills in direct returns, or it is a far cry in the wilderness. My advice to my friend will be Punch's advice to those about to marry, "Don't!"

Let us run over a few other "don'ts" in the general advertising field. First don't imagine that all notoriety is good. Mere attention is not enough, if to procure it you have done anything which repels, annoys, disgusts, or disappoints, which is coarse, or vulgar, or silly, or sacrilegious. Never sacrifice propriety or a decent self-respect. Be wise without being hard; be gay without being frivolous.

Don't advertise an article which is incorporated in a larger article, unless you first study the situation with great care. If you are advertising such a product as the springs of a carriage, or the eyelets of a shoe, make up your mind whether you want to reach the manufacturers through the people or the people through the manufacturers. There are advantages each way, but the methods in one case are totally different from what are needed in the other. In one case you must advertise the article itself; in the other case the incorporated product.

Don't attempt any campaign which runs counter to fashion. This is setting yourself against human nature, and of course you will fail.

Don't project a plan which contributes in any way, even unconsciously, to rob a man of his satisfaction with himself, with his family, or with his station

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in life. This advice is not on sentimental or moral grounds, but because you will be bucking against a stone wall without seeing it. That wall is self-respect. You can never reap advantage if you suggest that a man is below others in rank or station.

Finally—and this is a very important "don't,"—don't be afraid of publicity so long as dignity is not sacrificed. There are manufacturers who constantly hold back in their advertising because they themselves lack courage, far-sightedness, and impersonality of view. They cannot seize upon a bold opportunity. I am reminded of one such lost opportunity in my experience. The story is not without its lessons.

It was the case of a furniture-house in one of our six largest cities, and although it contained other furniture-stores, the firm in question, by its persistence in a somewhat individualized form of advertising, had developed a very large business in that locality.

Almost from the first I had one ambition for that house, one goal I wanted it to reach: *that it should be the first retail house in the world to dare to insert its advertisements without any signature.* We will say that the name was Smith. I wanted them to take the attitude that they had acquired so much of the furniture business in that city that the words "Smith" and "furniture" were there synonymous. If you said "furniture," you said "Smith's"; if you talked of buying furniture you were speaking of Smith's place.

It looked like a hazardous proposition, but every detail had been worked out so carefully that the risk was very slight. The real safeguard lay in the fact that the advertisements were strikingly individualized, that they had appeared for over a dozen years—always in the same type, always in the same style, always on the same page, always in the same corner. They were as familiar and as official as a trade-mark.

But lest some chance reader did not know the name, another safeguard had been arranged. The articles which it was planned to advertise for the first three months were patterns which could not be bought at any other store in town. So if by accident a customer went to another dealer, that dealer could not fill the order, and the articles were to be described in such a way that substitution would be neither practicable to the dealer nor acceptable to the customer.

From this plan, if successful, great advantages would accrue. The unusual spectacle of such a proceeding was to be "reported" by newspapers all over the country, so that a million persons would learn for the first time that the furniture trade of one of the foremost American cities was controlled by a single house who were now prepared to ship goods to every State in the Union.

But you will say, perhaps, that Smith's did not control the furniture business of that city! And you are entirely right—they did not. But on no other hypothesis would it be possible to explain how Smith could advertise in all the daily papers and insert no signature. The action proved the assumption. The advertisement became a mere piece of public information, without any hint of private interest. Incidentally, the omission of the signature, which consumed nearly an inch of space, would be a saving of one-seventh of the entire advertising expense—and this was quite an item.

Now for the results! A table was advertised in the newspapers one day without any signature. Smith's sales-book did not reflect the slightest indication that any omission had occurred in their advertising. They sold nearly one hundred tables on the first day, and received thirty orders by mail. Daily papers in several cities, in half-column editorials, called attention to "this original, daring, and successful experiment in advertising." But just when it seemed to have passed the experimental stage the company closed its eyes to what I believe was one of the best opportunities to make a name for itself that a retail firm ever had.

Can you imagine yourself advertising anything—dry-goods, for instance—with no signature attached? If you cannot imagine yourself doing it, then stop and realize what a sensation this experiment of Smith's, regularly continued each day for three months, would have made in the retail world.

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The Breach in the Wall

BY EMERY POTTLE

PROLONGED residence in a second- or third-rate European *pensione* is calculated, I make no doubt, to undermine the moral foundations of ninety-nine women out of a hundred; and would of most men, too, were it not that such of them as frequent those hopeless lodgings arrive, as a rule, with no moral foundations worth considering. Few characters are hardy enough to resist the sappings of expatriation, in however beguiling an atmosphere; but when this insidious process takes place at five or six francs a day, wine included, I would not trust walls of Jericho to hold out long.

There is, for instance, the case of Fanny Dearing. She was a widow of one-and-thirty in her first days of adventuring in Italy. She had a boy of five and an income of something less than twelve hundred dollars a year. Her experience of foreign countries was absurdly limited to certain fantastic tales—"best-sellers"—dealing with irresistibly noble princes; and novels of wild young creatures piquantly removed from very humble stations indeed to become duchesses—which high state they invariably graced with an elegance of manner singularly comprehensible to the readers of such works. To these, then, and to Scheherazade accounts of Paris from women she met, Mrs. Dearing owed her vague conceptions of what she called "Eur'p." Not unnaturally, as things go nowadays, when her husband was dreadfully removed from her—and, too, from every other known sphere of activity—by an accident to his motor-car, his wife, after the first accesses of despair were somewhat calmed, impetuously determined to leave New York and dwell abroad.

Fanny Dearing was a woman, I must explain, who, though usually timid and vacillating in her mental processes, was yet liable to swift moments of irrational daring and violent decision. The meager proportions of her income—an income due to the only provident measure Dearing ever took, an insurance on his life—and a chance conversation with a Mrs. Bosatti at the flat of a friend, gave the sudden impact to her mind.

Mrs. Bosatti was a large, high-colored, vivacious, blond creature, originally from Buffalo, and possessed of a certain rather vulgar comeliness. She was married to a Florentine, it appeared, and she gave one to understand that she and this gifted and handsome gentleman were greatly sought after by the aristocracy of Florence. She spoke fulsomely of the loveliness and gaiety of that city and of the ridiculous cheapness of its attraction. "The Italians are perfectly *dear* to you," she declared, "and the society of the foreign colony is *very* brilliant. Well, I tell Gino that I should just die if I had to come back to America to live!"

In such impromptu fashion it came about that in less than a year of widowhood Mrs. Dearing and her little Tom were installed in Florence.

When there befell her the particular incident I am about to set down for our reflection—though with no more ulterior motive, it must be said, than that of a considerable pity—Fanny Dearing had lived at the Pensione Ideale, in the Piazza Indipendenza, for three winters, and for three corresponding summers at a like resort in Lucerne. Her greatest, perhaps her only qualification for such makeshift existence was the ambitionless character of her nature; or, if she had ambitions, they were of a passive sort, unaccustomed to any sustained flight. She loved luxury and bright diversions and fashionable apparel; but, these failing her, she made herself as comfortable as she could, more or less patiently subdued to the particular

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dyer's hand that at the moment manipulated her.

Fanny's seven years of married life in New York had been for her an utterly satisfactory period. When he had got, as he triumphantly put it, on "easy street," Dearing came back to fetch her from the little Wisconsin city in which they had both been pennilessly born. He had never forgotten the pale prettiness and supple figure of his boyhood sweetheart. He lodged her in a preposterously embellished and—so they complacently catalogued it—"very swell" apartment-hotel, kissed her, and returned avidly to his energetic, reckless, money-getting vocation on "the street." And the ensuing existence of Fanny was precisely what you might have expected, given these factors, until Dearing's death left their gay little bark dismally stranded.

It would be scarcely accurate to say that Fanny Dearing, after her oddly anticipated impressions of Florence, felt herself deluded in the reality, for Mrs. Bosatti's flushed generalizations had hardly been of a sort to enkindle anything more definite than a faint glow in the distance. The unguessed quality of her enflooding sensations, though they diverted and distracted, had the larger effect of bewildering and disheartening. Her conception of foreign life was more or less that of a noisy, bedecked Ferris wheel which never seemed to stop long enough in its turnings to let her get in. Since the poor creature was utterly unable to cope with any Florentine aspect save of the most modern hue, it is very easy to understand that in the light of her New York sophistication she had no high opinion of what she saw. The disproportion between Italian and American prices led her astray, and she spent in her first month or two far more of "those little francs" than she could afford. This abyss in her pocket-book thoroughly frightened her; in dismay she reverted to her innate Wisconsin sense of the value of money and the necessity of making what she had "do."

Mrs. Bosatti, who had hitherto regarded her as a well-to-do young widow worthy of her social consideration, advised her, rather contemptuously, to go into a *pensione*. Fanny took the proffered suggestion meekly. Thus began her real Florentine existence in the Pensione Ideale. Her friend, whose sphere of activity did not include the Ideale, deftly took her patronage elsewhere.

In that soiled, shabby hive the voices of tiny intrigue, of small, venomous gossipings, of feeble jealousies, of wan, impoverished ambitions, never ceased to murmur. But, despite all their slant-eyed suspicions, an irresistible force, half-comprehended, drove its resentful occupants one to another in a semblance of comradeship—the terrifying shape of loneliness in a strange land. Fanny shivered in its clutch and made friends with her fellows. Gradually her sense of misplacedness wore away in association with these beached pensioners, these wandering Americans and English and Russian and God knows what of His restless creatures. She put her boy—the little fellow took it as a great game—into a noxious Italian private school, and, thus unencumbered, fell back passively into the life which flowed sluggishly about her.

The sheer fact of its being life abroad convinced Fanny that it must be undeniably desirable, even brilliant. Life abroad! Her inexperience tempted her into the notion that she was like a character in one of the shallow romances she interminably read. With the unoccupied women about her, she filled her day with semblances of the diversions of the larger *monde* she had eyed with such envious respect in her novitiate. But now, if there was still envy, there was certainly no respect, for she glibly knew all the untidy histories of the fashionable folk as she knew their names and their faces and their motor-cars. She lived in a futile flurry of tea-drinking and bridge-playing, of shopping, and of card-leaving. She became acquainted with that inevitable queue of penniless, dapper young lieutenants in the army, bourgeois and dully conceited, who hang with languishing, dark eyes and impudent, amorous hands about the *salons* of the *pensioni* which are frequented by the livelier American women. Cautiously she flirted with them, fearful and flattered, with no intention of getting out of her depth—and

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her Yankee sense of self-protection kept her fairly solidly on her feet.

But the continual dropping of muddied water on her mind began to wear away her atavistic moral standards. Fanny ceased to be shocked at the salacious tales she was always hearing, and the Florentine cupboard skeletons no longer seemed the horrors she had once fancied them. There were even shadows of a regret occasionally that she, too, hadn't had "a past," so piquant and popular did they seem. Her conversation grew frank and vivid, she lost the habit of blushing, and she smoked a great many cigarettes. In her second year she resorted freely to cosmetics, for her skin had lost its freshness under the dark influences of the *pensione's* bad food and the unsane life she was leading. She also retouched the fading tones of her blond hair. By the time she had reached her third year, despite the ghastly night-loneliness which often assailed her, especially when she was more than usually harassed by money worries, Fanny ruefully realized that if the necessity of going home were forced upon her, she would without doubt desperately resist. The notion of life in a Wisconsin town with that gruff old man, her father, who barely eked out an existence by his harness-making, made her shudder. I suspect, too, there was always the lurking hope in her childishly colored heart of amazingly becoming the bride of a handsome Italian count. In her purposeless and fitful accesses of maternal solicitude for her boy she was often wont to hug him close to her in the twilight and murmur, "Darling, how would you like to live in a lovely big castle with a tower?" The unimaginative little fellow usually wriggled free and ran off to play with the screaming children of the rat-faced woman who kept the *pensione*. Poor Fanny!

On an afternoon in early April Mrs. Dearing was strolling idly down that long, bald stretch of pavement which gauntly skirts the parapeted curve of the Arno till its flinty purpose is achieved at the distant gate of the green-shadowed, tranquil, and melancholy Cascine. Her thoughts were anywhere save on the bright enchantment of the day. The blaze of sun on the naked gray of limestone cast up blinding, wearisome refractions. Her head ached and her feet ached. The rattle and clatter of the fiacres on the roughly paved roadway exasperated her nerves. The sleek motors that pridefully slipped by with contemptuous gruntings, bound on who knew what beguiling journey, stirred in her an aimless rebellion against her unmerited lot. "I do think it's just too mean—it's just cruel!" jangled on mechanically in her tired brain. She leaned on the parapet for a moment, staring stormily into the muddy gush of water beneath her. "I've a good mind to end it! I'm sick and tired of the whole business," she muttered, sullenly.

"The whole business," as Fanny Dearing characterized it, hardly comprised what up to that time she had made out of life—or expected to make. It was, though she didn't perceive it, but the designation of her present plight. Like all shallow, purposeless minds, hers was quite incapable of conceiving a part as anything less than the sum of everything. But whatever the flaws in her logic might be, there was no mistaking the vivid effects of her predicament on her spirit. Fanny was frightened, hopelessly frightened. She was in desperate need of money.

Mrs. Dearing's ill-luck in the past six months had been of such persistent nature as to make her declare tearfully that she guessed "somebody had it in for her, and what had she done?" Her continuous losses at bridge had, in spite of the smallness of the stake, mounted to a considerable sum; she had broken a beautiful front tooth; she had burned with a cigarette an irreparable hole in a handsome new dress; she had lost a bag containing fifty francs and a gold purse; she had been obliged, owing to the threatening state of her health, to take a great deal of expensive medicine; and, gravest of all, little Tom, falling ill at Christmas-time, had finally undergone the operation for appendicitis. Mrs. Dearing not unnaturally considered that these misfortunes were no fault of hers, but rather the malignant devices of an evil power. The bridge losses had of course to be paid, the tooth

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"I'VE A GOOD MIND TO END IT," SHE MUTTERED, SULLENLY

repaired, the dress replaced. She had put off settling the doctor's account, and she had allowed her bill at the *pensione* to assume alarming aspects. Just how alarming had not been forced on her notice till that morning when the rat-faced padrona had mentioned the total and had intimated, with an insolence peculiar to her kind, that her patience was at an end. The post brought her a sharp letter from the Italian surgeon, who had removed, quite unnecessarily Fanny insisted, her son's appendix. He, too, was tired of waiting, it appeared. His wife was an American, a friend of Mrs. Bosatti, and in Fanny's opinion these two, who hated her, she felt sure, had plotted against her, and urged the doctor to an ultimatum. . . . If she paid the one she could not pay the other. Her finances admitted of no further elastic argument. She must wait three months before any more money came from America. There was no person from whom she might borrow. Indeed, she had never borrowed in her life and the idea horrified her. Standing there in the arrogant blaze of sun, with her glaring necessities beating more hotly on her brain, poor Fanny Dearing, alone and alien and afflicted, in a land whose foreignness suddenly and hatefully disgusted her, had, so she felt, every black reason to wish for the end of the whole business—the whole business of her silly, ineffectual little life.

A young man strolling by paused not far from her for an instant's contemplation of the river tossing under the arched beauty of the Ponte Trinità. One saw at a glance that he was a tourist, very likely an American, for the cut of his garments was too ample and angular to suggest London. The quality of his attire, its tasteful arrangement, his frank air of satisfaction and prosperity, intimated, modestly indeed, that hitherto life had dealt with him very agreeably. Leaning out with elbows propped on the parapet, he displayed long, firm lines of a well-shaped body, and if his face was not handsome it was at any rate a pleasant one, hinting at earnest conceptions, unspoiled eagerness, humorous comprehensions, and chivalrous attitudes of mind. A subtler observer than Fanny would have wondered whether he wasn't missing, wasn't

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bound to miss, just the perfection of the bridge on which his very blue eyes so brightly rested. Fanny herself with fluttered glances considered him wistfully. She thought how good-looking he was, how nice he must be to know, and how grateful was his contrast to "those nasty Dagoes," as she vehemently put it. As he presently walked on with alert step, she was beset by an unexpected tumult of homesickness; her troubles beat in upon her afresh and with intenser menace.

SHE COUNTED HER MONEY OR MADE TEARFUL SUMS ON SCRAPS OF PAPER

Fanny gave up the half-formed notion of going to the park—or of casting herself into the river. The shut door of her bed-sitting-room—with all its *pensioned* despondency of chocolate wall-paper, starched lace curtains over-topped by dusty, crimson lambrequins, its frayed and stained carpet of shrewish greens and yellows, its vicious walnut furniture—was all she craved now. Once in that stuffy gloom, she put on a soiled silk wrapper of pathetic azure and began to weep. She sobbed on resentfully and rather mechanically, refusing food—she had no mind to face her landlady—and even the companionship of her boy. From time to time she counted her money or made tearful, incorrect sums on scraps of paper. At last she cried herself to sleep over a dog-eared copy of *East Lynne*.

During the night the weather changed and morning brought with it a windy, suffocating warmth from whose misty wings continuously oozed a soft, enervating rain—the Florentine scirocco which unstrings body and spirit, as it were a harp. It was Saturday and a half-holiday for Tom. Fanny was wont with a complacent air of motherhood to fetch the boy from school on these days. She loved the admiration of passing glance and phrase that rarely failed to follow the handsome little lad, so bright and blond, trotting at her side. On this particular morning she had relinquished the idea of going to the distant school across the river, but toward midday the disarray of her spirit in the oppressive confines of the bedroom became so insupportable that she dressed in fretful haste and went out.

On the return, as the two made their way across the Ponte Vecchio, the boy's hand in hers, it seemed to Fanny that she must drop under the weight of false fatigue that pulled her leadenly down. She paused a moment before the golden windows of a jewelry-shop, her eyes absently on the flashing fineries within. It was one o'clock and there were few passers-by. While she stood there uncertainly a fiacre halted with a sharp scream of brakes beside her and the young man of yesterday alighted. In his impetuousness he came near to falling on the thin, yellow slime underfoot, and only saved himself by an awkward effort of distortion. Fanny's gaze took him in fairly beseechingly. For an instant she caught his eye. He was still crimsonly conscious of his maladroit descent, and, as if fearful of ridicule, bolted into the shop.

It oddly seemed to the distraught creature, left again to cold contemplation of disenchanted gems and trinkets, that she could not thus summarily lose sight of this young man whose appearance, she suddenly decided, had indubitably a very fateful significance for her. With

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no slightest premeditation of what, if anything, might result therefrom, Fanny abruptly entered the shop. Tom lingered outside in the doorway. She began a nervous, futile examination of the tray of rings she had perfunctorily asked to see. From time to time her eyes sped furtively in a sort of piteous appeal to her neighbor, whose head remained obliviously bent over a soft sheen of pearls. The anxious ingenuousness of the overheard questions betrayed his ignorance of everything involved in the delicate transaction save his desperate resolve to buy handsomely and be done with it. It sharply struck Fanny that such a purchase *de luxe* could only be for a cherished person; no doubt he sought a fitting gift for the girl he was to marry. An ashamed sense of the hopeless folly of any expectation of hers, formless and unpremeditated though it was, brought a scarlet suffusion to her cheeks. She dropped the ring she was fingering and rose angrily. The petulant voice of Tom in the door, full of hunger and impatience, gave some point to her hasty retreat. . . .

Once outside she had the baffled feeling of one who has been meanly cheated out of something very grateful and very good, though what it was her intuition was scarcely fine enough to divine.

The dreary home-coming to the Pensione Ideale had as sequel a fresh and more hostile encounter with that implacable creature, her landlady, who, while she and Tom ate the cold, clammy remnants of a peculiarly repellant luncheon, glittered, as it were, by her side like a two-edged sword stuck quiveringly into the earth. "Meeses Day-ar-ang-a, I got no more pazienza! My conto you pay heem to-night? I wait not. You see. *Ecco!*"

Fanny, with what composure she could muster, stammered something about an expected letter from America. She added, with a thin flash of defiance: "I don't know why you should treat me like this. I've been in your old *pensione* for three years, and I've always paid—a good deal too much, too, for what I got. I shall leave to-morrow!"

"But first you pay!" shrilled the Italian. "After, I care not. O quelle

HE ONLY SAVED HIMSELF BY AN AWKWARD EFFORT

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donne Americane!" she muttered in furious contempt, as Fanny rather hysterically dragged Tom from the room.

"Tommy darling, mamma's going to die! Mamma's going to die!" Fanny wailed on in a despairing trickle of a voice. "Wicked people hate her. She's just going to die—d-d-i-i-eeee!" Her gaze roved wildly over this refuge of chamber, so soon to fail her. Poison and gas were all she could conceive of as instruments available and fitting for household death. There was neither the one nor the other. The fateful absence of these suicidal factors gave her instantly a bewildered sense of reprieve.

"It evidently wasn't meant," she decided, with that quick flicker of hope so amazingly inextinguishable in the minds of all such pathetic hangers-on at the gate of life. "You act as if you didn't care whether mamma died or not!" she exclaimed, crossly, very indignant and humiliated now that she was aware of the boy's unresponsive acceptance of the imminent catastrophe. She dabbed her eyes with a wet little ball of handkerchief and regarded him reproachfully.

Tom sat on the floor by the window bestrewing the immediate range of carpet with crisp, bright oblongs of paper. "Look, mamma," he cried, "what funny little things!"

In a rush Fanny was over him, gustily shaken by tempest. "Tom Dearing," she screamed in a frightened, discordant key, "what have you *got?* Where did you *get* it?"

"Found it," he answered, smiling anxiously up at her.

Fanny sat alone in her bedroom with a locked door. She was white-faced and dishevelled, and very obvious prey to some terrifying inner marauder. Very likely she must have presented to onlooking spiritual powers much the figure of an anguished fowl over whose head swooped circlingly a malevolent hawk. Wrapped in that soiled azure garment, which somehow gave the last drone of melodramatic sordidness to the hour, Fanny, bolt-upright in a hard little chair, stared fearfully and fascinatedly at the worn pigskin pocket-book richly bulging on the table before her. Slowly, under an impulse too compelling for her resistance—already she had given in to it several times—her fingers went out to the leather case. With startled wonder she began to display its contents on a significantly cleared space. There were the cards and letters and business papers; these she sorted meticulously in small piles. But a sort of moan escaped her as she touched the rustling sheaf of foreign notes—French and Italian. Very painstakingly and tremblingly, resentfully and reverently, she counted, as one little used to such fantastic, disconcerting quantities. Though the French bills rather confused her, she incredibly made out again and again the amazing amount. Very likely in the whole emotional gamut there is nothing more torturing for God's frail children than to come in contact, in moments of desperate need, with money not their own.

Fanny, with, as she reckoned it, actually seven hundred dollars crisping in her fingers, turned sick at the involved chances.

Her eyes wandered to the cards which bore the name of Rodman Storrs, with a Baltimore address. The purse, too, was monogramed R. S. Tom, so he declared, had found it on the pavement in front of the jeweler's shop, though how it came there he could not tell. Fanny had no slightest doubt that it belonged to the young man to whom she had been so inexplicably attracted. Obviously, she considered, there was in all this a profound fatality, susceptible of several interpretations.

With no admitted volition on her part, Fanny, as it were, kept overhearing a kind of sullen monologue that her mind illusively carried on. Such eavesdroppings, in spite of the horrifying means, indicated with clear fatality—she returned gratefully to the word—what she could not but feel was a most justifiable end. Yet the poor lady, in the very middle of these alluring conversations, continued to shout, as one might say through the keyhole, a series of interruptions most moral and edifying.

She apprehended thus, for example, that the owner of the pocket-book was undoubtedly a rich young man—everything pointed to it; and was he not, above all, buying an ornament of pearls?

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Therefore the loss of the purse, handsomely furnished though it was, could scarcely plunge him into anything more serious than great annoyance; while to her the finding of it meant . . . *ah!* Indeed, in any case how did she know the object belonged to that particular person? She didn't know! The thing had come, it clearly seemed, in answer to her distracted prayers for Heaven's aid. Why shouldn't she keep it? Well, she wasn't a thief! she cried.

It could hardly be called stealing to keep something ownerless, found by chance, and found, most significant fact, in her very tottering moment of ruin.

One ought to advertise the finding! she cried again.

What if she did advertise? Very likely he'd never see it. And if she deposited the purse with the police—of whom she knew nothing—how could she be sure that the owner would ultimately get back his property? For her part, she wouldn't trust one of these Italians with a dog's breakfast.

All the same, she declared loudly, she'd never touched as much as a hairpin that wasn't hers in her life.

Yes, but the purse *was* practically hers. And, anyway, what was the use of this silly arguing? She wouldn't be the first person who had committed a little fault to save herself. Wrong or not wrong, she must keep the money.

The wicked will never prosper, she put in here; besides, she didn't need all that money. She only wanted seven hundred francs. She was neither a beggar nor a thief.

But whatever *she* might think of the affair, had she the right to submit her little boy, her poor little boy, to hardships, and, for all she knew, jail? For she would probably end in the Florence jail if she didn't pay her debts.

To this Fanny was silent. She began to weep over imagined imprisonment.

"TOM, WHAT HAVE YOU *GOT*? WHERE DID YOU *GET* IT?"

Oh, why was life so bitterly hard for her—and everybody else got on so beautifully! The bright face of the young man leaning over the sun-flecked river flashed again into her memory. He seemed so kind and good. He would want her to keep the money if he knew her trouble. Yes indeed he would. He was a Southerner and she had always heard of Southern chivalry. . . . That vision faded and she saw him bent over the soft sheen of pearls. A turgid

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anger oozed through her thoughts. . . . It would serve him right if she did take his horrid money! A blind desire to pay him out for—what? Well, she didn't know, but the blind desire possessed her.

Fanny cowered thus under the circlings of the nearer swooping hawk till the spring twilight sifting into the dreary chamber effaced in shadows the enervating array of objects before her on the table. Of the glamoured money there remained only a wan, white glimmer. . . . Suddenly the tension was over. There winged full-fledged into her mind one of those swift, delusive, coherent, unfaltering, and triumphant decisions which seem to be the peculiar attribute of the female ethical instinct. . . .

Quite calmly Fanny set about repairing the ravages of the black hours of *tenebræ*. She dressed with more than usual care, resorting copiously to her cosmetics to dissemble the traces of tears, but with an eye to the pathetic pallor of a poor little lonely woman rather than to effects of rosy *femme du monde*. Her gown was black and simple, and had a sheer white fold as of widowhood at the open throat. When at last she resolutely left her room, Fanny, in a long scrutiny of the mirror, decided that she looked very interesting indeed.

Meeting the rat-faced landlady on the stairs, she sniffed and tossed her head.

During an exceedingly morose evening meal at his hotel, to which his appetite responded but fitfully, such was the harrowing preoccupation of his mind, Mr. Rodman Storrs was respectfully besought by the waiter to step to the telephone. A strange lady, it appeared, wished to speak to him. With the instinctive curiosity and also with the instinctive caution which are wont to possess the American traveler in foreign capitals at such adventurous moments, the young man picked up the receiver. An unfamiliar and rather timid voice inquired in his own tongue if he were indeed Mr. Storrs. Assured on this point, the unseen interlocutor asked modestly if by chance he had lost something.

"Lost something!" he cried, vehemently. "I should think I had! I've lost a purse with three thousand five hundred francs in it, and my letter of credit, and . . . I beg your pardon. What are you saying? . . . Yes, of course I'll come; I'll come *now!* Would you mind spelling out that address again? You see I'm not very used to foreign names, and they . . . Pensione Eedy - Ally? . . . Yes, two women's names. . . . No? . . . Oh, I see. I'll be there, Mrs. . . . Oh yes, Dearing . . . as soon as possible. If it turns out that you've found it— By Jove! I've been pretty sick over the loss, I give you my word. . . . Yes, I've got the address all right. . . ."

Half an hour later Storrs was impatiently ringing the bell of the Pensione Ideale. A shuffling old Italian, with remarkably dirty hands, clad in shapeless and grease-stained evening garb—that indispensable and dismally cherished badge of the foreign waiter's servitude—led him through a long, airless *salon* aglare with naked electricity, and reeking with fat accumulations of a decade of imprisoned soup odors. He had the passing sense of distorted mirrors, tarnished gilt, ugly, faded upholstery, and many sharp, shameless, spying eyes, as he went on. On the threshold of a farther room—evidently a writing-room—he paused and took quick stock of the lady coming forward with meekly outstretched hand. As he grasped it he was conscious of the idea that he had seen her before somewhere.

"You are Mr. Storrs—Mr. Rodman Storrs?" she said in a low voice which had the affectation at least of gentility.

"Yes, that's my name. Is it Mrs. Dearing? You telephoned— I— Do you think that you have really found my pocket-book?" He finished in such a boyish burst of anxiety that Fanny had to smile.

"I hope so," she answered, quietly. "I—that is, my little boy found a pocket-book this morning. You have lost yours, you say. Would you describe it?"

Storrs paced nervously up and down the constricted room. "I know everything in it!" he cried, confidently. "It was—" He described concisely what sort of leather case it was, and rapidly enumerated its papers and their character. "It had in it just three thousand

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"THE THING IS YOURS. I AM VERY GLAD TO RESTORE IT TO ITS OWNER"

five hundred francs. That I am very certain of, for I had drawn that amount on my letter of credit only this morning. You see, I was leaving Florence to-night. I'm going home. I'm an American, you know—"

"I am, too," Fanny put in, brightly.

"Are you? That's nice. Well, it had just a thousand francs in this ridiculous Italian money, and two thousand five hundred in French notes. I hadn't spent anything at all after drawing it out, so I am certain. That is the way I knew I had lost it. I went to buy a—an ornament, you see, for a—a friend—a present—in one of those shops on that old bridge. When I came to pay—why, my pocket-book was gone! I carry it always here in my hip-pocket. I put my hand there—*gone!* Lord! I felt sick. My letter's nearly used up, and— You spend a good deal in these foreign places, don't you? They do you so. I reckon that jeweler man thought I was a fraud right enough. It was awful. I've never been here before. Can't speak any of their talk. There it was—gone! And my steamer sailing in three days, and—well, I don't mind telling you I was to meet the girl I'm engaged to at Cherbourg. Poor child, she won't get her pearl thing from Florence now! I beg your pardon for all this stump speech I'm making. It's upset me awfully, this thing. Is it mine, Mrs. Dearing? Have you found it?"

Fanny smiled maliciously. "And wasn't there a little poem cut out of a newspaper called 'My Sweetheart'?"

The young man's face flooded with crimson. He grinned sheepishly. "It was kind of silly, wasn't it?"

Fanny, in the simplest and most undramatic way, took the purse from a bag she carried and put it in his eager hands. "There is no doubt that the thing is yours, Mr. Storrs. I am very glad to be able to restore it to its owner."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, "that's it! By Jove! how can I thank you!"

"It is nothing," she continued, in a voice that she hoped was sad and appealing. "My little son found it outside the jeweler's this morning."

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Storrs broke in keenly: "Ah, that's it! You were there. Now I remember. But why—"

She comprehended. "I did not know then that Tom had found it. He was outside. It was lying in the gutter. You see how muddy it is now."

"Yes, it is."

"My little boy—he is only seven—did not know what it was. He put it in with his school-books and didn't show it to me till we were home. I didn't know what to do. Really I was awfully upset and frightened. We are all alone here, Tom and I. My dear husband is dead." She sighed heavily. "A woman alone is so— Well, I—"

"But how did you find me?" Storrs interrupted.

"Well, I thought—this is evidently the property of some one who is well off. It looked like that—all that money. So I just said to myself, I'll telephone to all the best hotels and ask if such a gentleman is staying there. And at the third one I found you."

"Splendid!" he approved.

Fanny hesitated embarrassedly. "You— I hope you will find it all right. It is just exactly—*exactly*—as it was found. I—I—looked at the papers, but the money—I just saw it was a big sum. I didn't count it at all. I'm not used to any European money except the Italian" —she smiled wistfully—"and not very large bills in that." She rose deprecatingly. "I'm glad it is yours. Now you needn't worry any more."

Storrs seized her hand and wrung it in a gust of grateful phrases. "But that little chap, your boy? Can't I see him and thank him?"

Fanny shook her head. "He's in bed."

"See here, Mrs. Dearing," Storrs floundered hopelessly, "I— You see— I—Oh, can't I give that little lad something—something to—"

Her hands fluttered out wildly. "Oh, please— Oh—*no!*"

"I—I— Oh, confound it! 'tisn't the money, but I'd so like to give him a little remembrance—something to make him think of the gratitude of the owner of the thing he found. Couldn't I? Do let me!"

Fanny cast her eyes down. She still shook her head.

"Come now, Mrs. Dearing! Please, please, *please!* Boys like such gifts, you know, tremendously. Isn't there something he's wishing for?"

"Tom and I haven't any money to spend on toys and things," she answered, in a subdued little voice. She looked up with a pitiful smile. "He's mad for a music-box—but—"

"Then he'll have it!" Storrs cried. "The best one to be found! That is splendid, Mrs. Dearing. Now I must go. Oh, I'm grateful! I can't tell you. And —I'm off to-night, after all, so I sha'n't be able to buy that box, but—" He shook her hand in a great, eager grasp. She felt the crackle of stiff paper on her palm. "You buy it for him—with my love—please! And good night—good-by!"

He escaped, very red and confused and happy. Fanny watched him go with a sudden despairing pang in her breast. She made an impulsive step as if to follow him. Her head lifted as if to call. Abruptly she sank down into a chair and began to cry.

Storrs stood perplexedly in his hotel bedroom, his luggage ready for the imminent journey tumbled about him on the floor. In his hand he held a sheaf of bills, which he had just counted for the dozenth time.

"I'm damned!" he muttered, bewilderedly, "just damned!" He thrust out his fist. "Two thousand eight hundred francs—nobody can make more or less! Seven hundred francs missing! Who took em? Her hair was bleached, and her face painted, and she smelled to God of cigarettes, but that doesn't seem to prove anything over here. She acted so nicely—like a lady, which I suppose she wasn't. If she was going to steal, why didn't she steal it all? Why did she make all that row to give back the thing? Pshaw! it couldn't be her! Maybe the boy pinched it? If somebody took it while it lay there on the street? But who's going to steal a few bills when he can steal a lot? She must have done it! *She must have!* But I'll never know. And she knows I won't know! Why, I don't believe she's clever enough for such a dodge! I—" He began to laugh, softly and bitterly. "That music-box!"

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The Cloak Also

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

ALL his life Joel Rice had cherished what may seem a humble ambition. Exactly why Joel had considered the ownership of a little retail dry-goods store in a country town the apex of his ambition was puzzling. As a child he had played at keeping store, with a soap-box for a counter and pins for the currency of the realm. His lack of success in that juvenile venture ought to have warned him of his entire unfitness for carrying out his scheme, but it failed to do so. Even when he had disposed of countless stocks of cups of sweetened water, of bits of broken china gathered from back yards, of green apples and the cores thereof, and his customers had not only defrauded him of pins, but had mocked him from vantage-points of safety, he remained sublime in his determination that when he was a man he would "keep store."

However, he was made to take a course in bookkeeping, by his mother, who was of a less sanguine nature than he, and understood much better his capacity.

"Poor boy!" she had observed to his father, after repeated bankruptcies of the soap-box store, with its currency of pins—"poor boy! He will never make a storekeeper. He would be cheated out of his eye-teeth in a month."

Joel's father, a saturnine man, with much confidence in his wife's judgment, had nodded assent.

It was thus settled, even while Joel, in his dauntless ambition, was starting another store on the soap-box, and inviting bankruptcy to call again, which invitation was promptly accepted. Joel kept all the neighborhood children in green apples and broken china for seasons, without a pin's worth of profit to himself, but his faith in the enterprise remained beautiful and serene.

A year after Joel left school his father died. His mother owned the home, and there was a small life insurance. Before her marriage she had been a dressmaker. She took up her old employment, and kept herself and Joel in comfort, while he attended a business college in a near-by city.

When Joel graduated he obtained a position as bookkeeper in a factory. His pay was moderate at first, and the hours were long. Joel did not marry when he was young. His mother had died and he was nearing middle-age before his salary was raised, and he asked a girl—hardly a girl by that time—to marry him. Both of them had had expectant eyes upon each other for years. The girl whom he married brought him enough money to pay off a mortgage on the house, which had been necessitated by his mother's long illness. She insisted upon doing so with the savings of her work as a music-teacher.

They lived together happily enough, and a little girl was born. She was a delicate, sweet, little creature. Joel's wife was contented. She reveled in her motherhood and her little home. She did not dream of Joel's state of mind. He was secretive as to his inmost emotions. He was happy, but always at his heart teased the old ambition. He was tired of bookkeeping. He longed for the store of his boyish dreams. Joel had never actually grown up. In his increased stature lived still the naïve, trusting, boy who had kept the pin-store on the soap-box and risen from bankruptcy with a perennial courage worthy of something larger.

Of course Joel's wife, Susan, knew her husband would like to own a store; he had told her that much. Perhaps three times since their marriage he had spoken of his ambition.

Susan had not paid very much attention. She considered that her husband had a good position and she was

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entirely satisfied. She failed to grasp the fact that Joel was not.

However, she glimpsed facts when her aunt out West died and left her five thousand dollars. She opened an account in the local bank while she deliberated what disposal to make of the money.

One evening Joel regarded her with a look like that of a good, faithful, starved dog as she talked of it.

"I feel as if it ought to be well invested," said she. "It will be good to know that we have a little nest-egg, especially as Vivien grows up." Vivien was the little girl. Her mother had allowed herself one lapse into the romantic when she named the child Vivien. "I wish I knew what to do with that money," she said.

In Joel's eyes the look of a faithful, intensely loving, wistful dog—wistful beyond the reach of humanity—remained.

"What is it?" asked Susan.

"Nothing," said Joel. He sighed.

Susan eyed him sharply. "What is it that you are reading so intently in the paper?" said she.

"Nothing."

"Let me see."

Susan took the paper from him. He looked pitiful while she looked it over. Susan was a delicately pretty woman. Her forehead furrowed when she was disturbed in mind. It furrowed as she looked at Joel after she had read what she knew had caught his attention.

"This advertisement for a man with a little capital to buy a dry-goods store, stock and interest, in Racebridge, Maine, is the item you wished me to read?" said she.

Joel nodded, still with those eyes of wistfulness on her face.

"I thought so; it is just what I thought," said Susan. She looked keenly in her husband's face. "You can really tell little or nothing about it from this," said she, finally, scanning the advertisment again.

"Abner Scott's wife has a cousin who used to live there," said Joel.

"It doesn't seem much to go on," remarked Susan. She knew perfectly well what that look in Joel's eyes meant. He would die before he would put the look into words, but she interpreted it with her loving insight. Joel wanted her, as he had never wanted anything before; to offer him her legacy to invest in that store.

Finally she did. She made a few inquiries. The results did not satisfy her. Susan had a good head for business, but her heart weakened it. It was as if she said to herself, "I will gamble for once."

"You can have that money, Joel," said she.

"Perhaps I ought not to take it," said Joel, pitifully, "but I have wanted this chance all my life, and I don't see any possibility of another."

Susan laughed pleasantly. "Then take it, and don't say anything more, Joel."

Joel looked at her with adoring wistfulness and a little shame. "I wouldn't take it if I didn't think I could do better for you and Vivien," said he.

"Of course you wouldn't. Now we'll take up with Henry Nason's offer for this house, and the money will buy us one in Racebridge. We had better sell most of our furniture and buy new."

"There are splendid stores in Racebridge," said Joel, with an air of pride, as if he owned the place.

Within six weeks they were settled in Racebridge. Susan's suspicions were awakened the instant she looked about the store. She knew. She said nothing, but her nesting, feminine instincts stirred fiercely. "If my money is gone I will at least have a home," she thought.

She found a house. It was bought in her name. She suggested that, but Joel did not know. He thought he suggested it. He did not yet dream of his bad bargain about the store. He was pleased. He went about better clad than formerly. He felt himself, now that he was proprietor of a store, quite a gentleman.

He was a handsome man, although worn and nervous. Susan regarded him, in his new light suit, moving with a slight swagger, and admired him in spite of her dismay. She had appraised the stock of that store. She had said to herself, "Not one-tenth of it but is out-of-date. It means buying new if

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Drawn by Walter Biggs Engraved by H. Leinroth

"I WISH I KNEW WHAT TO DO WITH THAT MONEY"

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there is to be any store. Poor Joel has been cheated, cheated!"

For all poor Joel knew, those obsolete fabrics on the shelves might be the latest vogue in Paris. For all he knew, women went "clad in white samite, mystic, wonderful," or in Tyrian purple.

Poor Joel knew absolutely nothing of the simplest requirements of his new business. Susan reflected with horror that he did not know how to buy a paper of perfectly good pins. When he made his first trip to New York, to buy for the spring trade, Susan almost asked to accompany him. If she had known anybody in that strange place with whom she could have left the child, she might have gone. As it was, she remained, and trembled. Joel had asked her, with a frown of boyish perplexity, what was the voile the women were wearing, and what was the crêpe de Chine, pronouncing the words in such strange wise that Susan wondered what would be sold him in their stead. She tried to coach him in the proper pronunciation, although she could see that her effort hurt his pride. He colored and said he guessed the merchants would know what he meant, but all the same she heard him out on the front piazza, repeating the words over and over.

Susan felt in a chill all the time he was away, but he returned radiant, bringing gifts for her and the child. "You needn't have worried, Susan," he said, "They knew what I wanted before I spoke. Those great wholesale dealers know what they are about."

Susan reflected ruefully that they undoubtedly did, but she thanked Joel for his gifts and gave him hot biscuits for supper.

When the purchases arrived she was surprised to see any voile or crêpe de Chine, but there is some good in Sodom. Joel had chosen some slightly obsolete muslins, of course, and even some figured light wool stuff which looked, and probably was, somewhat historic, but she said nothing. After all, Racebridge was provincial and the fabrics were pretty. Joel might sell them.

He did sell more than she had expected, but—his customers ran bills. Joel was naïvely pleased at that. "Don't believe there's another store in town with so many charge customers," he said.

Susan tried to smile, but she sighed.

Joel looked at her in perplexity. "Ain't you pleased to have me get so many charge customers?" he asked.

"Of course."

"Any store that *is* a store has charge customers," said Joel. He eyed Susan.

"Why, of course I know that," said she.

"I shall send out bills the first of every month," said Joel. "And I am always going to give you half, Susan. I want you to feel sure of something. It is your right, because it is really your money that is in the store."

"That is real nice of you, Joel," said Susan.

The conversation had taken place during the noon dinner. Shortly after, Joel set off to the store. Susan watched her husband, looking more erect and much younger than when he had been only a bookkeeper in a factory, walking smartly down the street under the spread of the maple-trees which bordered it. She looked troubled, but she forced smiles as she bade Vivien good-by when the child set out for the afternoon session at school.

When she had gone Susan washed the dinner-dishes. Then she changed her dress. Then she sat down and wept. She did not dare weep long, because callers were apt to come of an afternoon. Racebridge women were friendly, and welcomed strangers in their midst. Susan bathed her eyes in cold water and sat down beside a window with her needlework.

Presently two women in fine silk dresses appeared under bobbing, ruffled parasols. They were coming to call. Susan admitted them, and the three sat in the parlor and talked. Everybody who called said exactly the same things. They all asked Susan where she had lived before she came to Racebridge, if she was homesick, how old her little girl was, and if Vivien had had the mumps, because the mumps were going around.

These ladies were no exception to the rule at first. But when they took leave, one, who had a sharp tongue,

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and was feared because of it, said something radically different.

"How does Mr. Rice like his store?" said she.

"Very much, I think," replied Susan.

The lady had a fine, shrewd face with a peculiar expression compounded of bitterness and mischief. "It is an experiment for any man to go into business in Racebridge," said she. She regarded her hands encased in immaculate white kid gloves. She did not touch them to smooth them, as did most ladies. Miss Eliza Bangley never crossed the threshold of her own house door without being as completely adjusted as possible in every detail of her attire. She emerged, as it were, in full plumage, with every feather in its exact place.

As she made that remark to Susan she stood complacently, with the soft flare of her nice skirts around her, with the crisp rise of white ruche at her neck, with a tuft of violets in her toque, one hand clasping a card-case, the other held away from her skirt, with the little white kid finger slightly curved outward.

Susan changed color. "You mean—" said she.

"I mean," repeated Miss Eliza, "that it has always proved experimental for a man to go into business in Racebridge."

Susan regarded her with an expression of alarm. The other woman fidgeted. She was large and handsome, richly, although not carefully, dressed. She smoothed the fingers of her gloves and murmured something about other calls.

"Please tell me what you mean, Miss Bangley," said Susan.

Miss Eliza did not even glance at her companion, who now determinedly walked out. Susan could not dream that a fine and subtle revenge was being wreaked upon the large, handsome woman, Mrs. Morse, because she had invited herself to accompany Miss Eliza Bangley, who considered herself of a quite superior caste, on a round of calls.

"I mean," said Miss Eliza, distinctly, although with the gentlest of accents, "that often the people of Racebridge attain a spiritual plane above bills."

Then she also passed through the door with a "Good afternoon."

Susan sat down and reflected hard. She was a simple woman, although a shrewd one. She failed at first to grasp the entire meaning of Miss Eliza's remarks, but she was very uneasy.

"She means," said Susan, finally, "that people in Racebridge are bad about paying their bills."

That evening she declared to Joel that she thought it would be wiser to have cash customers than charge customers. Joel stared at her. "Why, Susan," he said, "who ever heard of a business without charge customers? Three more opened accounts today."

"I should much prefer cash," Susan said, firmly.

"Cash? Why, a good charge is better than cash. There was a drummer in the store to-day talking about it. He was a real up-and-coming young man. He said if he were keeping store, give him a woman charge customer, instead of a cash one, every time. He said a woman with cash would squeeze a dollar until the eagle squealed, but a woman with a charge account never knew where she was. She'd go right ahead and buy everything in sight and never know she'd bought anything. He said a woman with a check-book was as bad as a thousand prodigal sons boiled down into one."

"I wouldn't act like that if I had a check-book," said Susan, with a show of spirit.

"Of course you wouldn't. I told that drummer I would trust you just as much in a business deal as I would myself."

"Thank you," said Susan.

Joel started and looked at her. "Why, what's the matter?" he asked, anxiously.

Susan controlled her facial muscles with a strong effort. "Nothing," said she. "Why should there be?"

"I thought you looked sort of funny, and your voice sounded funny."

"All imagination," said Susan, briskly. "You have a powerful imagination, Joel. I must go and see if the corn bread is done."

Joel did not even reflect upon the conversation after Susan had left the

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room. He was entirely self-satisfied. His list of charge customers looked to him like an orderly pile of gold coins. Later it was different. Joel sent his monthly bills a second, and third, and even fourth time. When no remittances were forthcoming he began to look worried. He haunted the post-office. He lost flesh and did not sleep well. It seemed as if from the first Joel, with his expert knowledge of bookkeeping, might have realized something of the state of affairs, even with his profound ignorance of his stock. He may have been more suspicious than his wife knew. He may not have dared to fully investigate the books in which the store accounts had been kept for many years. The poor man was so pleased and proud that he may have trembled before his own happiness. Sometimes people are afraid to touch their good fortune lest they find a soft spot of rottenness, especially people like Joel, to whom good fortune has been so long in coming.

It was Willie Day, a nephew of his wife's, who forced Joel's reluctant knowledge upon his mind. Willie had a little money, and he came to clerk for Joel, a year after the latter bought the store. Willie was a pretty boy. At first Joel thought he was greatly increasing his custom. His former clerk had been a sober, rather testy, middle-aged man. When he died suddenly, Joel sent for Willie. Willie was very naïve and not at all shrewd, but he had a vein of curiosity. He poked around between hours in the storeroom behind the main store, and he made discoveries.

"Seems to me you've got a lot of queer goods packed away out there, Uncle Joel," he said one day. It was raining and the two were alone. It was raining so hard that the great voice of the river, which ran behind the store, was drowned out, as a shrill soprano drowns out accompanying chords.

Joel paied and started: "What d'ye mean?" he asked, gruffly.

"Haven't you ever looked into those big boxes out there?" Willie indicated the store-room by a nod of his head. A long streamer of cobweb, acquired during his search, floated from his right arm.

"Not so's to say I have," replied Joel.

"I don't know much about the stuff women folks are wearing," said Willie, who had previously clerked in a grocery, "but it seems to me a lot of the goods packed away out there are older than the old goods you told me you couldn't sell here. Why don't you get Aunt Susan to look at them? She's a woman, and she ought to know the styles."

"I don't believe in having women folks mixed up with men's business," replied Joel. "I guess the goods out there are all right."

"Suppose I bring some in and fill up those shelves," suggested Willie, eagerly. He was quite ready to be convinced, and he was an industrious boy. Joel hesitated.

"Don't you want me to?"

"All right, go ahead," said Joel, but he looked positively terrified.

Willie delightedly began going to and fro between the store and back room, his arms piled with goods. "After all, they look pretty nice to me," he announced, after he had neatly filled the shelves. "I didn't just know about the plaids and spotted things and bright shades of red, but they look all right."

"Of course they are all right," said Joel, sharply. "Do you suppose I bought out this stock unless it was all right?"

"Don't know why I did think they were old-fashioned," admitted Willie. "You see, I don't know anything to speak of about dry-goods."

"Then you had better wait till you do before you criticise," said Joel.

Willie was meek before the reprimand. But the next evening he came to Joel and made a whispered report. He was careful that his aunt should not hear. There was the making of a man among men in young Willie, and he he instinctively excluded women from councils of such import.

"Say, Uncle Joel," he began, with a wary eye on the kitchen door, where Susan and Vivien were washing the supper-dishes.

"Well?"

"When you were out this afternoon the Lindsay girls came in; they laughed

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till they cried over those goods I brought out; then that pretty Maud Willet came in, and the Adams girls and their mother, and Mrs. Adams said those goods dated back to her grandmother, but the girls, they said—"

"Said what?"

"They said Noah and his family was dressed up in just such things when they went into the ark, and it was a pity they couldn't have had the remnants."

"Then they didn't buy any?"

Willie shook his head. "They all went off laughing. They acted dreadful silly."

Joel's face was pale. Willie looked at him lovingly. "Guess we shall have to buy some new goods, Uncle Joel," said he.

Joel shook his head with a strange, numb gesture. Willie knew his uncle had no money. "Take my money, uncle," he whispered eagerly.

"I've took enough money to lose. I've lost about enough for your poor aunt."

"You won't lose mine, because you know how to buy now."

Joel regarded his nephew eagerly, "I rather guess I do."

"Of course you do, Uncle Joel. Didn't the things you bought in New York sell?"

"Sold like hot cakes, but—"

Willie looked expectantly at his uncle. "They're most of them charged, but I guess the customers are good. I guess they'll pay sometime. They live as if they had money."

"Of course they'll pay. Let's go down to the store this evening and make out some more bills. Then you can take my money and go to New York and buy new goods. When the money begins to come in for the others you can go again."

Of course it ended in Joel's taking Willie's money. The boy was eager to lend it, and very proud to be left in charge of the store while his uncle was in New York buying. Susan did not know of the loan until long afterward. She had begun to face the situation with courage, although with deep sadness. She retrenched in every way. She begun practising faithfully on her old piano, and it was in her mind that she could give music lessons again, if necessary.

When the stock of new goods was in, business improved. Joel became uneasily cheerful. "The things are going like hot cakes, uncle," Willie said.

Joel sighed.

"What is the matter, uncle?"

"Not many of the customers pay cash, but I guess they must be good. We have had a big trade this last week."

"Of course they are good. Look at the way they live," said Willie.

But the new stock of goods was soon exhausted and very little cash had been turned in for them. Joel began to return to the store after supper and pore over his books. After a while Willie accompanied him. They sent out beautiful bills, and spent much time on the road to the post-office. Their hope waxed and waned like the moon, month after month. When the first of a new month came, more bills were sent out, and the moon of financial hope waxed and waned again.

Susan had secured a few music pupils. She was barely able to supply the meager table and pay for the coal. The taxes remained unpaid. The tax bill lived like a terrible ghost in a pigeonhole of the sitting-room desk. Vivien went to school in a gown made of Royal Stuart plaid, from her father's ancient stock and came home looking old. The other girls had made fun of her costume, but she did not tell her parents. She was a delicate little thing, but she had moral courage. Her other clothes were worn out and outgrown. It was either things made from those obsolete fabrics or staying home from school. But Susan knew without being told. She suffered more than her daughter. She worked beyond her strength and grew thin. All of them grew thin. Even Willie's rosy cheeks lost their color and curves.

Then suddenly came a rumor that Joel's wife had a fortune left her. It transpired later that it was a legacy of seven hundred and fifty dollars from a distant cousin, who died intestate and had spent all she had in the world except that.

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People believed in that fortune. Joel, without a question, took the money and made another trip to New York to replenish his stock.

When he returned, customers fairly crowded the store. Poor Joel had become wise concerning desirable fabrics. It was announced in the Racebridge *Chronicle* that Mr. Joel Rice had returned from New York, having purchased a stock of goods equal in style and exclusiveness to any in the great metropolis. There was such a rush of custom that Joel was obliged to hire an extra clerk. In spite of his ulterior forebodings, Joel began to take heart. He added more charge customers to his list, and twice he had an unexpected cash payment. Even Susan began to wonder if the tide had turned, and relaxed her stern efforts for a little.

It was soon enough she knew the truth. All the beautifully made out bills were disregarded. Even Willie was not ready with his jokes for the pretty girls, and his face fell when they tittered, "Charge." Poor Joel went about with a wistful, questioning expression. He became almost painfully obsequious, he was so terror-stricken lest customers desert him for another firm before they settled their accounts. That was what happened when the last fine new stock disappeared, for people thought so little of the obsolete goods, that they did not even buy on credit. Day after day passed with hardly a customer. Joel's wife had obtained all the music scholars possible, then she resorted to other means of gaining extra pennies. She answered one of the advertisements advising women to make fortunes, with elegant ease, in their own homes, and sunk a little money in the venture. It was quite a task which she had undertaken. Susan toiled at it, sent it off, and that was the end. She tried to get sewing to do, although that had to be kept a secret from Joel. Even in his tottering estate of storekeeper he would not have brooked knowing his musical wife was taking in sewing. People gave her work readily enough, but they did not pay her. She became almost vicious then. She refused to even see the women who flocked after her like harpies.

When her music pupils' parents became lax in payment Susan was relentless. She gave up teaching the nonpayers. Finally she had just two pupils left. One was the daughter of a clergyman, the Reverend Silas Blake, the other was the daughter of Judge Lincoln Ormsbee, the richest man in the place.

Things were at this pass when winter set in, an unusually cold one. The Rices had little to live on except the pay for those two little girls' music lessons. They actually suffered for some of the merest necessities of life, but nobody knew it. Nobody made it his business to know. People loved to dwell upon Susan's fortune which she had inherited. They loved to think it was pure parsimony which made Joel wear his thin overcoat of black, turning green, and made Susan dress her little girl in such uncouth fashion, and buy so very little at the butcher's and grocer's.

"The Rices are saving people," they said.

They knew how Joel's store custom had dwindled, but they attributed that to Joel's failure to spend money on new goods.

When Willie got a job for a short time in a store in another town, they said Joel was too miserly to keep a clerk. The young girls missed Willie. When he returned, being sick with a fever, they used to go, giggling and pushing each other forward into the store, to inquire of Joel how he was.

Finally the Rices were obliged to call in the doctor, and Susan sold, in an adjoining town, her pearl pin, to buy medicines and luxuries. At last the doctor understood how matters were. He sent fuel and provisions and, when Joel received them grudgingly, told him that the boy's life was at stake.

The doctor was a bachelor, and target for all the unmarried women in the village. How he contrived to steer a clear course, and awaken no jealousies to interfere with his practice, was marvelous. He did so contrive. He also contrived that his bills should be paid. He had many conferences with Joel about his lack of business ability when he found out the latter's circumstances.

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"Why do you let a yard of goods go out of your store without the cash in hand?" he demanded. "Why did you ever do it?"

Joel regarded him helplessly. "I thought all business was conducted in that way," he replied, feebly.

"Well, I can tell you right here it is not," said Dr. Frank Hapgood. He was a handsome, middle-aged man, smooth-shaven, and decisive in manner.

"How do you manage? You can't possibly ask the folks you call on to hand out your fee every time."

Doctor Hapgood laughed. "Of course not, and I do pay visits and take the chance of never collecting a cent, but—" He hesitated and laughed again. Joel eyed him inquiringly.

"Oh, I have my methods," said Doctor Hapgood. "They differ, with different people, of course, but I collect very well. If I found too much difficulty in collecting, I should set up practice elsewhere," he concluded, dryly.

"Willie always hated to ask for cash, just as I did," said Joel.

"Of course. Well, you make up your mind to one fact before you are a day older, Mr. Rice. Life is strictly a cash business for all of us, and we can't live, or practise medicine, or keep dry-goods stores without a cash basis. And you can make up your mind to another thing; cash always exists and somebody gets it."

"I can't pay you cash," Joel said, miserably.

"Who said anything to you about cash. You'll pay me when you can. I'm not a heathen." Hapgood packed up his bottles in his case. "Glad that boy is out of the woods," he said, with a jerk of his head toward the ceiling.

Suddenly Joel turned deathly pale. "I have lost every dollar he had in the world," he said, hoarsely.

"Well, he's young. He can go to work. Don't fret."

"I have lost all my wife's money, too."

"See here, Rice, you are tired out. You have lost a lot of sleep over your nephew. You had better go up-stairs and lie down and keep quiet. I will give you something to—"

Hapgood began opening his medicine-case, but Joel stopped him.

"No, I don't want anything," he said. "I've got some business to attend to."

Hapgood eyed him sharply. "All right, but don't overdo it. Go slow," he advised. "Nerves and brains are queer things, and yours are a bit overstrained. Go slow, Rice."

Joel nodded in a queer, absent way. Again the doctor made a motion as if to open his medicine-case, but checked himself, repeated his advice to go slow, and went out.

The next morning Joel slunk out of Racebridge laden with two suit-cases filled with samples of his antiquated goods. He had made up his mind to turn peddler, and had gotten his license.

Poor Joel was absent for days at a time, and returned looking worse and worse. He always told Susan that he had been away on business. She never dreamed of the true state of affairs. Joel persisted in his hopeless venture. Once in a while he sold a few dollars' worth, and then he would return elated, with mysterious hints of future success, which did not in the least reassure Susan. She had no doubt whatever that her poor, honest, innocent husband was engaged upon some perfectly legitimate venture, but she also had no doubt of his failure.

After a while she got one more music pupil, through Doctor Hapgood. She never knew that the doctor himself paid for the lessons. The little girl was rather talented, and he had taken an interest in her; besides, he had an enormous respect for Susan herself, as one of the fighters of the world, in an unrenowned battlefield.

About the time that Joel Rice started out in his futile efforts to redeem his fortunes the Great War broke out, but neither he nor Susan felt much vital interest in it. Their tax bills, and the problem of their daily food forced them into narrow ruts of self-interest.

After a while, however, Joel got a certain comfort from attributing his failure to succeed, as a peddler of shop-worn and antiquated goods, to the war. Of course he only made vague allusions to it at home.

"When that dreadful war is over we may make good," he would say to Susan, then would add, "All the little

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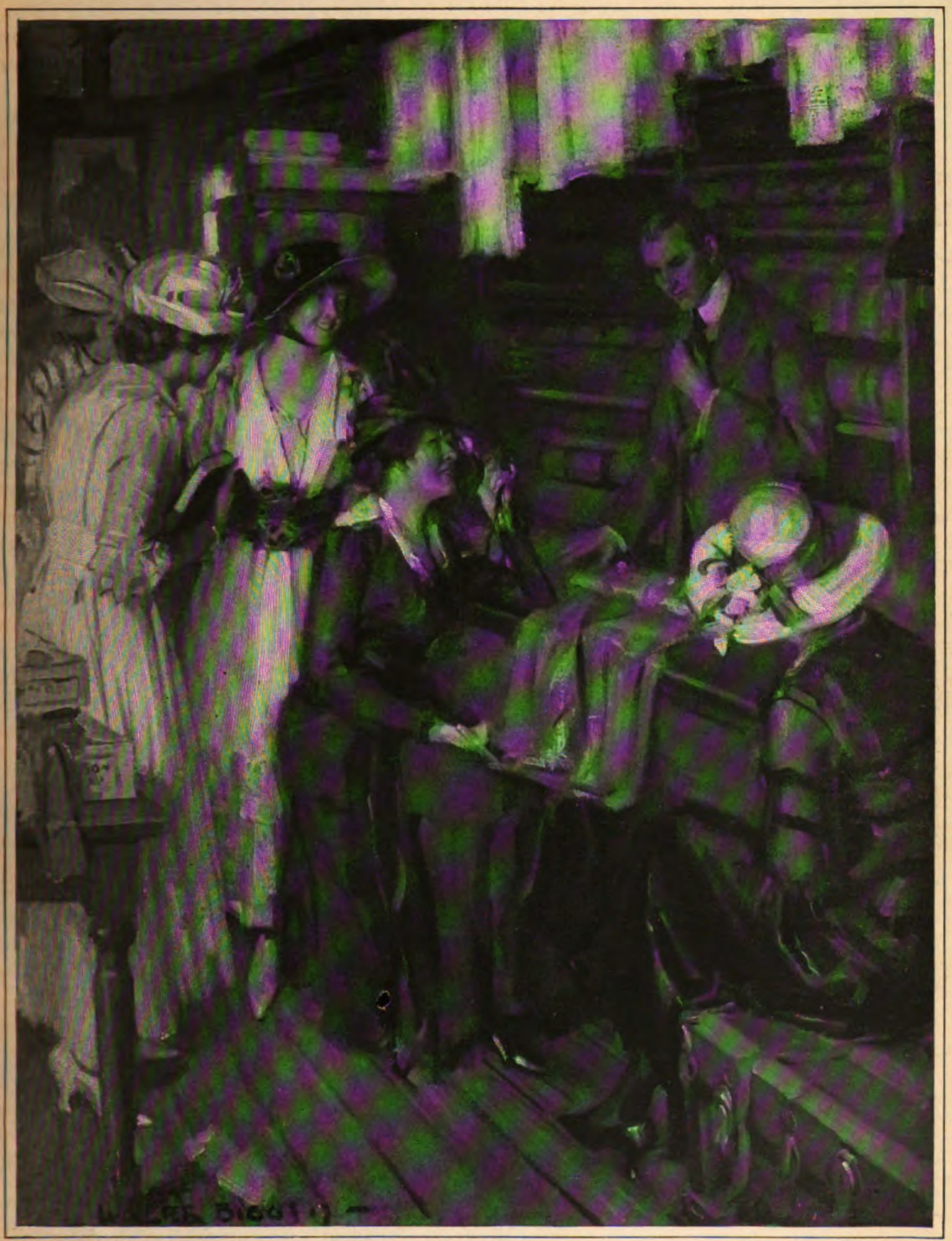

Drawn by Walter Biggs Engraved by S. G. Putnam

WILLIE ADMITTED THAT HE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT DRY-GOODS

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dogs go under when such a world-wide crisis occurs." He had heard a man say that to another on a train, and repeated it often.

Joel made his desultory trips for some months. Then came the spring, and his courage for anything except resentment had failed.

That year the spring came upon Racebridge with a rush of sweet violence. The heat, the terrible, virile heat of spring, attacked the world with a force which was overwhelming. The buds on the trees burst so suddenly it seemed as if one must hear explosions. The branches were clouds of crimson and emerald and gold, floating low under the brilliant blue of the sky. Suddenly bushes in full bloom stood out in dooryards, like radiant visitants. One expected them momentarily to spread their flower-wings wider and fly away. They did not seem real. Bird-calls were everywhere, and the air was sharply clipped by wings. All the brooks were in full chorus. The earth was vocal with the song of running water.

Then came a strange, weird day. For, during those few days of early, triumphant spring, when a whole town sang with voices of tree-branches and streams, with laughter of children and whistles of birds, the great, rapid river, which bounded Racebridge on the west, had not broken up. It remained ice-locked.

The night before the local paper had come out with an invitation marked by big headlines:

> To the People of Racebridge
>
> You are, one and all, invited to the dry-goods store of Joel Rice at 1 P. M., April 24th, for the purpose of a spring festival upon lines heretofore unprecedented in any community. A wide attendance is expected, for great delight over the distribution of gifts exemplifying Scripture is predicted, with a certainty of fulfillment.

People read it, and looked askance at one another. Many said it sounded crazy, but they planned to go.

The next day was chilly. There had been a drop in temperature during the night, and a breath of northward snows was in the air. And on that strange day came the breaking up of the river. The people crowded to the banks that morning to see the spectacle. The river on that day was like the rush of a herd of yellow-maned lions. People saw their heaving backs and tossing manes, the foam from their gaping mouths of flight, and heard their roar. The river on that day became more like a multiple wild beast, in a fury of raging flight, than anything else. The whole scene was magnificent and terrible. It might have been one of the seven days of creation, from the sensation of tremendous forces let loose toward infinite change and progression.

Poor Susan Rice, that morning, was unusually sad. She heard the roar of the river, like a dreadful accompaniment of adverse fate to her little, insignificant solo of woe. Over her was a premonition. She said to herself that she felt as if something was going to happen, but she did not say it to Joel nor her little girl.

Beyond that dull mental cowering, as before a blow, she felt nothing. She had no gleam of the brightness which was afterward to come into her life, alleviating even her terrible loss. That she could not see. She only cowered before the certainty of impending tragedy. Joel had not shown her the local paper. She had asked for it, and he had made some evasive reply.

At noon that day Joel asked her to go with Vivien to the store, but when she inquired the reason he would not tell her. Susan and Vivien arrived a little late. Susan had shrunk before her husband's bidding, without knowing why. The store was half filled when they got there. Susan went close to her husband, who stood, looking strangely solemn and important, in the center of the floor.

"What are you going to do, Joel?" she whispered.

Joel looked at her, then suddenly, before them all, he bent and kissed her. "You poor woman!" said he.

"Joel!"

"Don't you worry, Susan. I am going to do what the Lord has appointed me to do."

Susan stared about her. Joel had gotten evergreen and trimmed the store. He had brought down the little girl's

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canary-bird. The cage dangled overhead, and the little golden thing shrilled above the awful roar of the river.

"What did you bring Dicky down here for? Oh, Joel!"

Susan did not ask any more questions after that. She lifted Vivien to a stool, and the child, with her shock of fair hair and her white face, seemed to focus all the light in the dim place. It was dim, for the clouds were heavy and it was beginning to rain.

Presently the store was filled with people. Some of them, after they had entered, made as if to retreat, but they stayed.

Then Joel began to talk. His wife stood close to him. She even clung to a corner of his old coat, but she shuddered so at every word that it did not seem possible that she could remain standing. Judge Ormsbee got a chair and forced her to sit down, but she was up again in a second, as if propelled by a spring.

Joel began quietly and slowly. He did not hesitate, but his voice was weak. It was at first difficult to hear him, on account of that and the roar of the river, and the singing of the canary-bird.

He began in the stilted, old-fashioned manner of speech-makers:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have summoned you here to-day for the purpose of saying a few words to you. I have long planned to do this, but have only now found my mind firm enough to carry out my plan."

Then there came a pause. Joel's wife fairly crouched, and one could see the whites of her frightened eyes as she stared up at her husband.

"Two and two and three and four make eleven," went on Joel.

Everybody jumped. Then he repeated it. And after that it was repeated once in a while like a refrain. Doctor Hapgood always had a theory that Joel had acquired the habit of going over that little mathematical statement for the purpose of steadying his poor, tottering brain.

Then Joel went on. It sounded reasonable enough at first.

"It took considerable time for me to realize the exact situation," he said. "I was brought up to believe in the honesty of all men and women not behind prison bars. I have been honest, as honest as I knew how to be, according to my lights."

Then he paused and again repeated his little mathematical statement. Some of the women began to look frightened and turn to the door, but their curiosity held them. With so many men there they could not be exactly afraid, especially when a man was so very thin and weak and worn as Joel was.

He went right on. "I never thought I was any better than other people. Now I know I am. It is a terrible knowledge to come to a man who loves God and tries to walk in His path. It is terrible to know yourself better than others because you cannot help but disobey Scripture. You know that you fail in humility, and yet what can any man do against facts?"

All of a sudden he turned like a flash and his eyeballs gleamed red. He pointed to a woman standing near him. She was a pretty, well-dressed woman, the wife of a well-to-do man. She wore an outer garment made of a soft shade of gray, decorated with fur. Joel pointed straight at that garment, and the woman turned pale and shrank. Then he shouted, and after that there was no trouble about hearing him above the roar of the river and the pipe of the canary-bird.

"Mrs. Lester Weeks," he screamed, "I am here to-day to obey the precepts of the Holy Bible. That coat you have on was made of cloth at three dollars a yard, that you bought of me. You have never paid for it. You have taken my coat; now take my cloak also!"

He pointed with a gesture worthy of a tragedy star at a roll of old cloth on a counter. "Plenty there for a cloak," said he. "Take my cloak also."

Then he glared at her. The woman started to leave the store, but her husband elbowed his way up to her. "Do you mean to say you have never paid for that cloth, Alice?" he said.

His wife looked at him and nodded.

"I have given you plenty of money, Alice," said Weeks. "There is no

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excuse for this. No, you can't go. You stay right where you are."

Joel pointed next to a man. He was the proprietor of the Racebridge House, and was called rich.

"You!" shouted Joel. "You, too! Take the cloak also. You bought table linen and sheets for your hotel the first year I was here. I have sent you bill after bill. You have never taken the slightest notice. There is some more sheeting; there is some table linen. Take my cloak also! Take my cloak also, John Woodsum!"

Woodsum had a terrible temper. He swore and made for the door, but Judge Ormsbee and some other men shut it and stood guard before it. They had begun to see light in darkness, and they were determined that nobody should get out of that store scot free, who needed to hear the truth.

"Let me out, damn you all!" shouted Woodsum. "I'll have the law of ye!"

"Better keep still," advised the judge, in his deep voice. "Joel's got the right of it."

Well, Joel went down his list. He had a good many names on it, and he did not spare one. The goods for which they owed him were specified, and they were ordered to take his cloak also. Now and then he stopped and reeled off his little mathematical formula, then he was off again.

Some of the women cried, some looked mad, and some frightened. The men appeared mortally ashamed.

At last Joel's list was finished. "God help and pity a poor man," he cried, and his voice was something dreadful, and yet at the same time it trembled, as if he were spent and about at the end of his strength. "God help and pity a poor man who came here thinking he was going to realize the hope of his lifetime, who trusted every one to be as honest as he was. All my money has gone, the seven hundred and fifty dollars my wife had left her is gone, and her nephew's money is gone. You have made me a thief, you people whom I came among so happy and trusting. You made me rob my own flesh and blood. You made me a thief, as you are thieves! Oh, my God! How beautiful I thought the whole world was when I came here! You have spoiled God's world for me! You have made me see the wickedness of my own kind! You have done me the worst wrong that human beings can do one another. You have made me know myself better than other men, so I shall be set among those who are not elect at the Judgment Day. How can I say, after living here these years and finding you out, that I am unworthy and you are worthy, and not lie to God himself? You have robbed me of my coat; I have given you my cloak also!"

Then he fell. Doctor Hapgood, who had been gradually edging nearer, caught him. He worked over him until he had regained consciousness, and, the people having slunk away, walked home with his poor trembling wife and his little girl, who cried aloud for sheer fright as she went along.

Nobody ever saw Joel alive again. There was good evidence that he had stolen out while Susan was trying to quiet the poor, nervous child, and had thrown himself into the death-drive of the river. His body was never found, but a man had seen something drifting past.

Afterward the debts were paid in like a stream of gold. Soon Susan had enough in the bank, with the now certain proceeds of her music class, to keep her and the child in comfort. She settled down into that peace of negation which sometimes comes, like a dew of blessing, after a tragedy.

Doctor Hapgood auctioned off the forlorn stock of the store. People bid against one another as if they were fighting for the acquisition of rare bargains. They were a mean people, the people of Racebridge, but in the end their own meanness shocked them into a sense of it, and they were at that auction of the man whom they had all wronged, a grand people, with hearts of love and fire. There was a breaking up of human meanness and dishonesty greater than the breaking up of the ice in the great river.

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The Natural History of Ice

BY O. D. VON ENGELN

Department of Geology, Cornell University

OF familiar substances ice is one of the most commonplace. Its origin, too, is simple, and, like the water from which it forms, the structure of ice is transparent, and apparently incapable of concealing any qualities that might merit extended enumeration. Yet quite the contrary is the case. Ice is probably possessed of more uncommon and puzzling characteristics than any other natural compound of so frequent occurrence. Though such a commonplace, ice continues to be a novelty for the chemist, physicist, and glacialist. As scientific methods multiply and investigational resources develop, the study of ice continues to yield surprising results.

One of the earliest discoveries in modern chemistry was that water is made up of two parts of hydrogen to one part of oxygen, the familiar H_2O. It was quite natural to assume that ice, its solid phase, had the same formula. But the properties of ice are not in accord with such a conclusion. Most substances on being cooled become denser, changing from their vapor to their liquid and then to their solid forms, each more compact than that preceding. This is not the case with water. Down to a temperature of about 39° F. or 4° C. water behaves quite normally, occupying less and less space as the cold increases. But at this point the limit of such decrease in volume is reached. Lower temperatures reverse the process; the water once more begins to expand, without solidifying, until the cold is measured by 32° F., when ice forms, with a further notable expansion. This increase in bulk with change to the solid phase is in itself quite anomalous, but is perhaps less significant than the reversal, from decrease to increase, in volume while the liquid form persists. Evidently 39° F. rather than 32° F., is the critical point in the evolution of liquid water into solid ice. Yet, except for this difference in density, there is no change in the appearance or other qualities of the water.

What has happened? As nearly as physical chemists can determine, a more complex molecule than that of water first begins to form at 39° F. The proportions of hydrogen and oxygen in this more complex molecule are the same as those of water, but more units of each kind are required to make up an ice molecule, for that is what it seems to be. Apparently this more complex ice molecule also requires more elbow room than do the simpler water molecules; hence these are pushed slightly aside and the water expands. Chemically expressed, the proportions of hydrogen and oxygen in water are as two is to one, but the water molecule itself requires the union of four units of hydrogen to two of oxygen, and the ice molecule six of hydrogen to three of oxygen. In other words, ice molecules of a looser structure begin to form between the water molecules at 39° F. and continue to increase in number until 32° F. is attained, at which temperature they so multiply as to become visible as ice, and a great increase in bulk results. Below the freezing-point contraction once more begins and continues as the temperature decreases.

QUARTZ CRYSTAL

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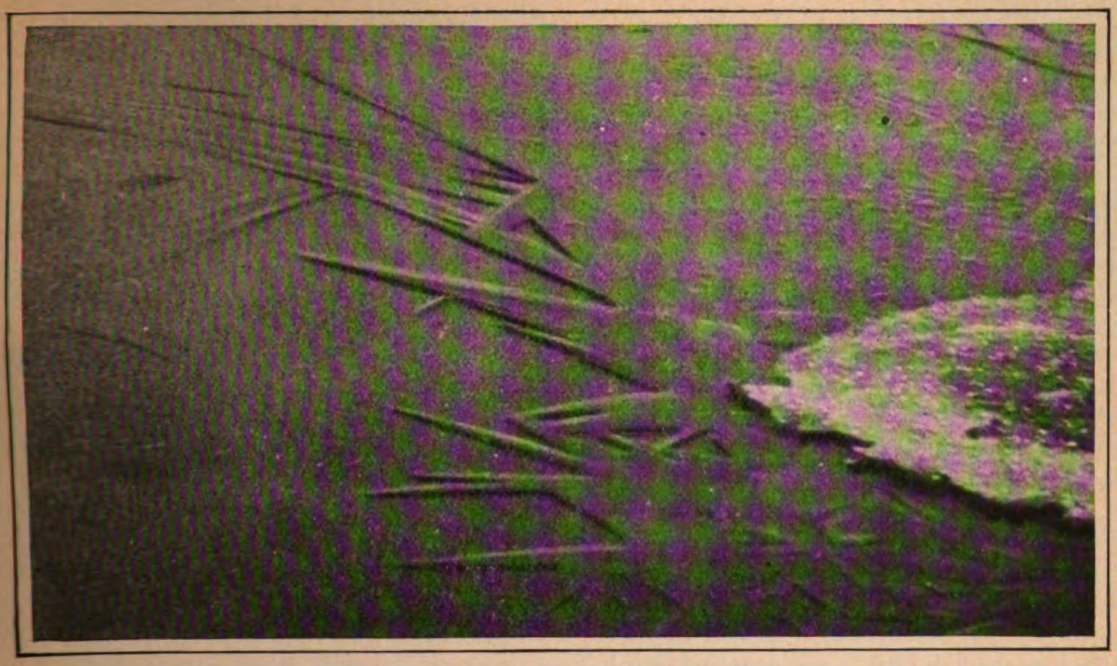

ICE NEEDLES, GROWING OUTWARD FROM THE EDGES OF AN OPEN-WATER SURFACE

If some obscure organic compound showed such unusual relations between its liquid and solid phases it would hardly be of interest to the non-technical reader. But since water and ice are concerned, the consequences are of great significance to every one. If water became increasingly dense to the freezing-point, and ice were still denser, then our lakes and rivers would freeze from the bottom up, and the fish in them would be forced to migrate to warmer regions or perish. Only because ice is peculiar does this not happen. On the other hand, water-pipes burst when exceptionally cold weather solidifies and expands their contents. Again, engineers in latitudes where ice forms must guard against a thrust of from three hundred to one thousand pounds to the square inch exerted against their dams and bridge piers by the expansion due to the change from water to the solid form of ice.

It is quite possible that other liquids exhibit preliminary symptoms of change before their actual freezing temperature is attained. If they do—and science is unacquainted with the fact—the chief reason probably is that their freezing-point temperatures are either far above or far below normal air temperatures; that is, temperatures in which animal life can exist.

It is not possible to indulge in much refinement of observation at 1530° C., the freezing-point of iron, for example. Accordingly, the fact that ice forms at temperatures within the limits of human endurance must be considered one of its unique qualities. This is especially interesting in connection with the geological study of ice. Here it is classed as a mineral, one of a great number of homogeneous solids occurring in nature, of inorganic origin, and with a definite chemical composition. Ice, furthermore, is the only mineral that forms in vast quantities as the seasons change. Indeed, ice occurs, unmixed with other substances, in continuous masses, and in a pure state in far larger quantities than any other mineral. One-tenth of all the land surface of the earth is covered by the ice of present-day glaciers, and these vary from five hundred to several thousand feet in thickness. Add to this vast bulk of glacial ice the great extent and mass of polar-sea ice and the winter ice of lakes and rivers, and it becomes apparent that ice on our planet is of an appalling immensity of volume.

As early as 1756 Joseph Black meditated over the perplexing slowness with which ice melts, and his cogitations led almost directly to the invention of the steam-engine. This slowness of melting,

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plus the availability of ice (one must never lose sight of that), keeps foods palatable in the domestic ice-chest. Ice heats through slowly, but that quality would not serve the purpose, since the ice delivered at our doors is at the melting-point temperature. It is because it takes eighty times more heat-energy to change a unit quantity of ice to water at the same temperature than it does to raise the same quantity of water one centigrade degree of temperature that ice melts so slowly and is so efficient as a refrigerating agent. This requirement of energy to bring about a change from the solid to the liquid state is a property common to crystalline substances, but only a very few others possess it in such high degree as ice, with the result that we learn to utilize its uncommon quality and also to look for it in other materials, with consequent application to wider fields and new inventions.

The geologists, as stated above, class ice among minerals. Every mineral substance has its own peculiar crystalline structure, and in this respect ice resembles quartz in that it forms in hexagonal prisms. But a six-sided, hexagonal crystal must have some form of termination to cap it at each end. Now while single crystals of quartz perfectly developed and showing their well-known pyramidal ends are common, ice crystals, despite the abundance of the material, are seldom found with perfect faces. Crystallographers are, therefore, as yet unable to decide definitely just what forms they would take if single individuals had an opportunity to develop. The principal reason for this rare development of single ice crystals is that ice usually forms so rapidly, the solidification starting from so many centers at once, that no unit has a chance to grow without being crowded by its neighbors. Quartz crystals, on the other hand, have in many cases probably required uncounted hundreds of years to grow slowly into perfect units. The fact that the few ice crystals with definitely formed faces that have come under observation were found in caves in mountain districts, where temperatures were uniformly below the freezing-point and moisture was supplied very gradually over long periods of time, indicates that slow growth is an essential factor in the production of perfect, single crystals of large size. It is the much more common, rapid growth, however, that produces the delicate, branching, plumed, and stellar forms that make such beautiful designs on frosty window-panes. Similarly, when a pond begins to freeze, long, narrow needles of ice shoot out from the shores, branching and rebranching until a perfect network of spears is formed, after which the hollows between fill up, until eventually a continuous ice sheet develops. This is a fascinating process and one that the reader may well observe late some sunny, winter afternoon when the temperature of the air rapidly falls to below freezing as the shadows lengthen.

While these long, first-formed needles of ice on the surface of a pond are not unit crystals, they have, nevertheless, a very definite and uniform structure with respect to their molecular parts. Single crystals, big enough to be seen do not form, yet all the little ice particles arrange themselves in a very regular order. In the case of the first-formed needles this order is as though the hexagonal prisms were laid on their sides, horizontally, parallel to the water surface. A six-sided pencil, thought of as floating horizontally, and growing longer and longer by additions to its unsharpened end, will give the proper conception of how the ice needles are arranged and develop. The interesting feature of this process is that the additions at the end are in the shape of little hexagonal plates, each probably so thin and small that it could not be distinguished with a microscope, yet fitting perfectly in place. It is as though the little ice molecules came trooping in multitudes to each pencil-end and each was slapped immediately and properly in place by some master mason. In consequence of this mode of growth the newly formed ice surface is made up of a vast number of infinitely thin plates each, in a sense, standing, or better floating, on its edge.

This structure is in itself interesting, but its real significance with respect to familiar phenomena only becomes apparent after a little closer study. It has been found by experiment that the little plates that make up the needles do not

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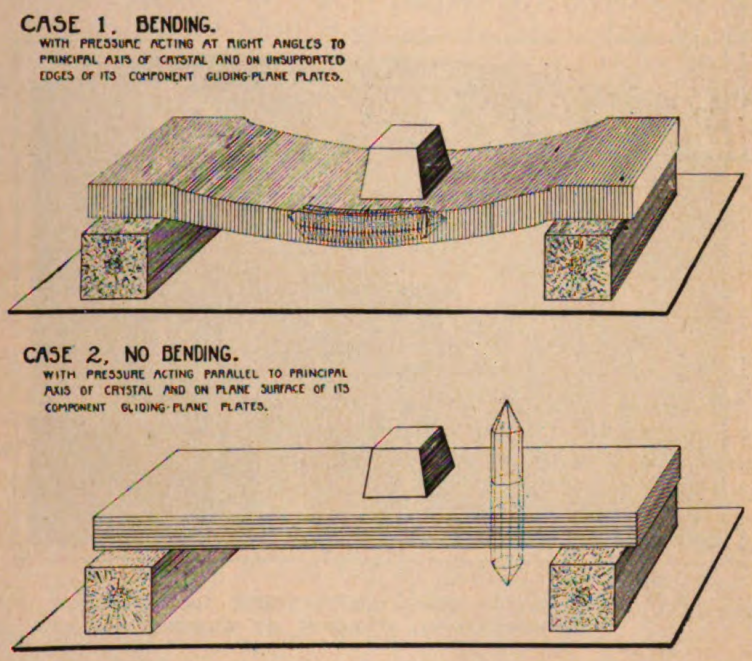
stick together so well as do the particles in the plates themselves. Consequently, if pressure is applied to their edges—that is, perpendicular to the young ice-surface—the plates will slide or glide over one another. If the pressure is not too great this will in no way destroy either the continuity or the structure of the ice-sheet. In other words, the ice-sheet as a whole will yield without breaking, because the little microscopic plates that compose it are each sliding a wee bit on their neighbor's surface. Hence the phenomenon of "rubber ice," the delight of the venturesome small boy at the beginning of the skating season. That this slight movement on the part of each of the microscopic ice-plates is entirely capable of producing the wave-like undulations of the "rubber ice" can be appreciated by performing a little experiment with a book. Place a volume on a table, apply a downward pressure to its front cover, at the same time giving a thrust toward the front edges. Then, although each leaf will move only very slightly over the next one below, the sum of such movements will result in the front cover of the book being moved sideways by an inch or more.



THE EFFECT OF PRESSURE APPLIED IN TWO DIFFERENT DIRECTIONS WITH RESPECT TO THE ORIENTATION OF THE ICE CRYSTALS

As soon, however, as an appreciable thickness of ice forms, the "rubber ice" disappears and the ice-sheet becomes apparently hard and unyielding. Curiously enough, in the early stages of this firm condition the ice is perhaps more dangerous to venture upon than when it has the "rubbery" structure; for it is now brittle, and yet not of sufficient thickness to support a considerable weight at one point. The reason for the change is another curious ice phenomenon. It would seem that the ice pencils suddenly make up their minds to stand on their ends instead of lying on their sides as when they first formed, for that in effect is what happens. But why and how this change in structure takes place, no one has yet discerned. It is known that pond ice of considerable thickness is made up of vertically arranged prisms.

If the reader has been accustomed to thinking of ice as a brittle substance, and has, therefore, a lingering doubt as to whether the yield of the "rubber ice" is actually due to an internal gliding of the ice particles or plates over one another without breaking or permanently deforming the sheet as a whole, such doubt will probably be dispelled by a glance at the photographs of the experiments in bending ice laths and rods.

The crudeness of these experiments suggests how readily they may be repeated. In case this is attempted, test the comparative yield of a rod cut from thick pond ice, parallel to the surface, with that of one cut parallel to the thickness of the ice-sheet. The latter ought to yield much more readily. For good results select a piece of perfectly clear ice that has formed during a period of quiet cold, on a still water surface. Wind and currents destroy the regular orientation of the particles.

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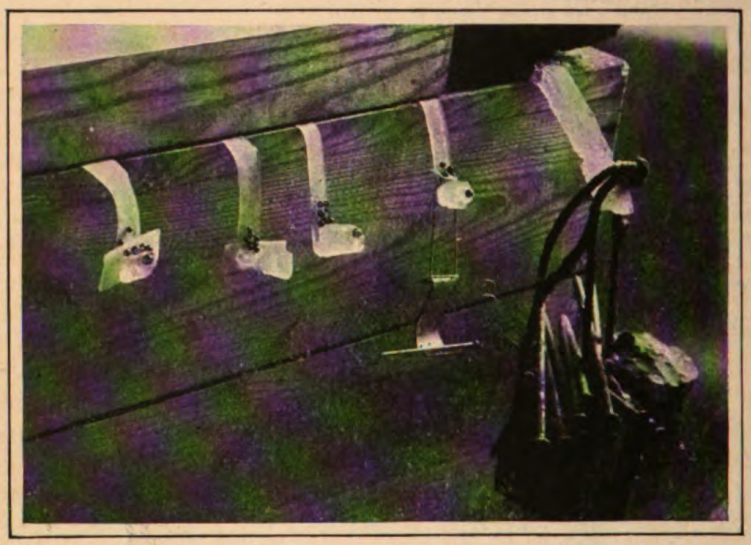
Why is it that steel skates glide so readily over an ice surface? The structure of the ice as detailed above does not explain this phenomenon. Nor does this mode of locomotion depend on the smoothness of the ice-sheet. Glass may be had with a very smooth surface, but it would be very poor stuff to skate on if available. The sport of ice-skating depends on the fact that water expands on freezing; for, since ice is of greater bulk than water, any force that tends to reduce its bulk will also tend to change it back to water. As the whole weight of the skater rests with each stroke on the narrow, sharp edge of his skate, it follows that a quite large pressure is exerted on a very small area of the ice surface. The result is that the ice melts and the skater glides forward on a film of water of the width of a pencil-line, which immediately refreezes after the skate edge has passed. The colder the ice the greater must be the pressure to bring it to the melting-point, hence the fact that on very cold ice it is difficult to make the skates "bite." In any event only a slight amount of melting takes place, for it requires about two thousand pounds of pressure to the square inch to reduce the melting-point by one degree centigrade. This may seem a high pressure to be exerted by a skater, yet when it is remembered that the edge of a skate is only a very small fraction of a square inch in area, and that ice is seldom very much colder than the freezing-point (since there is usually water below the ice-sheet at 39° F. waiting to be cooled to the freezing-point), it will be appreciated that this explanation is quite reasonable.



ICE LATHS BENT FROM THEIR ORIGINAL HORIZONTAL POSITION BY WEIGHTS

In any event the phenomenon of ice melting under pressure is a very delicate relation, as may be noted by again trying a little experiment—one that is often in progress in the ice-chest without premeditation. The ice under such conditions is just at the freezing-point, on its surface at least. Hence any weight placed on it will result in the melting of an additional film of water. Accordingly, if a small cake of ice is placed on a larger one there will be melting between their faces. The extra water melted cannot be observed directly, but that it has formed can be proved by closing the refrigerator, after placing the smaller block on the larger one, and allowing it to remain unopened for a number of hours. Meanwhile both cakes of ice will be melting slowly. But as the small cake melts down its pressure on the bottom cake will be decreased by loss of weight, and as a result part of the original film of pressure-formed water will refreeze, cementing the small cake firmly to the lower one. The same result is commonly observed in latitudes where glaciers discharge numbers of icebergs into the sea. Very often under such conditions waves wash a small berg on to the upper surface of a larger berg. Although the small berg may "land" in a very unstable position, it generally becomes firmly adherent to the larger ice mass because melting takes place between the contact faces, and refreezing of this water, as the small berg melts down, cements it in position.

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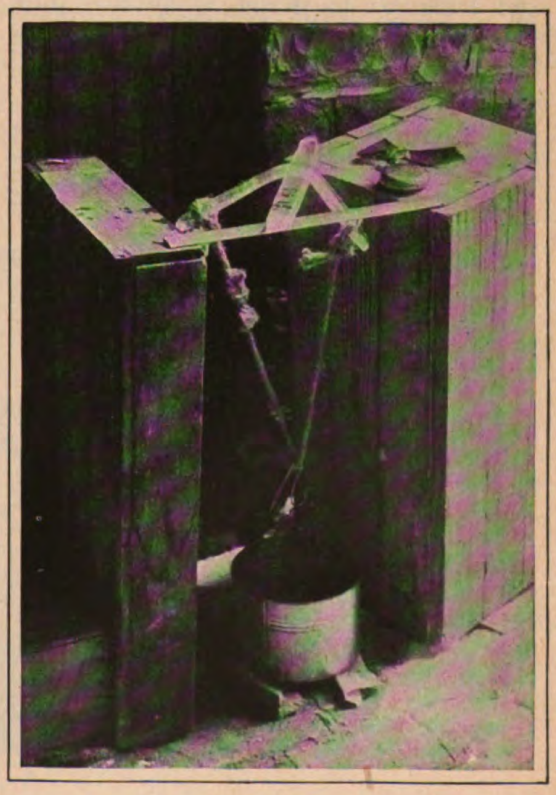
This is the phenomenon of regelation. It is often experimentally demonstrated by passing a fine-wire loop, to which a weight is suspended, over a bar of ice supported at each end. Under such conditions, if the weight is sufficiently heavy and the cold not too great, the wire will slowly cut through the ice-bar without leaving a groove behind. The ice under the wire melts under pressure. The latent heat for this melting is supplied partly by the adjacent ice, hence the water that forms and flows to a position above the wire is immediately refrozen because the ice area just above the wire is actually colder than the general mass. This regelation phenomenon, of melting under pressure and refreezing on release of pressure, also makes it possible to fashion perfect snowballs from relatively warm, moist snow, and explains as well the sorry result when dry, cold snow is tried. Regelation was also formerly much applied in explaining the flow of glaciers, but that phenomenon seems to depend primarily on another set of circumstances.

The structure of glacier ice is quite unlike that of pond ice. Instead of being made up of bundles of prisms, glacier ice is composed of nodules, commonly called glacier grains or granules. In internal structure a glacier grain does not differ from a prism of pond ice; the difference between the two kinds of ice masses is wholly in the external shape and arrangement of the units of the aggregate—that is, of the grains in glaciers and of the prism bundles in pond ice. The differences in shape and arrangement of the glacier grains and the prisms of the pond ice result from their wholly unlike conditions of formation. Originally each glacier grain was probably a snowflake. Snowflakes, when symmetrically developed, exhibit very clearly the hexagonal crystallization of ice in their beautiful, six-pointed, star forms. Probably but few of the snowflakes that fall in the supply areas of glaciers are large and perfect; more commonly such snowflakes are small, icy plates, because the low air temperatures that usually prevail on the mountain highlands and other glacier gathering-grounds favor the development of this more compact type. Formerly it was thought that the snowflakes changed to ice grains (thus giving rise to the granular névé-fields of the upper ends of glaciers) by alternate melting and freezing with change of temperature from sunny days to clear, cold nights, just as a snow crust commonly forms on even a midwinter fall of snow. But later investigations, particularly in polar latitudes, have made it clear that this process is hardly adequate. In the center of Greenland, for example, there is never enough melting, even in the warmest summer weather, to produce any appreciable change of this kind. The change from snow to ice seems rather to be one of molecular transference, without melting. The snowflakes draw in their horns, so to speak, and become irregular ice pellets. Then, as these pellets are crowded together by the compaction due to the weight of succeeding falls of snow, those originally larger consume their smaller neighbors. This is because the surface of the larger pellets is not so sharply curved as that of the smaller pellets; the larger ones, therefore, offer a more stable resting-



ONE ICE BAR BENT OVER ANOTHER

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place for the molecules at the points of contact between the grains. Exactly the same process is operative when soft, flaky snow, in cold weather, shortly develops a crusty, granular consistency. Apparently this process of granule growth continues without interruption down to the very ends of glaciers, for in the bottom ice of the melting fronts of glaciers the ice grains have been noted to attain the size of a man's fist, and in any one glacier are practically all of a size, few or no small grains remaining to suggest the originally small nuclei from which they started.

It follows, from this description of the formation of the glacier granules, that their arrangement must also be different from that of the vertical prisms comprising pond ice. Glacier grains are packed together in an irregular aggregate, much like the mineral grains in a granite rock. Further, the pond-ice prisms are all oriented similarly with respect to their crystal structure, while the crystal directions of the glacier granules are turned at any angle. Still another point of difference is that each glacier grain is a unit crystal, distorted and irregular in shape, to be sure, but yet a unit, whereas the pond-ice prisms are more commonly complexly intergrown bundles.

Here it may occur to the reader to ask why the single glacier grains become outlined like those in the illustration. That unspoken question will serve to introduce what is perhaps the most fascinating phenomenon in the natural history of ice and one that has been only recently appreciated in the scientific world.

When a fragment of glacier ice that has been melting in the sun for some time is struck a sharp blow with a hammer, it crumbles into a heap of irregular ice grains. At the surface, the lower, melting ends of glaciers are dry and crumbly. Water accumulates in the hollows of shallow crevasses in contact with the firm, blue ice of the interior of a glacier, but not on the disintegrating surface. These phenomena indicate that the ice at the contact planes between the granules melts more rapidly than the body of the grains. A colored solution poured over a mass of glacier ice melting in the sun percolates through it, outlining each grain for some distance into the interior. The whited surface of melting glaciers is due to the fact that light penetrating the transparent ice is reflected back from the surfaces between the grains, giving the same translucent effect that is seen in a heap of salt or sugar grains, and is due to the same cause. While the crumbling of ice into separate grains on exposure to the sun's rays is most conspicuous in glacier ice, it is not peculiar

ICEBERGS WITH SMALLER ICE MASSES WASHED ONTO THEIR SURFACES AND CEMENTED BY REGELATION

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CREVASSE IN THE VALDEZ GLACIER, ALASKA

to that alone. Pond ice exhibits the same phenomenon. In those latitudes of the United States where ice forms in winter every one is familiar with the danger of venturing out on the "rotten" ice of early spring. The ice may be a foot or more thick and apparently sound, yet the weight of a man stepping on it will suffice to push his foot straight through it. In places where there is a current, the ice, after developing this "rotten" condition, very shortly breaks up into large cakes, and these then float down-stream, where they are commonly shattered by being washed against a rock or bumped on the bottom. When this happens the ice-cake falls into a multitude of loose acicular rods, or "candles," as this phenomenon is called in Canada. In other words, pond ice, just like glacier ice, melts much more rapidly in the planes between the vertical crystal bundles than does the ice as a mass. Hence the entire thickness of the sheet is rapidly weakened when the warm rays of the spring sun become effective, with the result that the sheet breaks up into cakes and the cakes into spicules before the ice completely melts.

By subjecting ice to laboratory control it is possible to watch this process more closely. A piece of ice from the Illecillewaet Glacier, Canada, allowed to melt and evaporate slowly at air temperatures hovering about the freezing-point, showed little grooves outlining each of the glacier grains of which it was composed. The same thing can often be observed in the domestic refrigerator where artificial ice is used. Such ice is made up of long ice prisms that extend radially from the center of the cake to its sides and ends. When the ice-chamber has been kept closed for a number of hours and the ice has been melting slowly at a uniformly low temperature, each little prism will be found to have its cross section outlined on the ice surface by these small grooves. Perhaps, too, the reader may have noted how such ice, when broken into small pieces by means of a sharp-pointed ice-pick, commonly breaks up into long, sharp-angled, prismatic pieces. As the ice under such conditions of melting is not subjected to radiant light and heat, the more rapid melting in the grooves between the crystals does not extend to any depth, hence the ice does not disintegrate completely as it does in nature.

Why does ice melt more rapidly at the contact of the crystal faces than at their centers? It would seem that there

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NATURAL ICE BREAKING INTO CAKES AFTER A SPRING THAW

must be different kinds of material in the two places, yet the fresh, clear ice gives no indication of any variation in the whole mass. Nevertheless, a difference in the material is quite certainly the explanation.

All natural ice (and even artificial ice, as indicated by the differential melting in the refrigerator) contains mineral impurities. Chief among these, at any rate with regard to its general distribution in nature, is sodium chloride, or common salt. This substance is caught up by the winds from the surface of the ocean in fine spray particles and whirled far inland. It is derived, similarly, in fine dust from salty desert basins of the interior lands and carried to remote points. Thus both snow and rainfall carry with them quite appreciable amounts of sodium chloride. In Italy near the salty Mediterranean it has been found that as much as thirty-seven pounds of salt are brought to each acre of land annually by wind and rain; in England the amount has averaged thirty-six pounds annually per acre for twenty-six years. In this connection it is interesting to note that over all the world the regions of notable mountain glaciation are very favorably situated for receiving an extra-large supply of wind-borne salt from either the ocean or salt deserts.

Granting the presence of small percentages of sodium chloride in normal precipitation, whether this be rain or snow, how can the incorporation of this in ice bring about the differential melting described in the above paragraphs? In the first place, because the process of crystallization of any chemical compound tends to exclude all matter not of its own kind. Hence, as the ice prisms of the pond and artificial ice develop they automatically and continually extrude all the dissolved salt molecules from their mass. Of necessity these must then be concentrated in minute films between the prisms; in other words, along the contact planes of their crystal faces. Similarly, in glaciers, as the small ice pellets of the upper snow-field grow progressively to the relatively gigantic dimensions eventually attained by the glacier grains, the salt content is always being rejected by the growing ice nodules. As these are single crystals of pure ice, it follows that the relative volume of the salt film around the glacier granules is great, for as the pellets grow larger in size and fewer in number the surface area of the crystals is necessarily decreased; accordingly, the film is thicker about each. This explains why glacier ice, melting in air, disintegrates so much more completely and conspicuously than does pond ice.

It is, well known that a solution of salt and water is more difficult to freeze than pure water; correspondingly, when frozen, it melts at a lower temperature

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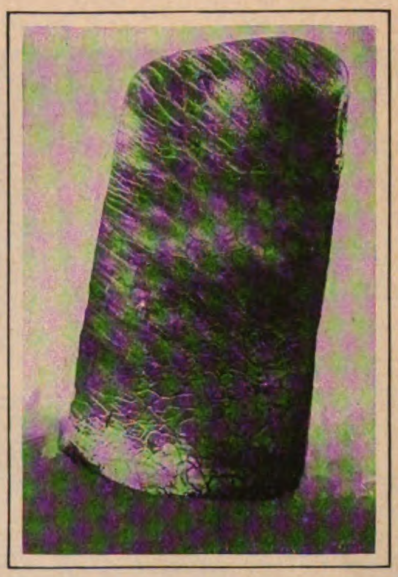
than pure ice. This simple relation suffices quite adequately to explain the differential melting of the ice masses, but the intricacies of the process, when appreciated, lend themselves to an understanding of the flow of ice under pressure—that is, the problem of glacier motion—and also to the elucidation of a very beautiful phenomenon that develops when icebergs melt in sea-water.

If a weak solution, less than 23.6 per cent. by weight, of salt in water is cooled progressively to temperatures below the freezing-point of water, a temperature will be reached when the water will begin to crystallize out as ice, the residual liquid becoming more and more saline. On the other hand, if the solution originally contains more than 23.6 per cent. of salt that substance will be the first to crystallize out and the residual solution will become less and less dense. The temperature point at which the water or the salt, according to the original density of the solution, will first begin to crystallize out will vary according to the proportions of the two substances present, but in every case will be above −22° C. When that degree of cold is attained, the solution, either by the crystallization of excess of water or of salt, will have been automatically brought to the proportion of 23.6 per cent. of water. This is known to the physical chemists as the eutectic ratio for salt and water. Once −22° C. has been attained, and the eutectic ratio established, the solution will remain at that temperature until all the salt and water have solidified, no matter how cold the surrounding air may be. This is exactly like melting ice in water; no matter how warm a room may be, the mixture of melting ice and water remains at exactly 0° C. until all the ice is melted. Since the solution when cooled to −22° C. is of the exact ratio 23.6 parts of salt to 76.4 parts of water, it follows that the salt and ice deposited as solids at that temperature must also be in the same proportion. It must not be thought that the salt and ice under those conditions form at opposite sides of the vessel holding the solution. On the contrary, they are so intimately mixed that the early experimenters thought they had a definite chemical compound, and called it "cryohydrate." It is, however, only a mechanical mixture of salt grains and ice grains in the eutectic proportions.



POND ICE AFTER SUBJECTION TO HEAVY PRESSURE AT LOW TEMPERATURE IN A METAL CYLINDER

ICE FROM ILLECILLEWAET GLACIER, CANADA

Now consider what happens as the glacier grains form from the small ice pellets of the névé-fields and grow, as they move, to the huge nodules at the glacier ends. In the snow-field regions the temperatures are relatively low; −22° C. is probably not uncommon. Hence the salt content of the snow must exist as a microscopically minute film of solid eutectic mixture around each tiny grain. As the grains, however, grow larger and are buried, ever more deeply, into the glacial mass by the succeeding falls of snow, two things happen. First,

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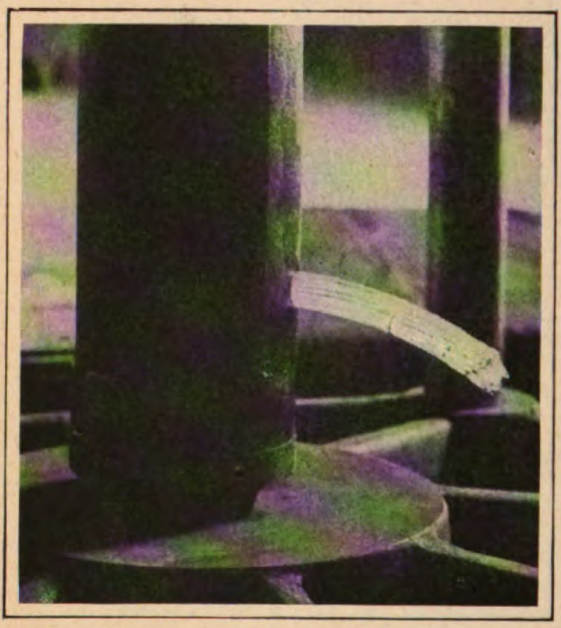
the eutectic film grows thicker because the surface area of the grains is decreasing; second, the temperature is being raised, partly by pressure, and partly because of the fact that everywhere at a short distance below the surface of the earth the temperature tends to remain



ICE ROD FORCED TO FLOW FROM ORIFICE IN THE SIDE OF A STEEL CYLINDER

uniformly at the average air temperature of the year for the whole year. Since not even the polar regions have average yearly temperatures at or below −22° C., it follows that the ice grains in glaciers must shortly be buried to depths where the average temperature is above −22° C. In that case the salt and water content of the mass can no longer remain of the eutectic concentration in solid films around the grains. Since water in excess is available from the ice grains, a minute film of liquid salt solution must form around the grains just as soon as the temperature rises ever so slightly above −22° C.

That brings up directly the question, what is the temperature of the interior of a glacier, a question that has bothered scientists to such an extent that quite a sum of money was spent in boring holes in one of the glaciers of the Alps. It was found that below the immediate surface layers and down to depths of over three hundred feet the ice had throughout the temperature determined by its pressure melting-point for any given depth. It will be remembered that since water expands on freezing into ice, pressure, which tends to reduce its bulk, must lower its melting-point. At three hundred feet depth the pressure of the overlying ice column amounts to about one hundred and twenty pounds to the square inch, enough to reduce the melting-point about eight-hundredths of a degree Centigrade. This is not very much, to be sure, yet unless the temperature of the ice were that much below the atmospheric-pressure freezing-point, it could not exist as ice. How the ice of the body of the glacier comes to attain this equilibrium temperature, and what part the formation of the liquid salt solution around the grains may play in maintaining such an equilibrium, by virtue of the heat that must be supplied to overcome the latent heat of ice in producing such a film, is a complicated matter too long to be brought in here. In passing, though, it should be noted that it is a curious fact that the interior ice should have just this equilibrium temperature, another one of the many surprises packed away in that innocent-looking substance, ice.

It follows from the fact that the temperature of the glacier ice is so near the atmospheric freezing-point of pure water that the ice grains must be surrounded by a film of salt solution of considerable volume. While such a film is possibly not even thick enough to be visible, it must nevertheless play a very important rôle in the mechanics of glacier motion. Concisely, its existence means that a glacier is composed essentially of an aggregate of irregular ice nuggets each lubricated by a film of salt solution. It has been calculated by an eminent glacialist that if the average motion of the average glacier granule, relative to its neighbor, is only one ten-thousandth of its own diameter per day, such movement will suffice to account for a movement of three feet per day in a glacier six miles long. In a glacier of that size the average diameter of the largest glacier grains would probably be not over one-half inch, hence it will be ap-

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preciated that the daily motion of each granule needs be exceedingly slight. From this it can be understood how much the presence of even a microscopic film of lubricating salt solution will facilitate the movement of the ice. Hence we get the concept that the flow of glaciers is different only in degree of liquidity from the flow of a stiff, cement-concrete mixture, an idea certainly about as far removed from plausible preconceptions of this process that have been entertained as anything that could be imagined.

That the development of glacier granules is dependent on pressure, and that the presence of the salt-solution film facilitates the flow of ice, has found a large measure of confirmation in laboratory experiments. Pond ice, incased in a strong copper cylinder and subjected to continuous heavy pressure for a number of hours, without internal movement of the material, and at temperatures a number of degrees below the freezing-point (but not below the eutectic point), developed large crystal units from an originally fine-grained ice, and the outlines of these large crystals were made visible by the characteristic grooves on slow melting, as is shown by the illustration. When ice fragments were put into a strong steel cylinder, with a lateral orifice near the closed bottom, and great pressure applied under conditions of temperature similar to the preceding experiment, the ice flowed steadily and uniformly from the side opening to the extent of sixteen inches in about forty hours. It should be remembered that the cylinder was packed with ice fragments, but the ice rod that emerged was clear, continuous, and unfissured for all its length. This demonstrates quite clearly that ice actually flows and that it does not slide or shear, as some have thought.

It has been assumed in the preceding paragraphs that since salt is present in atmospheric moisture and that as its presence in ice would explain the differential melting between crystals, it must be responsible for the phenomenon. In Switzerland devotees of the sport of curling have developed a practice which, though probably done unwitting of the scientific principles involved, in its purpose and methods quite significantly

"HAMMERED SILVER" ICEBERG WITH CONCAVE HOLLOWS CAUSED BY MELTING IN THE SEA

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confirms such an assumption. In order to secure ice of the firmest quality the rink used in the play is flooded slightly, allowed to freeze, swept, and this process repeated until the requisite thickness of ice is built up of successive thin sheets. It appears that each freezing results in the more or less complete extrusion of the salt content of the water to the surface, whence it is removed by sweeping. Repeated sweepings are, moreover, a feature of the game, so that as time goes on the underlying ice probably becomes more and more pure, consequently does not disintegrate nearly so readily as ordinary ice at the time of a thaw.

Further confirmation of the part that salt plays in ice formation is afforded by the conditions under which a peculiarly beautiful surface develops on icebergs melting under the surface of the sea. A general view of such a surface is shown in the illustration as it appeared on a berg that had been stranded at low tide on the coast of an Alaskan fiord. These bergs have been aptly called "hammered silver" bergs. When sunlight shines on a berg of this kind the effects of reflection and refraction, result in a great variety of colors, in which beautiful shades of blue and green predominate. The concavities are the result of the more rapid melting of the centers of the crystals of ice in sea-water, just the opposite of what occurs when glacial ice melts in the air. Why this difference? The sea-water where numbers of bergs are afloat is kept at essentially the freezing-point, hence the conditions would seem favorable for the development of the grooves between the crystals. Instead of that hollows form in the crystal centers. The best explanation is an application of what is called "the theory of the common ion" by the physical chemists. It amounts to this: If a substance containing some element or chemical combination of elements (called an ion) capable of carrying a charge of either positive or negative electricity is put in a solvent that also contains the same ion, it will not dissolve so readily as it will in a solvent essentially similar except that it does not contain the same ions. Sea-water is salt because it has sodium chloride in solution, and both sodium and chlorine are *ionic* elements. Hence if the interstitial films between the glacier granules contain sodium chloride, applying the theory of the common ion, those areas or lines in the ice should melt or dissolve more slowly in sea-water than the centers of the crystals, which are free of sodium and chlorine, and that seems to be what actually happens. Here, then, is a natural illustration of an abstruse principle that is hardly known outside the chemists' laboratories.

The use of a mixture of ice and salt, as in an ice-cream freezer, to induce temperatures much lower than the freezing-point of water, very nicely demonstrates in a familiar way several of the relations just discussed. The ice used is at the freezing-point temperature. If it were allowed to melt slowly and a sufficient quantity were supplied, it would in melting, reduce the temperature of the surrounding containers and their contents also to the freezing-point of ice, because the eighty units of heat required to change ice to water at the same temperature would need to be supplied from the air or neighboring objects. But this temperature would not be low enough to freeze the ice-cream mixture and the cooling would be a very slow process. When, however, salt is added to the ice, the latter melts very rapidly because the ice and salt cannot exist together as solids above $-22°$ C., the eutectic point. Accordingly, the temperature of the mixture falls to below the freezing-point. The change from the solid to the liquid state of ice requires, in this case also, the supplying of eighty units of heat for each unit of ice melted. But the melting of the ice in contact with the salt takes place much more rapidly than when ice is melting alone. Further, the difference in temperature between the ice-salt solution, on the one hand, and that of the air and the ice-cream mixture, on the other, is much greater; for, while ice melts at 0° C., the ice-salt combination may cause a drop in temperature to $-22°$ C. Hence there is a very rapid flow of heat from the surrounding materials into the ice-salt mixture. As a result of this withdrawal of heat the temperature of the ice-cream mixture falls and it becomes frozen.

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Souvenirs of Letty Loomis

BY EVELYN GILL KLAHR

JUST as you and I learned in our nurseries of Jack the Giant-Killer and Snow White, so little Janie Corton, in the Corton drawing-room, heard of Letty Loomis, her retentive little memory gathering up and preserving every word her elders dropped about her. Some things, of course, she did not understand, and others failed to interest her, but all of them her memory kept—the bad, daring things Letty Loomis said; the bad, daring things she did; the men who went mad about the tripping, twittering little thing. Then there was the husband of Letty Loomis. Janie had never seen him, save through the words of her elders, but always she held the image of him in her mind—silent, dignified, unprotesting.

But the things they said about the child Timmy fascinated her most. Though no older than herself, he went away to school like a big boy.

"To get him out of the way," said Cousin Camilla in the Corton drawing-room one afternoon. "Do you know that half the time she doesn't even let him come home for vacation, though his father adores him!"

In the lack of other child companionship her mind dwelt much upon little Timmy Loomis.

You see, Janie Corton at ten was an in-between child. Her mother had married long before her sisters, so that all the little cousins Janie was to have came very much later. This made those afternoon teas at the Corton home very difficult for the child.

Afternoon tea as a daily function flourished there as it might have done on its native heath in England or upon the Continent. In her early widowhood Janie's mother had formed the habit of not going out, and her kinswomen had formed the habit of dropping in to report to her the outside world. Without fail some one always dropped into the big, high-ceilinged drawing-room for tea, usually one or more of those vivacious, charming kinswomen, too old to be companions for Janie, too young to have children her age.

Janie sat there in her little rocking-chair with her glass of milk and her sand-tart (never a crumb of cake or a drop of milk falling upon her beautifully laundered, fresh, plaid gingham dress; never a hair out of place on her irreproachable little head!), and she listened as hard as her two ears could listen.

They were almost always talking about Letty Loomis.

"My dear," some charmingly vivacious cousin would say to Janie's mother and the other listening women, "it was the indecentest dress I have ever seen! I have ever, ever seen! Just a fraction of an inch lower! And Catherington, you know, he's drunk about her. She was coaxing him for something, I don't know what. I couldn't hear. No one could hear. You know the way she talks to a man, in her soft, twittering way."

"It is disgusting," said Janie's mother. "She really shouldn't be invited anywhere, a woman talked about as much as she."

"But she is talked about on three continents," interposed young Aunt Marietta. "That makes the difference."

The vivacious cousin continued: "And you know that little, tiny ostrich-feather fan of hers; you know it really isn't a fan, it's a part of her—she might as well have been patting his face with her hand instead of the fan."

Then, of course, some one remembered Janie; they always did, reminding one another by the merest turn of an eyelash.

"Janie," said her mother, "will you go up to the secretary in my room, and look through the letters in the upper

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"I WANTED TO HEAR ABOUT LETTY LOOMIS"

drawer on the left-hand side, and find the one post-marked Roanoke? I want to show it to Cousin Camilla."

That excellent child rose promptly, carefully deposited her glass of milk and her half-consumed sand-tart upon a little taboret, and started from the room. But on the threshold a rebellion seized her; she turned and faced them, a bright spot of color flushing each cheek.

"You want to talk some more about Letty Loomis," she indicted them, "and you don't want me to hear." A grieved note choked her little voice. "I'll go, but I wanted to hear about Letty Loomis; I wanted to hear about her, too."

After that they tried to be very careful, but she heard more than they thought, her very eagerness gifting her ears with a new acuteness. Sometimes the very good are like that. Janie Corton spent an irreproachable childhood, but she loved to hear of the naughtiness of others. She was a child who never took two pieces of candy when she was told to take one, and who neatly folded every garment as she took it off at night. But she loved to hear of little girls who tore pages from their spellers and stole marmalade from out the pantry cupboard. She managed to hear, and was greatly thrilled about Letty Loomis and the child Timmy's prayers.

Said Cousin Camilla one afternoon: "She teaches Timmy his prayers! Did you *ever?* Maybe she thinks it cute. I don't know. She was telling about it at the Davises' dinner last night."

Janie's mother interrupted. "Nice people oughtn't to ask her out to dinner."

"I can't help it, my dear," said Cousin Camilla; "they do. She was telling about Timmy's prayers at the Davises' dinner, and she said to the bishop: 'You've got to help me out on this. I

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get all mixed up. Does it go like this: *Give us this day our daily bread; if I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take?*' She acted awfully earnest and as if she had a personal grievance against the bishop because he said it didn't belong in that prayer at all. And then she said, 'If it doesn't come in there, where does it come in?' You know, you couldn't help but laugh; even the bishop laughed."

Janie's mother thought it was dreadful to laugh. And then she remembered Janie, and asked quickly if anybody in the family had grandmother's receipt for hard gingerbread.

Janie was peculiarly thrilled by Timmy's mixed-up prayers, and would have made further inquiries had not her elders always been so difficult when she mentioned Letty.

Then McGriffith came, bringing with him magic and enchantment to the hours of the afternoon tea. McGriffith was a grown-up cousin who had been studying at Heidelberg, a truly wonderful person, but one who seemed glad to sit on the davenport with Janie, and, with a parchesi-board between them, play by the hour with her—playing hard, too, and not just letting her win because she was little. Janie loved him more than any one else in the world. And next to him she loved his mare, Bianca. Nearly always he came riding her, and Janie was allowed to feed her sugar, and apples carefully halved so that Bianca might not absent-mindedly swallow one whole and choke.

How different were those afternoon teas when wonderful Cousin McGriffith came! Indeed, such good friends they became that one day she ventured to inquire of him:

"Did Letty Loomis ever get the prayers right?"

McGriffith gave a gasping glance from one to another of the older relatives. "What does this baby know of Letty Loomis?" he demanded.

"A great deal," said the precocious baby.

MR. GRIFFITH CAME, BRINGING WITH HIM MAGIC AND ENCHANTMENT

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Then, because McGriffith was a cousin and almost the only available male relative, they told him all about it, even about the day when she was sent to look for a letter in the secretary upstairs.

McGriffith was grave. "I don't like this at all," he said. "It would be far better to talk frankly to her about it than to let her overhear scraps and to have all this air of mystery."

"All right," they said to McGriffith; "you tell her."

It was harder than McGriffith anticipated. They were left alone together in the big drawing-room, the tall, slender Heidelberg student, and the good little girl with the wondering eyes. McGriffith had run up against queer things during his years on the Continent, but he had never found anything as hard as this.

The little girl in the beautifully laundered gingham, and with the wonderfully smooth hair, sat and waited.

McGriffith, clearing his throat, began with difficulty. "You see," he said, "Mrs. Loomis is a flirt."

"Oh, I know," said the informed child, easily. "She flirts with Mr. Catherington and every one."

A little nonplussed, McGriffith made another start: "It is very wrong, you know, for a married lady to take presents from other gentlemen; and she shouldn't go out places without her husband."

Little Janie Corton was not in the least interested in this. She interrupted him. "There are some questions I want to ask," she declared.

"Very well," said McGriffith, though he stirred uneasily, "ask your questions."

"When she touches your face with her ostrich-feather fan, do you know it is her fan, or do you think it is her hand, the way Cousin Camilla said?"

"She does not touch *my* face," said McGriffith, a bit testily, "and so I do not know."

Janie announced her second question. "Did the little boy ever get his prayers straightened out?" she asked, earnestly.

Again McGriffith must confess that he did not know.

"His mother got them all mixed up for him," regretfully sighed that excellent child, "but I could have told him which belonged to the *Lord's Prayer* and which to *Now I lay me*, and I could have taught them both to him."

"No doubt you could, no doubt you could," McGriffith assured her; "and now let's go out and give that bad girl Bianca some sugar."

He seemed very glad to end the interview and they never discussed Letty Loomis again. In fact, she saw very little of McGriffith after that. He came to the house less and less frequently, and the Corton afternoon teas without parchesi or McGriffith or Bianca resumed for Janie their former dreariness.

Then one day she caught something young Aunt Marietta said to her mother about Letty Loomis and McGriffith—about neither of them dancing during the entire evening, not even with each other, but sitting together all that time out on the veranda. Immediately, but vaguely, the child connected Letty Loomis with McGriffith's absence from the drawing-room and hated her accordingly.

Another day Cousin Camilla said: "What can one do about it? He won't stop to listen to a word we say. She's turned his brain! She's made him mad!"

Later Janie heard that McGriffith had given Letty Loomis the mare Bianca. It fanned her flaming hate for that evil woman. How could she know so well the things one loved and then take them all away!

They thought she had not heard a word of the talk when Letty Loomis was thrown from Bianca and had the mare shot—Bianca, who had never been touched by a whip and whom she and McGriffith had loved so dearly.

It was very soon after that that McGriffith came for the last time to the Corton house. Janie, looking out of her nursery window that afternoon, saw him coming—on foot now. He looked very white and sad, and she thought he must be grieving for Bianca. With a child's embarrassment before grief, it took her a long time to find courage to go downstairs, and when she did go down, the drawing-room door was closed and she heard her mother's voice, very stern and reproachful.

"It is an evil love," said her mother

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"DON'T WORRY ABOUT MEN AND THE LIVES THEY MUST LEAD"

"and if you were a man you would fight against it instead of trying to find excuses for succumbing."

And then presently a sound that was almost like a sob from a man frightened her back up-stairs to her nursery.

They thought she did not hear a word of what happened to McGriffith, and they wondered why she never inquired about him. They did not know that she had pieced out the whole story from a word dropped here by the servants in the kitchen, and another by some one in the drawing-room, until she had it all. Only she thought until she was quite a big girl that Letty Loomis had had him shot. Nearly fourteen she was when she learned he had shot himself and that they had found one of Letty Loomis's yellow curls next his heart. No one dreamed how the child lay awake night after night writhing in the aching, inconsolable grief of childhood. And when, a year or two after McGriffith's end, she heard that Letty Loomis, too, had died, she prayed that Letty Loomis might never be allowed to set eyes on those other dear dead, Bianca and McGriffith.

A queer, morbid childhood; but when the doors of the Corton house opened at length to introduce Janie Corton to her social world it was no morbid young woman who stepped out of them, but a beautiful, charming, and perfectly normal girl—unless you make exception to her Puritanical hate of sin and sinning women, due to her morbid chidhood.

Men adored her almost reverently. She was the sort of woman a man would like to put in his home and then make a shrine of that home. There was a morning-tub air about her, both physically and morally. Her soft hair was as smooth as the irreproachable head of her childhood, and the linens and organdies which had replaced the immaculate plaid ginghams of her early years were as exquisite as Janie herself.

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From the first, men wanted to marry her, and I think the reason she held back was that even before she would have acknowledged it to herself, she was in love with Timmy Loomis.

That was what every one was doing those days, falling in love with Timmy. He flirted with nice old ladies, paid them outrageous compliments, and saved all his *risqué* remarks for them; he treated the older girls as if they were very young, and the younger girls as if they were very old; and consequently they all adored him, though the older ones wished that his sandy hair and his blue eyes did not remind them so much of Letty Loomis. But he was Letty Loomis's son; no one ever forgot that. She, too, had been superlatively alive; she, too, had been loved much and intensely. There was only this difference: you felt there was something clean and straight about the son which Letty Loomis had never possessed.

But when he became involved in a very outrageous flirtation with the wife of an older man, those who loved him, remembering his heredity, watched uneasily.

No one watched more uneasily than Janie. Even then, as I have said, she was a little in love with him, though she would not have admitted it even to herself. Moreover, there had stayed with her much of that zealous solicitude for the child Timmy and his mixed-up prayers.

She and Timmy were the best friends in the world, playing tennis together, riding together, dancing together. He didn't flirt with her the way he did with every other petticoated creature. Something about Janie's grave-eyed seriousness prevented that.

It was because of their friendship that Janie felt it urgently incumbent upon her to speak to him about this outrageous flirtation with the married woman. It took more courage than you would have dreamed; it took nights of wakefulness in which she steeled herself to the resolve, and other nights of wakefulness in which she reproached herself for the resolve allowed to melt weakly into inaction.

Finally she brought herself to it. Some one had given a dinner and after dinner she and Timmy had gone out into the garden together to look at the stars. After swallowing hard, and then moistening her lips a number of times, she managed to deliver the warning which had been so long in her heart for Letty Loomis's son.

He turned and looked at her, smiling with a sort of tender amusement, the moonlight shining on his sandy hair and revealing to her the blue of his laughing eyes. He leaned over and kissed her on the cheek.

With that grim humor of hers, sprung out of her puritanical rectitude like a flower out of the desert sand, she told herself it was exactly the sort of kiss a saucy youth might give a reprimanding maiden aunt.

"You be a good, sweet thing," he told her, "and don't worry about men and the lives they must lead."

So that was all the good it did—all her nights of wakefulness, all her steeling herself to action, all her agony of speaking; the son of Letty Loomis only laughed.

Very soon, however, her object was accomplished through another agent than herself; an opportunity came to him to go to Mexico on an absorbing semi-official commission. His zest for this seemed somehow automatically to end his flirtation; the intenser interest replaced the lesser one. The married lady returned to the bosom of her husband and was forgiven. Timmy even forgot to say good-by to her. But he came to say good-by to Janie Corton.

The night before he started he burst into the Corton home in his buoyant way. He had gay greetings for Janie's mother and the two cousins who were in the big, old drawing-room with her, and then he stood waiting in his outrageous fashion for them to withdraw themselves. He did not even want to wait until they could do it decently with plausible excuses for leaving.

He had a package in his hand which he did not put down for an instant.

"Too bad," he said, happily, when they had finally found those excuses for withdrawing themselves — "*too bad* you've got to go. Good-by, if I don't see you again."

"Be good," he said to one cousin.

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"Don't get any prettier," he said to the other cousin; "you're dangerous as it is." He was tender with Janie's mother. "Good-by, dear," he said, and kissed her on the cheek.

He was eager to get them all out of the room.

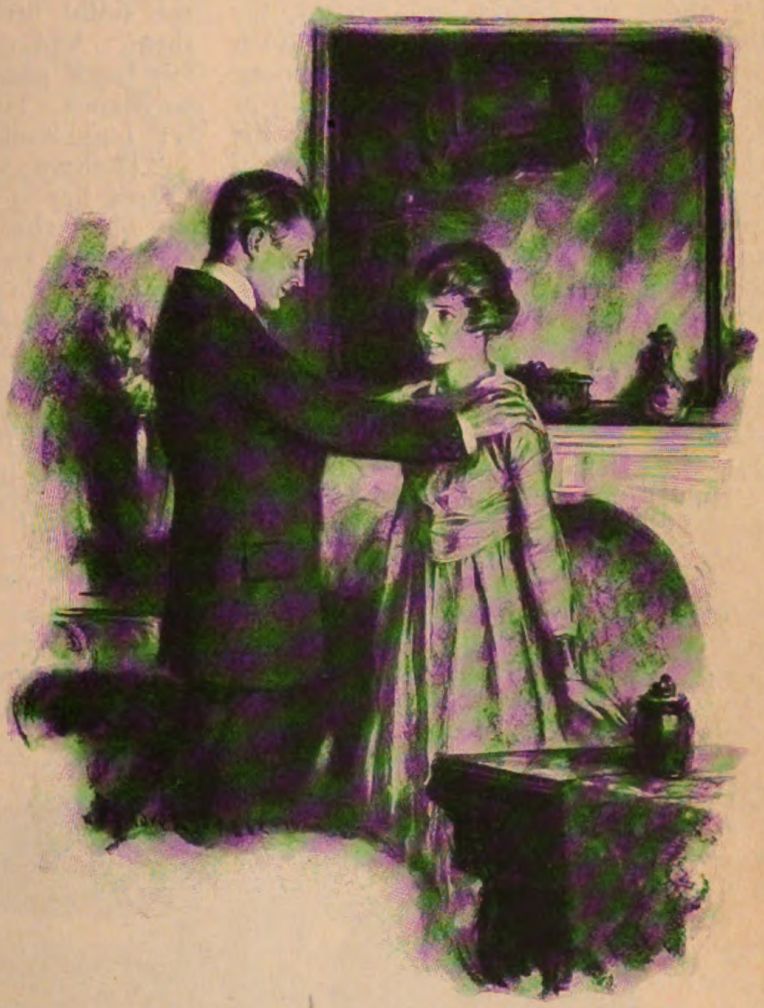
Then, when he had Janie alone, he became grave—a rare thing, gravity, for Timmy Loomis. He put a hand on each of her shoulders and stood looking down into her face, his blue eyes dark with their unaccustomed thoughtfulness. "You're a good little girl," he said at length, "an awfully good little girl." Then, after a moment, "My mother would have liked you."

That was an electric shock to Janie. It seemed to her that at his words the flesh of her shoulders went creepy under his hands. She was thankful that he could not notice it.

He drew her down on the davenport beside him. "I am going to ask a terrific favor of you," he told her, "and it's because you are so sweet and good, as well as my best friend." He fingered the parcel in his hand. "And I'll tell you one thing," he said, "there isn't any one else I'd be willing to have do it for me." Then, undoing the parcel, he explained, "You can't go lugging a woman's things about the world with you, going into blood-shedding countries and all that."

The opened parcel lay in Janie's lap. The first thing in it was Letty Loomis's little old ostrich fan. Involuntarily Janie's fingers recoiled as she touched it; it was too soft, too much like something alive. She was immensely grateful that Timmy had not seen her fingers.

He was busy opening the catch of the gold miniature-case. "There!" he exclaimed, holding it so that Janie could look with him at the little face within. There was affectionate admiration in his eyes and in his voice. He took Janie's grave beauty for granted, but he must needs exclaim over the piquant prettiness of his mother. "She *is* pretty, isn't she?" he said, enthusiastically. "Cute little trick," he went on. "Never was anything but a little girl, was she? —an adorable, spoiled little girl."



A HAND ON EACH OF HER SHOULDERS, HE LOOKED INTO HER FACE

The pretty, bad little face looked up at them, looked brazenly into the gray, good eyes of Janie Corton.

Under the glass in the other half of

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the case was one of Letty Loomis's yellow curls. McGriffith had had just such another.

"You can see," said Timmy, "that it really was just as yellow as that. I think she used to give them for souvenirs to the people who loved her. I remember her clipping off the tip of one for my father once when he was going on a long trip. I am glad I remember a lot about my father and mother, for they both died when I was pretty much of an infant—along about ten or eleven years." He took the ostrich fan out of Janie's hands and put it against his cheek. "This seems almost a part of her," he said, reverently. "I can't seem to remember her without it—patting people's faces with it, poking me under the chin to make me giggle, punctuating her sentences with it against the face of any one who happened to be near—old Catherington and your cousin McGriffith, I remember. They were old friends of the family and were there a lot."

Thought Janie, awed, half frightened, "Why, he knows everything—and yet he knows nothing!"

"Poor old McGriffith!" continued Timmy. "Didn't something awful happen to him—kill himself or something? Melancholia, wasn't it?"

Janie could not answer.

There was little else in the package save the gloves—tiny, yellowing, kid gloves, even yet retaining the lines of the sinful little hands that had worn them. And then there was a more or less faded photograph of Letty Loomis on Bianca. Timmy regarded this gravely; Janie could scarcely glance at it.

"That was a bad mare," said Timmy; "threw her or something. Had to shoot it. My father didn't want her to have the mare in the first place," he went on, "but the little scamp had her own way—she always did. She wheedled it from some one—I don't know; Catherington maybe. He was a great friend of the family. She could have wheedled the dome off St. Peter's." Then he added, with adoring indulgence, "She ought to have had her little pink fingers smacked.

IT WAS A PLEDGE, A DEDICATION OF HIS LIFE

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That's what she needed." And then he added further, "You couldn't think of any one more adorable."

And Janie, thinking how the child Timmy was kept at boarding-school by this adorable creature, even during vacations, to have him out of the way, thinking of McGriffith, thinking of Bianca, could say nothing at all.

His farewell was at once to her and to those souvenirs.

When she went to bed that night, Janie took them up-stairs with her.

Every woman is ready to do hard things for the man she loves, but few of them, thank God, are asked to do anything as hard as was Janie Corton—to cherish the souvenirs of a Letty Loomis. She stuffed them into the bottom drawer of her chiffonnier, eager to get them out of her sight; but the bottom drawer stuck, persisted in remaining open a crack, as if those souvenirs were not so ready to be banished from the world. Janie Corton opened the bureau drawer again, and this time she pushed it to almost vehemently. And this time they were shut tightly in, not even the crack of a chiffonnier drawer for access to the world, the world that held herself and Timmy. But ever after, whenever she was in the room, no matter what she was thinking, no matter what she was doing, she was always aware of that one drawer and its contents. It was the feeling you have of some one looking at you when your back is turned. One night she dreamed of them, the little ostrich fan and all; and McGriffith and Bianca were mixed up in her dreams. So vivid was it that all the next day she could not get away from the very sensation of feeling Bianca's satin neck, nor the thought of that thin, white-faced Heidelberg student.

It was very soon after that that she heard about Timmy. It was at the Country Club, and she was drinking iced tea on the veranda when suddenly her hand on her glass was paralyzed, for she heard Timmy Loomis's name. Some one was telling how he had become involved in an affair with the wife of an important Mexican official. She was a woman of over thirty, mother of a half-dozen, fascinating in a fleshly, sensuous way. All the following day Janie kept hearing about it—a rumor here and a rumor there, a mere word here and a mere word there, enough when taken together to make one's heart break. It was quite obviously a much more serious matter than his outrageous flirtation here at home. That, after all, was nothing but a flirtation; but this was different; this involved the home of those dark-skinned, well-born Mexican children.

Night after night Janie lay awake thinking about it. Curiously enough, she didn't blame Timmy at all, nor the Mexican enchantress, but only Letty Loomis, who had been wicked enough, it seemed, to pass on to Timmy a little of herself. She thought with a helpless, hating bitterness of her whose corrupt little hands had taken away one by one the dear things she had loved—McGriffith, Bianca, and now Timmy.

She had no inclination to write Timmy to bring him to his senses. I think by this time she knew she was in love with him, and for that reason could not do it. Moreover, she had a fatalistic sense that the son of Letty Loomis would laugh at her efforts as he had laughed once before. All she could do was to listen to the rumors and lie awake at night and hate Letty Loomis. Even had she tried she could not have gotten him out of her mind, for everywhere she went they were talking about him.

Said one on the Country Club veranda: "Without question our blond friend will go and wreck that dark-haired ménage. But what in the world is he going to do with it afterward? I shouldn't think she would be any good for Country Club dances and Christmas dinners and all the things one really does."

Said some one else: "He'll chuck her and her youngsters soon after he gets her. What else can he do?"

Then the first speaker said: "Not Timmy Loomis. He isn't his mother, you know. If once he breaks up that other home, he'll stick to her—and die in the end of heartbreak."

The little ostrich fan of Letty Loomis and her curls and her little, yellowing gloves! Sometimes it seemed to Janie if only she could burn them all, and get out of the world the last vestige of Letty

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Loomis, the evil of her, too, might be gone.

The thing that put an end to all these dreary thoughts was the arrival of Timmy himself—the amazing, incredible, heart-stopping arrival of Timmy. He simply stepped out of infinite space into the Corton drawing-room one night, the Corton's old butler, blinking his eyes with amazement, standing back to let him pass.

Janie, it happened, was in the drawing-room alone. She was too amazed, too startled, for the moment, to greet him. Nor did he greet her. He simply stood there in front of her, looking down at her.

His face looked a little thinner, and there were lines about his mouth. From the first moment of his arrival Janie felt that he was subdued; he seemed no longer intoxicated with life. Life itself had sobered him. But, looking into his eyes, there was something else that Janie saw; she did not need to be told that he had come back to her—come back for all time and until the end of time. A dizzy happiness seized her. It seemed to stop the working of her brain; she couldn't think at all, not even to speculate as to what had brought him back to her.

Somehow they got through formal greetings, and then Timmy went straight to the point. "Will you get me those things?" he said. "You know, those things I gave you to keep?"

When she brought to him those souvenirs of Letty Loomis he drew her down on the davenport beside him as he had done before. As he opened the parcel the lines about his mouth deepened with intense emotion. He looked in silence at them, those trophies of a life of sin.

Then he turned to Janie. "Of course," he said, "you *know*. From a letter I got from some one I gather that every one knows. The climate gets in your blood, makes you mad. The thing that brought me to my senses was dreaming one night about *her*. Then I couldn't get her out of my mind. I found myself thinking about her—all the time thinking about her," Timmy was saying—"and of that little head of curls—feeling her chuck me under the chin with that little fan.

"You never knew this," he went on, "because I never told you, how that little thing tried to teach me my prayers and got them so balled up that to this day I couldn't straighten them out to save me."

For a moment he was lost in his memories. Then he came out of them to say to Janie: "Thinking of her sickened me of the whole business—the mess, I mean, that I had almost gotten into—made me homesick for things that were fine and clean, especially for you. I almost died to see you, Janie." He stopped to drink in the sight of her with his eyes. "I threw up my job," he continued, "and I got up here as soon as I could. I couldn't wait to see you, Janie."

Their hands found each other.

Then he drew her sleeve back to kiss the white young arm. "It's sort of like this," he breathed, "she and you and I together for all things straight and decent."

It was a pledge, a dedication of his life.

But, even with the strong arms of the man she loved about her, Janie must think of it with her grim humor—Letty Loomis her co-partner for righteousness!

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Provincialism in American Life

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

WHEN Richard Henry Dana said to his associate who had read "Thanatopsis" to the little group of editors of *The North American Review*, "Phillips, you have been imposed upon; no one on this side the Atlantic is capable of writing such verses," there was solid ground for editorial skepticism. The *Review* was only three years old. American literature had not been born. There had been some prelusive notes, but "Thanatopsis" was the first full song. The *Review* had been born of faith, not of sight, and when the editors heard the verses by the young son of a country doctor in a hill town in western Massachusetts they did not fail to recognize the unusual quality of the work; but they could hardly have been expected to realize that they were present at the birth of American literature. Fifteen years later, in the Phi Beta Kappa address at Cambridge, Emerson predicted the coming of an hour of liberation which had already arrived: "the sluggard intellect of this continent" was already looking from under its iron lids and meeting "the postponed expectation of the world with something better than the exertions of mechanical skill."

Political independence had not been easily won, and intellectual liberation was still more difficult of achievement. It is easier to break away from a political order than to escape influences that have given color and direction to the mind of a race for generations. It is one thing to pull down fences and quite another to change the atmosphere. The men and women who had ventured "the hazard of new fortunes" in the New World had not only put the sea between them and their ancestral conditions, but they had, for the most part, very small interest in the literature which would have nourished their love of beauty and kept their feeling for the literary expression of life keen and fresh. There were men and women of liberal education in every colony; but they were few in number, and of this small minority, fewer still cared for literature. The small collections of books which educated colonists in New England had brought with them were largely made up of theological discussions and meditations on religious experience. The taste of the little group of cultivated people in the Virginia settlements was more liberal and took some account of the Greek and Latin classics and, later, of the standard English writers of the eighteenth century; but even in easy-going Virginia, with its love of out-of-door life, Calvin's *Institutes* and the *Practice of Piety* found places beside Horace and Ovid. So far as known, there was no copy of Shakespeare's plays in New England at the close of the seventeenth century; and during that century, if silence means ignorance, no writer in the colonies had ever heard of Shakespeare.

A century later there were pamphleteers and political writers who knew how to write clear and forceful English. Jonathan Edwards interpreted a stern doctrine with the imaginative fire and power that made it terrifying, and John Woolman was the prophet of "stillness" on what was to become the noisiest continent in the world; but all these writers were special pleaders who laid on the English language the burden of their convictions instead of making it the vehicle of meditation, wisdom of life, and imagination.

Church-going and land-owning were the chief interests of the majority of the colonists until differences of opinion with Great Britain about economics and political administration brought in the field an interest of a highly exciting and explosive nature. This interest gradually defined itself as an issue large enough to take possession of the stage and give the

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scattered communities along the Atlantic seaboard something to think about so vital and so unifying that, if a man of genius had been present, he might have predicted the birth of literature as one result of the stirring of the sluggish backwaters of the New World. The imagination did not respond immediately to the appeal of Revolutionary traditions of courage, sacrifice, and pictorial incident; but what may be called the units of consciousness were greatly enlarged, and men began to think of themselves in terms of sectionalism rather than of provincialism; and there were a few daring minds who foresaw the coming of a nation.

Provincialism is a state of mind rather than a geographical condition, and much of the literature which has the widest significance and the richest meaning for the largest number of people came from men of intense local feeling and narrow local experience. The men who wrote it lived in villages or small cities, but they were not village-minded; what they lacked in breadth of experience they made up in depth of insight. If a writer goes deep enough he strikes into the soil in which all formative ideas have their roots. Madam Horr said shrewdly that Thoreau always spoke as if Nature had been born and brought up in Concord. It was a keen criticism, but Thoreau unconsciously parried it by his remark to the friend who loaned him Kane's *Arctic Voyage*, that he had seen in the neighborhood of Concord most of the phenomena reported by the explorer.

Mr. Nicholson has expressed the opinion that the complacency of the provincial mind is due less to stupidity and ignorance than to the fact that every American county is, in a sense, complete; it has its village church for religion, its school-house for education and intellectual outlook, its court-house and town hall for the expression of public order and freedom. All these institutions or their equivalents the colonists had; if the town hall was lacking, the town-meeting, which was the soul of it, was in full vigor. The various types of citizen whom the nation of the future was to know so well were familiar when debates ran high on village roads and schools and, above all, on taxes.

In every town-meeting in New England the "embattled farmers" stood on their rights as firmly and with as much individuality of courage as, later, they faced the British regulars at Lexington. The variety of character which, after the Civil War, was to furnish fiction with an almost inexhaustible wealth of contrasting types of men and women, bred under different physical and social conditions, was already showing itself at a time when fiction existed only in its rudimentary forms. The distance which separated the colonists from long-established social customs, the absence of public opinion from communities too far apart to hold opinions in common, the frontier conditions on the westward line of all the colonies, the rough school which taught alertness in meeting sudden emergencies and self-dependence over great stretches of lonely country where a man's life depended on his ability to take care of himself without the aid of the police or of neighbors, developed individuality in excess of normal social instincts, and bred those detached men and women whom we call "cranks."

Some one has said that a fanatic always acts as Providence would act if He were as well informed. Each section had its own type of "crank," who interpreted the local temperament and habit of life in radical terms; for the "crank" often carries the finest traits of his neighborhood to extremes. The Southern "crank" is to be found at the country store and on the green in front of the church; his oddities do not modify the social instincts which are strong among his neighbors. The New England "crank," on the other hand, is a recluse; the strong individuality of his section, developed to excess in him, makes him anti-social. In the old days hermits were almost as common in New England as they were in Egypt in the third century. These hermits were the victims of wills that had broken away from intelligence and set up for themselves. Mrs. Freeman has given us lifelike studies of this type. In the Far West, the extreme individualism of a society not yet fully organized carried the cowboy and miner so far that he became a picturesque but often homicidal figure.

The provincialism of the colonists was

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not due to stupidity; the historian of the future, who will be indifferent to the self-appraisements of this generation but will take account of its ideas and deeds, will probably hold that the colonists were not a whit more stupid than their descendants of the twentieth century. In a sense, they were more ignorant than Americans of to-day because books were few, there were fewer newspapers in the colonies, and travel was full of hardship and peril and beyond the reach of all but the well-to-do on account of its expense. The drifting apart of the English peoples on the two sides of the ocean was hastened by misunderstandings that would not have arisen in an age of steam and cables. And ignorance of other standards of manners and morals played into the hands of provincialism; some of it very stupid, some of it very amusing.

There were many villages and towns, North and South, which carried their heads high. They thought well of themselves, and with good reason; the trouble was that they did not think well of other communities. This kind of self-esteem is delightfully illustrated by a story of a resident of old Litchfield, which had good reason to think highly of itself. One of its beautiful girls married a man who, after a brilliant career as a lawyer, was sent to London as American Minister. An American returning from England, at a time when to have been in Europe was something of an achievement, said to an old gentleman from Litchfield that the wife of the American Minister was regarded as the most beautiful woman at the Court of St. James.

"Sir," said the old man, "she was regarded as beautiful even on Litchfield Hill."

This anecdote of dignified provincialism in the second decade of the last century is matched by the cruder provincialism of a lonely stretch of country in one of the vast new states of the farthest West. A man riding across country stopped at a solitary shack in the wide landscape and asked the woman at the door for a glass of water. It was brought with the prompt hospitality of the section, and when thanks had been given the woman said:

"Stranger, where might you be from?"

"From New York," was the reply.

"My!" was the characteristic comment, "how can you live so far from folks?"

Provincialism is fostered by American conditions, but flourishes in every country in the world. The Yorkshireman has his own opinion of the Cornishman, and, under provocation, expresses it with truculent energy. The London cockney, living in the biggest city in the world but rarely getting beyond the sound of Bow Bells, is more deeply submerged in unconscious ignorance than either of them. The Norman, accustomed to a sharper climate, looks upon his compatriot from the Midi as a good deal of a braggart. The hardy peasants who till the plains of Lombardy hold the Neapolitan and Sicilian in slight regard. The Pekinese speaks a dialect so different from that of the Cantonese that, although foreigners cannot tell them apart, they cannot understand each other; and to the ears of the dweller in Nagasaki, the man from Hokkaido speaks with a burr as pronounced as that with which the man from Glengarry affrights the air of cosmopolitan London; and the American who speaks the language of the Scotch and the English understands neither the Highlander nor the cockney.

And this is as it ought to be, if we are not to lose those contrasts which challenge the imagination by suggestions of those differences of temperaments which are the richest stuff of art. The impassive Chinese who plays the game of life and death with such superb coolness in Mr. Colcord's striking story, the spirited Latin-American, with rococo manners, in Mr. Janvier's joyous studies of the Bohemia south of Washington Square in New York, Mr. Hagadorn's clear-minded and straight-seeing American from the Rocky Mountains changing the air in a torpid German parsonage, are so many pages in the picture-book of life the leaves of which are for the joy of the nations.

When an artist is genuine enough to sketch a local character in his "habit as he lives," he adds to the interest of life; but he must keep his "painter nonsense" —to quote an American of many millions—out of the way. The peasant is least provincial when he is shown as he looks in the field; the dullness of pro-

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vincialism blights him as soon as he is "arranged" or "composed." It has taken no small courage on the part of the artists to accept life as they find it. The tyro always wants to look ahead over the golf-course along which he hopes to send his ball. His instructor, having made sure that he is standing in the right position, cries to him again and again, "Keep your eye on the ball." To the ambitious learner of a game which is so often chiefly an exercise of hope, this direction seems shockingly inadequate. The course is so long, the obstacles in the way of approach are so many, that it seems absurd to fasten the eye on the point of departure instead of on the distant goal, but it is the crux of the game. If the position is right, hitting the ball is all the rest of the game.

When Edward Eggleston was publishing *Roxy* serially and delighting the wise with a new type of Americans, there were people about him who were shocked by the rustic air of these new-comers in fiction; they were so accustomed to conventional "ladies" and "gentlemen" in novels that they did not recognize vital persons, true to nature and to type, when they appeared. The novelist was asked more than once when he was going to introduce some "folks." This recalls the Gloucester skipper who found *Captains Courageous* uninteresting because "we do that sort of thing every day." His idea of a real sea story was a tale of a pirate in the Chinese seas, or the rush of the *Oregon* around South America. The distance that lends enchantment really balks the imagination as a mechanical toy robs a child of the chance of using his own invention, which is the great fun in the world.

The provincial who lives in the city is rebuffed by rusticity which he mistakes for vulgarity, while the provincial who lives in the country expects to travel when he opens a novel, and feels defrauded if he finds himself among his neighbors. Provincialism is a form of snobbishness, often perfectly innocent because completely ignorant. It becomes vulgar when it pays attention to the accidents of condition and ignores those essential qualities which interpret the peasant to Cæsar and humanize Cæsar for the peasant. When the man in the provinces is recognizable by his clothes alone he counts no more than the average man in the metropolis; we must know him in the color of his thoughts, the impress of his personality, if he is to have human significance. Our sympathies are usually with the rustic, but he is often as devoid of individuality as the average man in evening dress. In a word, provincialism is a state of mind, not a matter of locality or clothes. The imperviousness of the untraveled rustic differs in form but not in density from that of some of the habitués of the boulevards for whom nothing exists outside of Paris.

It sometimes seems as if provincialism throve more lustily in democratic than in aristocratic communities; but this is due chiefly to the passion for expression in those who feel the impulse of the liberated energy of the human spirit. In older communities men have little inclination to speak, as a rule, unless they have had some training for expression; in this country, on the other hand, talking is the inalienable right of the free-born American. He may speak out of a dense ignorance of the subject, but in his opinion and practice speaking is not an art which one must learn, but a public duty, to which one is born.

Men and women of provincial mind and spirit are not more numerous in America than elsewhere; they are more articulate. They are without reverence for conventional standards, and some of them are devoid of intellectual modesty. The free air of the country does not multiply them; it makes them talkative. The Congressman who spoke awhile ago about the pigtails of the Japanese was not a local product of American institutions; American conditions did not create him—they gave him a chance to go to Congress.

One may find as many types of provincialism in this country as there are geographical sections; but, in the long run, democratic conditions are likely to work against provincialism. Ideas move freely in a community in which education is a fetish but not a cult; and culture, often counterfeited and laid with a coarse brush on a hard surface, calls to its pursuit a little company of quiet disciples in every locality. The news-

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papers, as a whole, do not aid the process of bringing local standards to judgment; they rather retard it by appeals to local pride and celebrations of local achievement; and the cheaper sort of fiction assiduously exploits local dialect as a kind of primitive speech spoken by the autochthones before intercourse with cities has corrupted the springs of living English. Nevertheless, in the vast neighborhood which the continent has become, very few facts remain secret and no truth can be kept esoteric.

The tendency is rather toward an easy and voluble cosmopolitanism in which everything distinctively American is dissolved and disappears. The man who "knows nothing about art but knows what he likes" is a more interesting human being than the man who knows so many things about art that he has no opinions left. The accessibility of the pagan altars to many who have known only the bare and rigid worship of purely individualistic forms of religion, the translations of abstruse philosophy in words of one syllable, the readiness with which the biographical facts about art and literature can be secured, the rapidity with which the surface of the globe may be traversed, have submerged many mentally ambitious Americans in a diluted eclecticism which has neither local habitation nor name, but is a faint exhalation of many alien experiences in the art of living. The narrowest kind of provincialism has more human interest than this pallid and rootless eclecticism. One is reminded, by way of crude illustration of this kind of "culture," of a conversation overheard on the Ponte Vecchio in Florence. Two women met on the old bridge and one asked the other, "Is this Florence or Venice?" "What day of the week is it?" was the response. "It's Wednesday." "Then it's Venice!" This brief interchange of information was not so unimportant as it seems; in the condition of mind which it revealed it was of no consequence in what city the speakers happened to be. They were entirely detached from times and places; they had arrived at that mental miscellaneousness which is the Nirvana of both knowledge and thought.

This is, however, a passing phase of prosperous America; the irresponsibility of the year of wandering has great charm, but a deeply rooted instinct sooner or later turns the wanderer homeward. We shall not cease to travel, but some day we shall "settle down" and live at home. We shall know that our little field is part of the world landscape, and we shall enjoy the liberty of the great horizon, but we shall understand that our business in life is to work our own field.

Moreover, we have a landscape of liberating range and variety close at hand. Mere bigness does not count in the spiritual life of a people, but scale does count immensely. There are vast sections of the earth which are mere extensions of surface, lacking entirely what the artists call composition. Such landscapes are favorable to the organization of the cruder forces of society, political or military; but they have not bred spirited races, opulent in creative energy.

Americans have a vast estate, and their speech has sometimes betrayed their consciousness of recently acquired opulence; but the country is not only big in size, it is great in scale. The continent is a vast landscape molded on impressive lines. Bryant was the first American poet to feel the inspiration of the colossal scale of the American landscape; Emerson, the finest product of the individualism which counts the world as dross weighed against the soul, was the most radical American who has so far appeared. He was so absorbed in the spiritual welfare of the country that the continent was impressive to him chiefly as furnishing land and tools for its tenants. Whitman's imagination was deepened and liberated by the scale of the landscape, but he too was absorbed, though in a different way, by the spirit and practice of democratic comradeship. He is provincial not in the sense of local limitation, but in his view of democracy as a level plane without gradation of spiritual achievement.

If the continent is seen in elevation its composition is very impressive, and the social and industrial adjustment to physical conditions is striking. In the level seaboard from Maine to Florida the older communities are surrounded by arable fields cultivated on a small scale. The mountain ranges which form

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the background of this stretch of territory challenged the courage and energy of the colonists and by this appeal sent hardy and adventurous spirits to develop the thousand miles of fertility which the Mississippi River opens to the world. The western boundaries of the prairies merge into the higher altitudes of the plains, and the plains ascend to the foot-hills of the far-western mountains that traverse the continent from north to south.

A great frame often emphasizes the insignificance of a picture, but the scale on which a continent is constructed is so much a factor in the environment of Americans that it is a dominating element in their development. Its effect on the imagination is already apparent in American humor and poetry; it explains the "tall talk" which foreigners with a sense of humor have found amusing or which those of a literal turn of mind—and there have been many of them—have found offensive. This inflated speech has already become a perishing dialect pressed into the service of political orators with constituencies remote from the "main-traveled roads"; it was the first response of the untrained imagination of the country to the appeal of the scale of the American landscape.

That landscape can never be realistically painted, and much canvas has been wasted in the futile attempt to reproduce it as it looks in its panoramic vastness without any "painter's nonsense." The "painter's nonsense" marks the secondary stage of acquaintance with the landscape, and the discovery that, while it cannot be rendered to the eye, it can be suggested to the imagination. The Grand Cañon is beyond the brush of the most powerful hand, but it is within the reach of the imagination: by selection, restraint, and suggestion, the impressing vastness of it may be transposed into a mystery of depth and darkness, a mystery of light and color, which make it companionable.

Much of the prose and verse of the Far West is important, not because it succeeds in conveying the feeling and atmosphere of those vast landscapes, but because it reveals the overpowering and unescapable consciousness of the scale on which the landscapes are molded. To convey the sentiment of that colossal scenery will be the achievement of an art not yet within our reach; but the acquaintance with nature which is being born of the consciousness that great things are about us and must be understood and expressed will drive us to art, and art is one of the most powerful correctives of provincialism. Provincialism is a form of literalism which cannot survive the inevitable detachment of the essential from the accidental which art effects.

Nor is provincialism of the crude kind likely to survive the "touching of elbows" which is making the continent what Mr. Zangwill has called a melting-pot of races. The hill towns of Massachusetts have been taken by the French; Buffalo has enough citizens of Slavic descent to form a Slav city if these excellent people chose to set up for themselves; the Northwest is on intimate terms with Norway and Sweden; the streets of New York are placarded with unfamiliar names; and the Pacific coast listens for the approach of an imaginary avalanche from Asia.

Local racial peculiarities are not likely to survive this close contact between races; and this coming together of the ends of the earth will not only destroy the conditions in which are fostered narrow localism of feeling and a literal translation of the word "neighbor," but will presently make the world aware that the brotherhood of races is already established in a large section of the globe. Many things will happen as this tremendous experiment of co-operative race-living is worked out.

This country is not a projection of any other country; it has a mind of its own which may be as mistaken as some of our foreign-born friends think, but which has its own atmosphere, its own point of view, and its own very definite convictions. That mind will have its limitations, but, in the long run, the provincialism that is fostered by ignorance is not likely to survive; our danger lies in another direction.

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The Senator's Son

BY KATHERINE G. BUSBEY

THE Senator knew his wife's knock from that of his secretary—it was a shade more timorous; and suppressing a curt, "Come in!" he went to the door, but his response was without spontaneity. He moved across the room with a heaviness of step remarkable in so slender a man, and his hand lingered on the knob.

Despite the French crêpe mourning costume outlining her figure with the rigor of the prevailing mode, his wife's massiveness gave the Senator's meager frame a shriveled look. Yet above the deeply bordered handkerchief she pressed against her lips, the eyes that had been sparkling in girlhood, held spiritless submission in their dull depths; the brownish puckers beneath them twitched as she spoke.

"Ray's pictures—those copies to help on the portrait—will you choose the best expression? I can't," she quavered, her heavy arm which extended the packet shaking until the wrappings crackled sharply.

For a moment the Senator's long, fleshless fingers tightened on the knob, then he invited her in and laid the packet gently on the table. She sank into the chair he placed, swaying toward him as he stood beside her. She leaned heavily, grasping his coat.

"It doesn't get any better! It doesn't get any better!" she sobbed. "You tell me what he has written will live, but what do I care? I want my boy! I want my boy!" Her usually limp voice rose in defiant hysteria, and, although the Senator's hand dropped to her hair in nervous caress, she looked up half frightened at her own outburst. In these days of grieving she reverted at times to the indulged petulance of their early married life. Grief had seemed to revive her privilege, yet somehow it was awe-checked. She raised her head plaintively with the expression of a bewildered child.

"We must think of Charlotte." The Senator's voice was neither kind nor unkind, a voice that suspended judgment, or rather awaited developments.

"Charlotte, indeed!" Spirit again flickered in his wife's speech.

"She was his wife," he reminded her.

"I am his mother!" she accused. "Charlotte never understood Ray—you know that. You understood him better than any one on earth, but he was all genius to you. Oh, Leighton, you know only mental grief, but I—my heart—it pulls so!" And she threw herself back in the chair, her hand pressed to her side.

A sedate Colonial clock in a far corner of the library boomed musically, and she waited until the last noon stroke had died.

"Such a beautiful baby he was"—she slipped easily into reminiscence, a hint of the stored tenderness of those baby days in her tone—"with a complexion when he was only two days old, you remember. Such a good boy, too. Such a perfect life—I used to be so proud to compare him—" She had become quite calm, the hand against her bosom alone registering emotion as it fluttered with her short breath, but suddenly she pulled herself forward in the chair and sat up straight as a candle.

"Leighton, I want to know the truth," she whispered piercingly. "It was an accident, wasn't it? Our boy never—" then her eyes met her husband's. He had turned to her in quickening surprise, but with his rather flaccid eyelids lifted from large, nervous pupils he looked straight at her; and out of that straight look he spoke, carefully subduing any too great argumentative purpose in his reply.

"Pure accident. You know he was accustomed to going out alone when he

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was wakeful at night—and being on the water was always particularly soothing." The Senator might have been repeating an article of faith. "Ray either slipped in taking his boat or the end of the pier came before he expected it—you know how swift the tide runs out around the Point—and he couldn't swim very well." . . . The words ceased, melted into a mournful silence, and there came the look of a moan in the Senator's face. But his wife's glance wandered and she relaxed, sighing almost placidly.

"Well, you remember that poem he wrote when he was only ten—the one everybody said showed such wonderful comprehension—it had some lines on suicide—in other words—you remember. And, of course, I think of everything now—"

The sob which would have heralded fresh weeping she stifled as she caught sight of her husband's reflection in the mirror above the fireplace.

"Why, Leighton, you're sick!" she exclaimed, slipping to her feet.

"No, I'm quite all right." The Senator came purposefully out of his absorption. "But I must be getting up to the Capitol, and I would like to go over these—" He merely tapped the package which she had brought and did not add "alone," but his wife understood. With rather elaborate manner, but something of the formality of a stranger, he ushered her out.

When he was alone the Senator turned back to where the massive table stood, with dark gleams on its flat surfaces like a somber and polished sarcophagus. He walked to it a trifle unsteadily; one hand dropped to the packet there, the other at his side closed and opened again and again. The rims of his eyes burned red; the eyes were full of tears—of tears that would not fall; there seemed a weariness in every bone. His thin throat swelled and damp came out on his forehead; his whole body quivered with pain. Then he closed his eyes and drew a long breath.

"And now what high purpose has been served by letting a life in its prime go out into darkness?" The words, uttered lower than a whisper, and yet not a whisper, seemed to dilate to the limit of the room. "Why should such a life have been sacrificed, to leave nothing—but sorrow? Such a ruthless, wasteful thing to take *him* with all his stuff for human greatness. Is he any better off? Does he know any more? Is he happier?" The voice, beginning in acrid cynicism, in dry bitterness, gradually took pathetic inflections which seemed to be independent of his will and now trailed off into a heartbroken tone. Suddenly he put out his arms as if after a retreating figure, but at once dropped them emptily.

"Oh, the horror!" It broke out chokingly against a life-long determination for self-control, a note suppressed. His lips still moved, forming words, but no sound came.

Then he abruptly drew his wiry frame together, shrugging himself more snugly against the trig lines of his well-cut coat, threw out his hands in the gesture he used in tossing his opponents' arguments aside, and with face set in the unemotional mask the public knew so well, he untied the package and spread before him the portraits of his son. He sat down to the task.

When Leighton Stanton had appeared in the Senate that fall, gone startlingly white of face and head, his small figure, with its banded left sleeve, and shoulders sloping as a woman's, now slightly bowed, had made instant appeal. All his former victories were palliated in the eyes of his colleagues, and those who had before looked upon him merely as the mysterious box that held all legislative tricks, felt sudden pity as they looked across the chamber at his desk. Men who had sons of their own went to him with gruff words of sympathy, men who had lost their own boys and knew what to say stretched out an understanding hand, but the austere little man looked on, somber and silent, seeming even to find a harsh relish of irony in their unusual advances, and they were glad to get away from him as from a cold room. He came to carry his head as though he were proud of his sorrow, and no one had ever penetrated the high walls of repression packed around his heart.

No one knew that, after the first days

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when dead despair came burdening in upon him until he could not tell whether he himself or Ray had really died, he had waked to a tempestuous anguish of soul and to the hungry man-pain that made him cry out: "I cannot believe—not yet!—I cannot believe that I shall never see him again, that nobody will ever see him again—never, never, never—" And even as time went on for him his son had always died but yesterday—no, that very day. The mystery and desolation and sorrow had never grown less; he felt he must remember and mourn forever.

It was characteristic of him that he had comforted his wife by arguments not one of which he believed himself. From the doubt he had banished for her he had never been able to save himself, and at night the cloud of that sudden end—a shadow insatiable and darker than the night—would lower before him like a chilly presence confronting him that he could not face. In every other fight in life he had walked straight up to the guns, but before this awful question of Ray's death he cowered. If there had only been an illness where he might have treasured every sigh, every word, every sign, every glance; if he could only have seen his face at the last—that was it; if he could only make himself see what his boy's expression had been just before—then he would know. But the face would not be conjured back. When they had found Ray—it had not been until the next afternoon—the sea had given up grudgingly something he knew he must banish from his mind if he would keep reason there.

And so during long sleepless hours he would lie with eyeballs burning against the lids, the dew of crucial pain on his forehead, trying with the vain ache and stretch and struggle for things beyond to bring out of mental travail an image of peace. Last night had been such a time, and yet now, as he looked over those pictures of Ray's splendid, unworn youth — the handsome head thatched thick and rather long with dark hair—every other feeling subsided before the dull anger that stirred in him.

Why should it have been *his* boy—this son for whose great work he had made every preparation, whom he had even taught to do without people, that he might feel the sublime isolation of genius. With education, with travel—in every way he had sought to bring to rich maturity the boy's talent. He saw himself waiting breathlessly from year to year for that great poem Ray was to write.

"And now there is no chance," he thought, and struck the table with his fist. The pictures stirred like live things beneath the jarring blow, compelling the Senator's eyes once more, and slowly his head bent to a long searching of the face in the photograph nearest him. He stared in motionless concentration until gradually his brooding gloom gave way to something akin to panic. He bowed his head still lower, and his fingers stumbled as he drew one picture after the other in quick succession toward him. He felt a chill grip on his chest and something flooded his veins with an icy rush. Then the suspicion that seemed to have been coming over him for some time like a creeping paralysis completed its hold. He knew that sunlight can be made to lie, yet he felt that no manipulation of light or pose could have conveyed the bitter truth he read upon his son's features mirrored there.

Beneath heavy brows the eyes seemed to be striving to look dreamy, but achieving only a sullen look—the eyes of a man without a mastering impulse in life, one would have said. There was a deprecatory smile in some that seemed but a sort of filter to flattery, and the father, now cruelly impelled to divine the real from the sham, found only anguish in the review. The sittings had been given, he remembered, several years ago at the suggestion of the publisher of that thin volume of Ray's verse for which he had "arranged." How he had thrilled with the conviction of its portentousness. But he knew now; those poems had deserved the sneers of the reviewers; they had been just about worthy of the fulsome congratulations that had come from those seeking his favor. Ray had not been dowered as he had dreamed; he would never have written the great poem—the very word derided him.

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"I have been buoying myself up on a bubble," he thought; "I imagined I loved him too dearly not to love him also with wisdom, but my love was just like any other common love—blind, blind, blind!" He told himself this a great many times, as if it were medicine that must needs be taken frequently, yet always with a rebellious sense of having been decoyed by some world-old conspiracy of flesh and blood. Soul is more bruisable than flesh, and he was wounded in every fiber of his spirit. His love for his boy had been so irretrievably interwoven with his ambition for him that when this realization died it left no saving illusion in his heart. And in this bitter moment his eye fell on a typed sheet of paper that the shifted pictures had revealed; this was what he had just taken from his mail as his wife knocked, and there had been something vaguely disturbing about it. He picked it up and read it—read it over and over, coming back each time to frown at the printed heading:

"Miss Ryan,
Stenography and Typewriting,
Rooms 902-904 Schuyler Building.

". . . I have something of importance to communicate to you concerning your son, the late Raymond Stanton. Will you come to my office or shall I call at your house or at the Capitol? Of course I can bring what I have, but hope you will decide to come here. I suppose you never heard of me, but I knew your son very well, as I will explain."

When he paused the air seemed to be repeating these words—disjointedly, yet in a persistent whisper that seemed like the first murmur of a rising storm. Then came other thoughts in an invading and vengeful rush, each thought with a poisoned edge.

"Of course it can only mean one thing," he groaned—"cheap intrigue! And I thought him so fine. Oh, how little I knew my son!" His swift glance searched again the pictures, and with a deliberate hand he swept them together face downward. Then he went out.

Across the hall his tall daughter-in-law moved about the darkened drawing-room, arranging flowers. She came forward, all in black, with a pale head floating toward him out of the dusk.

"Father, Count Torak has sent those verses of dedication from his copy of the poems, but he thinks they are not Ray's best—too obviously made to order—too artificial. I think so, too." Her speech was hesitant, and as the Senator looked at the delicate hands sculptured against her black frock he remembered that they had gestured a little restlessly when she had come to them as Ray's bride. For the first time it struck him that the later poise he had commended in his daughter-in-law might have come less as an expression of temperament than as forced reserve.

"Yes, yes, I dare say. Return them to Torak. We'll have plenty for the book without them," he replied in his brittle manner. "But I think perhaps I better attend to the first sifting—" he closed the incident.

"I only wanted to help—"

"You will be of great assistance later on, Charlotte," he added as she turned away, for he had always felt a strange affection—inarticulate, as all his deep feeling was—for this girl who had been the one to round out his son's manhood.

And now, apparently absorbed in hiding his slight figure in a voluminous fur coat, he regarded his daughter-in-law covertly. When Charlotte Blair had come into his family by subtle means—in "gum-shoe" ways, his political associates would have put it—the Senator had conveyed to her the exactions of this honor. He had made her, just as he had made everything that came into his orbit, a part of his system, and the center of this system was his son. He had never considered what had happened to the girl's nature in the process. He had a vague feeling of pride in the way her statuesque beauty fitted into the background of his Washington home, and he had at times reflected without any sense of selfishness or humor in the reflection that she had shown good taste in becoming slighter, thus giving such ethereal touch to her beauty as befits the wife of a poet.

Yet to-day, as she trailed back into the dim room and bent again over the flowers, he found a new vitality beneath her languor. He realized that flowers

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had been coming with increasing frequency from the Etrurian Legation; he recalled her words, with their suggestion that Count Torak's judgment of Ray's poem was worthy to be final, and in a flash, as his political inspirations came, he saw the vital woman in his daughter-in-law awakened, quivering, shrinking back from, yet irresistibly yearning toward, a mate. Suddenly he knew that she was wavering away from the memory of his son into the actuality of this young foreigner's wooing. As he looked at Charlotte's drooping frailty he felt that it was from fear of his displeasure that she kept the ardent Torak away; that he still ruled her. His nature steeled. "I will give her every luxury, spare her all humiliation, but she must render unto an ideal of Ray all her loyalty," he reasoned in grim illogic. That much should be his salvage out of all the wreck of his own ideals.

At the thought of that typed sheet in his pocket he shuddered and felt a little sick. Why couldn't I have even a decent memory left me! I wanted something of him—something I could live with," his tortured soul cried out, and his hard, gray face had the look of a death-mask before the sculptor's benign thumb has passed over it. In every awful sense of the word he felt his son was dead.

The ground-glass panel in the door of Miss Ryan's office on the top floor of the Schuyler Building bore in large letters "Walk In," and yet the Senator hesitated. A burst of laughter in which several voices blended, followed by a clacking of plates, had confused him as he approached, then came conversation flying along the other side of the door.

"Just the same, it's good advice; better take it home and try it on your parlor organ, Dixey," came in slightly acidulated tones, and again the general laugh, the light-heartedness of which left the Senator mystified and somewhat irritated.

"You-all are plum foolish. If I like colored ribbons and do my washing to afford 'em—" Then this was interrupted authoritatively by a rather rough voice:

"Take it from me, girls, you won't get on in this world until you quit caring what strangers think. If the man employing you *knows*, that's enough. Now clear away here and off with you." Chairs scraped, quick foot-clicks crossed the floor, an inner door swung to, and the Senator went in hastily.

"Miss Ryan?" he queried, vaguely, of a teapot, a milk-bottle, and some luncheon scraps strewing a long table. Before he could search the faces of the young women standing about, one figure he hardly distinguished from the others in their white waists and dark skirts directed him to a private office.

As the door closed behind him a woman outlined against the one wide window turned and faced him.

"I felt you would come to-day, Senator Stanton," she said, instantly, and the Senator recognized the rough voice he had heard through the door.

The Senator bowed, his glance dropping from the plainness of the woman's face to the ungraced figure slipping from a meager youth to a square maturity. Yet there was about her a boyishness, a certain suggestion of camaraderie, something of the breezy attractiveness of a youth who has had to make his own way. It was by no means what the Senator had come prepared for, therefore he resented it.

"You wrote me a note," he reminded her, dryly.

"Yes, Senator Stanton, because I wanted to talk to you about your son. I have something that's going to surprise you considerably, and I wanted to tell you about it here—here, where, as he once said to me, he'd 'first ceased to be a whimsical intelligence without a soul.' Wasn't that like him, though?"

The Senator started. This was not the over-the-counter politeness he had expected, and there was no simper nor boast in her tone; she was not reciting glibly, flaunting the words as a gift of finery from his son, but giving the quotation in the manner of placing something of Ray's reverently before him. He stood, rearranging his mental impressions back of an immobile face.

"But won't you be seated?" she added, with a smile that seemed to diffuse about her a sense of ease and familiarity.

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The Senator drew himself up. Familiarity is not equality.

"I haven't much time, Miss Ryan—"

"But what I have to tell you is so important—" The slight note of pleading died out of her deep voice; the Senator's manner, removed and wintry, seemed to be affecting her with a sense of cold.

"It appears to me you were some time coming to me about—this matter, Miss Ryan."

"Yes, I felt I ought to go to you when you first came back to Washington, but you see I do a lot of work up at the Capitol, and, from all I'd heard, Senator Stanton — well — it wouldn't have been the easiest thing." She blushed a sudden and unbecoming red. Then your son had told me to wait—but *now*—"

The Senator held up his hand: an instinctive gesture to ward off the dreaded revelation just a few seconds more.

"Oh, won't you let me tell you the whole story, Senator Stanton?" Again that childish element of eagerness that so unsettled his estimate of the girl.

"I think it will not be necessary to put any emotion into this interview, Miss Ryan." His eye and hand protested sternly. Behind his barricaded look the Senator's thoughts were tortured with poignant memories of his son—of what he had heard him say—little things. What memory of him had this room?—this woman? He tried to appraise the light in her eyes.

She met his glance, and a quizzical twitch ran along her thick, level brows.

"Well, I'll try not to get excited—but I'm Irish, you know, Senator Stanton, and—human—and—well, no one who hadn't ice-water in his veins could help feeling, and feeling *hard*, over this about your son, Senator Stanton. No better ever walked the earth, did there? Oh, what a loss—"

The last words were full of a grave tenderness, and the Senator suddenly noticed the look of tired heroism in her eyes, the deepened lines of her face. They reflected his own symptoms too accurately not to appeal to him.

"Yes, tell me everything," he said. He remained standing.

"Well, you see, Senator Stanton, your son had been bringing his work to me here for some time. He always insisted I should do it myself, not any of my assistants. Then one day my father, out at the Home for Incurables, was taken worse, and I went down to tell Mr. Stanton—you know those offices of his on the second floor?"

"It was I who took them for him, that he might be away from all—distraction." The Senator's ironic note failed; the girl seemed too preoccupied with her narrative to notice it.

"Well, when I saw those plush portières, those Oriental rugs, and all that swell furniture, and him fitting into the picture as natural as the figure holding up the electric lamp on his desk, I just felt as if I couldn't make him understand how things were, any more than if we'd been speaking different languages. And yet I couldn't throw up the work without a word, there's so much I wanted to do for father. You see, Senator Stanton, my father was crippled saving me from a fire when I was a little thing—and, well, I'm not the one to pull a long face, and I can count the times in my life when I've given way, but—I hadn't begun to turn things over in my mind that day before I just broke down and cried—"

The Senator drew a sharp breath, and the hand turning the charm on his watch-chain dropped. One could not tell whether a rising sense of exasperation or heightened interest moved him. The rough voice, however, pulsed on with the urgency of its message.

"Afterward I was terribly frightened, but at the time it wasn't fear I felt, but something deeper and quieter, for your son began to ask questions, and I never knew any one who could so go down into your very heart with his questions the way he could, and make you glad to tell it all, too. And then, when I'd done, what do you think he did? He came right over to me and put his hands on my shoulders and said: 'I know just how it is. When a father's sacrificed so much—done so much for you—you feel a life's devotion isn't enough. We're not masters of our own fate, are we?' And when I looked up, there were tears in his eyes—yes, there were!"

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"'Not masters of our own fate?'—what did he mean?" the Senator flashed, unguardedly, but the question was to space, and he caught himself up. It was as if some one else had been speaking; some stranger who had borrowed his voice. He felt more than ever as if he had blundered into a place of cruel and absurd mysteries.

"Yes, 'not masters of our own fate,'" the girl repeated, with mild persistency; the phrase had evidently impressed her; she half sighed. "And then he used to make so much of everything I did for father. When I bought the wheeled chair, he said: 'Your father's a happy hero, Miss Ryan. All fathers are heroes, in some way or other; it depends on their children whether they are martyrs.' Wasn't that a dear way of putting it? Oh, if he had written a poem about *fathers*, then what a really great poem it would have been!" The Senator winced as from physical pain, but disguised it with a nod.

"But he was writing that Greek play—'Daphnephor' something—I remember I had to spell it out letter by letter every time on my machine—and one day there was a part I had been typing—oh, of course, I don't know anything about poetry, and I'm no great hand at describing, but—" She paused, groping for words.

"Yes," urged the Senator.

"Well, it seemed as if, although he'd picked out tuneful words and rhymed it perfectly, the girl he was making tell about her love sounded as if she was just *talking* it—not *feeling* it, and—he'd been so good to father, sending him flowers and going all the way out to the Home—that I made bold to tell him what I thought. 'You're barking at a knot, Mr. Stanton,' I said, 'the live thing's hidden from you in the tree,' just like that, the way I'd talk to the girls. And how he did laugh! The first time I'd ever heard him do it. I always considered him rather melancholy-looking. 'Suppose I fix it here?' he said, and sat right down in that chair by you there—"

"This?" The Senator's hand passed over the pine back tenderly, but he shifted uncomfortable eyes as the girl nodded.

"Just as he'd started, the girls came to lunch out there," she indicated the outer room. "He heard them talking through the door, and asked me about them, and, before I knew it, I'd up and told him all their lives. Well, when I came back from making tea for the girls—I always try to give them something hot—he sat there still, with his face between his hands, but he jumped up, and it seemed as if electricity was running through him. His smile, too, had a kind of surprise in it—oh, I wish you could have seen it, Senator Stanton. 'At last I am going to do something big—I feel it,' he said, and if he'd said he was going to write a new Bible, with that look you'd have believed him, Senator. That was the beginning."

She paused. The Senator cleared his throat. He would not meet the appealing intensity of her gaze. The situation had lost its grotesqueness; she was evidently a fine spirit set in rough material, but—here Ray had sunned himself in common flattery—here he had succumbed to—no wonder his talent had failed!

In inner revolt against the sordidness of it all, his glance swept the figure of the girl in with the cheap, ugly furnishings. He felt it was like biting into something bad.

"Go on, if you please, Miss Ryan." He made his lips form the words.

"Yes, I mustn't keep you waiting any more. Well, after that he came quite often to write—always with that cheery way he'd got that made you feel things must be going to take a turn for the better. He never wanted things hushed, either, and when he'd hear the girls chattering out there, he'd say: 'There's Maggie working for her worthless stepfather and the little steps; there's Annie working for her little son without a father; there's Dixey working for that ideal flat and him'—and then he'd write. Then one day he came to me and—"

Suddenly a veil seemed to shut down over the features of the Senator, obscuring expression as fog may abruptly blot a landscape—the girl involuntarily started toward him, but he waved her back, listening tensely now.

"Yes, he brought it, and laid it on

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my desk, and, oh, Senator Stanton, it's the best ever. It's *wonderful!*"

" 'It?' "—the Senator was staring like a sleep-walker.

"Why, yes, his novel—he hadn't been writing poetry all that time, but this story—and he'd just finished it."

"When was this?"

"It was almost September—at the end of the extra session; you and he were just starting North, to your summer place. I was typing it when—the newspapers told of his death. But I went on and sent it to the publishers—under initials, secretly, as you might say, just as he'd told me so. 'If I'm in the wrong again, no one's going to suffer but me,' was the way he put it. But even *I* could tell it was wonderful, and now the answer's come—they're crazy about it, and say so, too. They don't know who wrote it yet; I left all that for you, Senator Stanton. *That's* why I sent for you."

"That's why you sent for me." The Senator was still staring like a sleep-walker.

Suddenly his pale eyes narrowed to mere slits.

"Is—is that *all* you have to tell me about my son, Miss Ryan?"

"Isn't that enough!" There was honest wonder in the girl's tone. "I tell you, it's *great*—and, whether it's great or not—whether it's a best-seller or not," she shot a shrewd glance at the Senator, "I should think just knowing your son had been so happy—doing something—would—"

She tried to put scorn in her voice, but, as she looked at the bloodless, stiff face of the little man before her, she stopped, cowed or discouraged, she did not know exactly what it was.

She turned to a safe in the wall, and rapidly worked the combination.

"Well, here's the original copy, anyway—with the publisher's letter." Her tone had become flat and unleavened. She passed the manuscript to the Senator with the air of washing her hands of it and him.

It was not in Ray's usual fine hand; it was written as under pressure, but it was the writing of his son. The Senator's head drooped over it, his trembling fingers smoothed the top page.

But with the withdrawal of the manuscript a sheet of note-paper had fluttered from the safe. His keen glance now fell on that. It bore his family crest in blue and gold, Ray's writing—

"What's that?" He reached quickly, but the girl was before him. He watched her closely as she scanned it.

"It's just a note," she spoke listlessly—"directions about the manuscript. I kept it for you, I suppose, because of this ending: 'I am going to do another story—a bigger one; I feel it stirring in me. So keep the typewriters oiled. Life is good when you have found your right work, isn't it?—and I'm bound to make a happy hero of my father, too.' "

"Give me that!" It broke in a husky, strangled undertone. He saw the girl shrink as he pulled the paper from her hand.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Ryan, but you can't know what this means to me—finding out my son felt that way—that he was glad—" His hesitation was painful, but the girl saw only the hard pride which seemed to run down the lines in his face, deepening them into grooves and holding his mouth arrogant and straight.

"Why, I've been trying to let you know all along!" Her glance was slightly disdainful, and the same clear impersonality sounded in her slowly uttered words.

"Yes, yes, I know, but—" The Senator felt his agony drop as at a single stroke. He stood silent, almost deafened by his own heart-beats. Assistance had come in a strange guise, but it had come. The unspeakable pain was lost in that luminous recall of Ray—happy—holding life sweet.

In his relief the Senator had an impulse for once to cast aside the shamefast covering of his own life ambition—to cry out that what he had really wanted all his life was to be a poet. He seemed somehow to owe, inexplicably to long to make such a confession to this young woman.

His thin lips parted, but the silver call of the telephone intervened, and, as he watched that square, plain young person reach the receiver and respond in her rough, business-like voice, he shuddered over the words he had al-

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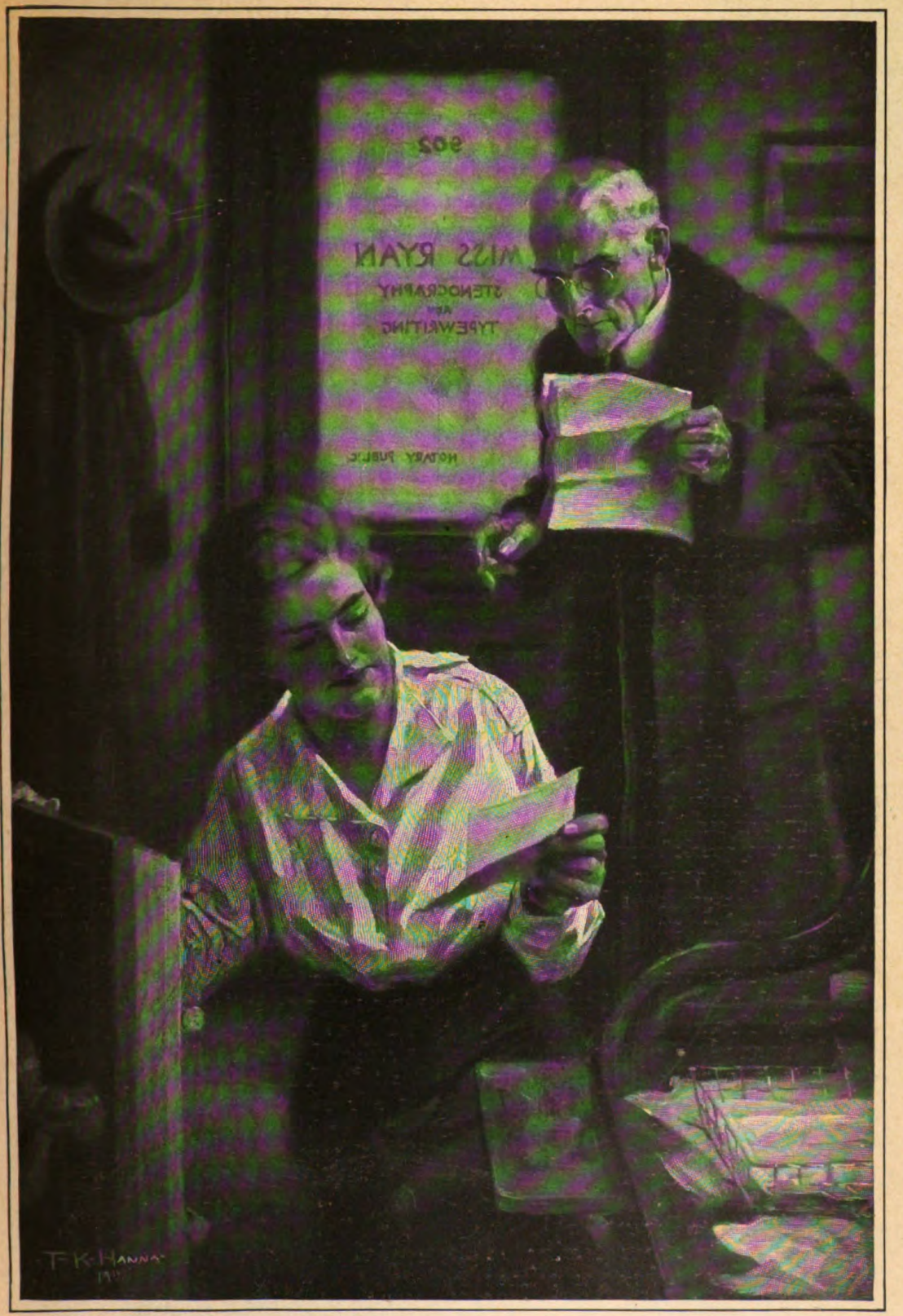

Drawn by T. K. Hanna

IT BORE HIS FAMILY CREST IN BLUE AND GOLD, RAY'S WRITING

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most spoken. When the girl faced him he stood as if strength had suddenly poured into him.

"Miss Ryan, I cannot thank you for what you have done for me to-day," he said, evenly, normally. "Will you let me— Isn't there something I can do for you—some way I can help?" His gesture seemed to deprecate the crudeness of the allusion.

But the girl was not offended.

"Not a thing, thank you, Senator Stanton." She gave her honest smile, but shook her head resolutely.

The Senator felt himself dismissed. He made his stiff progress to the door—the girl watching him with the quizzical twist of her brows—and passed from the room, a lonely shadow.

All the afternoon the Senator's secretary had guarded his office door. The Senator was not to be disturbed. At dusk he gave those pages a last tender touch. He looked at the manuscript with considering, caressing eyes. What lay there written was a love poem, in the simplest prose. There was no strut, no pose, no artificiality of phrase. It was realism so true that it would have been terrible if left stark, but, revealed through a poetic understanding, in half-elemental, half-spiritual form, it made a wonder and not a horror of the articulated scheme of life. The Senator knew it was great. He felt: "My son has done what I knew he could." The feeling that had lain desiccated in the abstract devotions of the poems Ray had tried to write pulsed in this romance of the commonplace.

A few hours before, the Senator would have known a fierce jealousy, a denial of any force which could have found in his son that which his own untiring effort had failed to fuse. Now he thought reverently of that shabby shrine in the top of an office building. Then overwhelmingly came the terrible thoughts of his short doubt of Ray; of his long selfishness in making of Ray's talent a mere expression of his own ambition; of the boy's loyal exertions to seem a poet for his sake. He bowed himself to the scourging of these thoughts till the thoughts themselves perished from exhaustion.

His head fell forward onto folded arms. He was no longer a baffled exile from knowledge of his son. He ceased to think—he was in a strange peace, his identity seemed slipping from him.

Then gradually, out of far-off harmony, something started toward him. The approach thrilled him but brought infinite solace. How lonely his soul had been! It drew nearer, and he felt the stirring of a new power—nearer, nearer—an illuminating flash seemed to light for him a region of his own soul. It touched! It touched! *He saw!*

The Senator drew his head erect. The room was dark. His hand fumbled with the switch at his desk's edge, and in the electric glare his soul came reeling from contact with infinities—eternities. Gradually vision cleared, and for a moment a strange, wistful star shone in his pale eyes.

Then the Senator smiled cynically. He scorned to allow himself to be classed with the smiled-at scientists who has crossed the threshold of the occult. Of course he had come back from his torture self-delivered—that other presence had not helped.

It was an uninspired impulse, he was sure, that he wanted to go home and comfort his wife; that he decided to give Charlotte her liberty and his blessing.

He rang for his clerk and gave orders for departure. As his car purred and swished through ice-crusted pools in the asphalted streets, he was assuring himself that the tide of bitterness and disappointment had receded; that he could still make the world believe that life stretched before him, a pearl-strewn strand—a good phrase that, he mused. His son had made good; before a doubting world he would flaunt the evidence.

Yet, like the fragrance of precious wine came the memory of that instant—alone—with his son.

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

THERE was once an elderly essayist who was vexed beyond patience by the changes continually taking place in the manner, if not the make, of literature both under and over his guard. In moments of extreme exasperation it seemed to him that the whole language had gone to the bad, but he did not cease for that reason to cry out against the abuses, though he was aware all the time of the uselessness of any attempt privately or publicly to correct them. The very fact that he could not help himself against them imparted the high joy of martyrdom to his resistance and as soon as one "shirt of fire" was burned out on him he made haste to put on another.

It was many years, perhaps half a century of them, since he first suffered from people saying "gotten" instead of *got*, and he thought he had ceased to mind it, whether spoken or written. He had made several observations concerning it, as that it was employed by people who supposed that *got* was incorrect, or at least inelegant; and that "gotten" was distinctively a lady's word, as "lovely" and "sweet" used to be. Once he printed a whole essay devoted to its extinction, but long after he supposed his essay had passed from neglect to oblivion he met a lady who rather rushed at him with the cry, "Oh, Mr. Essayist, I am truly delighted at the chance of thanking you for your paper on that ridiculous word, which perfectly wiped it out of the language as far as I was concerned."

"Ah!" he said, "I am glad you liked it," and he felt round in his memory for the identity of the word; there were so many words which he had rebuked on the pens and lips of men and women.

"Surely you haven't forgotten! I was particularly grateful to you for stamping on it as a woman's word, and I stopped using it at once, for, though I shouldn't like to have been mannish, I should have hated still more to have been womanish."

"Oh yes, yes!" he recollected. "You mean the word 'gotten.' Well, I am very glad you agree about that with me. I have sometimes been afraid that my paper had cost me a good many of my most amiable readers."

"Not in the least; we were all so pleased to be told. I remember talking it over with every girl I knew. I was a girl then," she brightly parenthesized, "and we were especially obliged to you for saying that we might say forgotten, though we must never say 'gotten.' I began to watch myself, and in a week I had gotten completely over the habit of using the word, and I have never used it since."

"You are very kind, I am sure," the essayist said, and he smiled politely, if a little forlornly.

"Not at all," she said, and she begged him to tell her if he had found any other fatal errors in common parlance. "I mean things that I would better not say."

"No, madam, none," he answered, and went away silently gnashing his teeth; for if there was one thing he suffered from more than the use of "gotten" it was the sudden diffusion of the form "would better" as more correct than the good old idiom *had better*.

In a moment, it had prevailed with the newspaper precisians, it appeared in the leading magazines, it even infected the spoken speech, and long afterward you heard people saying "would better," like that poor lady, who must have supposed it was the latest thing. Heaven knows where she had passed her time not to be aware that in a few months nobody *said* "would better," and that only here and there a belated reporter or interviewer *wrote* "would better." It was a com-

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fort to have the odious form go so quickly, but the very fact of its swift evanescence recalled to the essayist his sufferings from the lasting substitution of the word "ill" for *sick*. Up to a certain period of our history, the nation used the kind scriptural word which had richly supplied its need, and then, perhaps with the increasing return of transatlantic travel, people began to say "ill." Our essayist was himself accustomed to the word in his visits to England, where it was commonly pronounced *hill*, but where people had the right grammatical use of it, while the repatriated American tourists tried to compel it to their native associations. They were accustomed to saying a *sick man* or a *sick woman*, and now they began to say an "ill man" or an "ill woman," not realizing that the word was an adverb and an adjective only in the sense of bad or evil. An Englishman would not use it adjectively at all, but the Anglomaniacs bettered their English instruction and our newspaper writers fell over one another in the struggle for intimacy with the new word. Its appearance coincided with the severe sickness of a famous English author among us, and every day the reporters defamed him as an "ill man," and headlined his condition as that of an "ill poet." The abuse became naturalized among us and now every one with the least pretentions to politeness of speech, not only talks of an "ill person," but labors round to avoid saying a *sick* person, which would be the only way of saying how he was without accusing him of wickedness. In vain the essayist tried to instruct his friends who fell into the snare and to help them out of it. The multitude of the neologists overwhelmed him, and soon he could only suffer in silence and try not to curse the day he was born.

He had already striven in vain with those who used the wrong particle after *different*. The English, or the most of them, said "different *to*," with the authority of people who never give any reason for using a phrase or pronouncing a word, except that every one does it, that is, every one of their class. Of course, the nature of the word teaches that one should say different *from*, and this was what the essayist preached and practised on every occasion, till he began to hope for a British conformation to this American usage. He found some English authors of the better, perhaps the best, sort saying different *from*, in both their narrative and dramatic passages, but all at once a blight fell upon him which withered up his budding hopes. Without warning, without the shadow of impending calamity, people began to say "different *than*." For a time he judged the moral and social status of people by their saying "different *than*." It seemed such a monstrous perversion that he would not believe any one who said it could ever have been in good society or could be saved from sin, not reflecting how many of the choral angels must have spoken through their noses when on earth. Slowly, but surely, the evil began to make its way toward the elect, till he detected it in the writings of the semi-cultured, and dreaded to find it in the platforms of parties and the messages of Presidents.

Not, indeed, did he *hear* it from the lips of any but the ignorant. The course of a solecism is past prophesying; in some cases it will make its way in the newspapers and remain an alien to polite literature; in other cases it will be on the tongues of the lower classes, but never get from them into the speech of the upper classes. "Would better" never really won its way to popular acceptance, or got beyond the pedants who imagined and cherished it; but on the other hand, the grotesque misuse of "ill" commended itself to universal favor. There is no telling how long an ugly neologism will prosper after it seems to have firmly established itself in the affections of the few or the fear of the many who tremble lest they should be out of the fashion. For as many ages as the English tongue had been spoken or written, the gentle verb *choose* had sufficed to express the notion of preference. Then at a moment it would be impossible to specify the very offensive word "pick" supplanted it, and one saw this unhandsome vocable bristling with the suggestion of its variant meanings in all the public prints. It was as if it had sprung up overnight in the headlines; in a single day no-

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body chose or was chosen; everybody "picked" or was "picked." Members of the new President's Cabinet were "picked"; ministers were "picked" by congregations; "well-known society women" were "picked" as the heads of clubs; politicians were "picked" as candidates for office at primary elections. Horses were "picked" for winners at the races; young ladies were "picked" for beauty or popularity by the majority of such as had paid a dollar or a dime for the privilege of voting on their merits and giving them a free trip to Europe. Then, without warning, the picking stopped, and the essayist hoped it had stopped forever, till he read a few months ago on the accession of the new Prime Minister, Mr. Lloyd George had "picked" his associates in the British Government.

Whether this would revive the use of the word the essayist had no means of knowing; he feared the worst, but he hoped for the best. In the mean time he consoled himself with the seeming abeyance which the preposition *over* had fallen into. Like those other offensive innovations, it had come from no real need in our well-appointed English speech, but was borrowed from the language of the Central Powers, who had no other means of expressing the sense of our good, clear word *about*, or its equivalents *of* and *concerning*. We already had the word *over*, but we employed it solely as the equivalent of the word *above*. When we translated it from *über* we forced it to the office of *about*, and flattered ourselves that we had "gotten" something new out of it; and so indeed we had — something false and foreign. It promptly exercised a baleful fascination upon the minds of the ignorant who observed its acceptance by the pseudo-cultured. They said to themselves there must be some magical property in the word if it could be obliged to mean *about* and not *above*, and they began to try it on. It has never, perhaps, got from the written to the spoken language, any more than the custom of clutching together the idiomatically divided verb and adverb so as to form a politely rounded sentence, as the writers of it fancied. As yet no one, to the essayist's knowledge, had ever *said*, "In Rome you must do as do the Romans," though many wrote the phrase and the like of it in fancied refinement, while they always *said*, "In Rome you must do as the Romans do."

There are certain priggishnesses which no prig has the face to employ in the presence of others, and the essayist had noted that the worst prigs spoke our language with the contractions it abounds in, and said *haven't*, *didn't*, *doesn't*, though we all, prigs and no prigs, laboriously write *have not*, *is not*, and *does not*, and pronounce the words so when reading aloud. He made the apposite reflection that the French and Italian languages equally abound in such contractions, but then they are printed and pronounced from the print as they are colloquially employed. At times he indulged the hope that it might again be so with us as it had been with some of the livelier eighteenth-century essayists in their informal moods. It had greatly heartened him to recall how often Thackeray had allowed himself the graceful freedom, especially in "The Roundabout Papers," and how Mr. James himself had unbent to it, rarely, indeed, but always with a signal charm. The essayist longed to venture upon a paper written with all the spoken contractions just as he would have talked them. He would have been willing to join an army of martyrs in the cause, but leading a forlorn hope was another affair, and he preferred to suffer and be strong if he could not be patient under the prevalent conditions. He might perhaps have forgotten his griefs from them if these had not been renewed one day by the light-hearted solecism of a favorite niece who came in saying about some mistaken aspiration of a friend, "Well, I hope she gets it."

At this the essayist put his hands to his ears and lamented, "Oh, my dear child, my poor girl!"

"Well, what is it now, Uncle?" she tenderly entreated him, for she knew that she often afflicted him by her very common parlance, and was always sorry for it. "Have I gotten something wrong?"

"Wrong! Don't you know that you mustn't, that you really *can't* say, 'I hope she gets it'?"

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"What is the reason? What would you say yourself?"

"What, but what all who speak English must say: 'I hope she may get it,' or, 'I hope she will get it.'"

"Oh! Then saying 'I hope she gets it' isn't English?"

"No, never."

"And what is it, then?"

"It is Yiddish."

"Oh, but everybody says it!"

"Do they? So much the worse for them and so much the better for nobody who doesn't."

"Yes, but what's the use of worrying about these sort of things?"

"This sort of things!" he hissed.

"I mean *this* sort. I suppose I shall try to speak English, as you call it, but as soon as I get away I am afraid I shall speak Yiddish again. There is an awful fascination in it, and after you have gotten over the first strangeness you don't notice it. But couldn't you write out a little paragraph, or something, and put in all the things I oughtn't to say so that I could memorize them and not say them?"

The essayist smiled. "I had thought of something of the kind. Suppose we try a little fable?"

"Oh, splendid!" and she clapped her hands rapturously together while he swiftly wrote:

AN EXEMPLARY PARABLE

There was once a beautiful young girl who had been "picked" by all her acquaintances for her many brilliant and amiable qualities and for her devotion to her uncle. She knew how much he suffered "over" neologisms, especially ugly ones, and she was always trying to shun them in her talk with him. By a prodigious effort she had, as she believed, "gotten" past some of the worst, but she thought she "would better" get him to give her a full list of them and then learn it by heart; because really it seemed as if he would "end up" sometime by "going insane" "over" them. Without some such aid she would never be able to see how one phrase was "different than" another, and unless she wanted to have a really "ill man" on her hands after she had "gotten" the list, she set herself to memorize the hateful words with as much ardor "as would have done the most devoted daughter."

"This is very sweet of you, Uncle," she said, after she had read the parable once or twice. "Very sweet, indeed, though I don't deserve the nice things you say of me. But now I understand perfectly, and I shall never hurt your feelings again, if you will only explain more particularly about some of the neologisms you have marked. I can see why you should despise such a woman's word as 'gotten' and why, as a strong Pro-Ally, you must simply loathe 'over' because it is a translation of *über*. I think myself that 'picking' rather unpleasantly suggests dressing fowls, and, after a little reflection, anybody would rather not say 'different than' or 'would better.' I suppose one would not like to say 'ill man,' much as one would dislike being so far out of the fashion as to say *sick* man. But what is the matter with 'end up'?"

"Nothing, except that it uncouthly oversays what *end* sufficiently says."

"Oh, I see! Well, that is all right, then, but what is the matter with 'going insane'? Why not say that?"

"Because it is getting too far away from the original locution 'going mad.' That was good, and 'going crazy' naturally followed, but when people become so refined as to wish to mask the notion of madness, they are obliged by the fitness of things to say *become* insane, and not *go* insane."

"Well, Uncle, I don't think I can quite follow you there. All the girls I know say 'go insane.' You can't say 'go mad' any more; it's shocking, and you can't say 'go crazy,' it's too brutal. And don't the best stylists write 'as would the most devoted daughter'?"

"Very likely, but will you try *saying* it? Wouldn't you naturally say 'as the most devoted daughter would'?"

"Oh, if people are going to write as they talk! Uncle, you mustn't ask too much. If I were to write a paper according to your rules and read it before the Culture Club, everybody would scream, it would sound so perfectly ridiculous; and if I tried to brazen it out and argue that the English classics wrote so they would say none of the American stylists did, and I shouldn't have a word to answer. So you see?"

"I see," the essayist sadly assented.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

WHAT do we mean when we use the term "realization"? Does not the sense of "reality" escape it, as the essential meanings of all terms of living—including the term "life" itself—escape them, when they become tokens in common use? Thus we commonly use the phrase "real life," confounding actuality with reality. Hamlet says to the Ghost:

> There is no speculation in those eyes
> Wherewith thou lookst at me,

and such vacancy there is in most of our seeing—hardly a fullness of the physical vision; and if there be mental perception, too often it is but a flitting notion, with no inward beholding.

A few weeks ago our attention was arrested by an article reprinted in the New York *Evening Post* from the London *Nation* of October 31st. It purported to be written by a British soldier, recently returned from the trenches, but as an analysis of the state of mind he discovers at home, it could not have been more luminously and effectively expressed by the most experienced and brilliant of contemporary writers in English.

The case briefly put, and thus denuded of its literary charm, is this: The crisis comes, bringing upon a whole people the sense of an imperative impulse and obligation. Millions of men accustomed to peace, in the prime of early manhood, both honor- and duty-bound, eagerly, or with subdued reluctance, take the field, almost envied by those that remain behind. Two years pass. They who have gone have realized by bitter experiences what the death-dealing business of war, with all its incidental ghastliness and weariness, really means. They who have stayed at home have also changed, but by way of diversion from the reality, which, while still gravely oppressive to all and especially to the kindred of the absent ones, is occluded by occupations busier than ever, and often more profitable, and grows dimmer, as a tale often told, or like the shadows of an uneasy dream.

The home view of the soldier's life becomes distorted. That which is the easiest to him, the dying, is conceived to be the one overshadowing tragedy. For the rest, the joy of battle is a glorious compensation! The writer alludes to the comments of "our mess when the newspapers arrived with George's latest rhapsody about cheerful Tommies with the glint of battle in their eyes, or the *Times's* military expert's hundredth variation on the theme that the art of war consists in killing more of the enemy than he kills of you, so that whatever its losses—agreeable doctrine—the numerically preponderant side can always win, as it were by one wicket." Then there is the calculation of profits to be derived from the "war after the war" trade—"as if the unspeakable agonies of the Somme were an item in a commercial proposition."

So with reference to the attitude and temper of mind as to peace there is an equally remarkable variance between the civilian and the soldier. The civilian accumulates hatred of the enemy as the war goes on. The soldier, who comes into direct conflict with him, learns commiseration. "Do you not see that we regard these men who have sat opposite us in the mud as victims of the same catastrophe as ourselves, as our comrades in misery much more truly than you are? Do you think that we are like some of you in accumulating on the head of every wretched antagonist the indignation felt for the wickedness of a government, of a social system, or (if you will) of a nation? . . . It is right that there should be solemn detestation of the sins of Germany, provided that we

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are not thereby caused to forget our own. . . . You do not help yourselves or your country or your soldiers by hating, but only by loving and striving to be more lovable. *Pone te ipsum in pace, et tum poteris alios pacificare.*"

To apprehend the reality of a situation—that is, to realize it—is a convincing vision, concomitant with regeneration.

Our vision easily extends beyond the reality presented in this soldier's epistle to his countrymen to the larger reality of which it is a part and of which we need to be convinced. It stretches into the long vista of the past, and we behold army after army sent forth as scapegoats, bearing the burdens of a nation's iniquities, to accomplish by force what in that way can never be accomplished, if it is righteousness that is sought, and other armies raised for resistance, too often to compete for license to enter upon a career of like vain achievement.

When military States to-day thus exploit human beings, rounded up like dumb, driven cattle into so-called armies, anything like clear vision discloses the anachronism of the spectacle —a heritage of the ages when the victims of such exploitation were ignorant and helpless slaves. We do not say the heritage of barbarism, for among barbarians armies were not conscripted; military service was universal, as all service will be when an intelligent and just Christendom is pledged to the preservation of peace. We are on the way to the realization that all class strife is as much an anachronism as war is, and that domestic as well as international sociableness on the simplest terms is not a loosely idealistic illusion.

Realization—our sense of living reality—is not experience, as that term is generally used; it implies a vision and interpretation of life informing and illuminating experience; also the comprehending sympathy which "makes us members one of another." This is something more than a community of joys and sorrows—it is the common participation in disinterested aspirations with which no achievement is commensurate. We pass beyond those symbols which were once necessary to faith and imagination, into a new realm of psychical intuition and sensibility, the spiritual part of experience; but the imaginative investment persists, becoming more translucent with the expansive life of Reason.

That which creatively constitutes our life, in its whole range, must create our literature and permit it the same range. As an art we must allow it the tension of art—even that which lifts it above the levels of every-day life, if it reflects and in accordant metaphors expresses the exaltation of spiritual experience. Francis Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven* is as truly realization as Gray's "Elegy" or the homeliest of Longfellow's poems. We ought certainly to extend the boundaries of creative realism to the inclusion of all realization—that is, of true vision and interpretation. The attempt to oust the children of Athene from their legitimate heritage would be as futile as it would be injurious to the interests of Art.

There has been, and still is, a lack of catholicism in academic criticism—a too rigid insistence upon old bottles for new wine. But since Art like Life inevitably determines its forms, plastic to Life's mastery, this arbitrary criticism has practically been less menacing than the present reactionary tendency toward novelty for its own sake.

Therefore we welcome Mr. William Watson's concise and wholesome treatise, *Pencraft: a Plea for the Older Ways*, which we like not less for its frankness than for its dignity, and commend to all beginning writers as an example as well as a lesson in the literary art. It is a just rebuke to the extremely reactionary criticism we were referring to a moment ago. There is a native aristocracy in the selection which gives form to art and sets upon it the seal of Beauty. But Mr. Watson, who has himself given so fine a distinction to the poetry of his time, assumes no exalted pose, but modestly stands for his own craft, for its ancient artifices, for the literary convention. No worthier or better qualified champion could be found.

The fine artificer has a right to his fastidiousness, but too often it narrows his judgment of art that transcends artifice, escaping the elaborate network

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of the smithy, though held to the mean which nature makes, and not to be adequately expressed in terms of "the literary convention." Thus one hesitates to apply the term "literary" to Homer, or to Shakespeare in spite of his exquisite conceits. Yet that is no excuse for the violent assumption that the term has come into discredit as applicable to poets who are frankly and splendidly artificers, even though these sometimes, unwittingly yielding to the mastery of Nature or of Life, betray a genius that transcends artifice. But Mr. Watson is not dealing with genius in this little volume, but explicitly with the literary convention, bravely standing for his guild and defending it against the mannerless assaults of this later time.

The volume is not merely an apology. It abounds in sane and discriminating criticism of the greater English poets, that is just, within its academic limitations, which by no means preclude generous liberality of judgment.

William Blake and the more modern Walt Whitman are, of course, thorns in the flesh to any academic critic. Yet Mr. Watson gives them considerable space—perhaps because they serve his case as "dreadful examples"—and his criticism of them—as judged by "laws and principles lying at the root of all sound esthetic judgment; laws and principles perhaps coy to any attempt at rigid formulation, yet in their essentials broadly deducible from tradition and from the immemorial practice of the greater poets"—is reasonably just as well as felicitously expressed. He is impressed by Blake's genius, but its infantile plasticity confines it to a limbo alien to "pencraft." Mr. Watson is not satisfied with poetry that is simply "born"; it must come to adult shapeliness—must be "well made." Much of Rossetti and Poe he calls "over-made," all of Donne and some of Byron "undermade." Of Donne he says: "At their smokiest and sootiest his suffocated fires crackle and explode into sudden surprising flame. But scarcely anything had the luck to come shapen aright out of that forge."

It is only fair that we should also quote his own *caveat:* "Let none imagine, because this little book reveals scant sympathy with what is barrenly violent or erratic, that the author is a mere apostle of conformity, his gospel one of mechanical obedience to supposed statute law. Literature lives by defiance as well as by acquiescence. Its story has few episodes more romantic than those revolts, whether against some deadening, stifling *régime* or against beneficently wielded authority; those adventurous risings which sometimes prosper and are justified, and sometimes collapse in discredit, or with the glamour of picturesque misfortune. In such mutinies the primal forces are not seldom unprisoned, the effete things are burned as chaff, and splendid rebel figures are thrown up against the flare. To apply to these insurrections the policy of soulless repression would often be to stamp on the very seeds of life and growth and harvest. There may even be no honest course for us, in given circumstances, but to join the insurgents. What, then, is the rock of principle on which we should take our stand? It is this: the recognition of an intellectual duty and obligation on our part to see to it that our very revolutions, in their nature and purpose, are essentially movements toward order, not toward anarchy; toward that happiest freedom which rather welcomes control as a support than resents it as an interference."

Mr. Watson quotes Blake's apothegm, "Damn braces, bless relaxes," which he styles "the very charter of anarchy." If by the term "braces" is meant the mechanical supports afforded by convention and tradition, these are the props of incompetents. Even if it means that tension which is essential to all creative art, its virtue is expressed only in its relaxation; and only in this relaxation is the control—an implication of the tension—manifest in shaping the creation.

The past which is wholly past can have no *mortmain* on the present; only as resurgent, and thus living in the present, can it claim our obedience; and in every resurgence there is new shaping, not conforming to precedents. But also there is new control, new loyalty.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

An Excursion in Memory

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

I HAVE a memory like a time-lock safe. Treasures may be in it, but nothing short of dynamite would get them out until the lock goes off. Why, once—

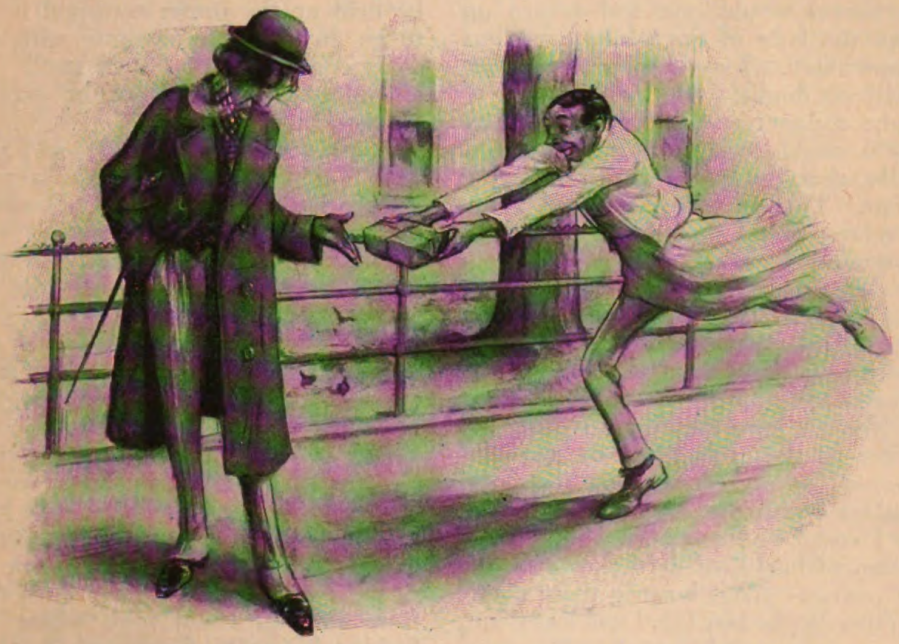
But never mind about that. Let us be more recent. This happened yesterday:

One of the nicest women I know sent me two books to sign—two of my own books, she being a true and kind-hearted friend of the family, who understands authors. Nothing pleases an author so much as to be asked to sign his own books, books that have been bought and paid for in the open market. He would like to do it all day and give up authoring, or authorizing, whichever is the correct word. Then for pastime he could sit under the evening lamp and clip coupons.

But there's one thing an author does *not* like—no author of my acquaintance; he does not like to tie up and address and stamp packages. He dreads that formula—it is poison to him. He would rather take the books under his arm and put in the day, if necessary, delivering them himself.

That is what I did. I took the two books which the kind lady had sent, after I had carefully inscribed them and added some pretty sentiment—something about not being "too proud to write" or of that sparkling nature—and started for town, we being of the suburbs. I would not go directly to our friend's house, I said. I would do some business errands first, and drop in with the books along in the afternoon, say about tea-time. That is what I said, and, knowing my unvarying habit of memory, I added that I would never let them out of my sight for an instant during all that time.

The morning went well enough. Of course I had to put the books down for a moment at the club while I was reading a letter, and it was not until I was two blocks away, getting on a car, that the time-lock gave a little click that sent me sweating back for them. The letter required a prompt reply, and I had to put them down again in the telegraph-office, but the clerk who counted the words whooped at me before I



BUT THE WAITER CAUGHT ME HALF-WAY ACROSS THE SQUARE

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A LARGE HIGHLY COLORED LADY WITH A SMALL, NEAR-SIGHTED DOG

got quite out of reach, so that was all right. I had to put them down, of course, while I was getting a bite to eat, somewhere along Park Row, but the waiter caught me halfway across the square, making for the Subway entrance, and I only had to double his tip, which was a real pleasure. So it was a pretty good morning, as I say; I had held faithfully to the books, and it seemed unlikely that anything could happen to them now. The Subway would take me very near to a friend's room on Fifty-ninth Street, where I would rest and spruce up a bit, and the lady of the books lived but a few doors away. I could manage the rest safely, without doubt. Ah, me!

I bought a paper and read it on the way uptown. I could recall that much, afterward; also, that the books were then lying on my lap. That is why it seemed unaccountable later that I should not have them —I mean after I got to my friend's room and had rested a little and was about ready to call on the kind lady down the block. I was just pulling my tie into shape when I realized with a slight chill that the lady's books were not lying on the table in front of me. Neither were they on the chair beside it, nor on the other chair by the window, nor on the dresser, nor on the floor. My friend is a down-town man—hours nine to five—so I could not ask him about it, or blame him. Oh, I had left them on the train, of course. After lugging them about all day, now, on the last lap, I had lost them. Profanity is poor consolation at such a time, but it's about all we have.

Now where were they? In time they would get to the "Lost and Found,' no doubt. I did not seem to fear that any one would be fascinated by them enough to lose his moral balance and carry them home. No, they would be handed in. But Lost and Found, was somewhere in the dark spaces below Fourteenth Street, and meant time and heavy effort. I would telephone my publisher to send up two more copies, post haste—special messenger, and dern the expense!

But Central rang and rang, and no publisher. I begged her to try again, and to keep trying. Finally we got something: a dusty voice said, "*Well*, what do you *want?*" I explained feverishly. The voice hemmed and balked and seemed to be spitting out ashes. Then it said: "This is Saturday, and there ain't nobody here afternoons. *I'm* the janitor."

"But—but don't you think you could find two of those books and bring them up? I'll give you—"

I forget what I was going to give him; but no matter, he didn't wait.

"Books *nothin'!*" he interrupted, impolitely, and I felt that the interview was closed. I must hunt up those lost books—there was no other way. I have a prompt nature. I set out immediately.

The ticket-seller at Fifty-ninth Street explained that very likely my property had not yet reached Lost and Found. It would be held at the upper terminal he thought, to go down in the evening with the usual daily consignment of such stuff. I was on an uptown train before he was through talking.

There wasn't much to do, so I put in my time furtively observing a large, highly colored lady and a small, drab, near-sighted dog who sat opposite, instead of in the limousine where they clearly belonged. It was not permissible to bring dogs into Subway trains, and I reasoned that this one must have come in under his mistress's ample sealskin. Her cool, not to say brazen, indifference to the flagrant irregularity of his presence was impressive.

But it was the dog that interested me. He was such an inadequate specimen of all that I felt a dog should be. He had an ingrowing face, abortive legs, and aside from his hair was of no bulk to speak of. Possibly he weighed a pound. Such dogs come from Peking, I am told, where it is also fashionable to bind women's feet.

He was a listless dog. He slept on the

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seat by the luminous lady, and only opened his myopic eyes for a second or two, now and then, to stare blearily in my direction. He fascinated me. I became so absorbed in him that I temporarily forgot his proprietor. I wasn't even fully conscious when, at a station somewhere up in the hundred and sixties, that fine person rose and went out. A number of others crowded out then, and several crowded in. The train was about to move on when I realized, dear me! that careless woman had forgotten her dog! Think of forgetting a dog!

I am a prompt person, as I say—more prompt than reflective. It might have occurred to me that by merely lingering in the neighborhood of a lost dog I might regain my own property; but it didn't. Nothing useful ever occurs to me at such a time—I just act. Indeed, as I think now, I did not recall my own loss at the moment, or why I was on the train in that unusual section of the city. What I did was to scoop up the property of the calcimined lady and make a bound for the door. It was more than half closed, but the guard, observing my charge, hastily let me squeeze through. The object of my search was not on the platform. She had already ascended to the pavement.

There were two stairways, and I picked the wrong one. Some seconds later I was in the middle of the street, looking with considerable anxiety in one direction after another for a large vision of sealskin, sweeping plumes, and red hair, gripping meantime, that insipid dog. He had been asleep when deserted, but, being no longer asleep, he was inclined to protest, kicking with surprised vigor, for one of his parts. I also made some inquiries, but without result. Then of a sudden I caught a glimpse of red and plumes and bounded after it. I had run full half a block before I discovered that it was not she. A wave of despair swept over me; I had annexed that dog permanently. Many years I had escaped owning a dog. All kinds have been offered me by loving friends who were going to Europe, or into matrimony, or were otherwise retiring from the dog business: mastiffs, St. Bernards, bulls—noble dogs that I have fondly but firmly declined. Now here I was saddled with a dog, and such a dog!

I turned down a side street and walked quite fast, thinking intently. It was a dull, thick day, and nothing about the locality seemed cheerful. Passers regarded me curiously. If I only could give him to one of them; but I did not quite know how to go about it. It would be unusual, I thought, to step up to a perfect stranger on the street and say, "Won't you let me give you a dog?" Perhaps I could leave him in a hall, and kindly souls would find him. Of course I might have taken him to the upper terminal—it was where I was bound for, anyway; only memory had its time-lock on again, and I had no real notion of where I was going, or why. I only realized that dog—the bandy-legged, bulgy-eyed, incompetent little wretch that was struggling and snuffling under my arm.

I was passing an entrance to a sort of court, just then, the back way to a lofty apartment-house—a home for the rich and great. I imagined I heard children's voices in there—children playing. Ah, just the thing! I would slip in part way, put him down, and gently shoo him in that direction. Then I would go away. Those dear children would love him.

But he would not shoo. When I placed him carefully on the cement and softly shooed, he seemed to make up his mind that I was a pretty good sort, after all, and that he would play with me. Soon he began describing half-circles a little distance away; then he gave a weak little bark of pure joy.

"Go in there," I breathed, urgently; "go to a happy home. We are not for each other."

He seated himself, regarded me gravely, and gave another of those feeble, yapping barks. I picked him up again. I recalled for the moment that I had other business and must attend to it. But I didn't—not immediately. Before I could turn I felt a heavy hand on my shoulder. I was startled; but it was all right, it was only a police officer. He said:

"What are *you* doing with *that dog?*"

The italics were his, and for the moment I could not clearly remember just what I was doing with that dog. Then I seemed to recall that I had been trying to find the owner, and said so.

"In this alley, I suppose?" he commented with deep sarcasm. "You come with me."

It seemed best to go. I hadn't much else to do just then, anyway. He took the dog under his other arm and we started into the street. Half-way down the block, headed in our direction, and a good deal winded from rapid movement, was the large, bright lady of fur and feathers. I realized then that she had discovered her loss and put the law on my trail—easy enough to follow, for I had not been unobserved. She came up, panting heavily.

"Oh, 'oo pressus, darlin' doggums Cheefoojums," she gurgled. "Did old, bad man carry him off—and nice officer find him? Now bad man go to jail—yes, he will!"

I found her voice distinctly disagreeable. It stimulated me to be severe.

"Madame," I said, "you carelessly walked

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"WHAT ARE *YOU* DOING WITH *THAT DOG?*"

off and left your dog on the train, where it had no right to be in the first place. I ran after you with it, but you had disappeared. I should think if you cared so much for your precious doggums Chee-foojums you would try to remember him."

"Lady," said the blue-coated hero, "do you wish to enter a charge against this man?"

But she was paying not the slightest attention to either of us. We had reached the highly ornate entrance of an apartment adjacent to the Subway entrance just then, and she disappeared through its swinging doors. As they closed behind her my animosity vanished. Had she not relieved me of doggums Chee-foojums? Few angels could have done more. My captor regarded me sternly.

"You may go," he said, "but don't let me catch you around this neighborhood again."

His instructions were unnecessary. It was not an interesting neighborhood. On a gloomy December afternoon it was depressing. I plunged down the Subway stairs and took the first train, regardless of direction. My time-lock loosened up just then and I realized why I was there; also, that I was headed back for Fifty-ninth Street.

"It has been an interesting day," I said. "I will now go back to my friend's room, leave him a note of thanks, and return to the suburbs. Next week I will visit Lost and Found, or get two perfectly fresh books from my publishers and try it again."

It was dark when I reached my friend's room, it being about five, and a dull winter day, as I have said. I therefore touched the electric button by the door as I entered. Then I noticed something. It was a newspaper—the one I had read on the train—long, how long, ago—coming up-town. Also, it was wrapped around something—two books—my books, the ones I had carried about all day for the kind lady down the street. Why, of course! I remembered now, perfectly: I had placed them there as I entered the first time, in a chair by the door, to have them handy. It is always dim back there, owing to the screen, even on a bright day, which accounts, of course, for my having overlooked them later. Still, I *have* been known to look straight at a thing without seeing it—so my wife says.

I did not let go of them again until I stood in the drawing-room of their owner.

"Oh," she said, "how good of you to bring them yourself. I'm afraid you found it a trouble."

"Not in the least," I said.

Still a Winner

IT was at a party, and the prettiest girl present had suggested that they play an old-fashioned game of grimaces, which consists of distorting the features in the most hideous possible manner.

A prize was offered, and a very serious-faced young man agreed to act as judge. He gazed about him at the twisted features in a conscientious effort to make a just decision. It was a difficult matter. Finally he spied one which caused him to hesitate no longer.

"Miss Blank," he cried, "I award you the prize."

"Sir, "she replied. "I was not playing!"

Happy Days

AN ardent uplift worker sat in the midst of the McNamara family, expostulating with them in a pained voice. "You should provide some kind of wholesome amusement for your family," said the philanthropist, sternly, to the abashed McNamara. "You should do something to lighten the burden of toil. Every life needs a little sunshine in it."

"Oh, missus," chimed up one of the girls, "we has lots of fun. There's always a fight or somethin' entertainin' goin' on in the tenement. Why, only last week a gentleman stabbed a woman, then shot her and dragged her past our door."

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If Gasoline Continues to Rise

"How far is it to Rochester from here?"
"Oh, it's about seventeen gallons away."

A Reasonable Request

ONE of our Boston attorneys while sojourning in the South not long ago visited a Kentucky court-room while a case was being tried. The defendant had been accused of selling adulterated liquor, and some whisky was produced as evidence. This was handed over to the jury to assist in their deliberations.

After about an hour's absence the jurymen filed into court, whereupon his Honor asked:

"Has the jury agreed on a verdict?"

"No, your Honor," returned the foreman, "and before we do, we should like to have some more evidence."

Regina's Reward

THERE is an elderly member of the faculty of a New England university, a noted entomologist, who has retained in his employ a faithful cook whose services have extended over a period of twenty years.

Recently the professor summoned her to his study in a ceremonious way which was unusual.

"Regina," he began, "you have now been in my employ twenty years. As a reward I have determined to name the bug I recently discovered after you."

According to Rule

THE pretty young German girl who presided over the soda-fountain in the drug-store was accustomed to serving patrons who did not know their own minds, and her habit of thought was difficult to change.

"Glass of plain soda," said a man of generous proportions, as he entered rather hurriedly.

"You have vanilla or you have chocolate, or—"

"I want plain soda, without syrup," interrupted the customer, testily.

"Yes," tranquilly inquired the young woman, "but w'at kind syrup you want him mitout—mitout vanilla or mitout chocolate?"

Incontrovertible

A TEACHER of a primary class had been discussing various domestic animals. Intending to bring out the point that the cow has horns, she asked, "Now who can tell me what the cow has that the other animals of which we have spoken do not have?"

There was a moment's silence, then little Mary rose in her seat. "A little calf!" she announced, triumphantly.

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"I Wonder if that Label is Correct"

Well Trained

"HAWAIIAN servants are among the most faithful in the world," said a woman of much experience, "but they are strangely unsophisticated. They have an overwhelming desire to call you by your first name. Our man servant was always saying to my husband, 'Yes, Frank,' or, 'All right, Frank'; and to me, 'To be sure, Mabel,' and, 'I'm going out, Mabel.' Finally it got on my nerves to such an extent that I discharged him, and when the new cook appeared I told my husband not to mention my first name in his presence, then perhaps he would call me Mrs. So Frank was always very careful, and always addressed me as 'Dearie' or 'Sweetheart,' but the new cook, a prudent chap, gave me no title at all.

"One night we gave a dinner to a large party of friends. I was telling them how I had successfully overcome, in my new cook's case, the native servants' most offensive abuse of their employers' Christian names. I can depend, at least, on this one servant not addressing me as 'Mabel.' At this moment the new cook entered the room, bowed to me respectfully, and said:

"'Sweetheart, dinner is served.'

"'What!' I stammered.

"'Dinner is served, dearie,' he answered, with another courtesy."

It Sounds Well

IN one of the Wichita schools they were examining the fourth-grade pupils in geography. One of the questions was, "What is the equator?"

"The equator," read the answer of a nine-year-old boy, "is a menagerie lion running round the center of the earth."

How It Happened

AN old lady, stopping to give a penny to a beggar, was moved to inquire the cause of his destitution.

The poor man, doffing his hat, answered:

"I was always like you, lady, a-givin' away vast sums ter the poor an' needy."

A Matter of Indifference

THE hostess was duly solicitous as to the wants of a neighbor's small boy who was one of her guests at dinner. "Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?"

"No, ma'am," said the youngster, truthfully.

"Well," said the kind lady, "do you think she wants you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh, she don't care. This isn't her pie."

A Promising Recruit

THE officer of the day, during his tour of duty, paused to question a sentry who was a new recruit.

"If you should see an armed party approaching, what would you do?" asked the officer.

"Turn out the guard, sir."

"Very well. Suppose you saw a battleship coming across the parade-ground, what would you do?"

"Report to the hospital for examination, sir," was the prompt reply.

"I Didn't Ring for a Towel"

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Easy Subtraction

"NOW," explained the teacher, "in order to subtract, things must be of the same denomination. For instance, we cannot take six oranges from eight apples, nor five sheep from six horses."

Young Arthur had an inspiration, and his small hand shot up. "Teacher," he shouted, "can't you take five quarts of milk from four cows?"

No Need for Haste

A DIVINE of a certain parish in Scotland was walking one misty night through a street in the village when he fell into a deep hole. After vainly trying to make his escape from the uncomfortable position, he began to shout for help. A laborer passing heard his cries, and, looking down, asked who he was. The kind minister told him, at the same time evincing much agitation. The laborer, however, sized the situation up in a very passive manner and remarked:

"Weel, weel, ye needna kick up sic a noise. Ye'll no be needed afore Sawbath, an' this is only Wednesday nicht."

Potent Effects

"CHARLES," said the teacher, "what are the effects of heat and cold?"

"Heat expands and cold contracts," answered Charles, promptly.

"Now give me examples."

"In summer the days are long, and in winter very short."

A Concise Narrative

THERE was an explosion of one of the big guns on a battle-ship not long ago. Shortly afterward one of the sailors who was injured was asked by a reporter to give an account of it.

"Well, sir," rejoined the jacky, "it was like this: You see, I was standin' with me back to the gun, a-facin' the port side. All of a sudden I hears a hell of a noise; then, sir, the ship physician, he says, 'Set up an' take this.'"

"Say, if you're runnin' to fish your little boy out o' the mill-pond, you're too late?"
"Oh, good heavens!"
"Yep, he crawled out hisself."

The Close Season

HOW deeply a Southerner feels on the negro question was demonstrated when a prominent member of a Southern Congressional delegation and a Southern general who had just returned from abroad met in Chicago a short time ago.

"Well, tell me all the news from home," demanded the general, after a hearty exchange of handshaking.

"Nothing unusual happening," returned the other. "But, look here; what do you suppose our fool Legislature did at the last session? Passed a statute making it a misdemeanor to shoot a nigger."

"A misdemeanor to shoot a nigger? Why, that's preposterous!" shouted the general.

"Fact, nevertheless," insisted the other.

"A misdemeanor," mused the general. "A misdemeanor, eh? Durin' what months of the year?"

A Strenuous Program

"MY young friends," said a member of the board of trustees, who was addressing the school, "let me urge upon you the necessity of not only reading good books, but also of owning them, so that you may have access to them at all times. Why, when I was a young man I used frequently to work all night to earn money to buy books, and then get up before daylight to read them."

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THE GROCER: "*Miss Schmidt, ven you added up dot bill for Mrs. Loder you got it von dollar too liddle. Dot ain't de right kind of mistakes to make.*"

The Unvarnished Truth

AN officer in the British army who is thoroughly disliked by his men was returning to the barracks one night when he lost his way and slipped into some deep water. A private happened to see the occurrence, and, running to his assistance, pulled the officer out. The latter was very profuse in his thanks and asked his rescuer how he could reward him.

"The very best way you can reward me," replied the private, "is to say nothing about it."

"Why, my good fellow," questioned the astonished superior, "then you really wish me to say nothing about it?"

"Ay! If the other fellows knew I pulled you out they'd bloomin' soon chuck me in!" came the frank response.

A Joke On the Doctor

A PHYSICIAN boarded a crowded cross-town car. A woman was standing, and a big German seated, sprawling over twice the space necessary. Indignantly the doctor said to him:

"See here! Why don't you move a little so that this tired woman may have a seat?"

For a moment the German looked dazed. Then a broad smile spread over his countenance as he answered:

"Say, dot's a joke on you, all right! Dot's my vife!"

No Need for Speech

"DOES the baby talk yet?" asked a friend of the family.

"No," replied the baby's disgusted little brother, "the baby doesn't need to talk."

"Doesn't need to talk?"

"No. All the baby has to do is to yell, and it gets everything in the house that's worth having."

Their Respective Stations

FOR years he had devoted all of his energies to amassing a fortune, and finally the time came when he was acknowledged to be the richest man in the town. He managed to squeeze himself into a very exclusive golf club. Leisurely he looked around, upon his initial visit to the grounds, for a possible partner, and his choice fell upon a tall, aristocratic-looking gentleman who suggested social standing.

The latter very affably signified pleasure in the new-comer's invitation, and as they approached the first tee he continued:

"By the way, I'm a four man. What are you?"

"Hm! a foreman, are you?" replied the other, with a scrutinizing glance. "Well, I'm in business for myself."

An Erudite Waiter

A COLLEGE professor, compelled to make a hasty luncheon, dropped into a quick-lunch establishment and briefly ordered fried eggs.

"Over?" demanded the laconic waiter.

"*Ova?*" repeated the guileless professor, a little astonished at the man's apparent familiarity with Latin. "Certainly! That is what I ordered, *ova gallinæ*."

Qualified Praise

"WELL," said Langton, self-complacently, as he finished his first after-dinner speech, "you didn't think I could speak, did you?"

"I confess," replied his friend, "that I can't think of anything so marvelous that has happened for years. Not since Balaam's time, in fact."

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Painting by Walter Biggs Illustration for "A Surprise In Perspective"

SHE CAME CONFIDENTLY IN TO CLAIM THE FULFILMENT OF A PROMISE

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXIV APRIL, 1917 No. DCCCIII

The Safe and Useful Aeroplane

AN INTERVIEW WITH ORVILLE WRIGHT

BY BURTON J. HENDRICK

WHILE the world is thundering with well-nigh universal war, the one man whose life-work has probably most influenced most military operations is spending his quiet days experimenting in his laboratory at Dayton, Ohio. This is Orville Wright, the man who, with his brother Wilbur, invented the aeroplane. It was only about ten years ago that Wilbur Wright, in France, and Orville Wright, in this country, made the famous flights that first brought home to the world the fact that transportation through the air had become a reality. The last three years have shown the part that this invention was to play in history. Yet when I recently talked with Mr. Orville Wright on the aeroplane, I found him more interested in its usefulness as an instrument of peace than as an instrument of war.

"I really believe," he said, "that the aeroplane will help peace in more ways than one—in particular I think it will have a tendency to make war impossible. Indeed, it is my conviction that, had the European governments foreseen the part which the aeroplane was to play, especially in reducing all their strategical plans to a devastating deadlock, they would never have entered upon the war. Possibly they foresaw something of the present development, but not definitely. When I was in England several years ago I found the British Government not at all enthusiastic about the aeroplane, since the English military experts regarded it as a menace to England's isolation. This was the time when the nation was aroused over the fear of a German invasion; there was a widespread belief that the Germans were planning a descent in several forms of aircraft, and many very sensible people regarded such an enterprise as not impossible. Naturally they looked with suspicion upon any instrument, such as the aeroplane, which might facilitate such an operation. This illustrates the mistaken notions which were entertained concerning the practical uses of the aeroplane in warfare. Most of us saw its use for scouting purposes, but few foresaw that it would usher in an entirely new form of warfare. As a result of its activities, every opposing general knows precisely the strength of his enemy and precisely what he is going to do. Thus surprise attacks, which for thousands of years have determined the event of wars, are no longer possible, and thus all future wars, between forces which stand anywhere near an equality, will settle down to tedious deadlocks. Civilized countries, knowing this in advance, will hesitate before taking up arms—a fact which makes me believe that the aeroplane, far more than Hague conferences and Leagues to enforce peace, will exert a powerful influence in putting an end to war."

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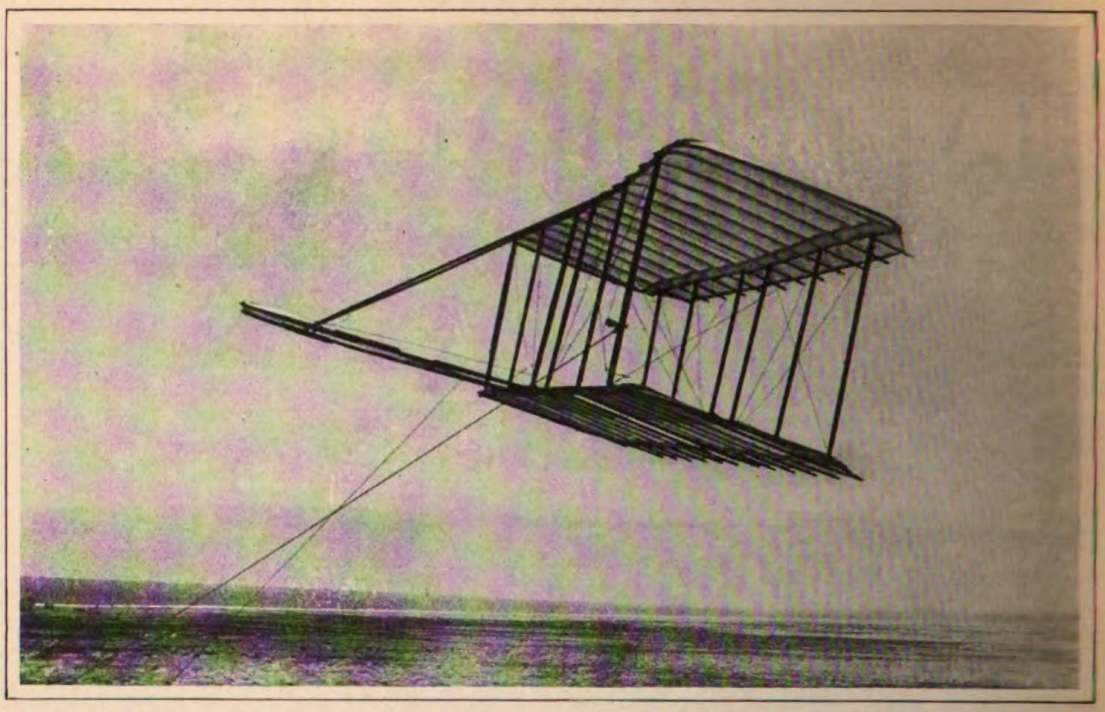

THE GLIDER OF 1899, MADE BY THE WRIGHT BROTHERS, AND FLOWN AS A KITE

"I presume you would welcome such an outcome?" I said.

"Yes, indeed," answered Mr. Wright, quickly. "I should hail this as the aeroplane's greatest triumph. My main interest is in the aeroplane as a real promoter of civilization. Recent events have made us regard it almost exclusively as a weapon of war. Probably many people believe that, as soon as peace is signed, the thousands of aeroplanes that have contributed so greatly to it will be scrapped. That is not my belief. After the war we are told we shall have a new world and a new type of civilization; in my opinion one of the factors that will contribute to this changed order will be the part which will be played in it by the aeroplane. We shall have an entirely new form of transportation, which will serve many ends and contribute in many ways to the welfare and happiness of mankind."

"Yes," I remarked, "we have many prophets who tell us of the wonderful future in store for your invention."

"Yet I am not one of those," answered Mr. Wright, "who entertain extravagant ideas concerning its future. All sorts of ridiculous notions are afloat, largely fathered by people of lively imagination and of limited information. I do not believe that all transportation in future will be through the air. The aeroplane will not supplant the railroad, the trolley-car, or the automobile. All our present methods of transporting passengers and freight will continue to render excellent service; the aeroplane will merely be another agency for performing a similar kind of work. There are certain things that it will do better than the railroad or the automobile, and its use will therefore be limited to these, for we must realize at the start that the aeroplane has decided limitations. In saying this I am discussing the machine as we know it to-day. It is not impossible that other forms of aircraft, built upon other principles, may be invented, which may accomplish all the wonderful things certain imaginative people prophesy for the present aeroplane. We see numerous pictures to-day of aircraft as large as ocean-liners, but these are merely vain imaginings. We shall have no aeroplanes as large as the *Lusitania*. Any one who understands the fundamentals of air mechanics will immediately understand why this is so. The aeroplane is built essentially upon

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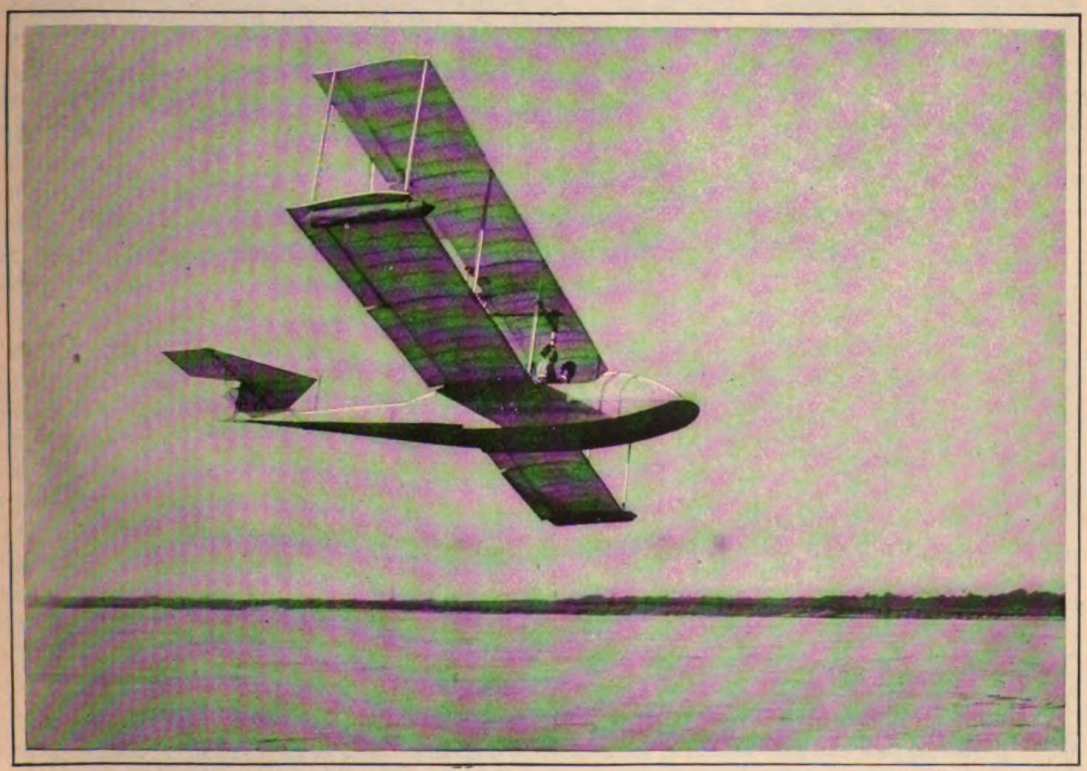
the same principles as a bird; it has the same flying capabilities as a bird, and precisely the same limitations. The best flyer among birds is the humming-bird. Have you ever noticed how it poises itself in the air, in almost identically the same place, perhaps for an hour at a time? The humming-bird is one of the smallest of birds; and certain insects, which are much smaller, such as the dragon-fly, are also wonderful flyers. It is a law of nature that, the larger the bird, the poorer its flying ability. The barnyard fowl has great difficulty in getting over a fence, while the ostrich does not fly at all. All creatures that live in the air are small; we have nothing, among flying animals, which can be compared in size to the horse or the elephant. There are excellent mechanical reasons for this. The main one is that, as a bird increases in size, its weight increases at a much greater rate than the area of its wings. Thus, if a bird doubles in size, it would need, to lift itself in the air, not twice as much power, but eight times as much. That is, its weight increases as its cube, whereas the area of the wings increases as its square. You can easily see where that mathematical principle will soon land you. This is the principle that limits the size of birds, and it is also the principle that limits the size of aeroplanes, which fly just as birds fly. Each increase in size demands a much greater proportional increase in motive power, the result being that we have to add so enormously to the weight that the aeroplane soon reaches a size where it cannot leave the ground. Many attempts have been made to make bigger machines, but nothing is gained in economy or usefulness by making them. The aeroplane is a method of transportation that works best and least expensively in small units. We can get better and cheaper service out of two aeroplanes of moderate size than we can get out of one which is twice as large. There are other factors that will limit our present aeroplane practically to its present size, but it is unnecessary to go into the matter in greater detail. Ten passengers have already been carried comfortably, yet it is a fact that a large car carrying ten passengers would not be so economical or efficient as ten little cars each carrying one."



HYDROAEROPLANE IN FLIGHT

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"Most people believe," I suggested, "that what mainly stands in the way of the aeroplane is its danger. The average citizen regards it as an exhilarating and exciting sport, but not safe enough for general use."

"Yes," said Mr. Wright, "it is a new idea that the aeroplane is a safe means of transportation in safe hands, yet it is an idea that we must firmly get into the popular mind. The average citizen is still frightened at the prospect of leaving the ground and having no support except the air itself. Yet at the speed which we expect an aeroplane to maintain—seventy or eighty miles an hour—there is no means of transportation that is so safe. The obstructions that cause accidents with trains and automobiles do not exist for flying craft. A locomotive has to follow a definite track, which may be obstructed or the slightest dislocation of which may cause a frightful calamity. The aeroplane is not so circumscribed—its tracks are wherever it wishes to go. There are no obstructions in the air—unless we regard 'air-pockets' as such—no bridges to cross, no mountains to penetrate, no signals to run by, and no switches to be misplaced. Or compare this new craft to the rough road of the automobile. The slightest mistake or even inattention on the part of the driver, going, say, forty or fifty miles an hour, may hurl the machine over a precipice or overturn it on an embankment. But such a lapse on the part of an aviator has no such deplorable results; there are no precipices to fall from and no obstructions to collide with. The aeroplane is even safer than some forms of water travel. The motor-boat, going at a speed of forty miles an hour, or even slower, is a more risky form of transportation than an aeroplane. If such a boat strike even a small obstruction, such as a floating plank, its side is punctured and it sinks in a few seconds. But there are no such dangers in the air.

"Certain performers have done much to instil this notion that flying is exceedingly dangerous," Mr. Wright continued. "These are the daredevil exhibition flyers, who cultivate the circus aspects of the art. Both by words and

AN AEROPLANE FACTORY OF TO-DAY

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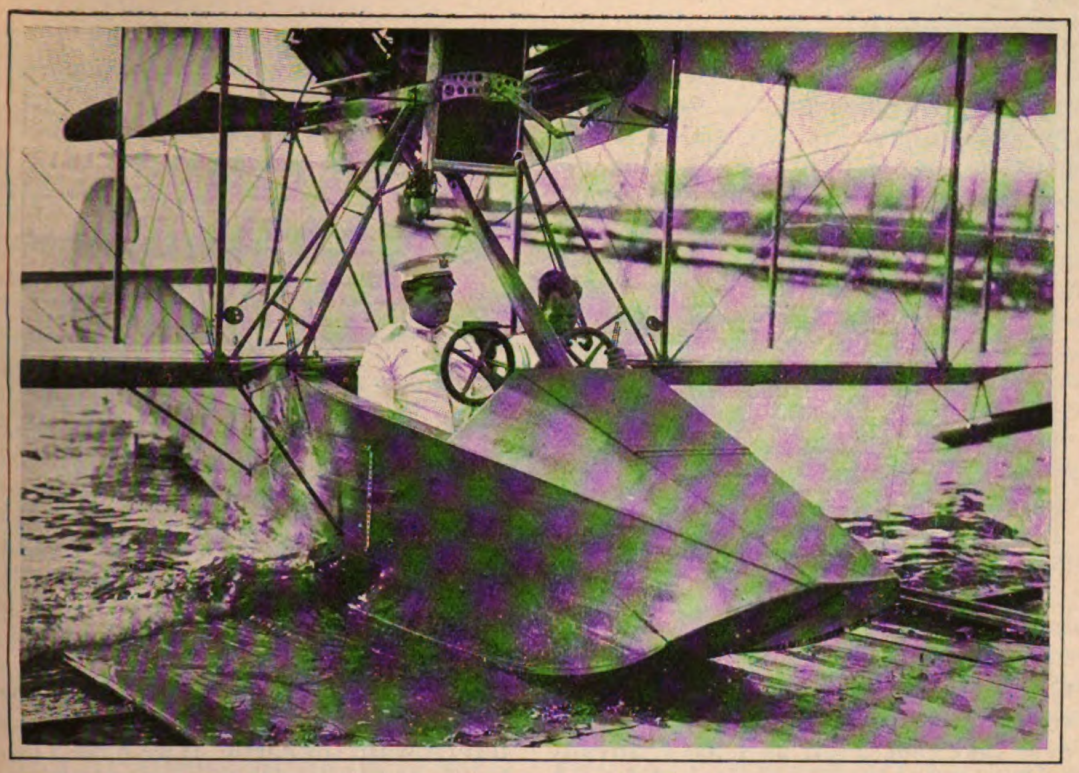

HYDROAEROPLANE, LANDING

deeds they have associated the aeroplane with the idea of danger. They have spread abroad the impression that only an immense amount of nerve, abnormal skill, and plenty of luck qualify one for aviation. And their air acrobatics—their tail-glides and their loopings-the-loop—have accentuated this idea. They have had many bad accidents, too, which have been the necessary consequences of inexperience and of taking foolish chances. Yet I do not wish to criticize too harshly these circus-performers, for they have accomplished much good. The man who first looped-the-loop made a solid contribution to the cause of aeronautics, for he demonstrated the wonderful stability and righting-power of the aeroplane. He showed that the contrivance could get into practically no position in the air from which it could not be righted. What other means of transportation, except the aeroplane, sails just as well upside as down? In what other can one turn turtle, without fear of serious consequences? We owe the demonstration of these reassuring facts to the exhibition-performers, and the discovery has the greatest value for the man or woman who prefers to fly in more prosaic fashion. It gives them a consciousness that, whatever happens, they are safe. Still these flyers, with their numerous accidents, have made the aviator's career seem a hazardous one, and of this false idea we should disabuse our minds. There is no sense of dizziness in the air. Once well up, you never know whether your elevation is a few hundred or a few thousand feet."

"Are there, then, no dangers in flying?" I asked.

"Yes, indeed," Mr. Wright answered, "but there are no difficulties which ordinary prudence and common sense cannot provide against, for the greatest danger of aeroplaning is not the flying, but the landing. If one has a wide, smooth, open place for his descent, all is well; but it is inconvenient and it may be fatal to land in the top of a tree or somewhere in the neighborhood of a skyscraper. Of actual upsetting in the air—that is, a genuine fall, such as was not infrequent in the early days—there is

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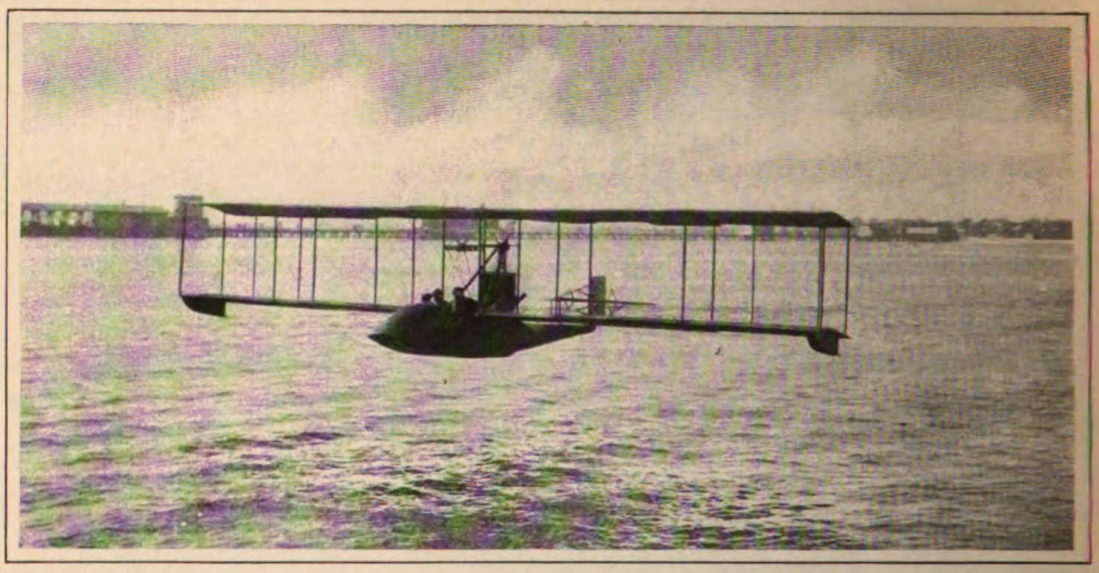

OPENING ST. PETERSBURG-TAMPA AIR-BOAT LINE

now very little danger, and there is no reason why accidents of this kind should ever take place, for, as I have already said, an aeroplane, no matter what position it gets into, is easily righted. What we must guard against, above everything, is flying too near the ground. Here again we must revise the popular attitude toward the aeroplane. Most people feel that they would not mind going up provided they went up only a hundred feet or so; the idea of ascending fifteen hundred or two thousand is what appals them. But in general I may say that the higher one flies the safer he is. Clearly, if you are going to fall, you will suffer no more by falling from a thousand feet than from five hundred; the chances are that you will be killed in either case. But you are less likely to have a serious fall at the higher altitude than at the lower. The reason is that, if the machine is high enough, the pilot has space in which to right himself, while if he is too near the ground he does not have sufficient space.

"We also hear much about the stopping of the motor. The public has the impression that this dead motor is one of the greatest perils of flying. As a matter of fact, the stopping of the motor is not necessarily a serious matter. The motor does not make the aeroplane fly—it merely propels it. The machine flies when the motor stops, only it does not fly on the horizontal plane. Whenever this happens, it glides easily and gracefully toward the earth. If we have a level landing-place under us, everything goes well; if we do not, the consequences are unpleasant. If we are only a hundred feet in the air, we haven't time to select a landing-place, but go down just where we are, whether it is a deep pond, a mass of telegraph wires, or the tangled roofs of the city. If we are up a thousand or more feet, however, we have much more room to glide in, and can usually select some place where we can land in comfort. The usual gliding range is about eight to one; that is, if the aeroplane is a hundred feet in the air, it lands about eight hundred feet away from the place where the motor stops, while if it is up a thousand feet, it comes down about eight thousand feet away, or about a mile and a half. A height of two thousand feet, giving a gliding range of three miles, is usually safe for all purposes, as, from this height, the flyer can discover a level spot within that large radius. Thus safety in the air is almost entirely a matter of maintaining a sufficient height. Exhibition-performers constantly take this risk; they persist in flying low over a city, taking their chances that the motor will not stop. I cannot understand why men will run such risks, unless it is that flight itself is so easy, and the aeroplane inspires such

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confidence, that the possibility of a mishap vanishes from the mind."

"What do you do, then, when the motor stops?" I asked.

"The stopping of the motor is not in itself dangerous," said Mr. Wright; "it merely means a descent to earth until the mechanism can be again made ready for flight. But it is inconvenient, and a deterrent to commercial aeroplaning. A motor that works with the same perfection as the automobile motor is to-day our greatest need. And we are making rapid progress toward obtaining it. This, it will be remembered, was the greatest problem of the automobile in the early days—the motor's constant tendency to break down in a distant road was a constant irritation. We have been going through this same preliminary stage with the aeroplane motor; indeed, I think we have made more progress in the same period of time in propelling the flying-machine than we did in propelling the automobile. American manufacturers are somewhat behind Europeans in making motors, simply because we have not had the opportunities to experiment. Making thousands of machines for war purposes, the European manufacturers have naturally produced motors that are superior to ours. They have spent millions in experimental work and with satisfactory results. One motor in particular weighs only 374 pounds, has developed 150 horse-power, and has the important quality of durability. This motor has given certain war aeroplanes a speed of 125 miles an hour, and with it the aviator can climb 10,000 feet in ten minutes. The Allies have placed orders for 7,000 of these machines. The war has developed other motors and American manufacturers are producing better types every day. The time has therefore arrived for the general use of the aeroplane for commercial and pleasure purposes."

"What, then, will be its uses? Will it carry passengers to any extent?"

"Yes. It will not, as I have said, supplant the railroad, but there are certain things that the aeroplane can do better than the railroad. It will be demanded whenever the necessity is for great speed. Few express trains average more than fifty miles an hour—though they make greater speed on short stretches of straight track—whereas that speed represents almost the minimum of the flying-machine. We think nothing of sixty and seventy miles, a regulation

THE AEROS THAT CARRIED GENERAL PERSHING'S MAIL

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speed of one hundred miles may be expected, and, as said above, certain pursuit aeroplanes now used in the war go at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. At first even the suggestion of such speeds almost takes one's breath away; it seems inconceivable that human beings could physically endure such rapid traveling. But there is one great difference in traveling in the air and on the surface. On a railroad car we are always conscious of high speed; well up in the air we are not conscious of it at all. The sensation is precisely the same whether you are going forty or ninety miles an hour, or, indeed, if you are making no progress at all, as, in a high adverse wind, sometimes happens. A fly in a Pullman car has the same sensation, whether the car is standing still or rushing ahead at the rate of fifty miles an hour—the fly is simply carried along with the mass of air and has no sense of motion. The situation is the same in flying. A speed of one hundred miles an hour, therefore, causes no physical distress. Traveling under such circumstances will be far pleasanter than that furnished by the most luxurious Pullman or automobile. There is no roadbed to jar, and we never know when we are going around a curve. Indeed, the passengers will hardly realize that they are moving at all."

"How will this cut down the time of traveling?"

"The trip from New York to Boston," Mr. Wright answered, "would take about two hours, where now it takes five. From New York to Chicago will take eight or ten hours instead of twenty, as at present. You will be able to make the trip from New York to San Francisco in a couple of days. Now plenty of occasions arise in everyday life when such rapid transit is desirable. The only recourse now for unusually rapid speed is the special train. This has two disadvantages—it costs so much that only railroad presidents and millionaires can use it, and, after all, it does not go very much faster than the regular train. In a very few years, I think, the flying-machine will do all the work that the special train does now. It is not only faster, but it is more comfortable, much safer, and much less expensive. The New York business man who wishes quick transit to Chicago, where the saving of a few hours will perhaps mean a successful business deal involving millions, will use the aeroplane. So will the man who wishes to reach the bedside of a sick relative, where saving an hour or two may mean seeing his wife or child alive. We frequently read of surgeons being rushed upon a special train, so that they may arrive in time to perform an operation that may save a human life. What a godsend the speedier transit of a flying-machine will be in cases like this!"

"Why isn't such a service established at once?" The question was a natural one.

"Chiefly because of the impediment I have mentioned—the scarcity of good landing-places. It will be necessary to establish such landing-places—that is, smooth level fields—at all important points. We have two or three such model landing-places already—especially those at Dayton and at Detroit. All large cities will have to build such accommodations; future municipal planning will necessarily provide them. With these established in all important points, the day of passenger traffic will begin. This service can supplement the regular railroad in numerous ways. In particular it will make 'missing the train' much less of a calamity than it is now. Suppose, for example, you fail to catch the Twentieth Century Limited at the Grand Central Station; you can jump into an aeroplane and reach Albany in plenty of time to catch it there. Perhaps the greatest service of the passenger aeroplane is that it will make accessible parts of the world that are now little used. There are plenty of places where railroads cannot be built because of the great cost, because of engineering obstacles, and because there is not enough traffic to justify them.

"This brings me to the use of the aeroplane for transporting freight. The present type of machine will never supplant the freight-car, and I cannot foresee that it will ever be used for carrying coal or wheat. But in transporting special small packages, precious freight, it will be extremely useful. Here again

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THE WRIGHT-MARTIN MILITARY RECONNAISSANCE MACHINE OF 1917—150 HORSEPOWER

we shall penetrate sections where the railroad cannot carry us. There are thousands of such places in the West, in South America, in Africa. The aeroplane will probably be one of the most potent agencies in the development of Alaska, for here we have an extremely rich country where railroads are difficult and extremely expensive to build. I can best illustrate this by a special instance. There is a certain port in Alaska back of which, about sixteen miles away, lie rich gold-fields. The problem of the company which works these mines is to get supplies to its men and to get the concentrate back to tide-water. The mines are shut off from the port by two ranges of mountains four thousand feet high, and it is inconceivable that a railroad should ever be built across these obstructions. Supplies are now sent by a circuitous route which takes three days to make in the summer-time; in winter it cannot be made at all. The company is now completing plans to install an aeroplane service. In this way the workmen can easily sail over the mountainous barriers and reach the miners in an hour. They can thus carry supplies to the workmen and bring back the concentrate. The money saved will be an important item; the great point, however, is that the mines, with all their precious output, can be successfully worked for the first time. There are thousands of places, in Alaska and elsewhere, where precisely the same situation exists. In such places the flying-machine will perform much work now done by packhorse and mule, and open up sections where even the mule is useless for transit purposes. One of the greatest obstacles to transportation in Alaska are certain large areas of 'nigger-heads'—flat stretches resembling swamps, with a growth similar to cabbage-heads, which neither man nor beast can negotiate, and across which neither railroads nor highways can be built. These obstructions, of course, will present no difficulty to the aeroplane."

"Will the aeroplane be useful for carrying mails?"

"Not to the extent that some people suppose," said Mr. Wright. "I do not think it will supplant the steamship and the railroad as a mail-carrier, because it will be too expensive. It would take a very large number of flying-machines, perhaps a hundred, to carry as much mail as we now get into a mail-car. You can easily figure how this would increase the expense. It will have the same advantage in carrying mails as in carrying passengers, and that is speed. This statement also needs some qualification,

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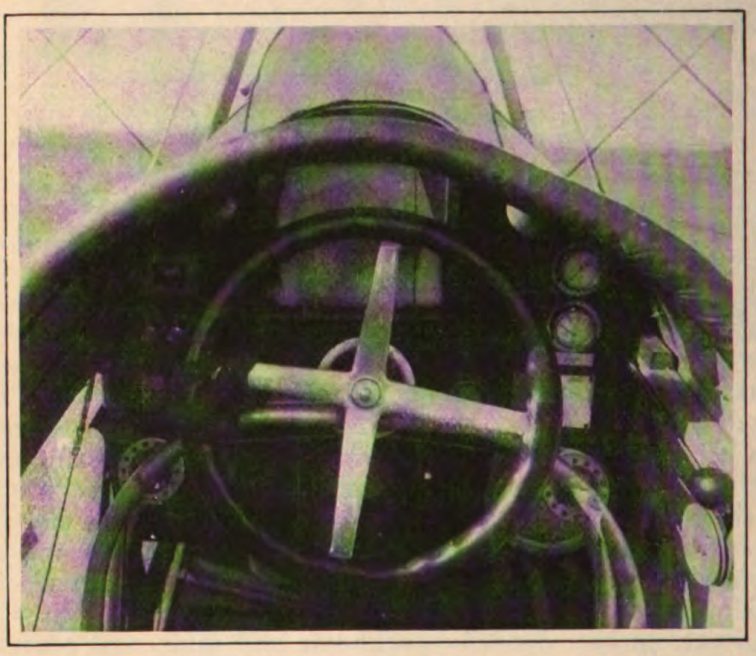
for, when it comes to quick communication, the aeroplane can never supplant the telegraph and the telephone. But we shall probably have a special rapid mail service by aeroplane, for which we shall pay a higher price and buy a special stamp. The flying-machine will give a ten-hour service between New York and Chicago and a two-day service from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It will likewise carry letters into remote sections which the mail now reaches only at long intervals or does not reach at all. The United States still has a large number of 'star routes'—routes which the mail-carrier travels on horseback, sometimes consuming days in the journey. The aeroplane can do all this work much more cheaply and much quicker. It goes in a straight line, whereas the star route man has usually to take a roundabout course, for mountains and rivers offer the flying-machine no obstacles."



THE NEW YORK-TO-CHICAGO MACHINE, SHOWING THE MAP THAT GUIDED THE AVIATOR

"In Mexico we have had an example of the use of the aeroplane for carrying mails. Practically all the mails from Columbus, New Mexico, to Pershing's column have been carried by air. My friend, Mr. Glenn Martin, who spent several days down there, tells an incident that illustrates the mail-carrying possibilities of this new contrivance. While visiting Captain Dodd, commanding officer of the First Aero Squadron, stationed at Pershing's supply headquarters in Columbus, Mr. Martin and several officers were standing on the field one morning when a message came saying that Lieutenant Bowen had left Pershing's station, one hundred and twenty miles south of the border, by aeroplane with mail-matter. Captain Dodd related that a daily mail-route was maintained by air. Looking to the south the captain pointed out a familiar dust-cloud which followed the truck-trains, making trips to and from Pershing's station. The great contrast to the trucktrain they were looking at was very striking at this particular time, as the message just received from Pershing said that Lieutenant Bowen was leaving his headquarters by aeroplane. On the horizon was a truck-train which had been on the way two days and a half and was still a half-day out of Columbus. An hour and twenty-two minutes later Lieutenant Bowen arrived and spiraled into the field. The incident was passed over until train time, eleven-thirty, the hour Mr. Martin was leaving Columbus for New York. As the train pulled out the dust-cloud following the truck-train was still approaching from the south; apparently it was still two or three hours away. It had taken the aeroplane not an hour and a half to make the trip; and the truck-train, covering the same distance, had been two and a half days and had not yet arrived.

"Aeroplanes in Mexico also carried extra officers from one headquarters to another, and important personal matter and express between the two bases."

"But how about the aeroplane as a sport?" I asked.

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"I think," Mr. Wright replied, "that it is the greatest sport yet devised. It is far more exhilarating and delightful than the automobile for high speed, and far safer. The time is not far distant when people will take their Sunday-afternoon spins in their aeroplane precisely as they do now in their automobiles. Long tours in the air will offer greater relaxations from the daily grind than long railway journeys. People need only recover from the foolish impression that it is a dangerous sport, instead of being, when adopted by rational persons, one of the safest. It is also far more comfortable. The driver of an automobile, even under the most favorable circumstances, lives at a constant nerve tension. He must keep always on the lookout for obstructions in the road, for other automobiles, and for sudden emergencies. A long drive is therefore likely to be an exhausting operation. Now the aeroplane has a great future for sporting purposes because this element of nerve tension is absent. The driver enjoys the proceeding as much as his passengers, and probably more. He can make mistakes, even lapse in his attention, without any serious consequences. Winds no longer terrorize the airman. Newspaper readers will remember that, ten years ago, my brother and I carefully selected the days in which we made our flights. Some days, when there was too much wind, we would not fly at all. But we have learned now how to fly, and even strong gales do not now frighten the flyer. He goes up except in the very bad days. The only wind conditions that deter him now are the kind known as 'cyclonic,' when there are great twists in the atmosphere. Under these circumstances he does not fly."

In conclusion, Mr. Wright made one of his most interesting statements.

"Aeroplaning, as a sport," he said, "will attract women as well as men. Indeed, in such aviators as have come to my attention, I find that a larger proportion of women make good flyers than men. I would hardly hazard the statement that women are better aviators—merely that I have found this to be the case in those whom I have met. Just why this should be so I do not know; yet there is a fascination and exhilaration in flying that appeals strongly to the feminine mind. Women also make excellent passengers. I have never yet taken up one who was not extremely eager to repeat the experience. This fact, of course, will hasten the day when the aeroplane will be a great sporting and social diversion."

My Heart Is Very Quiet

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

MY heart is very quiet now,
My heart that always cried
And struck against its barriers
Like some young child denied.

God grant it is the quietness
Before the storm shall rise,
And not the hush within a room,
The hush while something dies!

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Mr. Timmons Tackles Life

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

IN THREE PARTS.—PART I

THE man seemed to be quite dead; there could be no more question of that than of the fact that he was sitting in Timmons's back stoop. Timmons had heard him bumbling about out there some time before. Whether he had knocked or not, Timmons could not say, for he had remained buried in speculation in the living-room, imagining vaguely that the student-boy was attending to him. It had been some few minutes, perhaps ten, before it chanced to cross Timmons's mind that this was Saturday afternoon toward tea-time, and the student-boy very naturally gone home to the city for over Sunday.

It was then, and not till then, that he went out through the kitchen, his thoughts still behind him, with his absent aunt's punch-bowl and the precious, pale-green leaves floating in it. Even with his hand on the back door, his imagination still dwelt upon the fact that people were going to be surprised—the Chancellor among them, and Professor Peckenbaugh of the Institute, and Miss Gibbs of the English Department. The last would know about the specimen by this time. Timmons had sent her a note at noon. She would be gratified. . . .

He opened the door.

"Yes?" he said, in a low voice, with a rising inflection. He was quite short-sighted, and the light in the stoop, though bright and warm with sunset, was confused by the patterns of the lattice-work which surrounded it. Adjusting his spectacles with a tap of the knuckle peculiar to him, he peered at the figure on the bench, and repeated: "Yes? What is it? I am very busy this evening."

It was after this that he discovered what the matter was.

Timmons was horrified. For a moment he was of two minds about getting himself back into the kitchen and bolting the door on his grizzly visitant.

His first clear thought was that the Chancellor wouldn't like it. It would get into the newspapers, because it was just the kind of thing that got into the newspapers. It must be said for Timmons that the man was a total stranger—a foreigner, with a mustachio, a red handkerchief about his neck, silver earrings depending from his ears, and features which must have been, in life, swarthy to a degree. A barrel-organ with a single leg, propped against him, bore mute testimony to the calling which he had followed. But why, and how, had he come here?

The newspapers would ask. Timmons took out his handkerchief and dried his brow. He was quite sure now that the Chancellor would not like it. No longer ago than last semester, Professor Ritling of the Mathematics Department had chanced to travel to the Jersey side on the ferry-boat which carried the principals in the Stone-Belcroft Scandal, and had been called upon later to testify in court. In faculty meeting the Chancellor had said that he felt it did not help the college. It was the sort of thing he did not wish to encourage in the faculty; the sort of thing, to put it frankly, which would be bound to weigh in any question of possible resignation from the faculty. And, without especially meaning to, all eyes in the room had turned upon the instructor in biology, Mr. Timmons.

If his situation had been precarious then, in the spring, Timmons thought, what was it now? Professor Peckenbaugh's attacks upon him in the *Journal of the American Botany Society* had lost their earlier venom and taken on a quality almost of pity. In his last "open letter" the savant had been forced to conclude that Young Timmons

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of the College had been misled by a certain superficial similarity to the common garden lettuce when he imagined himself to be discovering a specimen of *Pendiflora Virginiensis* so far north as the banks of the Hudson. It might have been thrown out in the woods along with some villa-dweller's garbage. That was a poisoned thrust, for it was common knowledge now in the Botany Circle that it had been a blundering garbage-collector who had ravaged the precious specimen from Timmons's stoop an hour after he brought it home, glowing with the first triumph of his scientific career. How many score of refuse-cans he had gone over in the dusk of that evening, down at the depot! He could remember still, with a wrinkling of the nostrils; it had been a very liberal education in the dietetics of Westchester County.

He could see, now it was too late, how much wiser it would have been to wait till he had another specimen in hand before announcing his discovery to the Botany Society. So did Professor Peckenbaugh. And so also did the Chancellor, after Professor Peckenbaugh had opened fire with his big guns—and they were big guns indeed, as any one in the sciences will know. *Pendiflora* growing north of Mason and Dixon's line? Really, too amusing!

The Chancellor had a feeling that all this was not helping the college. He had never said anything directly to Timmons, but he had told Miss Pachman, the secretary, that a man like Peckenbaugh, of the Institute, ought to know what he was talking about. If Peckenbaugh didn't, who would? And Miss Gibbs had overheard him wondering to Professor Ritling if something couldn't be done—if, somehow, the affair couldn't be considered closed. It would be better for the college, he thought, either to have it closed, or to—to—in fact—start all over again with a clean slate. Everybody knew what a "clean slate" meant.

WHY, AND HOW, HAD HE COME HERE?

If only Timmons could find another wisp of that elusive vegetation before the coming winter sealed his fate! . . .

"But I *have!*" he protested, in absence of mind. "This morning, you know!"

Discovering to his horror that he was addressing an unknown dead man out loud, and upon a subject which could not have been of the slightest interest

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to him, even had he been alive, Timmons dried his brow once more and retreated into the gloom of the kitchen. He closed the door behind him. On second thought, he locked it and bolted it. After a moment's listening—for what, he could not say—he started to walk into the living-room, where the bowl was, and the *Pendiflora Virginiensis*. He ended by arriving in the front yard on the run.

"Come, come!" he said to himself, bringing up sharply half-way to the gate. He was conscious of a queer feeling along his spine, quite incomprehensible, like an electric face-massage gone astray.

"See here," he demanded of himself. "What's the matter with you? Why—why—you don't even know the man!"

Even this did not seem to cheer him. He wished that there were more people about, especially noisy people. He had never before remarked how quiet it was of an evening in the Bonaria Addition; even the freight-cars on the siding below him at the river's bank were quite deserted, silent and mysterious, one of them with its side-door gaping at him through the dusk like a vacant and toothless mouth. And for once, on the serene, lemon-colored floor of the river, nothing moved.

It was very odd. He hadn't felt it at all out there in the stoop, face to face with the thing. The trouble was that he knew he ought to have notified the authorities immediately upon his discovery, and he hadn't, and he was already in a sense a criminal. He tried desperately to keep from it, but, like one whose will is being undermined by a secret vice, he succumbed to speculation in the end, and allowed himself to wonder how dark it was now at the rear of the house. And then he wondered whether the shadowy object there had moved on the bench at all. After that he thought to himself that the fellow must have been a Sicilian, by his looks, and the word "Sicilian," somehow or other, had a quality of sound indescribably menacing. The sky changed from light lemon to a dark green.

Timmons became aware, with a tightness of the throat muscles and an unconscious jerk of the elbows, that some one was standing between the syringa bushes at the gate, looking at him; a dark silhouette against the river, still faintly luminous, behind. It was the figure of a man, rather stout, with the girth of middle-age, wearing the conventional black derby, and carrying a walking-stick in one hand and a paper in the other.

"Oh!" said Timmons, easing the collar away from his throat. "It's you, Mr. Bluboat! You see—just at first—I didn't know it was you."

Mr. Bluboat removed his hat and passed a hand over the bald part of his head. "What's up?" he demanded. "You don't look well, David."

"It's nothing," Timmons assured him, uneasily. He wondered if he ought not to tell Mr. Bluboat, and decided in the negative. He was quite certain it would get into the papers then. "You're—walking?" he inquired, lamely.

"Yes; I was kept at the office. I suppose they thought I wasn't coming home to dinner, and the man didn't wait at the station with the car. I might have 'phoned, but the walk wouldn't hurt me." Mr. Bluboat returned the hat to his head and took up the stick under his arm. "Look here," he hesitated. "You're not letting that botany row get on your nerves, are you, David? About the—the—"

"*Pendiflora*," Timmons supplied eagerly. He was glad they had got on to that. He felt relieved, and took a step toward the gate. "By the way," he burst out, "speaking of the *Pendiflora*, Mr. Bluboat, I have a surprise for you. I—I—"

Mr. Bluboat raised his paper with a gesture of anticipation. "You don't mean to tell me you *found* it! Actually?"

Timmons stopped short and twined his fingers behind his back. If he were to tell Mr. Bluboat the truth, it would be just like the good-natured broker to feel that he ought to ask if he might go into the house and see it, and then what was Timmons to say? He had a sensation of a traveler to whom a flash of lightning has discovered a precipice in the path.

"Not—exactly," he managed to say. "But I have a feeling that—that—I am going to—before long. To-morrow, perhaps."

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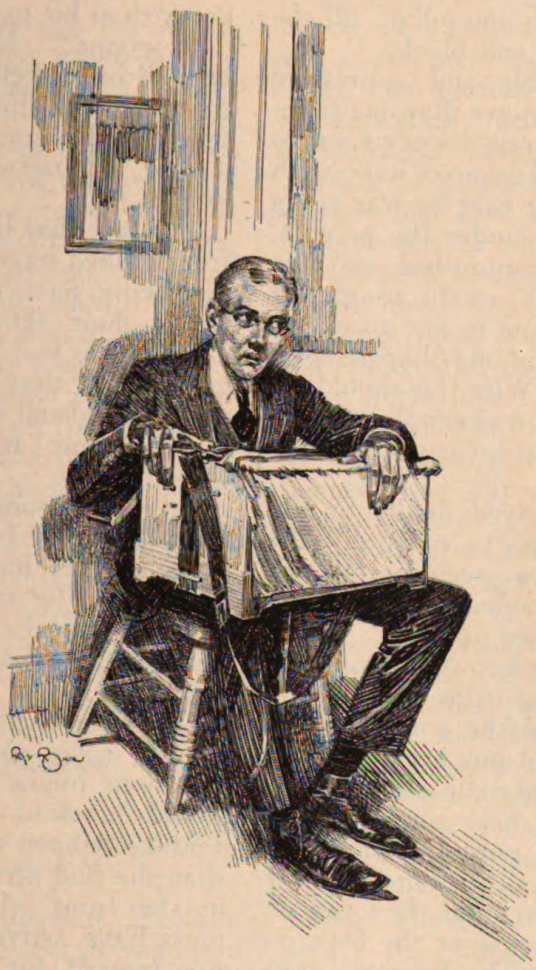
"Oh!" said Mr. Bluboat. As he walked away along the road he turned his eyes over his shoulder from time to time. When he had gone perhaps a dozen rods he stopped. "David!" he called. "I think Mrs. B. is having a few young people at the house this evening. Nothing special, you know. Why don't you run up for a while? It would do you good."

It was understood that Timmons was always welcome at the Bluboats'. The broker had been, in a way, a kind of patron to Timmons, having given him employment about the place during his undergraduate holidays. And now, under the changed circumstances, Timmons very often received, and sometimes accepted, invitations to fill in at parties of the younger sort there. It was gratifying to Timmons, even though he understood that it was only to "fill in." After all, there is something in not being able to shine in that kind of society, as Timmons had explained to Miss Gibbs of the English Department when, lying in wait for him once on his return from the Bluboats', she had rallied him rather keenly on the company he affected. Miss Gibbs was slightly older than Timmons, though not nearly so much so as the students said.

It was growing quite dark now. The glow went out of the sky and the river; lights became visible on the other shore; early diners were already sitting down to table. An express-train thundered out of the gloom up-river, peopled vacancy for a moment with its streaming jewels and its sense of crowds, and, passing away beneath him, merged once more with the gloom down-river, leaving him alone.

After a moment, he went as far as the gate and, from the protection of the syringa bushes, turned to look back at the house. It was a double house of the bungalow type, done in stucco, with a hedge of privet, not yet old enough to trim, separating the two front porches, as another served the two stoops in the rear.



AN AWKWARD THING TO HAVE ABOUT IF ANYTHING WERE TO HAPPEN

A man named Brood lived in the other apartment with his mother, a thin excessively timid old lady with yellow hair, who made herself miserable by reading murder items in the morning paper after it was dark and before her son came home from the city. Timmons could see her now through the curtains of the bay-window, with her elbows propped on the margins of the *Sun*. Brood himself had only one striking characteristic, and that was his temper. It was something quite beyond his control. Timmons disliked him constitutionally, and as a rule was glad when he was away. To-night, for the first time, he wished Brood was at home.

"I'd almost like to hear him banging around once," he cogitated.

In imagination he pictured Brood ramping through the house, knocking things over as he sometimes did, bawling incoherent violence, bursting from the kitchen door, glaring from the latticed

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stoop of Number 28 into the latticed stoop of Number 26.

"Good heavens!" Timmons groaned out loud. He found himself peering around the corner of the house toward the rear, where the thing was. All he could see was the gray ghost of a pergola which went with the house, and a vine creeping half-way up one pillar; all the rest was mysterious and black.

There is a horrible and oppressive moment when one knows that one is going to do something one doesn't want to do. It came over Timmons now, with the perfect certainty that he was going to go around there, under the pergola, over his aunt's geranium-bed and the crackling gravel walk, to the stoop. At the stoop he was going to put an eye to one of the small, diamond-shaped apertures and stare in. Why this should be, he couldn't say. It was simply that he was going to go—that he was now in the act of going.

And when he arrived finally at the stoop and placed an eye to one of the thousand holes, it was even more horrible than he had imagined it was going to be, for he could see nothing.

He ought to have known it would be black in there, yet it came to him as a distinct surprise. After a moment he removed his eye and put his ear to the hole, as if he expected to hear something. By and by he did hear something—a very faint clicking sound, continuous but not mechanical. Sometimes it lapsed for a moment, and then ran on again. It was a mouse at the corn on top of the ice-chest. The discovery gave Timmons a sense of profound futility. He found it so hard to get the student-boy to do everything properly at once. Only after a month of patient drill had he succeeded in making the student-boy understand that canned corn must be removed from the can immediately upon opening, or otherwise ptomaine poisoning may result; and now, in mastering this, the fellow had forgotten everything else and gone off home without seeing that it was properly covered. Timmons sighed.

A bell was ringing somewhere, a note shrill, prolonged, insistent. It was in the house, and it was the front-door bell. Timmons's first sensation was one of fatigue and a physical inability to act. His second was an impulse to flight. His third, coming quickly on the heels of the others, was a feeling of deep relief. It might be Brood's bell, after all. Had both his and Brood's bell been ringing at the same time, he could have told readily, for Brood's was a quarter-note lower than his in tone.

It stopped. He wondered if it had been Brood's bell, or his. The silence continued for thirty seconds or so, and then the summons came again, and now it was a quarter-note lower than before.

The fact that the person or persons in front wished to get into the house, without being particularly exercised as to which door they entered by, struck Timmons as bad. At the same moment, he realized that his nerves were in a state of unusual susceptibility, and that it was time he ought to do something.

Edging around the corner of the house, he walked quietly across the front lawn till he had got almost to the gate; then he stopped and turned his face toward the Broods' porch. The person (there was but one, as he could see dimly) was still pressing the bell, for Timmons could hear the faint grasshopper song continuing in the rear. Timmons might have told him that it would be of no use; that Mrs. Brood would not open the door. He observed that she had already drawn the shades in the front windows. The stranger must have arrived at the same conclusion himself, for he gave up the button after a little and came slowly down the steps.

"Yes?" said Timmons, remaining where he was.

The other stopped and peered across the hedge. "You D. M. Timmons?" he inquired.

"Yes, I am D. M. Timmons." Strangely, Timmons seemed to hear his voice droning on: "Single; white; age, thirty-one; occupation, instructor in natural science—"

"Gawd-sake!" said the other. "You been there all this time?"

"No," said Timmons. "That is, not exactly. I—I have been walking about. I— What can I do for you?"

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"Well, I got a telegram for D. M. Timmons, that's all."

"Oh!" said Timmons. He was conscious of a distinct let-down, which left him slightly giddy. "To be sure," he murmured; and then, with an attempt at sharpness, "I say, be careful of the hedge, please."

The boy, getting his legs free of the privet, handed him an envelope and struck a match, by the light of which Timmons signed his name under the boy's thumb. In the ensuing darkness, he stood for a time with the unopened message in his hand, watching the boy walking off down the road, and wondering, after the fashion of those who seldom receive telegrams, what it could possibly be and from whom it could possibly have come. The idea of opening it was like the thought of a plunge into cold water, half pleasant, half fearful.

Brood came home and stopped in his yard to comment on the fineness of the night. He said it felt like a storm, however; that there was electricity in the air. It was evident that he was in a wholesome humor this evening.

"Have you a match?" Timmons asked. Brood handed half a dozen over the hedge. When the man had gone on into the house, Timmons struck one on his heel and read the message:

> At Institute dinner decided must see you important will stop later your house.
> ALFRED ALONSIUS MECHLIN.

That was the Chancellor, Mechlin. Timmons understood perfectly what had happened. He had known beforehand, in fact, that the Chancellor was to be a guest at the annual dinner of the Institute faculty that evening; that he would be there, hobnobbing with Professor Peckenbaugh, gone over soul and body, as it were, to the enemy; that the inevitable, toward which the events of the past year had been trending, would result; that a "clean slate" would be desired in the instructorship of botany and zoölogy; and that the Chancellor, with his characteristic horror of the unpleasant, would want to get the thing off his conscience before he slept.

As Timmons stood there under the stars, with the yellow paper in his hand, he experienced an illuminating sense of the balance of things—the final and incorruptible justice of human affairs, the melodramatic foresight of destiny. Had the blow fallen yesterday, he would have had no counter-blow. But it had not come yesterday; it had come today, and he was ready for it. He thought of Professor Peckenbaugh with a new and philosophical charity. He was an old man, esteemed and respected in his own profession; a man who had accomplished much in the face of great difficulties. Timmons felt that he wanted to forgive him and to forget what he had done.

He wondered what time the Chancellor would be coming, and how he should receive him. And then, turning his eyes suddenly upon the house, and letting the yellow paper flutter to the ground, he put a finger inside the collar which had become too tight for him again.

"What am I going to do?" His voice seemed very far away. "What," he repeated, "am I going to do with *that*?"

The situation was especially hard for Timmons, because he was not what is commonly known as a man of action. His life hitherto had been, by the very nature of his calling, a sheltered one; and now, called upon for a definite decision, he found himself roaming about the yard at random, his nervous fingers twined behind his back. The stoop drew him, as it had drawn him before, against his will, and, putting an eye to a hole, he stared and listened, fascinated. The mouse was no longer at the corn; the hush of veritable death reigned within. Now it was another sound that came to his ears—the infinitesimal voice of the watch in his waistcoat pocket, ticking off the wasted seconds.

And then came the heavy moment when he knew he was going to do it. It seemed quite utterly fantastic, the project of a nightmare. Even after the thing was actually accomplished and he stood once more in his own stoop, mopping his forehead and peering into Brood's stoop, it seemed incredible that he had possessed the power, moral or physical, to have taken up that dead person, carried him out of the door, down the steps, through the hedge, up Brood's steps, into Brood's stoop, and

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to have let him down there on Brood's bench, smoothed out the disarranged clothing, and leaned the shoulder at precisely the proper angle against the coal-bin—all calmly, unerringly, and in comparative silence.

No; Timmons felt that it couldn't have happened. And yet it was very queer that he could see the fellow over there through the lattice, sitting with his back to Brood's coal-bin, and his hands on his knees, and the light from Brood's pantry-window shining on his nose and on the silver ear-ring, so at ease and lifelike, indeed, that Timmons began to be frightened. A natural revulsion laid hold of him; his teeth chattered and his knees beat together. His horror came to its height when he discovered, by laying his hand on it accidentally, that he had forgotten the barrel-organ.

It was absurd, like a man who has just lifted a quarter-ton weight flinching under a feather. He knew that he ought to take the barrel-organ over there, too, but he couldn't. And the fear that harassed him was the fear that he was going to try. He grew quite certain that he was going to try, and he had even got himself out with the instrument, and as far as the hedge, when a sound of footsteps in Brood's kitchen released him. Recollecting that this was the time when Brood came out for the evening's hod of coal, he sighed with relief and turned away in haste about the corner of the house, and none too soon, for the sound of an opening door was at his heels.

Letting himself in quietly at the front door, he returned into the kitchen and sat in a chair beside the door with the organ resting on his knees. He was deeply relieved; he felt weak and giddy, and let his feet sprawl out across the floor. Afterward, as the night silence continued unbroken, his conscience began to trouble him. He wondered with a growing uneasiness why Brood didn't say something out there, or do something, or, at the very least, gasp.

It was odd. The thought came to him that it might not be Brood, after all, but his mother, and that she had fainted away at sight of the gruesome presence on the bench, or worse. Timmons had heard of people to whom such an experience had proved fatal. He hoped it wasn't Mrs. Brood. At any rate, he told himself, it was through no fault of his, nor any virtue of Brood's, that the moribund stranger had chosen his stoop instead of Brood's. It might just as well have been Brood's in the first place.

In spite of this laborious sophistry, his conscience still harried him. It occurred to him that the darkness of his house might seem suspicious to outsiders. Getting up hastily, he turned on both the kitchen lights. That seemed too bright. He turned one of them off. The enduring silence was getting on his nerves.

"For Heaven's sake!" he protested. "Why doesn't somebody do something?"

As if in answer to his query, Brood's voice became audible out in the stoop. It was not coherent, in the sense of connected words, nor was it especially loud; it possessed, rather, a quality of irrational menace, like the muffled cry of an animal at bay.

He went back into his kitchen presently, and Timmons could hear him advancing through the house, venting his excitement upon inanimate objects, and upon animate as well, it seemed, for his mother's voice was lifted once. By and by he came back again through the kitchen, and a door slammed. After that there was silence.

Timmons's eyes strayed to the barrel-organ on his knees, and he realized that it was an awkward thing to have about the house if anything were to happen. He thought of burying it, but just now did not seem the most advisable time for that, and he decided to conceal it in the cellar till things cleared up a bit. He was on his feet to go about it when an obscure inner prompting, like the functioning of a sixth sense, led him to lay the organ down behind the gas-range and unlock the door to the stoop.

"What is it?" he demanded, peering out into the dark. "Who is it?"

He received no answer, though it seemed to his straining ears that a twig crackled somewhere. He opened the door another inch.

"Mr. Brood!" he called in a sharp tone.

"Yes?" came Brood's voice, pitched

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in a sullen key and trembling a little with the pain of restraint.

"What are you doing in my yard?"

"None of your business." After a moment Brood added, "And, besides, I'm not in your yard."

This was quite true; Timmons had heard him in the pause between the two speeches getting back through the hedge, breathing heavily, as with an uncomfortable burden.

"Well," Timmons hesitated, "all right. It was just that I was a little nervous, hearing you carry on as you did a few moments ago. I declare, it's too bad. It sounded almost as though some one were being killed."

After an interval of silence Brood spoke in a voice which sounded curiously shallow and empty.

"How do you mean—'somebody being killed'?"

"Oh, I don't know. I'm afraid of you, Brood. Everybody around here is. It's your temper."

THE ANIMAL, STARTLED, BEGAN TO MOVE OFF

Brood said no more. After a moment he moved slowly around the farther corner of the house, and Timmons closed the door.

"The idea!" he said. He scratched his head. "See here, I wonder what he's up to now."

Running to the front of the house, he let himself out on the dark porch, where he saw Brood, dim, huge, and misshapen with his burden, passing out of his gate, across the road, and down the by-path which led in the direction of the freight-car siding. He remembered the car with the gaping door.

"It's all rather ghastly," he told himself with a little shudder. "Just the same, I think Brood is making the best of a bad situation—much better than putting it off on me. Whew!"

He was conscious of a profound relief, a sense of lightness and liberation, as though a burden which threatened to crush him had been lifted suddenly from his shoulders. He walked down the steps and around the yard, gazing up to the stars; and again he was struck with a philosophical amazement at the dramatic resources of destiny. A moment ago life had been complex, murky, full of shadowy apprehensions—the hand of the prestidigitator had moved; and now of it all there remained only *Pendiflora Virginiensis* floating in the living-room bowl and the impending discomfiture of the Chancellor.

Some kind of a dog was meddling with the garbage-can out near the back fence. Timmons could hear the scavenger snuffling and rooting at the metal cover, and he shied a pebble. He disliked dogs. The Bluboats had owned a huge St. Bernard named "Emperor" at the time Timmons was employed there, and it had been one of Timmons's duties to feed, water, and exercise the animal. He had not relished it. Mrs. Bluboat had a dog of her own, a very small, squeaking kind of a blue Pekinese called "Madame Butterfly," or simply "Butter." "Butter" had been the one thing in Timmons's life there worse than "Emperor," and

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this in spite of the fact that she lived in the house and Timmons did not have to attend to her. She was still alive. "Emperor" had died since then, and though in the Bluboats' company Timmons had expressed the customary sorrow and consolation, in his heart he knew it was not sincere.

"Go away there!" he cried sharply, now, perceiving that the creature had not moved for his pebble. Even this had no effect. He advanced with a menacing gesture. It appeared to be a very large dog, as he could begin to see now; larger, even, than "Emperor" had been. He was not afraid of dogs, much as he disliked them; but something in the easy unconcern of this one brought him to a standstill.

"If I had a stick," he muttered, "I'd show you!"

Fumbling in his pocket for one of Brood's matches, he struck it and held it above his head. In the windless air of evening it burned smooth as a candle. The animal, startled by the abrupt fire, began to move off, and then, reconsidering, sat down and blinked at Timmons over his shoulder.

"Look here!" said Timmons. His voice became weaker. "L-l-look here!"

A curious phenomenon was taking place on his scalp, making it seem as if several thousand needles were standing up on their pointed ends. His eyeballs, too, began to press out against their lids. The match scorched his fingertips, and he cast the ember from him with an involuntary exclamation.

Turning on his heel, he walked toward the house, slowly at first, and with a stiffness at the knees out of keeping with his customary gait, which was free almost to the point of slouchiness. After half a dozen steps, however, his pace began to mend, and by the time he was up the steps and into the stoop he was frankly running. Once in the kitchen, he placed his back against the door and drew a hand across his eyes.

"There must be some mistake," he protested in a powerless voice, "because, you see, there aren't any bears around here, or some one would have spoken of it." He let himself down in a chair. "Pshaw!" he said. He was half inclined to be angry.

Like many people of an academic cast of temperament, he hated to be made a fool of. It had looked very much like a bear; but, after all, what of it? There were dogs which had a tendency to look like wolves, he told himself—why not, then, dogs which had a tendency to look like bears? Moreover, the light had been poor.

He got up and opened the door, just enough to let a ray shine out across the stoop. Then he closed it again and turned the key. It did look precisely like a bear, a brown bear; and it had come to the steps now and was looking into the stoop.

His first thought after this was of the Chancellor. He had not the slightest idea when the Chancellor was coming, whether it was a short dinner, a long dinner, or a dinner with a conference following it. For all he knew, the Chancellor might at this moment be coming up from the station, walking, engrossed in his thoughts, with his hands folded behind him, as his habit was. Nothing, probably, would be further from his mind than bears.

His imagining the Chancellor coming toward the front door reminded him of the fact that it was still standing open as he had left it; he hastened through the rooms to close it, and there, with his hand almost on the knob, he had another fright.

He had no other thought in the first confused instant but that the bear had got around the house and to the porch before him. He could see a form out there in the blue-black shadows of the porch, and he knew it was not the Chancellor, for there was no hat on its head. It was an extremely trying moment, for he knew he ought to slam the door if it was the bear; and if he slammed the door and it proved later not to have been the bear, not only would he be making a fool of himself, but at the same time he would be placing the person outside in a position of danger, especially if the sound of the closing door were to attract the animal around the house.

All this passed through his brain in a second of time; and then he knew it could not be the bear. It had taken a good deal out of him, however.

"Yes?" he said, leaning his weight

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against the edge of the door. "Yes—uh— Was there something?"

A feminine voice responded, rich and colorful, speaking in broken English.

"Yes, sir; hullo! Is my father come here, yes?"

"Oh yes," said Timmons. "Yes, he has been here."

He had no need to hesitate; her foreign accent was enough to connect her immediately with the dead man, though it is probable he would not have betrayed his knowledge of the latter so readily had his mind not been taken up with the bear.

"Won't you come in?" he asked her, avoiding as much as possible the appearance of haste. He did not wish to frighten her.

He breathed more easily when she was in and he had the door closed behind her. After the first flush of relief wore off, however, doubts began to assail him. He made no attempt to conceal from himself the possibility that, with a bear in the yard, it might prove more difficult to get the lady out of the house than it had been to get her in; and, in such case, he had a feeling it was going to be awkward when the Chancellor came.

He was sure the Chancellor wouldn't like it. In the Chancellor's eyes, faculty members were not supposed to have private lives. And though he knew he could explain the situation, he had to remember that the Chancellor had refused to stand behind him in the *Pendiflora* affair, in any official way, until such time as he should produce his specimen. And he felt that, barring a fortunate whimsey of the creature's own, it would be hard to produce the bear. The bear, indeed, might be gone at any moment, and he would have no way of knowing it.

"By the way," he remarked, with a preoccupied air, "it's rather dark here. If you'll excuse me, I'll just make a little light."

He groped his way into the living-room and switched on the reading-lamp on the center-table. Turning, with some trepidation, he invited the stranger in from the hallway.

His heart sank when he saw her, and he had a mental vision of the Chancellor's eyes. She was younger than he had imagined her to be—hardly above seventeen, unless her looks deceived. Moreover, with her large, dark eyes, and her scarlet lips, and her masses of blue-black

"HE WOULD NO GO FOR HURT YOU, MISTER"

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hair gathered in a pair of thick braids and falling down over her shoulders, she was unmistakably handsome. Neither was her clothing of a sort which the Chancellor would be apt to like. Although it was difficult for Timmons to form a very fair estimate of what she wore, without at the same time appearing to look, still there was something about her, dimly, which made him ill at his ease. Perhaps it was just that she seemed to be wearing her stays on the outside. Or perhaps it was that her skirts were shorter than he would have had them, and the stockings beneath of a color to accentuate rather than to minimize the difficulty. Or it may have been the tambourine grasped in her hands and pressed against her bosom just now with a gesture of growing nervousness.

Timmons knew very little about women. Miss Gibbs, of the English Department, was the only lady, excepting his absent aunt, with whom he had much of an acquaintance, and it was said in the faculty and among the students that even this friendship was due as much to Miss Gibbs as to Timmons, though Timmons, with a certain native gallantry, would never concede it.

He was a little in awe of Miss Gibbs; it had taken him some time to accustom himself to her rather spontaneous descents for tea or for discussion of the *Pendiflora* matter, in which she took a deep interest. But it may be said that he was not the only one in awe of Miss Gibbs. Indeed, had it not been for a certain spiritual ascendancy which Miss Gibbs maintained over the Chancellor, she would long ago have found it hard to retain her position in the faculty and to make as much as she did of Whitman's poetry in *American Literature Three* of the Freshman year.

Miss Gibbs was unconventional; one rather had to let it go at that. The young woman here in the living-room was unconventional, too, but she was so unlike Miss Gibbs, so definitely and yet incomprehensibly at the other pole from Miss Gibbs, that Timmons found himself floundering a bit in the varied resources, but now revealed, of unconventionality.

"Won't you—ah—have a chair?" He waved a vague hand toward his aunt's rocker. If the young woman understood the invitation, she chose to ignore it.

"You say, yes, sir, my father he come here?" The metal parts of the tambourine made a small, tinkling sound as she clutched it still more tightly. "Where is my father, yes, sir?"

"I do wish you would have a chair," Timmons sighed. His own knees were tired, but he did not feel like sitting down while she continued standing. He realized that his brow was shining; he could feel the moisture coming out. In the end he did sit down.

"What makes you think your father came here?" he asked, unconsciously placing his two forefingers together after a class-room habit. He had a forlorn hope that, if he could recommence the discussion on that ground, he might, by a series of evasions, small but progressive, work back to a final repudiation of all knowledge of the man, the stand which he ought properly to have taken in the first instance. He observed with some comfort that the young woman had fallen into the trap.

"Why I know? Because it is like this, yes, sir—he say to me: 'Looka here, Lucia,' he say, 'I will go by that house up there and get me a drink-water. You will stay here behind the train-cars with Brunocetti before I come back.'"

"Ah, and he failed to come back? Is that the situation?"

"I don't know. Sometime he say to me: 'Lucia, sometime if I be go too long-time, you should come see for me,' yes, sir, 'because I should may be sick in my heart. Sometime, by goshha, my heart he go stop on me, like that, *plop!* And then, Lucia, what happen to you, eh?'"

"Oh!" said Timmons. He was glad to know how it happened. To cover his relief he commenced to play with some yarn in his aunt's basket on the table, unwinding it from the ball and winding it absently around his fingers. While engaged in this, another thought came into his head.

"By the way," he inquired, casually, "in the event of his heart's stopping—er—what *was* to happen to you? Did he say?"

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THE YOUNG WOMAN WAS DANCING BEFORE HIS EYES

"No, sir, he no say. I and Brunocetti—"

"Brunocetti?"

"You no know Brunocetti, no, sir? He very fonny fellow, Brunocetti. Make a fonny dance."

Timmons stopped winding for a moment and stared hard at his colored fingers. "Brunocetti would be in the nature of a—a—bear?"

"No, sir; he would be a bear himself, Brunocetti."

Timmons sighed. "That makes it simpler," he said.

"Yes, sir, what? You no know where he is my father?"

The patience in her words, taken together with her obvious and growing agitation, touched Timmons with a pang of remorse. All this time he had been thinking only of himself, not of her. More than a little conscience-stricken, he suffered an impulse to meet her halfway.

"Yes," he confessed. "Your father *was* around here a short time ago."

Already, at sight of the interest quickening in her dark eyes, he regretted his rashness.

"Not that it was any affair of mine," he advised her, hastily. "He had nothing to say to me, you must understand, nor had I anything to say to him. Is that clear?" Getting to his feet with growing perturbation, he beckoned his guest to follow him into the hallway. "It was this way," he explained. "Considering the whole as one house, he did come to this house; but, considering it as two houses, he did not." He let the young woman out on the porch with an eagerness which left them both a little out of breath. "Over there," he directed her, unconsciously lowering his voice. "The man's name is Brood. Brood will be able to tell you about him. Good evening!"

He closed the door behind him and

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locked it, and, thrusting his hands deep in his pockets, drifted back into the living-room.

"Poor thing!" he told himself, with a gentle glow of compassion. "It's a bit hard; no getting around it. My, my!"

The rumor of a distant knocking came to his ears.

"Well," he assured himself, stoutly, "it's perfectly true. Brood will be able to tell her—much more, indeed, than I could. What an odd creature—not even knowing enough to ring the bell over there."

He took a turn about the room. The sound of the knocking, patient, continued, and as yet unanswered from within, got on his nerves. To be doing something, he took up the bowl with the *Pendiflora* in it and went out into the pantry, which was farther away. There his attention became wrapped up in the pale and beautiful specimen; he lifted it dripping from the water and held it between the light and his eyes, admiring the gossamer patterns of its structure. An idea, obscurely thrilling, took form in words:

"No, there can be little doubt that the third dentil from the base is sharper than in the accepted type of *Virginiensis*. But is it enough to warrant a new specific name? I wonder. *Pendiflora—Pendiflora*—ah—*Pendiflora Timmons!*"

He was faintly disappointed. Somehow or other he had missed a shade of the intoxication he had looked for in pronouncing that name, of which, deep in the back of his mind, he had been thinking for some time. The reason for this failure, he knew, was that his attention was not really centered upon the specimen; that a good deal more than half of it, indeed, was occupied in waiting and listening for Brood to make a noise.

"Hang take it!" he protested. Dropping the green leaves in the bowl and putting his hands in his pockets, he wandered out into the kitchen, where he stood in a dour silence, nursing his grievance. He became frankly exasperated when he heard the knocking resumed after an interval, and this time on the panels of his own back door.

"I'll not be imposed upon," he declared. "It isn't as if this weren't perhaps the most important evening in my career. It's—it's quite intolerable!"

He remained mute and motionless beneath the electric light while the patient summons beat on. In the end, of course, he went and opened the door, for Timmons was not of the stuff to stand out long against the indomitable humility of that appeal.

"Well?" he demanded, sharply. "What's the matter? What *is* the matter?"

The young woman stood just inside the door, her eyes lowered and her hands folded hopelessly before her.

"It is nobody home there," she said. "I make knock the front door long-time, and I make knock the back door long-time, and it's nobody home, yes, sir. Oh, dear!"

Timmons's face whitened a shade, and his finger-nails pressed into the palms of his hands. His first taste of anger—anger, that is, in the deeper sense of the word—took him hard.

"Brood *is* there!" he burst out, shaking an emphatic forefinger in the other's face. "He's there, and you know he is, and I know he is, and he knows we know he is. It's just like Brood! I declare—I'd—I'd—" He hesitated, beyond his emotional depth, to break forth presently in a bitter recapitulation. "That's *Brood*—all over!"

He grew cooler, and in his coolness there was a quality of menace. Fumbling in the drawer of the kitchen-table, he brought out a wooden potato-masher and moved toward the door.

"I fancy," he told her, with a flicker of ironical laughter, "that we'll find a way to make Brood answer his door." When he was about half-way to the door he turned around, and, going back to the table, got on top of it. "For Heaven's sake," he cried, in a voice which seemed to have no weight, "Shut that door! Do you hear me? *Quick!*"

"Sure thing!" The young woman turned obediently to do as he wished, but the bear had already got his head and shoulders into the room.

"It's Brunocetti," she told him. She turned disturbed eyes upon him where he stood, slightly stoop-shouldered, on the table, the potato-masher lifted in his right hand and his lips pressed together

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and a little ashen. "What for you make like that?" she wondered.

Timmons, conscious of the picture which he presented, might have been forgiven had he tried to pass it off as a joke, but he made no such attempt.

"I am afraid of them," he said, quite frankly.

"Brunocetti? You scared from *Brunocetti?*" For the first time the young woman laughed, displaying teeth which were white and firm. "Oh no, sir!" she cried, with a kind of gaiety. "Brunocetti he would no go for hurt you, mister. He's nice fellow. . . . *Brunocetti, fa buona sera per il signore. Ecco!* . . . See? He make for you 'good evening'; yes, sir."

Her delight in the creature's heavy-headed obeisance was so ingenuous that it made Timmons a little ashamed. Brunocetti, he had to confess, was not so savage-looking as an imagination which had developed little in a constructive way since childhood would have had him. The light in the small, roving eyes, far from being sinister, had an appearance of intelligence and docility, and there was something almost laughable about the bald patches in his fur, the result of continued scratching against things, and especially of sitting down.

"Well, anyway," Timmons muttered, in self-vindication, "the house is no place for bears."

The other protested. "But, oh yes; always in Hester Street he sleep in the kitchen, Brunocetti, behind the stove. The same like if it would be there." Her gesturing hand fell limp. Sitting down in the chair by the door, she turned her eyes upon Timmons with an expression of wonder mingled with reproach. "Where is my father?"

"I don't know! How should *I* know?" Timmons's eyes flashed, and in the ardor of his denial he waved the potato-masher at her. "Why don't you go and ask Brood?"

"No, sir; that's all right. You don't care if I and Brunocetti should wait here? My father he will go to be sure and come back here; yes, sir, because he leaves here his music-organ. See?"

Timmons had forgotten that completely. He sat down on the table, cross-legged, and stared distractedly at the knob of the potato-masher swinging between his fingers. He felt that his face was changing color. It was not so much the sense of having been discovered in a lie that weighed upon him, though that in itself was sufficiently uncomfortable for a man who had lived, till to-night, as Timmons had lived. It was rather the vision which came before his mental eyes of the young woman and the bear, sitting in his absent aunt's kitchen, humbly but implacably waiting till the dead awake. It was under the influence of this irrational possibility that he spoke, still keeping his eye on the masher.

"My dear young woman, I hope you will understand how hard it is for me to know whether I am doing the right thing or not. But just now I can see no particular value in keeping you any longer in ignorance of the truth. In fact—I am very sorry to say—that is, I am afraid your father is not to return here. In short—his heart *has* stopped."

He felt the other's eyes resting on him, blank with the shock. Heavy seconds passed before she spoke, in a slow voice.

"You mean, mister, like my father, he—he—"

"Your father is dead."

Immediately he was appalled at his own brutality. No one of us knows himself much deeper than a pin will scratch, and to a man who had always given himself a kind of vague credit for the everyday run of humanity and sensibility, as Timmons had, it was a shock to discover what he was capable of under pressure.

It would not have been so bad, he felt, if she would cry out, or sob aloud, or make the kind of demonstration which he had always connected in his mind with the Latin temperament. He had expected that, and had braced himself, in a moral sense, to meet it. But this dry-eyed and drooping lethargy of hers was another thing. Even Brunocetti, cocking a heavy, quizzical head at the instrument behind the range, seemed to be moved by more of human animation than she.

"I am tremendously sorry," mumbled Timmons. "I—I hope you realize—"

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A tear appearing on one of her cheeks, she brushed it away with the back of a slow hand. "It's all right," she told him. "I should worry, yes, sir. He wouldn't to be my honest-to-God father, you don't know. Only he tell to me I should call him father, on account the cops. He should be a very sour old pig, and many time I and Brunocetti he beat us to be black and blue. Good night! I should worry, no, sir."

Timmons's feelings were mingled. Lightened on the one hand by a sense of the lessened tragedy, on the other they were troubled by the frankly callous quality of the young woman's outlook on life. Even though the man had treated her harshly from time to time, and beaten her "to be black and blue," as she said, still there ought to have been at least a moment, he felt, of forgiving and forgetting. He tried to make the most of that one tear of hers; his brow clouded, and his legs, escaping their cramped posture, slipped over the edge of the table. Meeting Brunocetti's eye presently, he got them back on the table again.

"But see here!" he demanded. "You *have* somebody who will look out for you? That you can go to? Eh?"

"I don't know." She shook her head sadly. "How could I tell it? That Ferdinando, he steal me when I should be yet a little kid by Napoli, to make a dance in the street. May I should be the Countess from Cadorna. No, sir, mister, I got nobody to go to."

The light of misgiving gathered strength in Timmons's eyes. "Then, what are you going to do?"

She seemed not to hear the question, but resumed in a tone of reverie: "Sometime I think myself, what if I may should be honest-to-God the Countess from Cadorna or people like that, without I could tell it, like it stands in the movies."

"Yes, yes!" Timmons interrupted her. "That is very fascinating, but just now —to be brief—*What are you going to do?*"

There could be no doubt she was the Latin at this, for in her gesture was a wistful bewilderment which only a Southron could have thus expressed.

"No, sir," she faltered. "I don't know what should I do now."

Timmons's legs slipped from the table once more, and this time he let them hang. The young woman's eyes roved helplessly over the kitchen.

"I am very fine good cook," she commented. "Italian style. You like Italian-style cooking, yes, sir? *Pasta?* Oh, my! And *risotto?* Oh, *come bello*, the *risotto* I should make it!" Her eyes searched his face and her lips trembled a little. "May it should be you got a cook already. Then, another thing; it is some people—American people, see—they don't like it garlic. But you should worry, no, sir; because I could cook it without it should have garlic in it." She got up and edged toward the range, regarding him over her shoulder with appealing eyes. "Should I cook it a little something now, and you could try it, yes, sir?"

"No, no!" Timmons seemed unable to say more than that. He wanted to explain matters to her; he felt that it ought to be done without delay, and he stared at her with a kind of fascination.

She was trying to follow his mind. "May it should be Brunocetti," she ventured, with an anxious side-glance at the bear. "May it should be you say yourself: 'I don't want such a big fellow around here to eat up so much things all the time; not on your life!' But if it should be like that, mister, why it would be I should give him—"

It was too much. For all the seeming lightness with which she had approached the sacrifice, tears came to her eyes.

"But, no!" she cried, passionately. "You no know Brunocetti, mister. He is such a fonny fellow he would make you laugh all the time, yes, sir. He make such a fonny dance; and another thing —it is manny bear he can make a dance, but it is only Brunocetti he should make it people dance by himself. *Ecco, signoro!* Look it!"

She had the barrel-organ out from behind the range in a trice and propped against the broad chest of the creature, who sat obediently on his haunches.

"*Gioca!*" she cried. "Play it!"

Brunocetti's paw commenced to move in a ponderous orbit; a wheezing, but not unmelodious disturbance filled the room; and before the man on the table could frame a syllable of protest the

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young woman was dancing before his eyes.

To Timmons there was about this something incredibly alarming and wild. The young woman danced well, extremely well. Her ankles moved in rhythmical flashes; her body was lithe to the measures; and her eyes, luminous with the question of Brunocetti's fate, were fixed on Timmons.

He could not meet them. He wondered what Brood would think. Distracted as he was, he tried to think what he would say to the Chancellor.

The music broke off of a sudden, and the young woman stood poised in her dance, but, curiously, the room continued full of sound. Timmons stared dully at Brunocetti. The bear was looking over his shoulder, whence the bell sent forth its continuous soprano voice.

"What is a matter?" the young woman demanded, ill at her ease. "Fire?"

Timmons's only answer was a faint groan.

Oddly enough, it was the most phlegmatic of the three temperaments which was the first to break under the strain, and Brunocetti, letting go of the barrel-organ, turned tail and fled through the door leading into the living-room. The sight of this defection helped Timmons to pull himself together a little.

"Oh, come!" he cried. He can't be in there. Go and get him."

Stunned by the insistent clamor of the gong, and frankly unequal to a situation which she could not be expected to understand, the young woman folded her hands and temporized.

"He should be all right in there, Brunocetti. He would not go for touch annything; no, sir, mister. You should worry; he is nice boy in the house."

It was curious that Timmons, the sheltered, was the only one of the three who kept his head. For all her previous reassurances, Timmons was still timid of Brunocetti, but he felt that this was not the time to humor himself in that. If the Chancellor was to come in—and by the continued insistence of the bell this seemed inevitable—then it was imperative that the bear should not remain at large in the house.

Brunocetti was not in the living-room. Timmons peeped under the Davenport couch and the center-table before he allowed himself to be sure of this. There remained three possibilities in the shape of exits—the open door into his absent aunt's bedroom, the one into his own bedroom, and the grilled space leading into the front hallway. All of them were dark. Timmons closed the doors of the two bedrooms; then, getting down on his hands and knees, since he did not wish to be observed even dimly through the pane in the front door, he peered into the shadows of the hall. To the best of his vision, it seemed empty.

He had become quite cool by this time; he was even conscious of it himself. Returning to the kitchen, he bade the girl sit down beside the door.

"I am having a caller," he advised her. "Remain here quietly, in the dark."

Then he turned out the light, and, passing into the living-room, closed the door behind him.

"Yes?" he said, putting his head out of the front door. He feigned drowsiness, with an idea that an interrupted nap would best explain the delay in answering the bell. The visitor's first words proved how well he had done.

"Did I wake you up? I'm awfully sorry; but when I got your note to-day, why, I could not wait. Now I must see the precious thing—this—instant!"

"Oh!" said Timmons. "Miss Gibbs!"

He had expected the Chancellor.

"Well?" Miss Gibbs murmured after an awkward moment.

"Oh, to be sure," Timmons faltered. "Won't—won't you come in?"

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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Laughter

BY CHARLES CALDWELL DOBIE

AS Suvaroff neared his lodgings, he began to wonder whether the Italian who had the room next him would continue to grind out tunes all night upon his accordion. The thought made Suvaroff shudder. What in Heaven's name possessed people to grind out tunes, Suvaroff found himself inquiring, unless one earned one's living that way? Certainly this weather-beaten Italian was no musician; he smelled too strongly of fish for any one to mistake his occupation. He tortured melody from choice, blandly, for the pure enjoyment of the thing. With Suvaroff it was different; if he did not play, he did not eat.

Suvaroff's head had ached all day. The café where he scraped his violin from early afternoon until midnight had never seemed so stuffy, so tawdry, so impossible! All day he had sat and played and played, while people ate and chattered and danced. No, that did not describe what people did; they gorged and shrieked and gyrated like decapitated fowls, accomplishing everything with a furious energy, primitive, abandoned, disgusting. He wondered if he would ever again see people eat quietly and simply, like normal human beings.

If only the Italian would go away, or decide to sleep, or die! Yes, Suvaroff would have been glad to have found his neighbor quite dead—anything to still that terrible accordion, which had been pumping out tunes for over a week at all hours of the day and night! The music did not have the virtue of an attempt at gaiety; instead it droned out prolonged wails, melancholy and indescribably discordant.

The night was damp, a typical San Francisco midsummer night. A drizzling fog had swept in from the ocean and fell refreshingly on the gray city. But the keenness of the air irritated Suvaroff's headache instead of soothing it; he felt the wind upon his temples as one feels the cool cut of a knife. In short, everything irritated Suvaroff—his profession, the café where he fiddled, the strident streets of the city, the evening mist, the Hôtel des Alpes Maritimes, where he lodged, and the Italian fisherman and his doleful accordion.

Turning off Kearney Street into Broadway, he had half a notion not to go home, but his dissatisfaction was so inclusive that home seemed, at once, quite as good and as hopeless a place to go as any other. So he pushed open the door of his lodging-house and stamped rather heavily up-stairs.

Although midnight, the first sound which greeted Suvaroff was the wheezing of the Italian's accordion.

"Now," muttered Suvaroff, "I shall suffer in silence no longer. Nobody in this city, much less in these wretched lodgings, has an ear for anything but the clink of money and the shrill laughter of women. If fifty men were to file saws in front of the entrance of any one of these rooms, there would be not the slightest concern. Every one would go on sleeping as if they had nothing more weighty on their conscience than the theft of a kiss from a pretty girl."

He tossed his hat on the bed and made for the Italian's door. He did not wait to knock, but broke in noisily. The accordion stopped with a prolonged wail; its owner rose, visibly frightened.

"Ah!" cried the Italian, "it is you! I am glad of that. See, I have not left the house for three days."

There was a genial simplicity about the man; Suvaroff felt overcome with confusion. "What is the matter? Are you ill?" he stammered, closing the door.

"No. I am afraid to go out. There is somebody waiting for me. Tell me, did you see a cripple standing on the corner,

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near Bollo's Wine Shop, as you came in?"

Suvaroff reflected. "Well, not a cripple, exactly. But I saw a hunchback with—with—"

"Yes! yes!" cried the other, excitedly. "A hunchback with a handsome face! That is he! I am afraid of him. For three days he has sat there, waiting!"

"For you? How absurd! Why should any one do such a ridiculous thing?"

The Italian slipped his hands from the accordion and laid it aside. "Nobody but one who is mad would do it, but he is mad. There is no doubt about that!"

Suvaroff began to feel irritated. "What are you talking about? Have you lost your senses? If he is waiting for you, why do you not go out and send him away? Go out and pay him what you owe him."

The Italian rose and began to shudder. "I owe him nothing. He is waiting for me—*to kill me!*"

"Nonsense!" cried Suvaroff. "What is his reason?"

"He is waiting to kill me because I laughed at him."

"That is ridiculous!" said Suvaroff.

"Nevertheless, it is true," replied the Italian. "He kills every one who laughs at him. Three days ago I laughed at him. But I ran away. He followed me. He does not know where I lodge, but he has wit enough to understand that if he waits long enough he will find me out. In Heaven's name, my friend, can you not help me? See, I am a simple soul. I cannot think quickly. I have prayed to the Virgin, but it is no use. Tell me, what can I do to escape?"

"Why do you not see a policeman?"

The Italian let his hands fall hopelessly. "A policeman? What good would that do? Even *you* do not believe me!"

A chill seized Suvaroff. He began to shake, and in the next instant a fever burned his cheeks. His head was full of little darting pains. He turned away from the Italian, impatiently. "You must be a pretty sort of a man to let a little hunchback frighten you! Good night."

And with that Suvaroff went out, slamming the door.

When Suvaroff got to his room he felt dizzy. He threw himself on the bed and lay for some time in a stupor. When he came to his senses again the first sound to greet him was the wail of his neighbor's accordion.

"What a fool I am!" he muttered. "Here I go bursting into this Italian's room for the purpose of asking him to quit his abominable noise, and I listen like a dumb sheep to *his* bleatings, and so forget my errand!"

The noise continued, grew more insistent, became unbearable. Suvaroff covered his ears with a comforter. His head was throbbing so violently that even the ticking of a clock upon the table by his bed cut his senses like a two-edged sword. He rose, stumbling about with a feeling of indescribable weakness. What was the matter? Why did he feel so ill? His eyes burned, his legs seemed weighted, his throat was so dry that there was no comfort when he swallowed. All this he could have stood if it had not been for the fiendish noise which, he began to feel, was being played merely for his torture.

He put on his hat and stumbled downstairs, out into the night. Crossing the street, he went at once to Bollo's Wine Shop. The hunchback was sitting on a garbage-can, almost at the entrance. At the sight of this misshapen figure, the irritating memory of the Italian and his impossible music recurred to Suvaroff. A sudden sinister cruelty came over him; he felt a wanton ruthlessness that the sight of ugliness sometimes engenders in natures sensitive to beauty. He went up to the hunchback and looked searchingly into the man's face. It was a strangely handsome face, and its incongruity struck Suvaroff. Had Nature been weary, or merely in a satirical mood, when she fashioned such a thing of horror?—for Suvaroff found that the handsome face seemed even more horrible than the twisted body, so sharp and violent was the contrast.

The hunchback returned Suvaroff's stare with almost insulting indifference, but there was something in the look that quickened the beating of Suvaroff's heart.

"You are waiting here," began Suvaroff, "for an Italian who lodges across

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the street. Would you like me to tell you where he may be found?"

The hunchback shrugged. "It does not matter in the slightest, one way or another. If you tell me where he lodges, the inevitable will happen more quickly than if I sat and waited for the rat to come out of his hole. Waiting has its own peculiar interest. If you have ever waited, as I wait now, you know the joy that a cat feels—expectation is two-thirds of any game."

Suvaroff shuddered. He had an impulse to walk away, but the eyes of the other burned with a strange fascination.

"Nevertheless," said Suvaroff, "I shall tell—"

The hunchback waved him to silence. "Do whatever you wish, my friend, but remember, if you do tell me this thing, you and I will be forever bound by a tie that it will be impossible to break. With me it does not matter, but you are a young man, and all your life you will drag a secret about like a dead thing chained to your wrist. I am Flavio Minetti, and I kill every one who laughs at me! This Italian of whom you speak has laughed at me. I may wait a week—a month. It will be the same. No one has yet escaped me."

An exquisite fear began to move Suvaroff. "Nevertheless," he repeated again, "I shall tell you where he lodges. You will find him upon the third landing of the Hôtel des Alpes Maritimes. There are no numbers on the doors, but it will be impossible for you to mistake his room. All day and night he sits playing an accordion."

Flavio Minetti took a cigarette from his pocket. "Remember, my young friend, I gave you fair warning."

"I shall not forget," replied Suvaroff.

Suvaroff climbed back to his room. He sat upon his bed, holding his head in his hands. The sound of the accordion seemed gruesome now.

Presently he heard a step on the landing. His heart stood still. Sounds drifted down the passageway. The noise was not heavy and clattering, but it had a pattering quality, like a bird upon a roof. Above the wailing of the music, Suvaroff heard a door opened—slowly, cautiously. There followed a moment of silence; Suvaroff was frightened. But almost immediately the playing began again.

"Now," thought Suvaroff, "why is the Italian not frightened? The door has been opened and he goes on playing, undisturbed. . . . It must be that he is sitting with his back to the door. If this is so, God help him! . . . Well, why need I worry? What is it to me? It is not my fault if a fool like that sits with his door unlocked and his face turned from the face of danger."

And, curiously, Suvaroff's thoughts wandered to other things, and a picture of his native country flashed over him—Little Russia in the languid embrace of summer — green and blue and golden. The soft notes of the Balakaika at twilight came to him, and the dim shapes of dancing peasants, whirling like aspen-leaves in a fresh breeze. He remembered the noonday laughter of skylarks; the pear-trees bending patiently beneath their harvest; the placid river winding its willow-hedged way, cutting the plain like a thin silver knife.

Now, suddenly, it came upon him that the music in the next room had stopped. He waited. There was not a sound!... After a time the door banged sharply. The pattering began again, and died away. But still there was no music!...

Suvaroff rose and began to strip off his clothes. His teeth were chattering. "Well, at last," he muttered, "I shall have some peace!" He threw himself on the bed, drawing the coverings up over his head. . . . Presently a thud shook the house. "He has slipped from his seat," said Suvaroff aloud. "It is all over!" And he drew the bedclothes higher and went to sleep.

Next morning, Suvaroff felt better. To be sure, he was weak, but he rose and dressed.

"What strange dreams people have when they are in a fever!" he exclaimed, as he put on his hat. Nevertheless, as he left the house, he did not so much as glance at the Italian's door.

It was a pleasant morning, the mist had lifted and the sky was a freshly washed blue. Suvaroff walked down Kearney Street, and past Portsmouth Square. At this hour the little park was

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cleared of its human wreckage, and dowdy sparrows hopped unafraid upon the deserted benches. A Chinese woman and her child romped upon the green; a weather-beaten peddler stooped to the fountain and drank; the three poplar-trees about the Stevenson monument trembled to silver in the frank sunshine. Suvaroff could not remember when the city had appeared so fresh and innocent. It seemed to him as if the gray, cold drizzle of the night had washed away even the sins of the wine-red town. But an indefinite disquiet rippled the surface of his content. His peace was filled with a vague suggestion of sinister things to follow, like the dead calm of this very morning, which so skilfully bound up the night wind in its cool, placid air. He would have liked to linger a moment in the park, but he passed quickly by and went into a little chop-house for his morning meal.

As he dawdled over his cup of muddy coffee he had a curious sense that his mind was intent on keeping at bay some half-formulated fear. He felt pursued, as by an indistinct dream. Yet he was cunning enough to pretend that this something was too illusive to capture outright, so he turned his thoughts to all manner of remote things. But there are times when it is almost as difficult to deceive oneself as to cheat others. In the midst of his thoughts he suddenly realized that under the stimulating influence of a second cup of coffee he was feeling quite himself again.

"That is because I got such a good night's sleep," he muttered. "For over a week this Italian and his wretched accordion—" He halted his thoughts abruptly. "What am I thinking about?" he demanded. Then he rose, paid his bill, and departed.

He turned back to his lodgings. At Bollo's Wine Shop he hesitated. A knot of people stood at the entrance of the Hôtel des Alpes Maritimes, and a curious wagon was drawn up to the curb.

He stopped a child. "What is the trouble?" he inquired.

The girl raised a pair of mournful eyes to him. "A man has been killed!" she answered.

Suvaroff turned quickly and walked in another direction. He went to the café where he fiddled. At this hour it was like an empty cavern. A smell of stale beer and tobacco smoke pervaded the imprisoned air. He sat down upon the deserted platform and pretended to practise. He played erratically, feverishly. The waiters, moving about their morning preparations with an almost uncanny quiet, listened attentively. Finally one of them stopped before him.

"What has come over you, Suvaroff?" questioned the man. "You are making our flesh creep!"

"Oh, pardon me!" cried Suvaroff. "I shall not trouble you further!"

And with that he packed up his violin and left. He did not go back to the café, even at the appointed hour. Instead, he wandered aimlessly about. All day he tramped the streets. He listened to street-fakirs, peered into shop-windows, threw himself upon the grass of the public squares and stared up at the blue sky. He had very little personal consciousness; he seemed to have lost track of himself. He had an absurd feeling that he had come away from somewhere and left behind a vital part of his being.

"Suvaroff! Suvaroff!" he would repeat over and over to himself, as if trying to recall the memory of some one whose precise outline had escaped him.

He caught a glimpse of his figure in the mirror of a shop-window. He went closer, staring for some moments at the face opposite him. There followed an infinitesimal fraction of time when his spirit deserted him as completely as if he were dead. When he recovered himself he had a sense that he was staring at the reflection of a stranger. He moved away, puzzled. Was he going mad? Then, suddenly, everything grew quite clear. He remembered the Italian, the accordion, the hunchback. Characters, circumstances, sequences—all stood out as sharply as the sky-line of a city in the glow of sunset. . . . He put his fingers to his pulse. Everything seemed normal; his skin was moist and cool. Yet last night he had been very ill. That was it! Last night he had been ill!

"What strange dreams people have when they are in a fever!" he exclaimed for the second time that day. He decided to go home. "I wonder, though,"

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thought he, "whether the Italian is still playing that awful instrument?" Curiously enough, the idea did not disturb him in the least. "I shall teach him a Russian tune or two!" he decided, cheerfully. Then, maybe his playing will be endurable."

When he came again to his lodgings he was surprised to find a knot of curious people on the opposite side of the street, and another before the entrance. He went up the stairs. His landlady came to meet him.

"Mr. Suvaroff," she began at once, "have you not heard what has happened? The man in the next room to you was found this morning—*dead!*"

He did not pretend to be surprised. "Well," he announced, brutally, "at least we shall have no more of his dreadful music! How did he kill himself?"

The woman gave way to his advance with a movement of fluttering confusion. "The knife was in his side," she answered. "In his side—toward the back."

"Ah, then he was murdered!"

"Yes."

He was mounting the second flight of stairs when his landlady again halted him. "Mr. Suvaroff," she ventured, "I hope you will not be angry! But his mother came early this morning. All day she has sat in your room, weeping. I cannot persuade her to go away. What am I to do?"

Suvaroff glared at her for a moment. "It is nothing!" he announced, as he passed on, shrugging.

The door of his room was open; he went in. A gnarled old woman sat on the edge of the bed; two female consolers were on either side. At the sight of Suvaroff she rose and stood trembling before him, rolling a gaudy handkerchief into a moist bundle.

"My good woman," said Suvaroff, kindly, "do not stand; sit down."

"Kind gentleman!" the old woman began. "Kind gentleman—"

She got no further because of her tears. The other women rose and sat her down again. She began to moan. Suvaroff, awkward and disturbed, stood as men do in such situations.

Finally the old woman found her voice. "Kind gentleman," she said, "I am a poor old woman, and my son—Ah! I was washing his socks when they came after me. . . . You see what has happened! He was a good son. Once a week he came to me and brought me five dollars. Now— What am I to do, my kind gentleman?"

Suvaroff said nothing.

She swayed back and forth, and spoke again. "Only last week he said: 'There is a man who lodges next me who plays music.' Yes, my son was fond of you because of that. He said: 'I have seen him only once. He plays music all day and night, so that he may have money enough to live on. When I hear him coming up the stairs I take down my accordion and begin to play. All day and night he plays for others. So I think, Now it will be nice to give him some pleasure. So I take down my accordion and play for *him!*' . . . Yes, yes! He was like that all his life. He was a good son. Now what am I to do?"

A shudder passed over Suvaroff. There was a soft tap upon the door. The three women and Suvaroff looked up. Flavio Minetti stood in the doorway.

The three women gave the hunchback swift, inclusive glances, such as women always use when they measure a newcomer, and speedily dropped their eyes. Suvaroff stared silently at the warped figure. Minetti leaned against the door; his smile was at once both cruel and curiously touching. At length Minetti spoke. The sound of his voice provoked a sort of terror in the breast of Suvaroff.

"I have just heard," he said, benevolently, "from the proprietor of the wine-shop across the way, that your neighbor has been murdered. The landlady tells me that his mother is here."

The old woman roused herself. "Yes—you can see for yourself that I am here. I am a poor old woman, and my son—Ah! I was washing his socks when—"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted the hunchback, advancing into the room. "You are a poor old woman! Let me give you some money in all charity."

He threw gold into her lap. She began to tremble. Suvaroff saw her hands greedily close over the coins, and the sight sickened him.

"Why did you come?" Suvaroff de-

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Drawn by R. W. Amick Engraved by H. Leinroth

HE DID NOT WAIT TO KNOCK, BUT BROKE IN NOISILY

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manded of Minetti. "Go away! You are not wanted here!"

The three women rose. The old woman began to mumble a blessing. She even put up her hand in the fashion of bestowing a benediction. Suvaroff fancied that he saw Minetti wince.

"He was a good son," the old woman began to mutter as they led her out. At the door she looked back. Suvaroff turned away. "Once a week he came to me and brought me five dollars," she said, quite calmly. "He was a good son. He even played his music to give pleasure to others. Yes, yes! He was like that all his life." . . .

When the women were gone, Suvaroff felt the hunchback's hand upon his. Suvaroff turned a face of dry-eyed hopelessness toward his tormentor.

"Did you not sleep peacefully last night, my friend?" Minetti inquired, mockingly.

"After the thud I knew nothing," replied Suvaroff.

"The thud?"

"He fell from his chair."

"Of course. That was to be expected. Just so."

"You see for yourself what you have done? Fancy, this man has a mother!"

"See, it is just as I said. Already you are dragging this dead thing about, chained to your wrist. Come, forget it. I should have killed him, anyway."

"That is not the point. The point is—My God! Tell me, in what fashion do these people laugh at you? Tell me how it is done."

"Laughter cannot be taught, my friend."

"Then Heaven help me! for I should like to laugh at you. If I could but laugh at you, all would be over."

"Ah!" said the hunchback. "I see."

•

At the end of the week Minetti came to Suvaroff one evening and said, not unkindly: "Why don't you leave? You are killing yourself. Go away—miles away. It would have happened, anyway."

Suvaroff was lying upon his bed. His face was turned toward the wall. He did not trouble to look at Minetti.

"I cannot leave. You know that as well as I do. When I am absent from this room I am in a fever until I get back to it again. I lie here and close my eyes and think. . . . Whenever a thud shakes the house I leap up, trembling. I have not worked for five days. They have given up sending for me from the café. Yesterday his mother came and sat with me. She drove me mad. But I sat and listened to her. 'Yes, he was a good son!' She repeats this by the hour, and rolls and unrolls her handkerchief. . . . It is bad enough in the daytime. But at night— God! If only the music would play again! I cannot endure such silence."

He buried his face in the pillow. Minetti shrugged and left.

In about an hour Suvaroff rose and went out. He found a squalid wine-shop in the quarter just below the Barbary Coast. He went in and sat alone at a table. The floors had not been freshly sanded for weeks; a dank mildew covered the green wall-paper. He called for brandy, and a fat, greasy-haired man placed a bottle of villainous stuff before him. Suvaroff poured out a drink and swallowed it greedily. He drank another and another. The room began to fill. The lights were dim, and the arrival and departure of patrons threw an endless procession of grotesque silhouettes upon the walls. Suvaroff was fascinated by these dancing shadows. They seemed familiar and friendly. He sat sipping his brandy, now, with a quieter, more leisurely air. The shadows were indescribably fascinating; they were so horrible and amusing! He began to wonder whether their antics would move him to laughter if he sat and drank long enough. He had a feeling that laughter and sleep went hand in hand. If he could but laugh again he was quite sure that he would fall asleep. But he discovered a truth while he sat there. Amusement and laughter were often strangers. He had known this all his life, of course, but he had never thought of it. Once, when he was a child, an old man had fallen in the road before him, in a fit. Suvaroff had stood rooted to the spot with amusement, but he had not laughed. Yet the man had gone through the contortions of a clown. . . . Well, then he was not to be moved to laughter, after all. He wearily put the

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cork back in the bottle of brandy. The fat bartender came forward. Suvaroff paid him and departed.

He went to the wine-shop the next night—and the next. He began to have a hope that if he persisted he would discover a shadow grotesque enough to move him to laughter. He sat for hours, drinking abominable brandy. The patrons of the shop did not interest him. They were squalid, dirty, uninteresting. But their shadows were things of wonder. How was it possible for such drab people to have even interesting shadows? And why were these shadows so familiar? Suvaroff recognized each in turn, as if it were an old friend that he remembered but could not name. After the second night he came to a definite conclusion.

"They are not old friends at all," he said to himself. "They are not even the shadows of these people who come here. They are merely the silhouettes of my own thoughts. . . . If I could but draw my thoughts, they would be as black and as fantastic."

But at another time he dismissed this theory.

"No," he muttered, "they are not the shadows of my thoughts at all. They are the souls of these men. They are the twisted, dark, horrible souls of these men, that cannot crawl out except at nightfall! They are the souls of these men seeking to escape, like dogs chained to their kennels! . . . I wonder if the Italian had such a soul? . . .

He rose suddenly. "I am wasting my time here," he said, almost aloud. "One may learn to laugh at a shadow. One may even learn to laugh at the picture of one's thoughts. But to laugh at a soul— No! A man's soul is too dreadful a thing to laugh at." He staggered out into the night.

On his way home he went into a pawn-shop and bought a pistol. He was in a fever to get back to his lodgings. He found Minetti waiting for him. He tried to conceal the pistol, but he knew that Minetti had seen it. Minetti was as pleasant as one could imagine. He told the most droll stories of his life in London. It appeared that he had lived there in a hotbed of exiled radicals; but he, himself, seemed to have no convictions. Everything he described was touched with a certain ironic humor. When he rose to go he said, quite simply:

"How are things? Do you sleep nights now?"

"No. I never expect to sleep again."

Minetti made no comment. "I see you have bought a pistol," he observed.

"Yes," replied Suvaroff.

"You have wasted your money, my young friend," declared the hunchback. "You will never use it."

With that Minetti left the room. Suvaroff laid the pistol on the table and threw himself upon the bed. He lay there without moving until morning. . . . Toward six o'clock he rose. He went over to the table and deliberately put the pistol to his temple. The coldness of the muzzle sent a tremor through him. . . . He put down the weapon in disgust.

Suvaroff stayed away from the wine-shop for two nights, but finally the memory of its fascinating shadows lured him back. The fat bartender saw him enter, and came forward with a bottle of brandy. Suvaroff smiled grimly and said nothing. He turned his back upon the company and began to watch the shadows enter and disappear. To-night the puppets seemed more whimsical than grotesque, and once he nearly laughed. A shadow with an enormous nose appeared; and a fly, as big as a bumblebee, lit upon the nose and sat rubbing its legs together in insolent content. A hand, upraised, struck at the fly. The nose disappeared as if completely annihilated by the blow, while the fly hovered safely aloof. Feeling encouraged, Suvaroff took another drink. But the more he drank the less genial were the shadows, and by midnight they all had become as sinister and terrible as ever.

On the way home to his room Suvaroff suddenly remembered that he had a friend who was a druggist.

"Perhaps he can give me something to make me sleep," Suvaroff muttered.

But the drug-store was closed. Suvaroff climbed wearily up the stairs of the Hôtel des Alpes Maritimes. Minetti was sitting on the steps near the third landing.

"I was preparing to go home," said

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the hunchback. "What kept you so late?"

"I went around another way," answered Suvaroff. "I thought I might get something from a druggist friend to help me sleep."

They stood before the door of Suvaroff's room. Suvaroff opened the door and they went in.

"Sleeping - powders are dangerous," observed Minetti, throwing his hat upon the bed.

"So I fancied," replied Suvaroff, dryly.

"Where do you spend your nights?" Minetti demanded suddenly.

Suvaroff sat down. "Watching shadows in a wine-shop."

"Ah—a puppet show!"

"No, not exactly. I will explain. . . . No; come to think of it, there is no explanation. But it is extremely amusing. To-night, for instance, I nearly laughed. . . . Have you ever watched shadows upon a wall? Really, they are diverting beyond belief."

"Yes. I have watched them often. They are more real to me than actual people, because they are uglier. Beauty is a lie!"

A note of dreadful conviction crept into the hunchback's voice. Suvaroff looked at him intently, and said, quite simply:

"What a bitter truth *you* are, my friend!"

Minetti stared at Suvaroff, and he rose. "Perhaps I shall see you at your puppet show some evening," he said. And, without waiting for a reply, he left the room.

Suvaroff lay again all night upon his bed staring in a mute agony at the ceiling. Once or twice he fancied he heard the sounds of music from the next room. His heart leaped joyfully. But almost instantly his hopes sank back, like spent swimmers in a relentless sea. It seemed as if his brain were thirsting. He was in a pitiless desert of white-heated thought, and there was not a cloud of oblivion upon the horizon of his despair. Remembrance flamed like a molten sun, greedily withering every green, refreshing thing in its path. How long before this dreadful memory would consume him utterly?

"If I could only laugh!" he cried in his agony. "*If I could only laugh!*"

All next day Suvaroff was in a fever; not a physical fever, but a mental fever that burned with devastating insistence. He could not lie still upon his bed, so he rose and stumbled about the city's streets. But nothing diverted him. Before his eyes a sheet of fire burned, and a blinding light seemed to shut out everything else from his vision. Even his thoughts crackled like dry fagots in a flame.

"When evening comes," he said, "a breeze will spring up and I shall have some relief." But almost at once he thought: "A breeze will do no good. It will only make matters worse! I have heard that nothing puts out a fire so quickly as a shower. Let me see—It is now the middle of August. . . . It does not rain in this part of the world until October. Well, I must wait until October, then. No; a breeze at evening will do no good. I will go and watch the shadows again. Shadows are cool affairs if one sits in them, but how. . . ."

And he began to wonder how he could contrive to sit in shadows that fell only on a wall.

How he got to the wine-shop he did not know, but at a late hour he found himself sitting at his accustomed seat. His bottle of brandy stood before him. To-night the shadows were blacker than ever, as if the fury of the flames within him were providing these dancing figures with a brighter background.

"These shadows are not the pictures of my thoughts." he said to himself. "Neither are they chained souls seeking to escape. They are the smoke from the fire in my head. They are the black smoke from my brain which is slowly burning away!"

He sat for hours, staring at the wall. The figures came and went, but they ceased to have any form or meaning. He merely sat and drank, and stared. . . . All at once a strange shadow appeared. A shadow? No; a phantom—a dreadful thing! Suvaroff leaned forward. His breath came quickly, his body trembled in the grip of a convulsion, his hands were clenched. He rose in his seat, and suddenly—quite suddenly, without warning

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—he began to laugh. . . . The shadow halted in its flight across the wall. Suvaroff circled the room with his gaze. In the center of the wine-shop stood Flavio Minetti. Suvaroff sat down. He was still shaking with laughter.

Presently Suvaroff was conscious that Minetti had disappeared. The fire in his brain had ceased to burn. Instead his senses seemed chilled, not disagreeably, but with a certain pleasant numbness. He glanced about. What was he doing in such a strange, squalid place? And the brandy was abominable! He called the waiter, paid him what was owing, and left at once.

There was no mist in the air to-night. The sky was clear and a wisp of moon crept on its disdainful way through the heavens.

"I shall sleep to-night," muttered Suvaroff, as he climbed up to his room upon the third story of the Hôtel des Alpes Maritimes.

He undressed deliberately. All his former frenzy was gone. Shortly after he had crawled into bed he heard a step on the landing. Then, as usual, sounds began to drift down the passageway, not in heavy and clattering fashion, but with a pattering quality like a bird upon a roof. And, curiously, Suvaroff's thoughts wandered to other things, and a picture of his native country flashed over him—Little Russia in the languid embrace of summer—green and blue and golden. The soft notes of the Balakaika at twilight came to him, and the dim shapes of dancing peasants, whirling like aspen-leaves in a fresh breeze. He remembered the noonday laughter of skylarks; the pear-trees bending patiently beneath their harvest; the placid river winding its willow-hedged way, cutting the plain like a thin silver knife.

A fresh current of air began to blow upon him. He heard the creak of a rusty hinge.

"He has opened the door," Suvaroff whispered. His teeth began to chatter. "Nevertheless, I shall sleep to-night," he said to himself reassuringly.

A faint footfall sounded upon the threshold. . . . Suvaroff drew the bedclothes higher.

The Great Poets

BY THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

AS great-winged angels they must seem to me!
The land was very fair, yet very strange,
No words had touched the lonely mystery
Of hill and valley and the seasons' change.

I walked alone—yet dreamed that one might bring
Some day, somehow, the words that then would tell
The wished-for answers to my questioning,
A miracle to solve the waiting spell.

Then they like great-winged angels with a book,
Written in golden words on every page,
Came one by one and gave me, with the look
That I had sought so long, this heritage:

The truth in law and beauty, and the lore
Of all the dreams that had come true before.

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French Battle-fields of Yesterday

BY LOUISE CLOSSER HALE

AFTER the visitor to France goes into the war zone and returns to Paris safely, he, or perhaps I should say she, is not so fearful of going again. It is not the expectation of high explosives descending on a woman's frail hat of straw that filled me with dread on my first visit in the direction of Meaux and Château Thierry, but an uneasiness over my own conduct that might unwittingly transgress the rules of the Army and bring down a high-explosive wrath with a penalty for which there is no mediation. There is no carrying your case to a Supreme Court, no appeal to the Governor or the people. What the Army says you do you do. And the curious tangle we got into on my second trip "toward" the front ended in a situation so complicated that it seemed better at times to die and have it over with.

We rather plunged away from Paris. Our permits from the Maison de la Presse came when least expected, and feverishly fingering our watches, passes, dog, credentials, and luggage we raced for the train to Senlis. One gets a permit to go into the war zone on a certain date and return on a certain date. I don't know what the consequences would be if we didn't go—there might not be any—but I have an uneasy suspicion that the police of the *arrondissement* would stop me on the Champs Elysées and demand sternly, "Why are you not at Senlis to-day, en route to Villers-Cotterets and thence to Compiègne?"—for so our orders read. It would seem very inadequate to reply that we had missed the train—very suspicious.

But, as I say, on this second visit I was not as afraid of being thought a spy as I was before—or so tortured by a desire to burst into German exclamations. And we caught the train. We even had time to drop our mite into the tin canister of the Red Cross attendant. We can hear her coming along the platform shaking the sous already in the little bank. The noise now is as familiar and defined as the jingle of the coin in the tambourine of the Salvation Army girl outside our theaters in America. All of the canteens at the railway stations are under the control of the French-women. This is a "work" not to be confused with that of those English and Americans of the small sheds erected in the cantonments where the men are massed before returning to the front.

So I was not prepared when I lifted my eyes to the face of the worker to see a wisp of a New York girl who had put herself into condition for these many hours on her feet by nights of fox-trotting on the ballroom floors of the younger set. I had asked her on the boat what course she had taken in nursing, and she had replied engagingly that she didn't even know how to give first aid. "I wanted to go into a class," she explained, "but I had to 'come out.' Mother made me—I really didn't care about it." And, sure enough, here she was resolutely shaking the tin box, swinging open the doors of the carriages, slamming them to again, darting rapidly up and down the long platform that no one might escape, and beaming at the soldiers who ever crowded past on their way up to the Somme.

After the warning whistle we chatted a little through my window. Like all Americans working in Paris—and there are no Americans who do not work—she arose at seven and went to bed right after dinner—and she just loved it! She was expecting to be transferred to a Cercle. We had passed a Cercle on our way to the station. As the duration of the war has extended itself like a great serpent unrolling horrid unsuspected coils, new demands have arisen for the comfort of the men on their vacations.

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They are obliged to take these periods of rest. Thousands come, too, from the invaded districts. They have no homes and no people left, and seeing Paris on five cents a day is a poor prospect even to a French economist. So, little clubs have been formed, some of which are supported by the regiments, and some entirely gratuitous, where the bewildered countrymen may find a home in the city of a Frenchman's dream. She was going to the one set back in the pleasant wood that we had passed on our way to the station. The owner, a great designer of robes, was at the war. "It will be funny," she exclaimed. "Mother went there for her gowns!"

One goes quickly into the country when leaving Paris by the Gare du Nord; the sight of green fields from a car window we hold to be a privilege. The long white roads stretch appealingly to us, but they are no longer for the idle motorist. This far from the front they are untraveled, and all along the way the little shops with their signs of tires and oil and gasolene are idle. It is like a district under a spell, and it gives one a pain in the heart to know that the spell will not be broken for a long time, and when we do go over the road once more that boys will stump out on wooden pegs, or will lift painfully an arm that should not rightly hang to the warm body of any man, to serve us.

At Chantilly masses of soldiers went on up the line to the Somme sector, yet we were not without the usual crowd of blue which descended at Senlis, and packed themselves with us about the improvised exit. The station at Senlis was destroyed by the Germans, and the accommodation for the traveler is meager. We stood huddled together, squeezing through when we could.

One of the youngest of the soldiers coming home on his *permission* had been celebrating in advance. The townspeople coming through the gate were much embarrassed, and talked it over with the riotous one's comrades so that he remained within the gates attended by a kindly bodyguard until he should find himself in better condition to meet his proud family. Only beer and light wine are sold in the war zone, but occasionally an overzealous sympathizer smuggles the soldiers a bottle of more deadly spirits.

We took a cab—*the* cab—to the hotel, so relieved that there was a hotel left that we did not ask price or distance. Two of the inns mentioned in our carefully secreted German Baedeker were burned by the invaders, but the Grand Cerf remained. It is so near the station that we were inclined to be stern with the cabby over the fare. However, we knew that we would pay him, and he knew it, too, and the landlady of the Grand Cerf knew that we would accept any room she offered us at any price. But she took no masculine advantage, and we found ourselves in quarters of that new era of France, with running water and electric lights—the water not running and the light not lighting for the sake of economy, but all the latest improvements ready for the tourist when the host begins pouring in.

She and another woman apparently did all the work of the house, and there was something more tragic in this empty modern hotel built so obviously for the touring motorist than there is in the older inns which draw a certain warm quality of life from generations of men and women who have slept under the roof. There was even a mahogany American bar with a brass foot-rail, not hiding itself guiltily as in our land, but sharing the writing-room.

The view from our windows was the same that meets the eye at Messina, such buildings as were occupied by the Germans remaining unscarred. And I wonder if a French householder rejoices that his habitation was kept intact through the housing of such unwelcome guests, or would he in preference have suffered the fate of his neighbors. The intact buildings bore a sort of isolation, an air foreign to the scene, as though by the German occupancy they felt the dishonor that had been thrust upon them. The side-street leading past the hotel has already been renamed the Odent in memory of the mayor who was shot during the short German stay. And the first illustrated *carte postale* which met our eyes was a picture of his grave. For the sake of those American and English who will some day visit this historic

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ground they have put an English legend as well as a French one upon the postal card. It reads, "Here is shoot and bury the mayor."

One would not have it less simple, for one feels very gentle about the story of the good Monsieur Odent who died so bravely. In the waning light we read the story as written down by a young apprentice who had been marched into the country with the mayor and four other citizens. They had been moved from one place to another with some evidence of that confusion of method which attended the betrayal of other characters in history. They were ordered to lie down, to get up; they marched a little, they could smoke, they were searched.

Suddenly they jostled Monsieur Odent, seized his cane, and struck him upon the head with it. Then they all went on again. The Frenchmen did not know why they were being led away. They could see their houses burning in the town, for it was night by now. They turned into a field of grain. They were commanded to lie down on their stomachs. They were commanded to rise again. An officer advanced and conducted the mayor to a group of his fellow-officers. The words were few—and that was his trial. He returned to his friends and gave the money in his purse to the apprentice, charging him to remit it to his family. He said: "Adieu, my poor Benoit; we shall not see each other again. They will shoot me now." They all clasped hands.

"Monsieur Odent advanced very courageously toward the officers, "the story continues" at six or seven meters from us; after a little time we heard two volleys and a report of a revolver which we judged to be the finishing stroke. Then some soldiers made a ditch, laying there the body of Monsieur Odent, and replacing the earth. In spite of the beautiful light of the moon, we could not distinguish clearly on account of the proximity of the woods."

After this the Germans came to the five friends of Monsieur Odent, saying: "War is sad—as much for us as for you. We had to shoot your mayor as his citizens fired upon our soldiers. We make war upon soldiers, not upon civilians. It is France who has wanted the war, and your Poincaré."

After these noble sentiments the officers asked if it was any of the remaining five who had fired upon the soldiers, which was ingenuous for Germans. And as the five friends said they had not (indeed, no one had fired except a handful of African soldiers who were thought by all to have left the village), they were sent home.

I tell this story because each village of sacked eastern France has been the scene of a tragic incident like it, and I feel that I must repeat such a little tale in every paper I prepare—as one steps into a church, putting one's business aside, to place a candle before the altar.

I carried my book, *Le Drame de Senlis*, down to dinner, and there was great fear shown by the two women that they would have to make a light since I was so long over the meal—and the drama. We went out in the dusk immediately afterward, our dog Toby on a leash, since we had lost him in the dark of Meaux. I wished to go immediately to the Abbey of St. Vincent, for I was full of the story of the old and the sick who had gathered in deep, underground passages during the bombardment and the burning of Senlis. In the great room above there had been one wounded German soldier nursed through it all by Mère Joseph, who, when she was besought to go below as the balls were flattening themselves against the walls, pointed to the wounded German, and replied, tartly: "What! And show the enemy I am nursing that we have anything to fear?" For that she wears the *Croix de Guerre*.

We turned to the right, then to the left, and after that we turned many times. Suddenly, in the dim light, we came upon a gendarme. We could discern the sentry in his little box, but I was as afraid of him as though he were a Boche, and would not ask for assistance.

So we stumbled hastily on, coming to a body of water, black and silent and turgid. Then, hearing voices, we made toward them, only to find our cabby, who set us on the straight road, from which we promptly strayed, and were finally led home by an old woman who volunteered as our guide.

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On the next morning we made our way to the cathedral, which the Illustrator sketched during service, afterward photographing the congregation as they passed out, for a souvenir. While he sketched, Toby and I went off to retrace, if possible, our confused wanderings of the night before, and to see the dank tarn which had so frightened me. It was found at the end of devious but charming ways. We passed the soldier in the sentry-box—a pleasant fellow—and discovered the black water of the black night to be a little elbow of that flirtatious stream La Nonette.

It was like a bad dream to me, dissipated by morning light, but I fear the citizens will be a long time erasing their black night of German occupancy from their brains. For them it was a time of going from hospital to hospital, from one German official to another, and of begging for doctors and for indulgence toward the poor. All of them wore hastily made brassards showing the Red Cross for protection, and kept their hands above their heads, crying, "Hospital!" as a safeguard against the raiding troops, who filled the air with the sneering cry of "Franzoise! Franzoise!" as they applied the torch, or looted the little shops.

The relentless cabby in due season called for us, not deigning to touch the baggage left for the maid-of-all-work to bring down. I turned to the landlady, whose close-mouthed austerity had kept me a little timorous, and congratulated her that her house had remained untouched amid the ruins. An expression of weary contempt passed over her face. She said that the German general had made it his headquarters, and that had saved it; but all the time the curé had remained of his own accord within the walls as hostage for his people. And by the lighting up of her face we felt that the curé's presence had in part lifted the curse of Teutonic desecration.

I sought to tell her that it was hard now with her husband at the war, but in a few years when the Americans came he and she would grow rich. Her face contorted, but she ironed it out with her will. "I hope so. We have need—great need of it," she replied, quietly.

Just as the train drew up which was to take us in the direction of Villers-Cotterets, a distinguished-looking officer appeared and rendered himself more distinguished by holding us up to ask pointed questions. We were politely invited to enter a small room, blocking out the curious crowd which grew indifferent to taking a train, and asked why we had been making pictures of Senlisians coming out of church. The sketch was permitted, but the camera—no. We had offended. We must go to court. In utter abandonment we revealed all the secrets of our lives—*laissez-passer*, passports, Toby's dog-collar, his license, letters from personages. We even pressed the camera upon him as a gift. It was not a good camera.

The officer feared the Greeks, even bearing gifts, but he was lenient. He advised us to pack our camera in our bag and to show it no more in the zones of war. As for our trial, that would come later. We explained earnestly that we must first go to Villers-Cotterets and then to Compiègne, because the Army had said so, and as we did not wish to miss an occasion like our own trial, we trusted that an early summons by the Army would not force us to disobey the Army.

Our feverish desire to please the military touched him. He promised a space of time, as the processes of the "simple police" moved, like the mills of God, slowly, and we went on our way, for the station-master had held the train—partly for us and partly from a generous desire to keep no spectacle from the other voyagers. Suddenly we were alone in a railway carriage, going toward other dangers which we knew not of, but free for the moment. Looking apprehensively through the little glass window that gives upon the next carriage, we stealthily buried the camera in a kit bag, but I felt as expectantly nervous over it as though we had secreted a cuckoo-clock.

The next false step was at Crépy-en-Valois. We were obliged to descend at Crépy because the train went no farther. We clung to it as long as possible in the effort to obey our written orders, but the Army finally ordered us out. After four hours we could buy transportation at the ticket-window for Villers-Cot-

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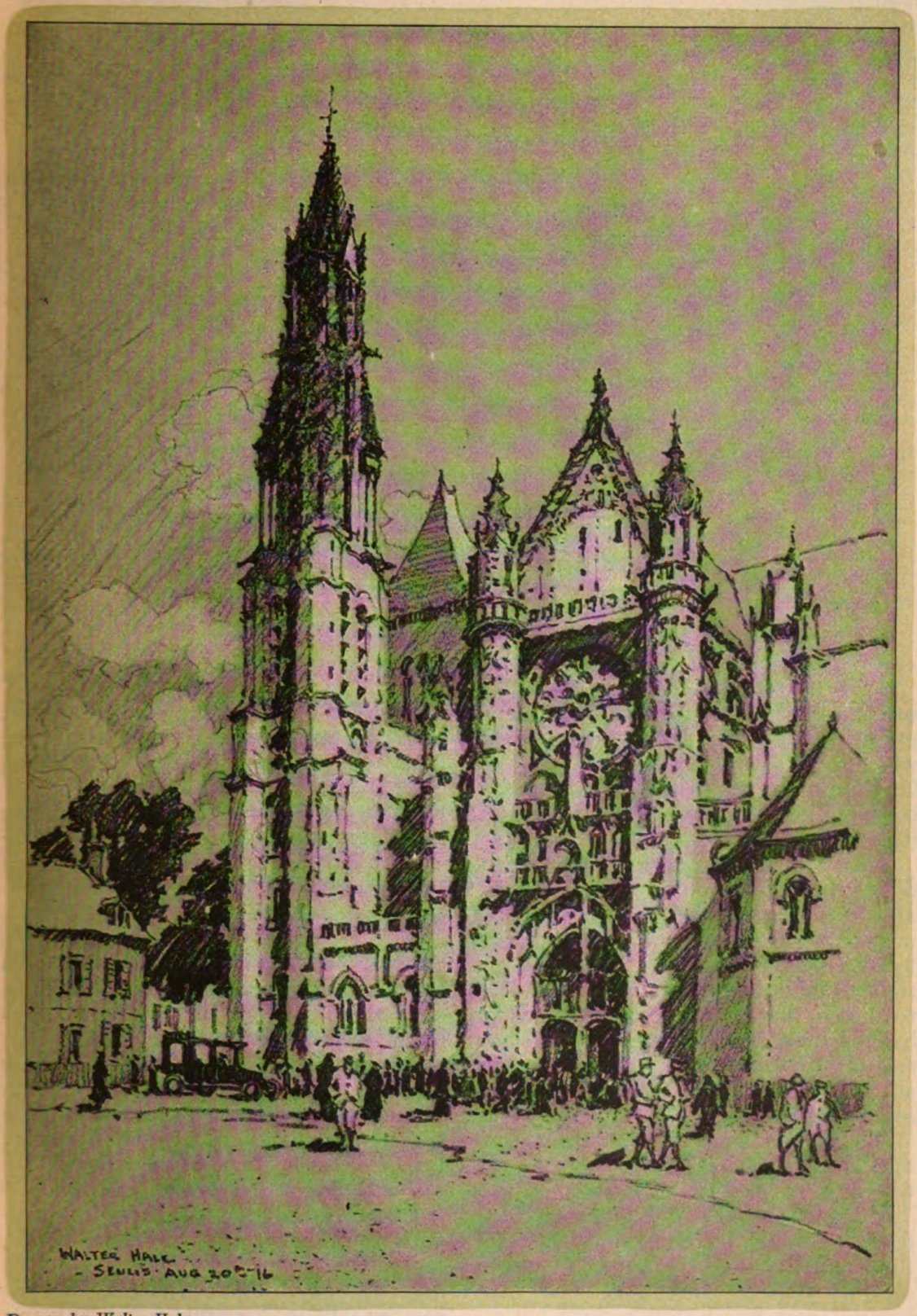

Drawn by Walter Hale

SUNDAY MORNING, SENLIS CATHEDRAL

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AEROPLANE PATROLS GUARDING PARIS FROM ATTACK

terets, but in the mean time we must pass through the gates that our tickets, which read — unfortunately — only to Crépy, might be taken up. And this town of Crépy was not mentioned in our itinerary.

With some craft the Illustrator abandoned the kit bag containing the camera at the station, extracting his sketching materials which had been permitted him by the officer at Senlis. We had no right to be in Crépy, but we had a right to sketch, and, as one might as well be hanged for a sheep as a goat, the Illustrator busied himself at his craft. Like all forbidden sweets, Crépy was enormously attractive.

We walked over to a great cantonment that ran along the railway tracks where were packed thousands of soldiers, and through the high, guarded fence we could see the head-dresses of the women of the little English canteen serving soup to the troops who were being despatched to the Somme battle-lines. The men come directly from the Champagne sector in motor-vans at this point, taking their three days' rest here after three—and often more—days in the trenches. For the first time we heard the sound of bugles calling the companies together. They called us, too, like the pipes of the Pied Piper, yet the sentry could not let us enter. If we wished, however, he would send for a "dame anglaise" who would talk with us.

We were tempted. We wavered. We refused. It occurred to us that soup for the soldiers was more essential than the satisfying of our curiosity, and, spying a distant church-tower, we began our pursuit of it. The tower was as elusive as a siren. It dodged from one side of the town to the other as we wound along the crooked main street. For a breathing-space we resisted its call and took refuge in the best café.

I was the only woman there save the two proprietors who, in deep black, served the gay party. It was a relief to find them gay. There is so much that is somber about Frenchmen in fighting array. They do not grumble, but they do not laugh. But here in Crépy it was like recess at school—récess, as we

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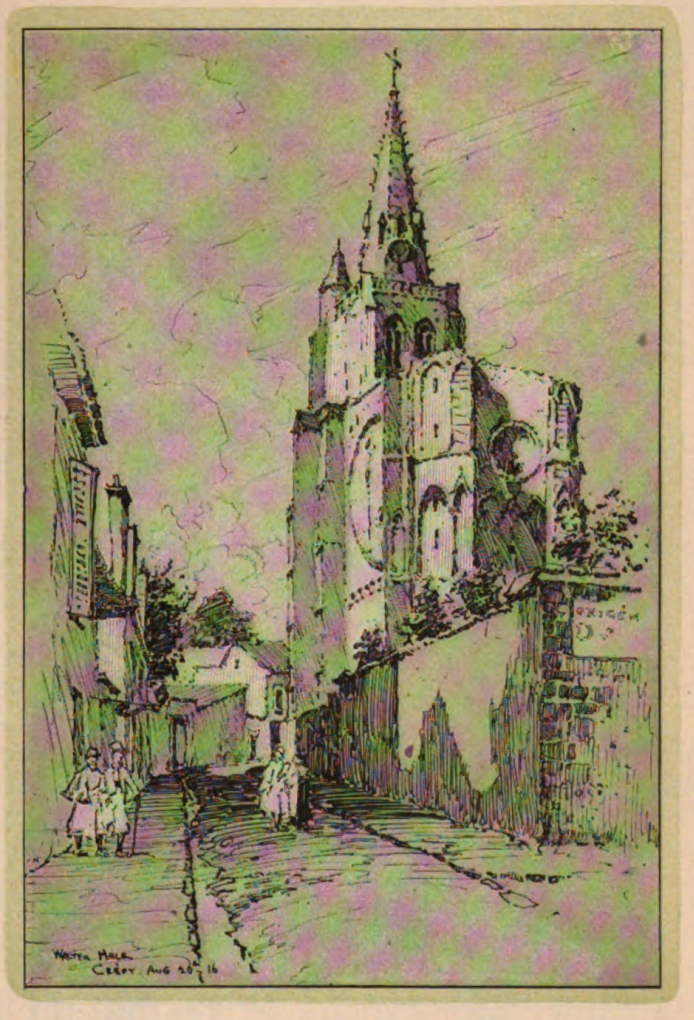
called it then. For the first time I caught the glint of warfare. I could understand how the drudgery of the trenches was in a measure ameliorated by the strange excitements of their hazardous occupation. To-morrow night they might be dying, these men in the café; to-day they were taking what ease their billets permitted them. Suddenly, as we sat peacefully, a great roar filled the air. Looking through the open doors we saw the first of a line of motor-trucks filled with soldiers. A whole regiment was returning from the trenches. The men were begrimed beyond words, but they were a jolly crowd. Jolly! Jolly and gay in one paragraph. I am glad to use these words honestly in a paper on France.

One petty official of the town knew numbers of the men, and zigzagged in front of the cars to shake hands with old acquaintances. Cooks from their wagons waved to the civilians; soldiers on gun-carriages added to the clamor of the wheels. Some of the occupants of our café went on with their game of backgammon; some tilted back in their chairs to look casually through the door. Some of them watched me, my handkerchief to my eyes under stress of emotion. Then all grew quiet for an instant at the tables, for the men in the *camions* were now singing, their voices rising above the din and floating in to us. As I heard my first bugles in Crépy, so now was I hearing the first song from any lips since I had come to France. These men were about to entrain for the region of the Somme.

A few minutes later the Illustrator was sketching the finally discovered tower of St. Thomas—for so the object of our search was named. It had been shelled by the English while the Germans were making observations from it, as they bore on toward Paris. We thought it of interest. Our contemplation of it was shortly interrupted by the village constable, escorted thither by an official of the Army, who asked for our credentials. He was a nervous little man, but with, I felt sure, an allegiance to duty which would result in a pointing to the *laissez-passer* and a cold asking, "Why Crépy?"



ST. THOMAS, CRÉPY-EN-VALOIS, SHELLED BY THE ENGLISH WHEN THE GERMANS MADE IT AN OBSERVATION TOWER

And "Why Crépy?" indeed, since we had no excuse for being there beyond the wilfulness of a railway train which would not continue to Villers-Cotterets? Yet he did not ask that. A sleuth by

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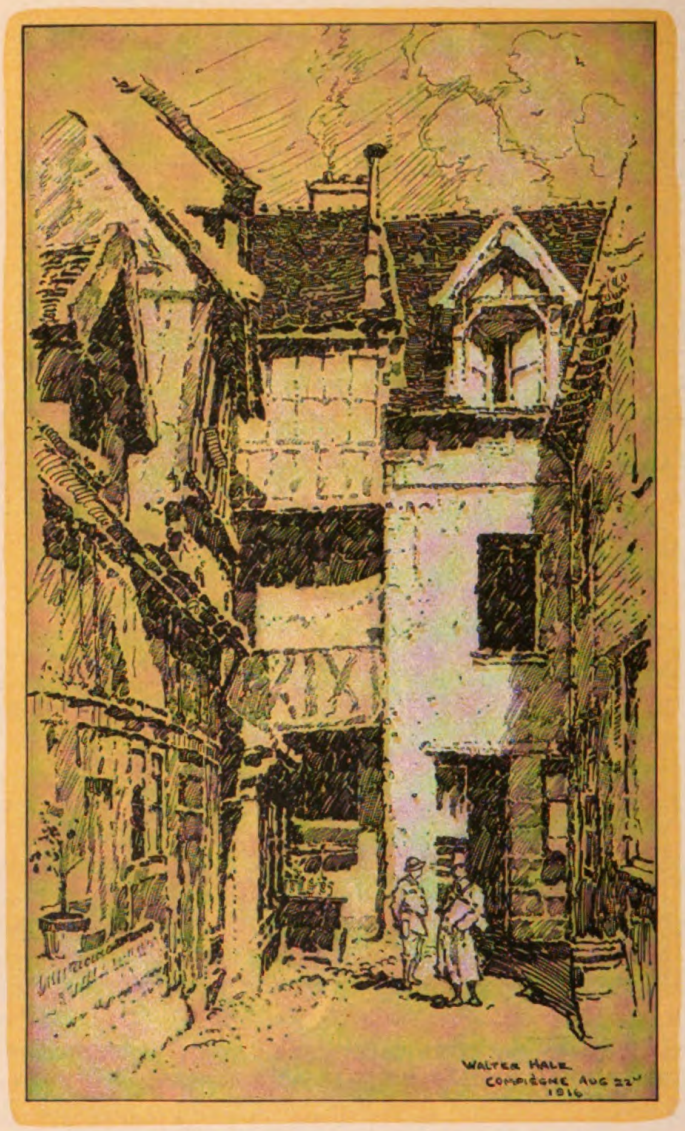
appointment of man, not Heaven, he asked instead, "Why sketching?" And to this the Illustrator replied that he was permitted to sketch, it was his business to sketch, he left Paris to sketch. Otherwise why leave Paris? The Illustrator seemed to feel that the finish of his sketch was the most important thing in the world. In fact, he was debating the sketch question in the hope that neither the Army nor the police, correctly pugnacious, would suddenly think of "Why Crépy?"



OLD COURTYARD OFF THE RUE SOLFERINO, COMPIÈGNE

The crowd increased amazingly. It was a dull afternoon for them and they were ready to hope almost anything might happen. It occurred to me as the examination continued, most gloomily for us, that, among a people to whom bloodshed was now a common thing, one death more or less would make little difference. The officer who had been standing passively by thought it might be more pleasant for me if the inquisition continued in the jail. And, while I had no doubt this was only a ruse to jail and keep us there, I went proudly along—as proudly as Marie Antoinette.

The big gates of the Prefecture soon clanged upon us, and we stood in a small room, again telling all about ourselves in the most confiding fashion. The Illustrator did most of it, turning to me now and then in a quick, mitrailleuse style and ejaculating, questioningly, "the year previous," or, "day after to-morrow," as the expression in French failed him. Things grew worse. Our French proved puzzling. The policeman manifested a suspicion that we were making fun of him. I grew bewildered in my effort to assist.

Just at that moment, however, the gendarme interrupted our flow of strange confidences to say if we knew of any one in Crépy who could interpret for us, the any one would be sent for. We knew no one.

I did not think there could be anything much worse, and the one consolation left me was the recollection that, with us, always, when matters had been at the worst, something nice was sure to happen. This time it was the entrance of the préfet. He had been sent

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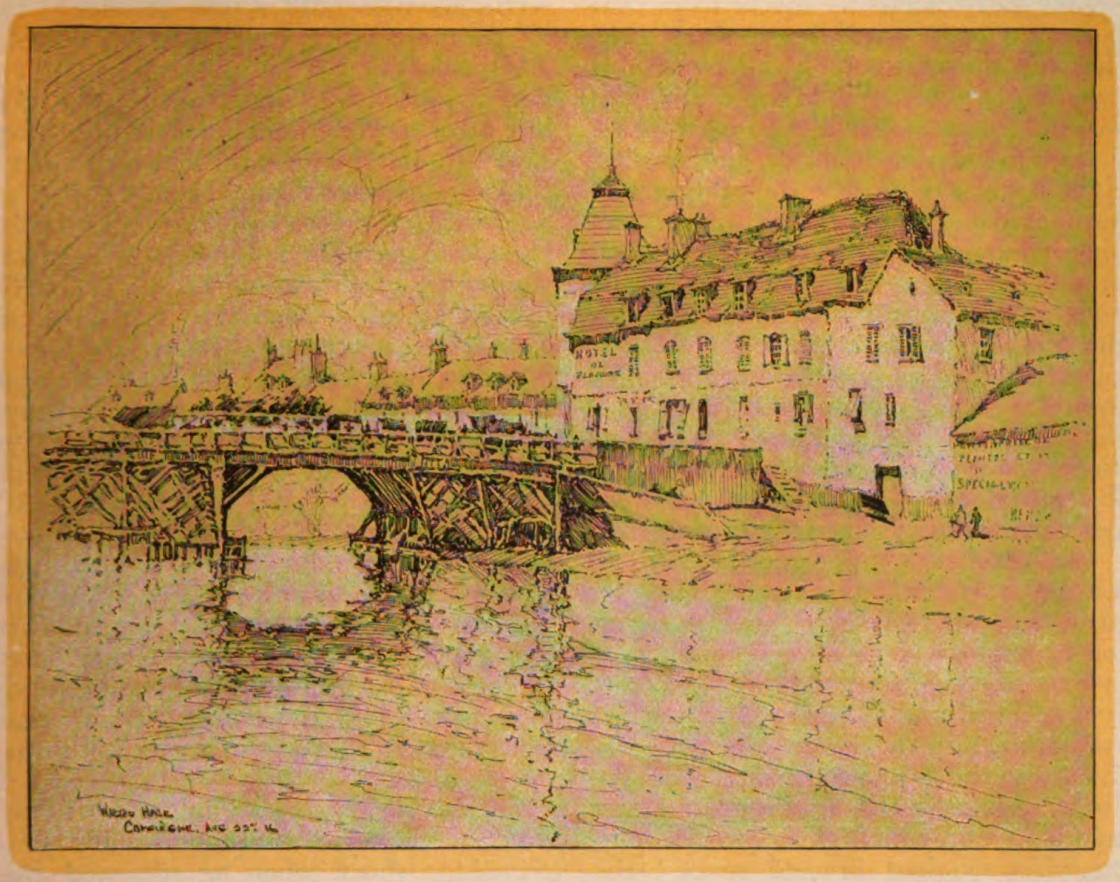

TEMPORARY BRIDGE AT COMPIÈGNE CLOSE TO THAT DESTROYED BY THE BRITISH

for probably, as he examined our papers without delay, and told the little policeman that, while there was nothing to say that the Illustrator could sketch, there was nothing to say that he couldn't. And it seemed that there wasn't a thought in the mind of either of them that we were spies—which was most discouraging. "Naturally," he concluded, "one could not make the photograph."

"No, no!" we exclaimed, in shocked unison. "Photograph, never!"

So the end, while satisfactory for us, as the Illustrator was allowed to complete the sketch, was disappointing to the waiting crowd. Personally I went with a good deal of relief toward the railway station, entertaining a real desire to offend neither the Army nor the police again, and hoping the railway would meet us half-way in order to go to Villers-Cotterets and from there to Compiègne. It met us only a third of the way, which was not enough. While we could get to Villers-Cotterets, there was no longer any train running between that town and Compiègne for the excellent reason that the track was in the range of the German guns. This was sufficient reason for me to give up the trip; but would that satisfy the Army if they found us wandering along by other routes to Compiègne? One could not say disrespectfully to the Army: "It is your fault. Why did you send us that way?" For fear of the Army gets into your joints in France.

At a remote distance from the kit bag containing the camera, which had sat all afternoon by itself on the platform, we conferred with various travelers, getting into such a frightful tangle of plans for escape that one of them suggested if we knew the "dame anglaise" to send for her. She had been stationed at Villers-Cotterets, and probably could advise us if the commandant there would

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permit us to travel by motor from that point to Compiègne. It was about then that the Illustrator took things into his own hands. One civilian was telling him we could not sleep in Crépy because we had no permission to do so, and another civilian was saying that the examiner of permits could not pass us out of any place whatsoever if it was not mentioned in our *laissez-passer*. Very firmly he bought tickets (three of them, one for the dog) for a small place called Longueil, marched us into the station buffet from its back door, dined us, one at a table, one on the floor, and passed us directly onto the station platform from the front door. In a little while we were again in the railway carriage by ourselves.

We reached Compiègne late. The journey was ten miles from Crépy by road, and we had been three hours en route, but one does not complain now in France. One whining stays at home. It was dark, and Compiègne was black as the pit, and there were no cabs. No, there was one cab proudly engaged. We discovered it by the headlight of a cart on which a crowd of officers were climbing. As we had pressed toward the gate—the air white with permits, for even a soldier carries his pass—an officer and I nodded to each other understandingly, for both of us were impeded by a dog and many tickets. I visibly admired his poodle, and as a reward he sang out from his high seat on the cart telling the driver of the solitary cab, if he was not waiting for old ladies, he must drive me also. But he was waiting for old ladies, so it was arranged that he would carry up the crafty kit bag, and we would join the long black line of pedestrians. "*Bonne chance!*" I called after the young officer and the dusky poodle. "*Merci-i-i!*" came the answer out of the gloom.

The lights of the army vans and automobiles left us. A dim sentry deflected the line of pedestrians at the river to a narrow temporary foot-bridge. Soon we were at the hotel, where we secured rooms on the court, that we might hear the rumbling, rattling *camions* going up to the front in the early morning. We had made no effort to avoid the great bell of the Hôtel de Ville, however, and it seemingly came into the window to settle down in both rooms at once. It is the most vibrant bell in the world, and some say that it is the most persistent in its reverberation of the hours; but after a while it stopped telling the time—or did I?—until the morning light.

One remembers Compiègne gratefully after visiting these towns through which the Germans passed, for it tugs less at the strings of pity in our hearts. It still has an air of prosperity. The palace is no longer visited by tourists; the best hotel no longer serves a precious dinner to those irregular couples motoring out from Paris for a holiday. The antiquity-shops have bars across the doors. Even the single one which I found open had no attendant, as though a theft in these times of strict morality was as unlikely as a sale. But, in spite of this, the town radiates success. Our hotel restaurant did a huge business, and, lacking the uniform of horizon blue and the nurses' garb, we would have despaired of attention, save that the manager kept an eye upon us.

So inexplicably and kindly attentive was the manager that our vanity received no shock when he admitted he was hanging about for our English. He wished to perfect himself in our tongue, for he was of the far-seeing who are getting ready for the tourist. It was pitiful to witness this good citizen struggling between joy that his city was fairly intact and regret that it bore no greater marks of devastation. And he assured me tremulously, as though I might leave if it were not so, that bombs still fall in Compiègne.

I talked with the functionary a good deal, for his English held me. More than that, my shattered nerves could not attend the Illustrator on any further sketching excursions. As a man develops daring by exercising it, like a muscle, the Illustrator now courted stern interrogation. He went out boldly—with a sketching-stool—shifting up and down the river-bank as he transferred to his paper the new bridge which was going up. I would have thought it a much greater offense than the picturing of an old church or a dilapidated tower, yet nothing came of it.

I learned many things from the little manager, feeling that it was my right,

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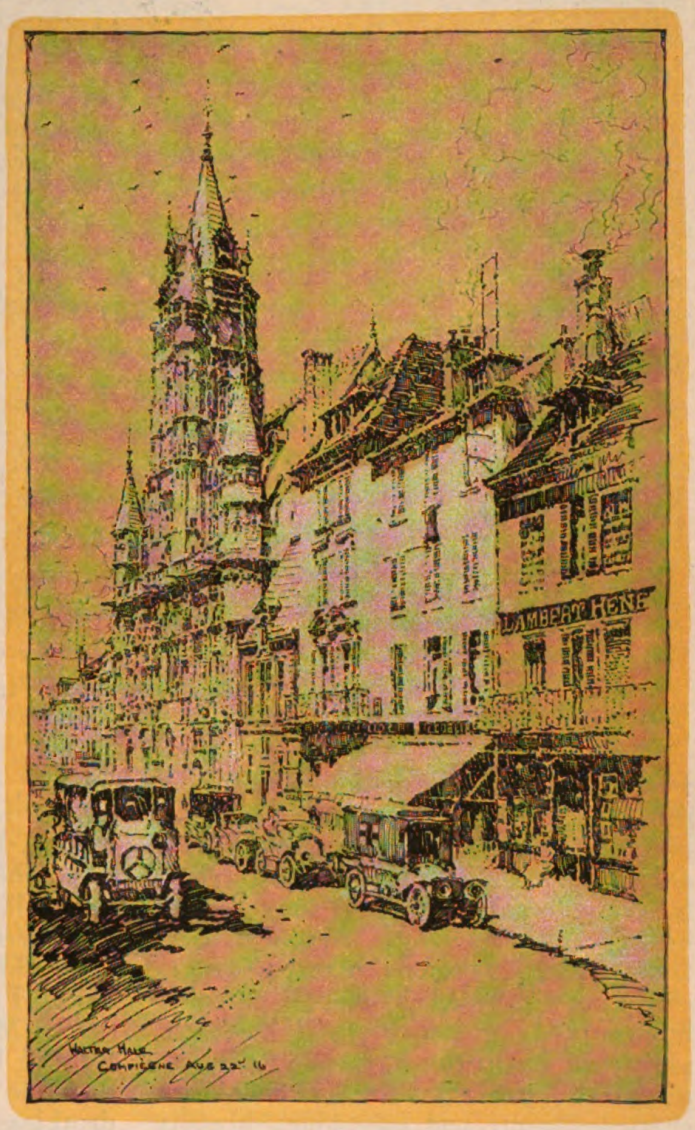
since it improved his English. He explained to me the women of the little towns who still sit in the windows of an afternoon and make tatting. They had perplexed me, for in our little towns the women are making bandages for the fathers and the brothers and the sons of these women. The French gentlewomen, it seems, have become nurses, and, if I am not mistaken, none of them is compensated, but, peer as I might past windows into highly upholstered rooms, read as I did all the notices of church and state, I could never find evidence of a "bandage class." The explanation was simple. Back of all this tatting is a certain sacrificial reason for the sticking to it. These ladies do not wish to encroach upon the poor and needy women, for these are engaged by the Government to make bandages as a means of livelihood. In great workshops of the *Service de Santé* these women congregate daily, making up with wonderful economy the gauze and cotton provided for them by France, or by such of us whose giving must come from our purse rather than from our full day.

We must go upon a round of hospitals to appreciate the crying necessity of vast quantities of gauze and cotton, or else remember that in these hospitals each day are as many wounded soldiers as Boston boasts inhabitants.

We visited two hospitals near Compiègne. That of the French Republic, which is under the control of Dr. Alexis Carrel, lies at the edge of the forest, and a sentinel challenged us with gun held an arm's length above the soldier's head, but, "Hôpital," grunted the *cocher*, and we turned into pleasant grounds of the great hotel which, later, trippers will enjoy. Within, all was order and comfort—and smothered pain. But I am a stumbler in a hospital, where I become resentful of the scheme which sends the patients there. I fear to offend by offering such poor phrases as I can muster. The wounded may not want me to come nodding about the beds. If they have been pushed about like checkers, surely they have now reached the king's row, and with the privilege of a crown there should be accorded them a choice of audiences.



TOWER OF THE HÔTEL DE VILLE, COMPIÈGNE

An army car, gray paint and white letters, was sent to us by Doctor Carrel to take us on to Château d'Annel, which,

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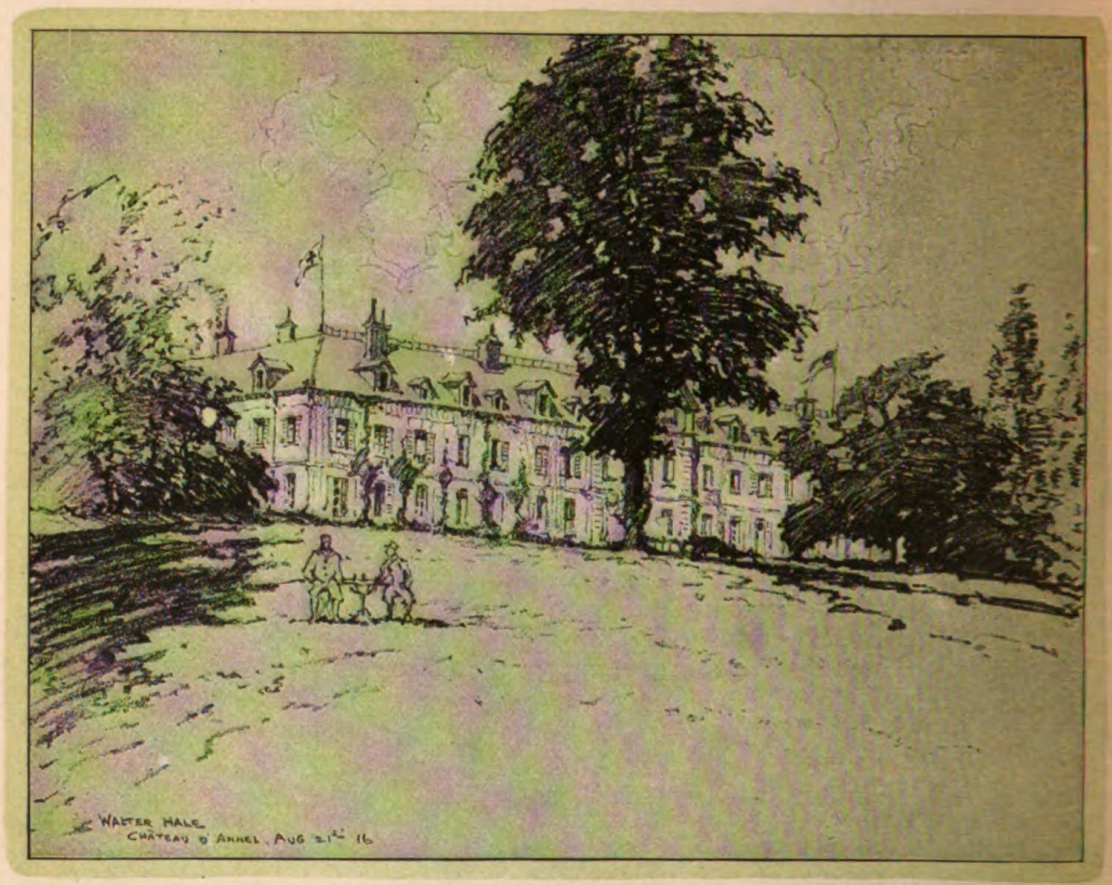

CHÂTEAU D'ANNEL—THE AMERICAN FIELD HOSPITAL NEAREST THE FIRING LINE

I believe, is the only field hospital under the American flag. The men are taken here directly from the front, often with only such bandaging as the stretcher-bearers can manage. It is very beautiful—the château—with a great tree in front which Napoleon planted, and a charming *salon* such as Napoleon would have enjoyed in company with his court, save that he might have been discommoded by the stack of "cradles" for shattered arms and legs which bravely ornamented one corner.

I found among the patients one Arab, and I groped about for topics of conversation which might interest this poor alien. I told him I had been a visitor to his land. His people had planned a fantasia in our honor at one place, and I was sorry that I could not offer him something in return half so gay; but when I told him that Bou Saada was the name of the village he was radiant, for that turned out to be his own home. So we grew gay, talking over Bou Saada, and, as he exclaimed loudly in Arabic, he was probably saying, "How small the world is!"

I walked down to the military graveyard sentineled by crosses, except that little plot set apart for the Mohammedans. I told the American surgeon-chief of the Moorish custom of sinking cups for the birds in the earth above their dead, so that the little creatures, when drinking, might carry the souls up to heaven, and he arranged to place them on his Moorish graves that the birds of France might do all they could for the souls of these poor strangers.

I thought the surgeon-chief was very fine as he stood there, hat removed, in God's Acre, not at all impatient of the forms of mourning of the Mohammedans, although science must have given him a different viewpoint from that of these mourners. He continued kind, yet casual, as he turned and pointed to

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a sort of wattled dugout and asked if I cared to take refuge in it, as "they" had begun.

I did not know what he meant at first, and when I knew what he meant I did not believe that it could possibly happen to me. Of course it was a joke about using the dugout at the moment, for "they" were not firing in our direction. The booming continued. I hadn't anything to talk about as we walked over the great stretch of lawn to the little tent under Napoleon's tree where the afternoon tea is served. I must have seemed extraordinarily stupid, and I kept picking a small purple flower even as I said to myself, "You don't do this when guns are firing on men not so far away." I could not realize it. The "hymn of hate" continued as we took our tea—the French physicians with their American surgeons and some young British officers—pitifully young these days. We talked of the war and speculated on its duration. No one was as sanguine as I of a speedy peace. "It will last longer than will this marmalade," said one Frenchman, helping himself liberally, for whatever the emotion of these people, they do not betray it.

We went back to Paris in the evening. I continued commonplace by an effort to wire ahead for a cold supper in my room, and was firmly reminded that, if I was not warlike, the telegraph was. Only an urgent message could block the despatches of the Army. "If you have a dear one very ill?" the little manager with the pin suggested. But we had none, nor would we have dared ask for cold chicken and salad to be made ready for her no matter how dear she might have been, or how ill. There is no deceiving the Army.

Back in the rosy light, the twilight, the starlight, so accommodating was our train. Then other lights, the red-hot furnaces of munition-factories showing through glass roofs; and, of a sudden, wonderful, far-off lights high in the air that winked and went out and winked again. Like the stars they traveled with us; unlike them, they changed their course. They came on protectingly and hovered over us; they floated off on strange air quests. All the thrills that I could not feel when I had heard the sound of cannon that day shook me with awe as I watched the aeroplanes coming up for night duty outside Paris.

The train slackened speed at last, and the guardians of our welfare passed on. Our carriage at the end looked out upon a stream with a path alongside of it. A young soldier marched by. He was whistling. It is pleasant to write "whistling" along with jolly and gay—three words once so fittingly employed on any such excursion into the country. But the air was "Tipperary—"

Ah, the ease with which we all sang it two years—and more—ago! The sureness of a quick return to Tipperary! The confidence of so many singers quiet now forever! It came to me that night on the train like an echo across deep waters—waters on which a host are still struggling toward the far, sad shore of victory. "'Tis a long, long way—"

And then came another light—a lantern—quite unreasonably entering with an officer, who climbed up seemingly to demand our credentials. Since we had not been photographing or sketching on the train, it seemed that it must be a gentleman from Villers-Cotterets out looking for us. It was no consolation to me if Villers-Cotterets was disappointed in our non-appearance. And I thought this time the end had come. But it had not come, probably for the reason that our real finish is still hanging over us like the sword of Damocles. The official's mission was never made clear to us, although we managed to make ourselves clear to him, so he departed with his lantern on a further search. Perhaps he was only Diogenes on his night rounds.

The end came by post forwarded to us by the concierge of our hotel, after we had returned to America. It was concise yet elegant in form, for the simple police of Senlis "invited" us to be present at our trial for illegally carrying a camera in La Zone d'Armée, and the trial had taken place one week before our kind invitation was received! They say, unless we invoke the Minister of Justice himself, an invitation less pleasant awaits us when we return to Paris. Yet there will be one consolation: if we are sentenced to hard labor, we shall be working for France.

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My Plunge Into the Slums

BY M. E. RAVAGE

[*Mr. Ravage's earlier articles, entitled respectively "A Prophet from America" and "To America on Foot," aroused the liveliest interest as vivid and faithful transcripts of a youth's actual experiences in leaving his native land and emigrating to New York. This lively interest led to the author's continuing the striking story of his life in the present article, and in two others still to follow. These will tell of his adventures in New York's Lower East Side, and of his struggles for an education there and in the Middle West. The Couza referred to in this paper is a compatriot of the author's, and his "crusade" in his native land resulted in the emigration to America of large numbers of his countrymen. Thoroughly typical of the checkered fortunes of the more alert, enterprising, and vigorous immigrants, these moving chronicles, aside from the sheer entertainment they afford as beguiling narratives, constitute a human and social document of no mean significance.*—EDITOR.]

IT seems to be assumed by the self-complacent native that we immigrants are at once and overwhelmingly captivated by America and all things American. The mere sight of this new world, he fancies, should fill our hearts with the joy of dreams realized and leave us in a state of surfeited contentment empty of all further desire. Why, he would ask, if the doubt were ever to occur to him—why should we not be happy? Have we not left our own country because we were in one way or another discontented there? And if we have chosen America, it is quite clear that we must have been attracted by what she offered us in substitution. Besides, no man with eyes could fail to see right off the superiority of this great republic to every other country on the face of the earth. Witness how the tide of immigration is forever flowing—and always in one direction. If the alien were dissatisfied with America, would he not be taking the first steamer back instead of inviting his friends and family to follow him?

And yet, in spite of logic and appearances, the truth remains that the immigrant is almost invariably disappointed in America. At any rate, of this much I am certain: I myself was very bitterly disappointed in America. And, unless observation has been altogether astray with me, I think I am justified in the generalization that nearly all other newcomers are at least as disappointed as I was. It was not that this land of my aspirations had failed to come up to my dream of it, although in a measure it did fall short there. Neither was my disillusionment due to the dreariness, the sordidness, and the drudgery of immigrant life, although this, too, may have entered into the equation. All these things came only later. I am writing of the first impact of America—or of that small fraction of it which was America to me—of the initial shock that came to me when I first set foot on American soil. And I say that long before I had had time to find out what my own fate would be in this new world, I experienced a revulsion of feeling of the most distressful sort.

What were the reasons for it? Well, there were a variety of them: The alien who comes here from Europe is not the raw material that Americans suppose him to be. He is not a blank sheet to be written on as you see fit. He has not sprung out of nowhere. Quite the contrary. He brings with him a deep-rooted tradition, a system of culture and tastes and habits—a point of view which is as ancient as his national experience and which has been engendered in him by his race and his environment. And it is this thing—this entire Old World soul of his—that comes in conflict with America as soon as he has landed. Not, I beg you to

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observe, with America of the Americans. Of that greater and remoter world in which the native resides we immigrants are hardly aware. What rare flashes of it do come within range of our blurred vision reveal a planet so alien and far removed from our experience that they strike us as merely comical or fantastic—a set of phenomena so odd that we can only smile over them but never be greatly concerned with them.

I needed sadly to readjust myself when I arrived in New York. But the incredible thing is that my problem was to fit myself in with the people of Vaslui and Rumania, my erstwhile fellow-townsmen and my fellow-countrymen. It was not America in the large sense, but the East Side Ghetto that upset all my calculations, reversed all my values, and set my head swimming. New York at first sight was, after all, not so very unlike many other large cities that I had traveled through. I viewed it from the upper deck as my steamer plowed into the harbor and up the river, and was not the least bewildered by the sight. I cannot remember whether I thought it was ugly or beautiful. What did it matter? From the pier I was hustled with hundreds of others of my kind into a smaller boat and taken to Ellis Island. There I was put through a lot of meaningless maneuvers by uniformed, rough officials. I was jostled and dragged and shoved and shouted at. I took it philosophically. I had been through the performance many times before—at the Hungarian border, at Vienna, in Germany, in Holland. It did not touch me, and I have forgotten all about it.

But I have not forgotten and I never can forget that first pungent breath of the slums which were to become my home for the next five years. I landed early one Sunday morning in December, 1900; and no sooner did I touch firm ground than I dug into of my bundles and produced the precious thing that formed the link for me between my old home and my new. It was a crumpled bit of wrapping-paper which I had brought all the way from Vaslui and on which was scribbled in his own handwriting Couza's address in New York. Do you remember Couza? Ah, well, he was the man who first kindled the flame of America in my native land, and he was to be my first disappointment in a series of heartaches and disillusionments. With what hopeful enthusiasm I approached a policeman at the Battery and dumbly shoved my document into his face! And with what a sinking of the heart I peered through the frosty windows of that jangling, rickety horse-car as it bounced and wound through one shabby alley after another on its way to Attorney Street, where my millionaire kinsman held court!

The mansion, when at last I reached it, presented an imposing enough front. The interior was even more impressive. I was marshaled through a large room in which there were several sewing-machines littered with quantities of textile materials, and into the parlor. There I found the table set for breakfast, and a magnificent display it was, with its German-silver coffee-urn and pressed-glass bowl, and silver-plated spoons and white linen. After a somewhat unceremonious introduction to Mrs. Couza, handshaking with Couza himself and my little girl cousin whom he had brought back with him from Vaslui, and after one or two perfunctory questions about my people and my journey, I was invited to partake of a cup of coffee with cake. I was amazed. Cake for breakfast!

And there was Couza himself, the magnificence of him as I had seen him in Vaslui apparently quite undimmed. And yet, with all the splendor of that scene before me, I could not help wondering, vaguely, as I thought of the revolting misery I had seen from the horse-car, whether there was not a worm somewhere at the heart of this brilliant appearance. In Vaslui there had been many who doubted and openly slandered Couza as a sham, while the rest of the town worshiped him as a millionaire and (by his own confession) an ambassador, and hailed him as a savior. Now, without anything in particular having happened, I found myself, with a kind of terror, sinking into agreement with those doubters and knockers. Yes, there was Couza in his customary frock-coat and his customary newspaper spread before him, but with some terrible new vision I seemed to see through

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all this. I knew that no one had been expecting me here, but I had an insane feeling that this whole *décor* had been set against my coming. And I ended up by wanting to cry out that I had been cheated, that Couza and the New York he had lured me to were miserable shams, that I wanted to go back to Vaslui.

My depression was increased after breakfast. I do not know just what I had been expecting that my kinsman would do for me, but I must have been entertaining some vague hope that he would at once set me to making money in one of his factories, or, at least, that he would use his great influence with the American Government to find me a comfortable place worthy of my family and my genteel bringing up. I made some timid advances on that score, but Couza merely grunted in his familiar bass voice and declared that he would see. Mrs. Couza looked puzzled, and intimated that in America there were no such things as relatives; that money was a man's best friend, and that the wisest course to pursue was to depend on oneself. And then, without any kind of warning, my youthful cousin spoke up and asked me to accompany her to her mother's home on Rivington Street, where I would take up my temporary lodgings until I found work.

Of Couza I was to see a great deal more. He had evidently not been found out by the other Rumanians, for he had the air of keeping the entire colony he had, as it were, brought into being, under his spacious protecting wing. On Sundays he paid us his weekly visit. Dressed in his frock-coat and chimney-pipe hat, he would walk from Attorney to Rivington Street and be greeted deferentially by all who passed him on the way. He always had matters of great moment to talk over with his sister-in-law, and some time during his stay the two would mysteriously disappear into one of the bedrooms, whence their earnest whispers would be heard by us outside. Mrs. Segal, my cousin and landlady, entertained a pathetic respect for Couza, whom she always addressed as "Brother-in-law" and never by his Christian name. Before departing, Couza always distributed largess of the nickel denomination among the children, and a quantity of advice on how to become Americanized and successful among the elders. Once I had the distinction of sitting at the same table with him at one of those elaborate East Side weddings, where the hard-earned savings of years of toil of both bride and groom are lavishly wasted, and it made my eyes pop to see him hand the waiter a five-dollar bill in return for a toothpick! He was continually bestowing praise on those young men and women who showed a tendency to become "Americanized." I tried for a long time to find out just what he meant by the word, and never succeeded—beyond the obvious definition of becoming like himself. But I know that he frowned upon me and a few others who betrayed an inclination to mingle with the radical and intellectual life of the quarter. That bent, he thought, was sure to ruin our chances for success in America, and make us *personæ non gratæ* with the best people.

That walk from Couza's residence, with my bundles, to Rivington Street was a nightmare. I know that the idea prevalent among Americans is that the alien imports his slums with him to the detriment of his adopted country, that the squalor and the misery and the filth of the foreign quarters in the large cities of the United States are characteristic of the native life of the peoples who live in those quarters. But that is an error and a slander. The slums are emphatically not of our making. So far is the immigrant from being accustomed to such living conditions that the first thing that repels him on his arrival in New York is the realization of the dreadful level of life to which his fellows have sunk. And when by sheer use he comes to accept these conditions himself, it is with something of a fatalistic resignation to the idea that such is America.

I shall never forget how depressed my heart became as I trudged through those littered streets, with the rows of push-carts lining the sidewalks and the centers of the thoroughfares, the ill-smelling merchandise, and the deafening noise. My pretty little cousin, elegant in her American tailored suit, was stepping along beside me, apparently oblivious to the horrible milieu that was sickening

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me well-nigh unto fainting. So this was America, I kept thinking. This was the boasted American freedom and opportunity—the freedom for respectable citizens to sell cabbages from hideous carts, the opportunity to live in those monstrous, dirty caves that shut out the sunshine. And when we got beyond Grand Street and entered the Rumanian section my cousin pointed out to me several of my former fellow-townspeople —men of worth and standing they had been in Vaslui—bargaining vociferously at one kind of stand or another, clad in an absurd medley of Rumanian sheep-pelts and American red sweaters. Here was Jonah Gershon, who had been the chairman of the hospital committee in Vaslui and a prominent grain merchant. He was dispensing soda-water and selling lollypops on the corner of Essex Street. This was Shloma Lobel, a descendant of rabbis and himself a learned scholar. In America he had attained to a basket of shoe-strings and matches and candles. I myself recognized young Layvis, whose father kept the great drug-store in Vaslui, and who, after two years of training in medicine at the University of Bucharest, was enjoying the blessings of American liberty by selling newspapers on the streets.

Here and there were women, too, once neighbors of ours, mothers of sons, and mistresses of respectable households. And what were they doing here in this diabolical country? Well, here was one selling pickles from a double row of buckets placed on a square cart, yelling herself hoarse to an insensible world in a jargon of Yiddish and "English," and warming her hands by snatches over an outlandish contraption filled with glowing coals. Farther on I came upon another, laboriously pushing a metal box on wheels and offering baked potatoes and hot *knishes* to the hungry, cold-bitten passers-by. And all the while there was the dainty little figure of Cousin Betty walking airily beside me, unaware of the huge tragedy of it all. She had herself arrived no more than a year before, but how callous America had already made her! I asked myself whether I, too, would harden and forget the better days I had known, and I fervently hoped not.

Ah, the blessed life we had left behind! And for what? To chase after a phantom raised by Couza the fanatic and the humbug. To follow a will-o'-the-wisp and sink in the quagmire of this repulsive Gehenna. Back there at home the houses were low and made of mud, and instead of hardwood floors the ground was plastered with fresh clay—mixed with manure to give it solidity—which had to be renewed every Friday. A family occupied but one room, or two at the most; but the houses were individual and sufficient, and the yard was spacious and green in summer, filled with trees and flowers to delight the senses. Business men scarcely earned in a week what a peddler or an operator made here in a day, but they were free men and had a standing in the community, and with God's help they supported their families in decency. They were not unattached, drifting nobodies, as every one was here. Life ran along smoothly on an unpretentious plane. There was no ambition for extravagance, and therefore no unhappiness through the lack of luxuries. Homes in Vaslui were not furnished with parlor sets of velvet, and the womenfolks did not wear diamonds to market; but, on the other hand, they did not have to endure the insolence of the instalment agent, who made a fearful scene whenever he failed to receive his weekly payment. No one was envious because his neighbor's wife had finer clothes and costlier jewels than his own had. The pride of a family was in its godliness and in its respected forebears. Such luxury as there was consisted in heavy copper utensils and solid silver candelabra, which were passed on as heirlooms from generation to generation —substantial things, not the fleeting vanities of dress and upholstery.

As those first weeks rolled on I became more and more overwhelmed with the degeneration of my fellow-countrymen under their shabby existence in America. Even their names had become emasculated and devoid of either character or meaning. Mordecai — a name full of romantic association—had been changed to the insipid monosyllable Max. Rebecca—mother of the race—was in America Becky. Samuel had been shorn to Sam, Abraham to Abe,

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Israel to Izzy. The surprising dearth in their vocabulary of the precious words, rich in poetic suggestion, betrayed a most lamentable lack of imagination. Whole battalions of people were called Joe; the Harrys alone could have repopulated Vaslui; and of Morrises there was no end. With the womenfolks matters went even worse. It did not seem to matter at all what one had been called at home. The first step toward Americanization was to fall into one or the other of the two great tribes of Rosies and Annies.

This distressing transformation, I discovered before long, went very much deeper than occupation and the externals of fashion. It pervaded every chamber of their life. Cut adrift suddenly from their ancient moorings, they were floundering in a sort of moral void. Good manners and good conduct, reverence and religion, had all gone by the board, and the reason was that these things were not American. A grossness of behavior, a loudness of speech, a certain repellent "American" smartness in intercourse, were thought necessary, if one did not want to be taken for a greenhorn and a boor. The younger folk, in particular, had undergone an intolerable metamorphosis. As they succeeded in picking up English more speedily than their elders, they assumed a defiant attitude toward their parents, which the latter found themselves impotent to restrain and, in too many cases, secretly approved as a step toward the emancipation of their offspring. Parents, indeed, were altogether helpless under the domination of their own children. There prevailed a superstition in the quarter to the effect that the laws of America gave the father no power over the son, and that the police stood ready to interfere in behalf of the youngsters, if any attempt to carry out the barbarous European notion of family relations were made.

Thus the younger generation was master of the situation, and kept the older in wholesome terror of itself. Mere slips of boys and girls went around together and called it love after the American fashion. The dance-halls were thronged with them. The parks saw them on the benches in pairs until all hours of the morning, and they ran things in their parents' homes to suit themselves, particularly when their families were partially dependent on them for support. Darker things than these were happening. These were the shameful days when Allen Street, in the heart of Little Rumania, was honeycombed with houses of evil repute, and the ignorant, untamed daughters of immigrants furnished the not always unwilling victims. And for the first time in history Jewish young men by the score were drifting into the ranks of the criminal.

The young, however, were not the only offenders. The strong wine of American freedom was going to the heads of all ages alike. The newspapers of the Ghetto were continually publishing advertisements and offering rewards for the arrest of men who had deserted their wives and children. Hundreds of husbands who had parted from their families in Europe with tears in their eyes, and had promised, quite sincerely, to send for them as soon as they had saved up enough money, were masquerading as bachelors and offering themselves in wedlock to younger women for love or for money. Very often the entanglement reached that screaming stage which lies on the borderland of tragedy and farce, when the European wife, having been secretly and hurriedly sent for by her American relatives, appeared on the scene and dragged the culprit before the rabbi or the law-court.

The prices of things in America were extortionate. The rental per month for a dark, noisome "apartment" on Rivington Street would have paid for a dwelling in Vaslui for an entire year. A shave cost ten cents, which was half a franc; if we had had to pay that much for it in Vaslui the whole community would have turned barbers. When I asked my cousin landlady how much my room-rent would come to, she told me that every one paid fifty cents a week. Two francs fifty! I tried to calculate all the possible things that my parents could buy for that vast sum at home if I were to desist from the extravagance of living in a house, and I resolved that as soon as I found work I would try to devise some substitute, and send the

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money home where it could be put to some sane use.

My Americanized compatriots were not happy, by their own confession. As long as they kept at work or prospered at peddling, they affected a hollow gaiety and delighted in producing a roll of paper dollars (which they always carried loose in their pockets, instead of keeping them securely in purses as at home) on the least provocation, and frequented the coffee-houses, and indulged in high talk about their abilities and their prosperity, and patronizingly inquired of the greenhorn how he liked America, and smiled in a knowing way when the greenhorn replied by cursing Columbus. But no sooner did he lose his job or fail in the business of peddling than he changed his tone and sighed for the fleshpots of his native home, and hung his head when asked how he was getting on, and anathematized America, and became interested in socialism. At such times it was very apparent that America's hold on his affections was very precarious—a thing that needed constant reinforcing by means of very definite, material adhesives to keep it from ignominious collapse.

As a greenhorn I got my share of the ridicule and the condescension and the bullying that fell to the lot of my kind. I was laughed at for calling things by their right names instead of by their English equivalents, as my Americanized friends did, even while conversing in Rumanian. In my cousin's house I was constantly meeting Americanized young men who came to call on the girls, and invariably I must submit to the everlasting question and its concomitant, the idle grin: "How do you like America?" Well, after what I have given you of my impressions, you may readily guess that I did not like America; that, indeed, I very emphatically hated America. In my most courageous moments, which usually came to me when my young gentleman questioner was particularly insistent and particularly stupid, I declared so openly and with great stress, which declaration of mine was regularly met with loud peals of superior laughter, interspersed with phrases of that miserable gibberish which the Americanized of the foreign colony fondly regard as English, and which, even in those first days, I recognized for the sham it was. After such encounters I came away hating America more than ever.

Yes, I hated America very earnestly on my first acquaintance with her. And yet I must confess here and now that for a whole year every letter that came from my parents in Vaslui was an offer to return home, and that I steadily refused to accept it. Those letters, by the by, added their very considerable share to the tragic burden of my readjustment, for my parents suggested that, if I liked America well enough to remain there, they would endeavor to raise the money and join me. And to this I was constrained to reply, "Vaslui is not for me, and America is not for you, dear parents mine." These words were obviously a confession that our separation must remain indefinite. I did not want my parents to come to America, because I could not endure the thought of father as a match-peddler on Orchard Street; and since he was neither a shoemaker nor a woman's tailor nor a master of any of the other profitable professions in America, and since I was as yet far from equal to the task of supporting the family, there was nothing for us to do but to rest apart. But the odd thing was that I declined the alternative offer. Somehow, even in those dark days of greenhornhood, an occasional ray would penetrate through the gloom and reveal another America than that of the slums.

And in the mean time the East Side Ghetto *was* my America, a theater within a theater, as it were. No, it was even more circumscribed than that. The outsider may imagine that the Ghetto is a unified, homogeneous country, but a little more intimate acquaintance will rectify that mistake. There are in it strata and substrata, each with a culture, a tradition, and a method of life peculiar to itself. The East Side is not a colony; it is a miniature federation of semi-independent, allied states. To be sure, it is a highly compact union, territorially. One traverses a square, and lo! he finds himself in a new polity. The leap in civilization from Ridge Street to Madison Street is a much wider one than that between Philadelphia and

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Seattle. The line of demarcation is drawn sharply, even to the point of language—the most obvious of national distinctions. The Jew from Austrian Poland will at first hardly understand his coreligionist from Lithuania. The dialects they speak differ enormously in accent and intonation and very appreciably in vocabulary; and each separate group entertains a humorous, kindly contempt for the speech and the manners and the foibles of all the others.

As I had come from Vaslui, it was my lot to settle in that odd bit of world which I have referred to as Little Rumania. It was bounded on the east by Clinton Street, with Little Galicia extending on the other side to the East River; by Grand Street on the south, with the Russians and Lithuanians beyond; and on the north lay the untracked wilds surrounding Tompkins Square Park, which to me was the vast dark continent of the "real Americans." Even as far back as 1900 this Little Rumania was beginning to assume a character of its own. Already it had more restaurants than the Russian quarter—establishments with signs in English and Rumanian, and platters of liver-paste, chopped egg-plant, and other distinctive edibles in the windows. On Rivington Street and on Allen Street the Rumanian delicatessen store was making its appearance, with its goose-pastrama and kegs of ripe olives and tubs of salted vine-leaves (which, when wrapped around ground meat, make a most delicious dish), and the moon-shaped cashcaval cheese made of sheep's milk, and, most important of all, the figure of an impossible American version of a Rumanian shepherd in a holiday costume, with a flute at his waxen lips, standing erect in the window. Unlike the other groups of the Ghetto, the Rumanian is a *bon vivant* and a pleasure-lover; therefore he did not long delay to establish the pastry-shop (while his Russian neighbor was establishing the lecture platform), whithersoever of a Saturday afternoon after his nap he would betake himself with his friends and his ladies and consume dozens of dainty confections with ice-cold water.

He it was also who, out of a complex desire to serve his stomach and his faith, brought forth an institution which has now become universal in America—the dairy lunch-room—which, owing to the exigencies of religion, was originally just what it is called, a place where nothing but the most palatable dishes built out of milk and milk products were to be had, and where no morsel that had been in the vicinity of meat could be obtained for love or money. And, most characteristic of all, he transplanted that unique near-Eastern affair, the *kazín* or coffee-house, which is a place of congregation for the socially minded, and in which the drinking of fragrant, pasty Turkish coffee is merely incidental to a game of cards, or billiards, or dominoes.

This was America, and for this we had walked here—a gay Rumanian city framed in the stench and the squalor and the oppressive, noisy tenements of New York's dingiest slums. As I have already intimated, of the broader life and the cleaner air of that vast theater within which this miniature stage was set I was hardly aware. What I knew of it came to me vaguely by hearsay in occasional allusions to a hazy, remote world called variously "up-town" and "the South," to which the more venturesome of my fellows now and then resorted, only to find their spunk failing them, and to return forthwith. In addition, there was the policeman, who made life miserable for the peddler, while accepting his bribe. He was a representative of "up-town," for as soon as his tyrannical day's work was over he vanished into the mysteries of that uncharted region. There was likewise the school-teacher, with her neat figure and sweet smile, and a bevy of admiring little children always clinging to her skirts as she tried to make her way from the corner of Eldridge Street "up-town." Now and then in my search for work I wandered into Broadway and across Fifth Avenue, and stared at the extravagant displays in the shop-windows and the obvious wealth (judging from their clothes) of the passers-by. But altogether I remained untouched by the life of greater America. It merely brushed me in passing, but it was too far removed from my sphere to affect me one way or the other.

One thing that did impress me right

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early was the almost ludicrous liberality of American life, and a certain generous confidence that was in the air. Every one was sufficiently dressed in the streets of New York. At home people who were thought of as in comfortable circumstances usually wore their clothes and shoes away past the patch stage and thought nothing of it. In America nobody, except the newly landed and a certain recognizable type styled a bum, wore patched garments. Then, again, in Vaslui none but young ladies of marriageable age wore gloves; for any one else the article would have been regarded as silly dandyism. Of course, most of us wore worsted mittens, home-knitted, in cold weather. But I am talking of gloves, a very different thing in appearance as well as spiritual significance. In New York it amused me not a little to observe that even teamsters and street laborers wore gloves at their work to preserve, I supposed, their dainty hands. Indeed, one of the most curious things in America was the fact that, if you went merely by their dress, you could not tell a bank president from his office-boy.

I was employed for a brief period as assistant to a milk-driver, and it made me marvel to see how our customers left bottles with money in them at the doors, where anybody could have taken them, and how we in turn left the milk in the same places. Somehow they never were taken—or at least I never heard of it. Imagine, I used to say to myself—imagine doing business after that fashion in Vaslui. Once a newspaper-wagon sped by and dropped a bundle of magazines right at my feet. I picked it up and was walking away with it when a man emerged from a stationery-shop and politely, though smilingly, informed me that it belonged to him. I gave it up, of course, in confusion, but I thought that if that had happened at home the case would have gone to the courts before the owner could have proved his right to the goods. And we were honest people in Vaslui; only our ideas were different. This undiscriminating confidence in God and man was a distinctly American peculiarity.

In my adventures with the outer world I made another discovery. Bargaining was discouraged. I stopped in front of a grocery-store to buy a basket of what I thought were plums of a species I particularly liked. The man asked ten cents; I offered him six, and he calmly put the basket back in its place and proceeded to walk into the store. I called him back and suggested splitting the difference. Whereupon his face assumed a threatening shade, and I handed over my dime. When I reached home I discovered that my plums were tomatoes. I set to work to prepare a long and convincing speech which opened in the petitionary vein and ended in menace. Then I marched back to the store with my heart thumping. I had scarcely opened my mouth when the salesman, divining my mission, took the package out of my hand and handed me back my ten cents.

These rare ventures into the world beyond the Ghetto were revelations that usually amused and sometimes inspired me. They served to give me a glimpse of that greater destiny which somehow even in my darkest days I felt was awaiting me in America. But for a long time to come the Ghetto remained at once my home and my exile. To its life and to its culture I must adjust myself or perish. Before the year was past, I had succeeded in wearing into my place there, after a fashion. Something of my early repulsion to it may here and there have clung to me. The memories of my native home did not for a long time leave me. To a degree I always remained a foreigner in the slums, but time and habit softened and mellowed the first rude impressions. In time I learned to carry money loose in my pockets and to think no longer of it in terms of francs. I came to accept a lot of horrid things as being altogether in the order of nature—the cramped quarters, the filthy, impassable streets, the fine furniture on the instalment plan, the Sunday holiday with the showy American clothes. And when the next time I chanced to meet a fresh arrival I was wont self-complacently to ask him, "How do you like America?" and to smile knowingly when he cursed Columbus in reply. I had run my first lap in the race toward America. I had become quite "Americanized."

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Rods of the Law

ROBERT WELLES RITCHIE

FIVE riders in the dark came to the fork where the road from Kay Ess home ranch serpentines down through the bad lands to join the main-traveled thoroughfare. Two horsemen waited at the fork—rigid silhouettes in the starlight. Upon the approach of the five from the north these two moved their horses out to the middle of the road, but remained silent, awaiting a hail.

"Kay Ess reps?" came the query.

"Yes."

"One of you Ole Man Plummer?" He who was spokesman for the five pressed his pony close to the Kay Ess representatives to peer under their shadowing hat-brims; they hastily backed away from too close scrutiny.

"No call for to get too much acquainted," protested one. "Ole Joe Plummer, he's taken his ante out o' this jackpot, so we come independent."

"Hell's blazes! What's ole Joe backed up for?" The voice in the dark was suddenly roughened. "You, Pete; loft your rope over that telephone-wire and drag it down."

A horseman detached himself from the group and moved over to the side of the road, where a crooked twelve-foot pole supported an invisible wire. The Kay Ess recruit protested:

"You're not scared of ole Joe's blabbing? What you want to cut him off from town for?"

"Shut up! Bring down that wire."

A thin filament of shadow shot up against the star carpet, then dropped. The figure beneath gathered the double strands of his rope, gave them a turn about his saddle-horn, and spurred his horse. Down came the wire.

"Now," commanded the leader, "you two Kay-Esses fall in behind if you're so cooney 'bout being known. A good hour of hard riding and we're there."

Seven riders turned off the main road to the unfenced east. They put their tough cow-ponies to that long, velvety gallop which the saddle beast of the West knows how to sustain over an unbelievable number of miles. Smash through the night! No road, no sign-post nor landmark except that distant black line where stars stopped and the heavier black began—the crest of the Little Medicine range. The night was vacant as ocean; not a tree to stand alone against the stars; scrub sage-brush so low that it was formless. Under hoofs the invisible land billowed and rolled interminably.

Not more than a dozen words to a mile passed between the riders. Seven men galloping through the night, with rifles slung to their saddles, do not talk. Not in this High Country, where the law lags so slowly to adjudicate bitter conflicts of interests, and where the bullet travels so swiftly.

Finally they topped a rise and, far away, two red sparks burned dimly, a distance apart. The divide upon which the horsemen reined in was the westward wall of the valley of the Poison Spider—a broad gouge through the High Country which follows the contour of the mountains down and away to Frenchman's Pass, where the Poison Spider breaks through a low barrier and goes out to lose itself in the desert. By the law of the cattlemen all the range lying west of the Poison Spider is theirs; that narrow strip of up-tilted country between the river and the crest of the Little Medicine range is sheep country—a rough terrain of foothill, gorge, and piny woods. Not that this arbitrary fixing of a dead-line against the sheep had come about through the complaisance of the sheep-owners. Many had been the bloody incursions and brutal reprisals before the sheepmen yielded to numbers and the prejudice of the High Country and drove their bands eastward across

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the Poison Spider, admitting this the dead-line.

The two red sparks visible this night from the Poison Spider divide lay on the westward bank of the dividing river—in the cattle country. They marked violation of the stock domain, defiance of the cattlemen's law.

"That upper fire is Joe Duboise's home camp," the leader of the night-riders explained to the others clustered around him. "Him and his pardner, Frenchy Pierre, hang out there. Two miles below is the second camp, with only two herders—one a kid—and one outfit wagon. After we get down into the valley you two reps from Kay Ess cut across and lie low near that lower wagon. Don't start nothing till you hear the circus begin up to the home camp. Then go to it. Some of us 'll ride down and help out just so soon 's we've finished our business with Duboise and Frenchy."

Down into the velvet black of the valley rode the seven, there to separate—five bearing straight ahead, and two wheeling to the south. The vagrant night winds from the mountains brought to their nostrils a faint odor of massed life—acrid, disgusting. Now and again a stronger puff carried a thin, murmurous plaint.

A gray streak appeared over the far rim of the mountains, widened, climbed up to snuff the nearest stars. Dawn brooded somewhere behind that long rampart. In the gray light the high canvas sides of a sheep-wagon loomed ghostly—miniature house of drill set flush with the sides of a broad wagon-bed; short flight of steps before, and out of the rear wall an elbowed smoke-pipe. Before the wagon a camp-fire crumbled into ash.

A challenging bark from between the wagon-wheels as the shadowy forms of five horsemen emerged from the near edge of the dark. Again the dog barked. A horseman lowered his rifle and fired. A yelp, a shuddering wail, and the passing of the dog was drowned in rifle shots.

They fired through the canvas sides of the sheep-wagon, a few feet above the wagon-bed and where the bunks should be. One clattering volley; then the door above the short rank of steps opened, and the figure of a man was faintly outlined there. He made some gesture with his hands known the world over as a hail for aid in extremity.

"This is a hell of a time of night for you to come out with your hands above your head," bawled one of the killers; and he drove a bullet at close range through Joe Duboise's skull. The sheepman fell back into the black tomb of the wagon. Frenchy Pierre, his partner, was shot where he lay in his bunk; he never showed himself. When the murders were accomplished the leader of the slayers signaled three to lay hold with him on the wagon-tongue, and they dragged the wheeled house over the embers of the camp-fire. Then from a near-by pile of chopped sage-wood they took fuel. Soon a great red smear stained the white sky of dawn. By its light the night-riders turned from slaughtering men to the slaughter of sheep. They rode into the bedded band, shooting right and left. Over the bounding backs of the stampeded creatures rifle flashes whipped like livid cords. The sheep fell, were piled up in a hodge-podge of carnage.

Off to the south a second flare bleared the eye of morning. The two representatives from Kay Ess were doing their work there.

Two horsemen, detached from the larger body to ride down and see that the work of destruction done at the lower camp was complete, met the Kay Ess riders, with two figures afoot and trussed by lariats trotting between their horses.

"*Ah, m'sieurs—m'sieurs—pitié!*" came the wail from one of them.

"What's the idea, trotting in these mavericks on the hoof?" a scout from the destroyed home camp demanded of the Kay Ess men. The taller of the two sheep-herders hurried to the side of the speaker's horse, whimpering, moaning, trying to kiss the rider's hand.

"We didn't reckon to go the limit," one of the Kay Ess men grumbled, defensively. "We come over here to move sheep, not to kill off herders."

"Take your ropes off'n them two," was the command. The Kay Ess horsemen leaned from their saddles to loosen the bonds.

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"Now, you two French mutton-eaters, let's see how you can run."

"Name of God, m'sieur!"

"Run, damn you!"

They ran, the old man and the boy—ran waveringly and in horrid anticipation of the end cruelly delayed. Perhaps they had covered fifteen yards, and their figures were blending with shadows, when a sharp click sounded behind them.

"The devil! Chamber's empty! Here, give me your gun." The speaker snatched a rifle from the hands of one of the Kay Ess riders, swung it to his shoulder and fired—once, twice. Both dim figures pitched into the sage.

Dawn flushed stronger. Gray light changed to white. Day came to the wilderness of the High Country. In that wilderness not a stir, not the movement of the least inconsiderable thing. Only two columns of smoke mounting straight up like thin, gray arrows set on end.

Original Bill, sheriff of Broken Horn, sat in the deserted smoker of Number Four, thundering westward through the night. His chin was on his chest to invite a snatch of sleep, which refused to come. Under the shadow of his broad hat-brim his face showed a deep tan burned into the skin by the sun and frost of years on the range. A face to look at twice was Original Bill's—broad between rounded cheek-bones; jaw a bit salient and heavy about the cleft chin; a drooping black mustache like a brand against the saddle brown; and eyes—well, Original Bill's eyes were peculiar. Most times they were sleepy-slow in glance, and had a way of resting on you as if you were of no more account than a white-faced steer in a hundred-mile landscape. Slow to kindle but deadly quick in anger; men knew this about the eyes of Sheriff Bill.

Sleep would not come to them this night because of that telegram which had leaped over the mountains to Lodge Grass to summon him back to duty—the report of Prosecutor Johnson of Broken Horn, his co-official, upon the murders on Poison Spider. More lay behind those blue lines of type on a yellow form than just a summons back to duty—more for Original Bill Blunt, born to the cattle clan and chevalier in that order of frontier feudalism which once divided an untracked empire into the fiefs and shires of range-grounds. Free gift of the cattlemen, his fellows, had been his elevation to the shrievalty of Broken Horn, when by legislative enactment of a year before these last hundreds of square miles in No-man's Land had been made a county, with its law machinery come to supplant the uncoded law of the range. These friends of the old Plummer Trail, round-up, and beef drive—men who had grown saddle-wise with him, slept with him at the tail of many an outfit-wagon, whooped through town with him on a rollicking holiday; these friends had elected him the law's defender. Then, the first time he had left the county—when his back was turned—they had done murder—with deliberation and in cold blood. Original venerated Law as he venerated Omnipotence. Service to the Law he construed as service to Deity; it was his best, his loftiest endeavor.

The white eye of the big locomotive picked out of the wide dark a spindling water-tank and section-house crouching at its foot. A single hoot of the whistle, and the long string of battened lights that was the west-bound train slowed to the shrilling of brakes. From the steps of the smoker leaped Original, saddle under arm. Then a lantern waved and the express plowed on into the wilderness. One hundred and sixty miles away in the vague north two black smudges soiled the face of the High Country—monuments of violence which that High Country approved as fitting mementos of cattlemen's justice.

Original's plan was perfected. He had selected Lost Soldiers' tank for his detraining instead of riding on to Felix, the stage point, because he wished no tattling wire to herald his coming; moreover, Peter Tisdale was running a string of horses handy to Lost Soldiers', and Original counted on securing a mount for the first jump into the back country. He was not disappointed. One of Tisdale's *remuda*, willingly loaned, was under saddle in less than an hour after the train rumbled to a vanishing-point. Off went the rider into the wide oblivion beyond the two threads of steel. The

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north star, kept steadily over the tip of his pony's left ear, was Original's guide; he needed no other, even had others not been lacking.

He had been ten hours in the saddle and had ridden his fifth horse to exhaustion when the wide country road swooped down a little alkali hill to become Mammoth's Main Street. Just a long façade of false fronts stretching from the First Chance, alkali thirst-cutter, nearly half a mile up to the new court-house and jail dominating all from the top of a little rise. Its population might be twelve hundred—retired cattlemen, storekeepers, gamblers, and, lowest in the social scale, vagrant sheep-herders and dry-farmers grubbing on the town's charity. Life in Mammoth was ebullient, fraught with interesting surprises and unpremeditated climaxes.

There was nothing evasive about the sheriff's coming to Mammoth. He pulled his fagged pony to a walk where the stores began to rank themselves; his saddle seat was easy to a shade of slovenliness; he rolled and lit a cigarette. One would have said he'd just run down to Clear Creek to look at a burnt brand. Up went his hand in a lazy wave to answer greetings from the wooden sidewalk to right and left; his slow smile was everybody's to possess. But idlers jumping quickly out through saloon doors at the shrilled word of report, storekeepers bustling to the curb on flimsy pretext, riders turning in their saddles to stare behind them—none of these was deceived by the sheriff's studied nonchalance.

Original Bill was back in Mammoth! Original Bill had ridden like hell to get back! Was he—? Did that mean—? Mammoth was dry-mouthed with the question it burned to ask.

Bear George asked it bluntly, without palaver. He faced his horse directly in Original's path, and the sidewalk crowd paused in its shuffling to give attentive ear.

"*Com' esta*, Original?" the whiskered lips bellowed for all to hear. "You been burning the ground to get back to Mammoth, heh?"

"Been pushing along—just pushing along," the sheriff answered, with his warming smile.

"What's the big idea? Going to look into a little matter of moving sheep?" Bear George, the loud-mouthed, put into words the whole town's challenge. His eyes shrewdly wrinkled as he waited the answer.

"I'm sort of figgering on doing that," Original replied in a drawl.

"Cor'ner's jury says 'at the hands of persons unknown'; that verdick is mighty satisfying to Mammoth." Bear George launched this with a grin that was not altogether humorous. He waited for comment from the sheriff.

"All the boys hereabouts reckon this verdick's going to be popular with you, too, Original. How 'bout it? Yes or no? Spit it out an' clear the atmosphere."

The sidewalk loafers and men on horseback had frankly thrown aside pretense of polite eavesdropping and were now crowded close about the two. Original let his eye wander over eager, upturned faces of men he knew; he read in those faces all that lay behind Bear George's rough-shod interrogation.

"I heard tell once, George," he began, in a silky voice, "of a horse-fly what rode to the top of a hill on a bull's horn, and then thanked him for the ride. But I don't undertake to say any bull of my acquaintance is going to the top of the hill to-day."

Original nosed his horse through the crowd and continued on up Main Street to the new court-house.

Quintus K. Johnson, county prosecutor, bounded from his chair when Original entered his office, and pumped his hand effusively.

"Good Lord, Sheriff, back already! Devil of a mess! Glad to see you—good Lord, yes! Have a seat—have a seat. Must be tuckered out! Yes, yes; merry hell to pay!" The prosecutor was crackling like a string of squibs. Such was his nature. He was a little fox-terrier of a man, nervous, snappy, given to barking up every tree and eager to cover with much noise a secret lack of self-assurance.

"How's things stand?" Original queried in a flat voice.

"Couldn't be worse. Whole country's looking for a lay-down on our part; ready, by the Lord, to fight us if we make a move. No evidence. Usual

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coroner's jury verdict. Only possible to prove *corpus delicti* by bodies of the old man and kid found between upper and lower camps—others burned."

"How about cartridge-shells — any picked up around the scene of the shooting?"

"Any? Why, man, the coroner and I gathered up a bushel-basket full at both camps and two near where the old man and kid were shot. But what—?"

"Let's see them," Original suggested.

Johnson scurried to a closet and brought out a chip basket, brimming to the edge with rifle-shells, more than a hundred of them. Two, bound together with a string, lay on top of the heap. Original seated himself at Johnson's desk and began a painstaking examination of one after another of the smoke-smudged brass tubes. As he lifted each from the basket he turned it butt-up to look at the indented cap, rolled it over in his hand to bring its dull yellow cylinder under his gaze, then set it precisely in a row on the desk before him. The prosecutor, fidgeting behind the sheriff's shoulder, noted that the cartridges were being arranged in ranks according to caliber, also that the two bound together with string—the two which had dealt death to the old sheep-herder and the youth—were stood aside. Now another, after the closest inspection, was ranged alongside the two so distinguished; after a long time a third took its place in this separate group.

The prosecutor, irked by Original's concentration on this child's play, a little resentful that he should not be taken into confidence on its purpose, left his office. When Johnson returned at seven o'clock, he found it untenanted. The ranks of upstanding brass tubes still bristled across his desk — all but the two that had been bound together with string and those nine others that had been set apart with them. They were gone.

The third dawn to burn the crest of the Little Medicine range since the murders on Poison Spider limned the figure of a man on horseback, alone in the waste which was fouled by the ashes of the sheep-wagons. There was a halt in the bronco's trot; the rider's head was sagging forward under the weight of great exhaustion. Original Bill—for it was he—had ridden the thirty-five miles from Mammoth to this sage-brush desert in the night. With purpose he had refrained from asking the prosecutor details of the shooting, preferring to gain his knowledge at first hand from witnesses more reliable than Quintus K. Johnson. He awaited the daylight to take their testimony.

When the sun rose to mark each ant-track in the alkali patches, Original began. First he rode through the festering windrows of slain sheep to inspect the two black mounds of cinders and wagon-tires; one had been pawed over by the coroner in his discharge of loathsome duty. But this was perfunctory; their story was told already. The real taking of testimony commenced when he dismounted at the blackened circles and began to follow on foot the faint prints of hoofs leading from one scene of slaughter to the other. There were many of them, to be sure; had not the coroner and his jury blundered back and forth over the ground, blotting precious records? And the winds of two days had done their share of erasures. But enough remained—enough to carry a tale to an understanding eye. The silent witnesses yielded their testimony. Here was the place where the old Frenchman and the boy had dropped; the ants were still busy there. Now was the gatherer of evidence down on his knees, shading with his hat-brim something in the sand while he studied—studied. Now he was in the saddle again, and making a wide circle through the scrub. He picked up a trail, followed it for a mile until it joined another trail—the trail of five added to by the trail of two. Here, at the point of union, Original again dropped to his knees and bent his head close to the ground.

It was noon when the trail of seven brought him back to the highway, where the road from Kay Ess home ranch serpentines down through the bad lands to join the main-traveled thoroughfare flinging south from Mammoth. Noon, and the testimony of the sage-brush desert was all in.

Kay Ess home ranch, old Joe Plummer's place, squatted in a low valley of

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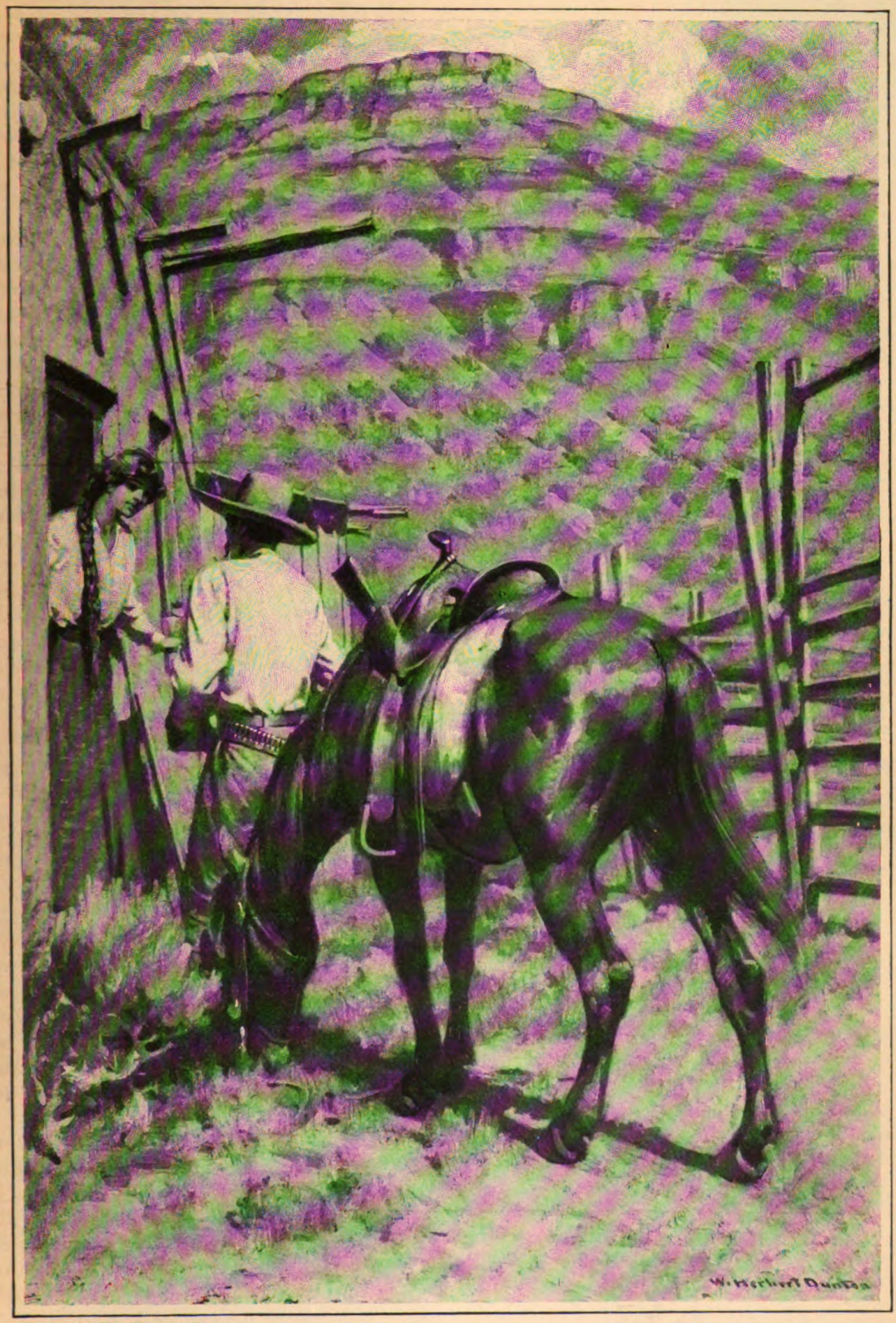

Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

"IF YOU DON'T STOP STARING, I'LL THINK I'M TURNED CITIFIED"

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soft winds and watered grasses, with a rampart of bald hills on three sides shutting it away from the immensity of the High Country round about. Long, low ranch-house, sod-roofed and 'dobe-walled; spreading corral of poplar poles; lean-to sheds cut out of the overhanging bank of a coulée; the place had the casual air of having been thrown together in a night. Yet from Kay Ess home ranch three outfit-wagons, with their crews of punchers, went out to the unfenced range stretching over many quarter-sections of wilderness, and the spring and fall round-ups proved old Joe Plummer's station among the barons of Broken Horn. He was of the passing order—one still able to disdain the fetters of wire fence and haycocks.

When Original rode up to an empty door-yard he heard melodeon music and the voice of a girl, singing; the song was "Juanita," tremulously sentimental. It was sweet and a little disconcerting, coming thus from a house seemingly deserted. He dismounted, walked to the open door, and there listened, hesitant. When a verse was finished, he knocked. An organ chord was broken, there was a light step within, and the singer appeared in the shaft of sunlight between door-posts. Of the substance of sunlight was she—golden and vivid. Gold the tints of her hair playing free from her brows and gathered in a loose braid that fell over a shoulder; the silk waist, open a little at the throat, was the mellow color of wheat stalks, and the reflection it cast upon smooth chin and cheek was warm as sunshine. Russet khaki below a rattlesnake belt gave still another variant of the sun-glow tone. Her eyes were brown almost to blackness under heavy brows of a matching color; these and the broad mouth, a little boyish, made the element of contrast which lifted the girl's features above the plane of nerveless beauty that is often blond.

Original was startled. This must be Kittie Plummer—little Kit, "the Tumbleweed," as everybody used to call her.

"No, I don't bite, Mr. Blunt," she mocked, making him an exaggerated bow. "Not Dad's old pals, at least. And if you don't stop staring that way at me I'll think I'm turned citified for fair, which would not be nice. Won't you let me rustle together something for you to eat? You look sort of tuckered."

"I—I heard you were back from that Spearfish school," Original stumbled. "But of course I didn't know five years—would—"

"Which shows you don't know girls, Bill Blunt," she shot back at him with a boldness easily forgetting the years that had transformed a Tumbleweed into Miss Kittie Plummer. Then, in afterthought: "Dad's over at Dry Creek with the boys, digging out a water-hole for the fattening herd he's ranging there; probably won't be back until some time around sundown. Just lope your horse down to the corral-shed and you'll find a feed of oats there. And do you like doughnuts? Good! I learned to make them at Spearfish—English composition, china-painting, and doughnuts."

The sheriff of Broken Horn was far from being at his ease when he sat down to cold beef, cheese, and academy-pattern doughnuts. Pleasure he had not anticipated—far from it; indeed, the testimony of the plain where murder lay cold had drawn him unwilling and in growing fear to this home of old Joe Plummer—old Joe, once his range boss and the man whose loan of five hundred dollars had been the beginning of his own fortunes as an independent owner of cattle. Now that he found Plummer away and none here but this surprising girl just back from boarding-school, Original felt a poignant sense of the gravity of his mission. Also it seemed to him that he was somehow a sneak, sitting here and listening to the sprightly patter of Kit Plummer, when he must do that which called to be done. Yet he could not resist the spell of her unstudied sorcery. His mind leaped back to an afternoon—he was twenty-five then and she a hoiden of fourteen—when he had ridden over that same road, and little Kit Plummer, with a broken ankle, was huddled in his arms. She had whispered then that he, Bill Blunt, was her sweetest sweetheart, and some day, if he would wait, she would marry him because he was so good to her. Her sweetest sweetheart....

Kit babbled on delightfully. No hint of his mission to Kay Ess was guessed.

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She accepted Original's coming as of the old time, when he'd cover thirty miles just to smoke tobacco with her father, and talk cattle. While she chattered, Original's eyes secretly roved the long room. They fell upon three rifles standing in a corner under pegged cartridge-belts. Thereafter these three octagon tubes of dull steel fascinated him; he could not keep his eyes long off them; his answers to Kit's questions became monosyllabic. At any time now Plummer and his men might return; then to do what he must would be harder. Original dragged his mind for some reasonable stratagem, but none suggested itself. It was Kit herself who prompted opportunity.

"Here I'm sitting gabbling," she interrupted herself, suddenly, "and forgetting all about Timberline's hot biscuits. Timberline, he's the cook for Number Three wagon, you know; he's cooking for the ranch now, and if he don't have a hot fire for his biscuits when he gets back, why—" She left the penalty of dereliction to be guessed as she scurried through a door into the lean-to cookhouse to bang stove-lids about. The instant she was gone Original had stepped to the corner where the rifles stood. He gathered all three in his hands and hurried to the open door. A swift thrust of the ejector in each opened the shell chamber and showed him a glint of brass there. All were loaded. He raised a rifle to his shoulder and fired out against the wide horizon. Quick as his hands could move to transfer he discharged the second and the third piece.

"Bill!" The girl's sharp exclamation at his elbow was almost a scream. "What—?"

"Just a coyote," he mumbled, averting his eyes. "A coyote over beyond the corral." He pumped back the ejector of the rifle in his hands and deftly caught the empty cartridge as it shot out of the chamber. He set the weapon down and reached for the second.

"A coyote? But—but why bang at him with all three guns when—"

"Just trying them out for sure sights." He strove to put a ring of verity into his answer, but his voice was flat. Again he swung back a lever; a third time, and his hand slipped three exploded cartridges into a coat pocket. The rifle he was still holding was snatched from his grasp. All at once he found himself looking down into eyes that flickered wrath and nascent suspicion.

"Original"—she never had called him by his range name, deeming it somehow failing in dignity; now the word came with a sting—"Original, why are you saving those cartridges? Quick—answer me!"

All pretense of dissembling dropped away from the man under the scorching of her eyes. Resentment, as at the meddling of a child in men's affairs, seized him.

"That's my business, Kit," he said, shortly, and he reached for the other two rifles to restore them to their place beneath the cartridge-belts.

"Drop them!" Her command was sharp as the crack of a shingle in frost. He looked up, startled, to see her face all drained of color, her lips drawn back from even teeth in a spasm of excitement. There was a click, and he was conscious that one of her hands had moved to whip a loaded cartridge from magazine to chamber. Out of the tail of his eye he saw a black rifle-barrel rising to cover him. All this in a bewildering second of time.

"I forgot you were the sheriff, Mr. Blunt." Her voice came cold and edged as broken ice film. "Forgot you'd be likely to come sneaking into the home of an old friend to sniff around like a bear dog on a trail. Oh, don't try to explain! I know about the sheep moving; who hasn't heard it? What I don't know is why you want those three cartridge-shells. For no good; that much I guess. So you sha'n't have them. Hand them over."

"Look a' here, Kit, you don't know what you're talking about!" Original stood with hands stretched in awkward appeal. "This is no little girl's business; this—"

"Hand them over!" The octagon snout was now raised to the level of his chest; it was not two feet from the buttons on his jacket. A cheek laid itself along the rifle's stock. Full lips were tightened to an ominous red line. Original saw a finger crook itself over the trigger.

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Hoofbeats sounded in the yard beyond the open door. The girl's eyes wavered, her head turned ever so slightly. That instant Original leaped. The rifle-barrel, knocked upward, jetted fire past his ear. Through the smoke-filled doorway plunged old Joe Plummer, arms outstretched. Horsemen behind him flung themselves from their saddles and crowded in after.

Plummer found his daughter in his arms, sobbing convulsively in reaction from the instant's strain. Beyond her, Original, in his hands a rifle whose muzzle still vented thin haze. Plummer's eyes widened; his mouth moved to question, though his voice was lost.

"Kit, here, was just a leetle bit careless," Original explained, evenly, and he was smiling. "She sort of hit the trigger and—and—"

"Don't le-let him get away!" the girl gasped. "He—he's got something—"

The five cow-punchers who had crowded through the door behind Plummer eddied toward Original, scowling. He shook his head, still smiling, and gave a significant hitch to the rifle-barrel.

"Joe," he called over the scuffling of their boots, "might I have your ear private like? It's some important, you might say, and I reckon you and me can straighten it out better alone."

Plummer looked down doubtfully at the golden head against his coat, saw it shake a negation. But the smile on the face of the sheriff was not to be denied. Moreover, in a quick flash of intuition he guessed something of what might lie behind this remarkable circumstance of the three shots, which had brought him and his men, homeward bound, racing breakneck over the last quarter-mile, and that fourth almost in his face.

"Just step a piece over to the horse-corral with me, Original," he acquiesced, gently disengaging Kit's arms from about his neck; and to her: "Smooth yourself down, little girl. Everything's all right."

They went out into the red sunset together, the gray old range-badger and the younger man, for whom he had felt affection almost paternal during many years of comradeship in the great wilderness. They stood by the bars of the corral and talked for long. Once during the colloquy Original led over from the door-yard one of the saddle brutes left there, bridle to ground, lifted his left hind leg and pointed out to the elder an unshod hoof worn down almost to the quick. Plummer bent over to examine what a pointing finger touched. Original permitted the horse to lower his foot to the dust, then lifted it again and indicated the hoofprint. It was unevenly indented, and almost in the center of the arc a faint scraping of the dirt showed where the frog of the hoof had left its mark.

"That did it, Joe," the sheriff tersely commented. "That mark, with the skelped inside, was all round where the old Frenchman and the kid were shot—and I followed it up here to Kay Ess. Sorry, Joe. You know I'm sorry." Plummer turned his face away from the wine light in the west. His lips trembled and his eyes were suddenly dimmed.

"Well, Original," he whispered after a long moment, "what are you reckoning on doing?"

The question was a little staggering. Whatever intent the younger man may have had those tense moments of action in the ranch-house had blurred; and now, from old Joe Plummer, foster-father in those days when the waif of the range called Original had so needed a father, this question implied much. His hand stole along the corral rail to find and close over a gnarled hand resting there. His voice was blotted and wavering.

"God knows, Joe—" he began. "God knows I—"

"No call for any excuses, Original. Don't *I* know what kind of man you are—what you think of duty and the law and such?" The gray head bent lower.

"I can't charge you with nothing, Joe!" Original broke out in revolt against blind force of duty which had pushed him to this strait. "No, not if I saw you do it! But, Joe, you'll have to tell the grand jury—you and all your men here at Kay Ess." Plummer slowly shook his head. "But it's your duty, Joe Plummer," the other urged.

"I can't go for to hang any of my friends out of my mouth," the old man

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denied. "It's just not in me to do it, Original."

"Joe, don't you see where you're crowding me?" The sheriff shook the other's arm in a gust of pleading. "If you won't go on the witness-stand before the grand jury and be sworn, why—"

"Boy, if you get me under oath I simply got to tell. I can't lie to the A'mighty! But, boy, ain't there some other way? Don't make me—" His voice trailed off in a sigh. For a minute the two stood in the darkling twilight, their souls yearning for mutual support across the chasm of Law. Then Original spoke:

"I'll just rely on you, Joe, to hold all your boys here at Kay Ess and bring them into town when the grand jury sits. I don't want to arrest nobody. All I ask is to let me take your three rifles back with me to-night. I think one of them will figure in evidence. You agree?"

Plummer slowly nodded.

"Then I reckon I'll be going," Original finished.

He walked over to the shed where his horse was stabled, saddled him, and was slipping on the bridle when a step sounded behind him. He turned and saw Kit in the half-light—just the blur of a white face, faintly haloed by pallid gold.

"I'm sorry," she breathed—"sorry I cut up like I did. But you're not going to make any trouble for Dad—not going to mix him up with—with—"

"Kit," he began, coming close to her, "there's lots of things you don't understand, and one of them's the workings of the law."

"Then you *are!*" She launched the accusation like the swish of a quirt. "You are going to accuse Dad of murder!"

"No. He's just going to help the law find out who's responsible," Original replied. "Your father says he'll—"

"You lie!" the girl whispered between teeth that clicked. "Bill Blunt, you're planning to saddle this murder on Dad. No—no; not a word! I know. You, the boy Dad picked up on the range—the spindlin' outcast kid whom nobody claimed. Joe Plummer shared his blanket and his grub with you. Joe Plummer taught you fear of God, made a man of you, gave you your first stake of fifty head of steers. And now what do you do? Sneak and crawl up here to Kay Ess to put a rope round his neck. Oh, a coyote 'd have more decency!" She finished in a choked gasp.

Original answered nothing. He flung himself into the saddle and tried to edge his horse past the angry girl. She threw up a hand and seized the bridle.

"Just remember this, Bill Blunt," she warned; "you're getting away from Kay Ess scot free to-night. But just begin to weave that rope round Dad's neck and you'll get yourself killed. Yes, if I've got to do it myself. Now you can go!"

The sheriff of Broken Horn rode under the tapestry of stars and through the velvet dark of illimitable space. His saddle-mate was the spirit of Law, exacting, inexorable task-master; and it called to his dead heart the iron philosophy of an eye for an eye.

It was the day of the grand jury's sitting in Mammoth. The town was aflame with excitement. The sheriff had something up his sleeve; four nights there had been no light in his room, his horse had been missing from the Fashion stables. Mammoth had not seen him since that day he came riding in from Lost Soldiers' tank. What did he know? Whom did he suspect? Would Prosecutor Johnson dare to whip the grand jury into finding indictments even if the sheriff produced hanging evidence before that body? These were questions that buzzed from saloon-bar to eating-house.

Overnight Mammoth had filled up with clansmen from the ranges. Out of the High Country over a radius of fifty miles they came—cattle-owners, range foremen, and cow-punchers. They rallied instinctively to the center of threatened attack against their power; to await the law's nomination of victims to pay the price of murder, and then to comfort and give succor to such by their presence. Also, if might be, to intimidate the law. This frank resolve was patent on every cowman's hip, in the light of reckless bravado in his eye. Bear George was their king.

Nine o'clock, and up Main Street from

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Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton Engraved by S. G. Putnam

UP RODE A SMALL CAVALCADE WHICH INSTANTLY BECAME THE FOCUS OF FEVERED INTEREST

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the south rode a small cavalcade which instantly became the focus of fevered interest. Old Joe Plummer was in the lead; his daughter Kit, head high and eyes challenging, rode her pony close beside his. Behind trotted the five cowpunchers from Kay Ess home ranch, carelessly lolling in their saddles, conscious of their place in the town's eye. And bringing up the rear was the sheriff —the sheriff whose mysterious night sallies had kept Mammoth guessing. The significance of his appearance thus at the end of the string of Kay Ess riders was instantly apparent to the clansmen thronging the sidewalks. He was riding herd on grand-jury witnesses. The Kay Ess outfit was suspected!

There was silence in the grand-jury-room while Prosecutor Johnson arranged a strange paraphernalia of exhibits. On a table before the eyes of the jurymen he laid first three rifles—two of like caliber and one slightly smaller; then beside them two boxes of loaded cartridges, covers off, so that the round lead noses were seen all ranked in squares. Next he turned to the sheriff, sitting near him, and took from his hands a newspaper bundle, unwrapped it, spilled nine empty shells on the table and two bound together by string. These he stood on their butts a little apart.

"Mr. Sheriff, open one of those windows opposite the jury-box," Johnson commanded, as he carefully loaded each of the three rifles from the filled boxes.

Original threw up a window looking onto the sage-brush waste behind town.

"Now, Mr. Foreman of the Jury, I'll ask you to step over here and fire each of these rifles out of that window."

Keen expectancy was written on every face in the jury-box as a lanky man in squeaky boots stumped to the table and lifted one of the rifles. He aimed at nothingness and fired. A second and a third report shattered the silence in the morguelike chamber. The prosecutor then directed the foreman to eject the cartridges from the respective chambers. He marked each with a knife-blade, then passed the three warm tubes of brass to the nearest juryman.

"Now, gentlemen, examine each of these three cartridges very carefully and see if you can find anything unusual about any one of them—any distinguishing mark." Johnson parted his coattails and sat down. He conferred with Original in whispers while the jurymen pawed over the three cartridges, passed them from hand to hand. Finally, from the foreman:

"There's a sort of birth-mark on this one, Mr. Johnson—a swelled place down here by the butt where the brass has bulged out just a little."

"Ah," purred Johnson. "Now, gentlemen, if you'll throw the other two cartridges on the floor and keep that one with the 'birth-mark,' I'll ask you to compare it with these eleven I have here on the table, two of them tied together." He scooped up the empty cartridges ranged before him and passed them across the rail. Again buzzing and whispering from heads together in the jury-box. Shortly the foreman looked quizzically at the prosecutor.

"What have you got to say, Mr. Foreman?"

"Same birth-mark on all of 'em," he reported, excitedly.

Johnson harrowed his hair with a dramatic hand as he lifted one of the rifles from the table. "Those eleven cartridges you've just examined, gentlemen, were all picked up by the coroner at the scene of the murders; the two bound with string were found about twenty yards from the place where the bodies of the old herder and the boy lay. No other cartridges were near that place; the other nine were found among the dead sheep at the lower camp. This rifle your foreman has just fired is the one from which came the shell with the same 'birth-marks' as those two which killed the herder and the boy, and those nine others, which we can neglect as unimportant. If you could look into the shell-bed of this rifle you would find rust had eaten a small scar in it. When a cartridge is fired the brass swells to fill that scar, causing the curious mark you have picked out on all these.

"Gentlemen of the grand jury, Sheriff Blunt found this rifle I hold here in the home of Joe Plummer of Kay Ess. Plummer and the five men of his home ranch who were living there on the

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night of the murder are here to-day as witnesses. One of these six witnesses fired the shots that killed the old herder and the boy, or was present when the fatal shots were fired. After I have examined them you may hold them all on suspicion or, if the evidence warrants it, find indictments for murder in the first degree against one or more."

The crowd that jammed the street before the court-house fed itself with rumors from hour to hour. So avid not to miss report or incident were the men from the ranges that they dared not linger in the saloons; a flask trade was the rule with the barkeeps. From man to man spread sinister hints in half-finished sentences, the flicker of an eye, pat of a hand against holster. Talk was of the strength of jail doors and the deadly sureness of Original Bill's shooting. Then at five o'clock the men of the grand jury filed out, solemn-faced, magnificent in their importance as mute guardians of the law's secrets. Behind them came Old Joe Plummer and the other witnesses. No, not all of them. Windy Smith and Timberline Terry were not among them. They were, in fact, lodged in cells in the jail behind the court-house.

Winds of the High Country speed no swifter than did the report of this circumstance. Windy Smith and Timberline Terry held on suspicion to await further action by the grand jury, and Old Man Plummer to go on the stand first thing in the morning. Yes, and it was Original Bill who'd trapped the two Kay Ess boys—rigged up some flimflam about a birth-mark on a ca'tridge. Not Johnson—he was all right, and he had to go through the motions; but that sheep-herdin' traitor Bill Blunt, he was the skunk who did it!

Plummer, with one arm about Kit's waist, passed down the street from the court-house and into the Bald Eagle Hotel. As they went, men stepped aside and uncovered with the grave chivalry of a salute to a hero condemned to execution. The girl tried to smile into familiar faces, but secretly fought back tears. The appalling dominion of Law was beginning to fetter her imagination.

Original and six deputies, impressed most unwillingly from among neutral storekeepers, mounted guard over the jail after sundown. Knowing the temper of the clansmen, the sheriff prepared to resist with rifles any attempt to free the twain held by the grand jury. At eleven o'clock, from his vantage-place behind the grated door, he saw two figures approach hesitatingly and come to a halt some fifty feet beyond the steps. The taller waved an arm. Original, rifle in hand, let himself out onto the steps and waited their approach. It was Kit Plummer who ran to him impulsively, Bear George lumbering behind.

"Where have you hidden Dad?" she choked. "Tell me! Where have you smuggled him? You and your law! You'll lie for it—cheat for it! You're not a man any more; you're a—a—" When her tears came, Bear George laid a great paw on her shoulder and clucked as he would to a mule. But she mastered herself almost instantly, and her voice quavered piteously as she renewed her plea: "Bill—oh, Bill, can't you see how terribly alone I am? Here with all this black law business hanging over me. You must give Dad back to me! I'll promise he won't run away from the grand jury if only you won't be so cruel. Please—"

"Kit," he said, a depth of tenderness in his voice, "I swear I don't know where your dad is. If he's gone it worries me much as you."

"Naw, you don't come any of that soft stuff!" Kit's mastiff protector bellowed. "We want Ole Man Plummer."

"George, if you'll promise to hold the boys off from raiding the jail," Original offered, "I'll go out myself and help look for Joe."

The big range boss pondered the possibilities of trickery, violently rubbing his whiskered jaw. But Kit made the decision for him.

"Maybe Sheriff Blunt is human, after all," she said, with a return to hostile scorn. "Promise, George."

The big head slowly nodded. They both disappeared in the darkness.

No sleep came to Mammoth that night. The search for the old man was on. Riders of Bear George's crew went north and south to knock dry-farmers out of bed and ask report of a

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solitary horseman after one of the cowmen discovered that his horse was missing from the feed-lot. The sheriff searched alone, desperately, and with a sinking heart, for he could not be sure but that the disappearance of the morrow's witness was connived at if not arranged by the cattle clansmen. Moreover, the partial admissions made in the grand-jury-room by Timberline and Windy Smith indicated that Joe Plummer knew much more about the men involved in the sheep raid than they did. The law must have Plummer's testimony or it would be thwarted.

Near nine next morning a voice came over the single rural telephone-line north of town to the coroner, at the Belle Mode furniture store and funeral parlors:

"This is Cyrus Thomas. . . . Yes, Cyrus Thomas; what has the farm at Fifteen Mile. They's a tall, pindlin' ole man shot hisself out alongside my haycock some time last night. . . . Ye-ah, shot hisself. . . . Dead? Sure! An' he's left 'longside him a long letter to Sheriff Blunt. Good-by."

The coroner leaped out to the sidewalk, too near bursting with news to bottle it. He blabbed to Bear George before he took it on the run for the court-house to report to the sheriff and prosecutor. Johnson he found, but not Original. The prosecutor was quick to grasp the significance of the news. It could be none but Joe Plummer, the missing witness, this "pindlin' ole man" who had put himself out of reach of law alone and in the night. And the long letter to Sheriff Blunt would certainly have a bearing on the murder case—perhaps a confession. He conjured the coroner to find Blunt while he ran down to the Fashion stables and ordered a team.

Original, riding slowly down Main Street on his way to the court-house after hours of gray dawn spent in fruitless search, saw Bear George's vivid team of blacks—the only trotters north of Cheyenne and the pride of their owner—scamper down the runway from the Fashion and swing north. In the light democrat wagon he recognized the pinched, white face of Kit Plummer wedged between the gross shape of Bear George, at the reins, and a lieutenant of George's named Spracklin. The latter nursed a rifle between his knees. Down Main Street and off to the north country rattled the wagon. Several punchers leaped to their saddles and followed. The street buzzed with excitement.

Johnson dashed out of the stable and beckoned Original to him. In a dozen words he'd told the story of the telephone message. "Bear George's got the bulge on us," he panted. "Nothing wearing horseshoes can catch his team."

"How 'bout Betsy?" Original caught him up.

"She's in the blacksmith-shop—two blow-outs and a bum spark-plug."

"Come on! She's got to do it—just got to."

Original set the pace to the smithy back of the hardware store. There, coats off and sweating, the two conjured back to the decrepit Betsy dreams of a past day of competency. "Johnson's Folly," Mammoth called this shy nineteenth-century ancestor of the modern twin-six. Her spirit, first broken by the sage hummocks and sandy wastes between the railroad and Mammoth, had never revived. But this day she responded to treatment with a spirit worthy the cause. She was hiccupping merrily—regular two-lung snorts—when Original hurried back from the general store with a two-gallon demijohn of gasolene. Bear George and his blacks were not twenty minutes gone when Betsy, with Johnson at the wheel and the sheriff beside him, trailed a cloud of blue smoke through Main Street and out onto the road to the north.

The road was not for automobiles. It was rutted and it was choked with sage stumps; sand traps lurked in the washes; the uptakes from coulées were steep as a church steeple. But while Original worked the hand-pump on the grades and clung to a lamp-bracket on the flying downward plunges, Johnson tooled her—tooled her most motheringly, and put her to her topmost speed. Now they topped a divide and saw far ahead on the crooked white strip of road dots that moved. Now they wallowed in sand, with every guttered gasp from the engine promising to be

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the last. But they moved much faster than those dots ahead.

It was on a level stretch that they drew up on Bear George and his guard of three horsemen. Nor was their approach unperceived. Now the auto was plunging and yawing at top speed, snorting viciously. The three horsemen cast glances over their shoulders and spread themselves the width of the road to block its passing. Beyond them the democrat wagon kept squarely to mid-center. Original caught the sly movement of one of the mounted cowmen's hands; instantly he had his long-barreled revolver out and across his knees. But he sensed how great the odds if it came to shooting. Those ahead knew he would not answer fire when the girl, Kit, was among them.

"Bla-a-a-awp!" challenged Betsy's horn. Horsemen nor wagon gave an inch of road.

"Hold on!" Johnson yelled over tne engine's bluster. "We'll take the ditch."

Take it they did with a leap, a staggering bound, and a shrilling of gears. As they chugged past, Original whirled in his seat, drew himself to his knees, and crouched, left hand over the back of the seat and right ready to menace with the six-shooter. He heard an oath from Bear George as the blacks veered in panic, saw swift fear play over the face of the girl, and the machine was back in the road again. Fifty—a hundred yards ahead of the team it drew, then, "Duck!" Original yelled, for Bear George had brought the blacks to a halt and was raising a rifle to his shoulder. Johnson flattened over the wheel and gave her more gas. A jet of dust leaped from the road not three feet behind the wheels. Again the rifle-crack. An answering report beneath the car. The tonneau sagged suddenly on one side, the car veered crazily, steadied itself, and pounded on.

"They got the off back tire," Original announced.

"We'll make it on the rim, then," Johnson muttered, and advanced his spark.

So they came, limping and bellowing on the last half-inch of gasolene, to the place of the dry-farmer on Fifteen Mile Creek where the telephone-line led. And by him they were taken to a meadow-lot where a haycock sheltered the pitiful refugee from the arm of the law. Old Man Plummer, gnarled and range-tanned chevalier of the cattle clan, had found his last bed there. Original knelt by him, laid his hand on the cold hand of his dead friend, with a touch reverential, and his lips moved tremulously.

"Here's the letter he writ and I found 'longside him," Thomas, the dry-farmer, put in importantly. Johnson took the scrawl and read, while Original stood by, unseeing:

Original Bill Blunt, sherif of Broken horn—
DEAR SIR,—No I couldnt do it, Original boy. i couldnt take no oath before my Redeemer & tell what i Know about that sheep moving. And then live to See my friends hung on my say-so. So Im doing my dooty the only way.

Jim lacey he organised the sheep moving. first I says i'll go in then i Says i reckon I wont because i never beliefed in murder. But Jim he was into it & his two boys Little jim and Henry. Also Patch Hart & slim sam Porter. Lacey give me these names the day after. my Two Kay Ess boys Windy and timberline they sliped away and got into it thout my knowin. But Windy he swears it was Slim sam porter who grabs the rifle away from him & shoots the old one & the kid. my Boys shot nothin but woolys.

so god have Mercy on me & you be good to my little kit. Tell her the law done it, not me nor you nor Any man. the Laws bigger than us all.

Respfly,
Jos. Plummer.

Original heard the letter through, then went out to the road to await the coming of Bear George's team, that he might ward from one beloved the first crude stab of grief.

It was two months after that dash out to the dry-farmer's haycock. The sheriff of Broken Horn rode alone through the gray-green wilderness of the sage, all drenched in the sun-wash of the High Country. Behind him was Mammoth and the jail wherein seven awaited the flexure of a great hand already about them—the hand of Law. Ahead lay Kay Ess. This was his second trip thither since the day of tragedy; his excuse was that he had been named executor under the will of Joe Plummer. Kit Plummer, living at

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the home ranch with an aunt up from Denver, needed his advice.

The girl, on horseback, met him by the fork of the road. Was it brusque winds from the Little Medicine range over yonder in blue distance that had brought back to her cheeks hint of the old color? Certainly they played the rowdy with her hair, whipping a gold spindrift from it into her eyes. She gave him her hand, and they rode together. For many minutes they breasted the lusty wind without speech. Then, very simply from Kit:

"You promised when you were last here you'd read me the end of—of his letter. I do not think now so hard—do not feel quite so—it will be sweet to hear and not a hurt. Please—"

A flush mounted Original's neck. He stirred restlessly in the saddle. "Kit, I hadn't ought to do that," he began, clumsily. "You might take it I was trying to back up my own case in your eyes—sort of quoting authority from Over There." He lifted his eyes to the blue immensity of the sky to point locality.

"Let me think what I please," she urged, humbly. "I've been wrong so much I ought to think right now."

Reluctantly he brought out a flat wallet from his coat pocket, and withdrew from it a sheet closely scrawled over. He creased it near the end to bring only the final paragraph of script to her eye, and passed it to her.

so god have Mercy on me & you be good to my little kit. Tell her the law done it, not me nor you nor Any man. the Laws bigger than us all.

Original, looking straight ahead to the far blue line of the horizon, not daring to intrude with his eyes, heard a stifled sob. Still he kept his gaze before him.

"The L-Law's bigger—than us all," came the sigh, hardly breathed. His chin went down on his chest, and his eyes narrowed in pain.

"I—I knew that, Bill. All along I knew it, even when I was—wickedest toward you. And—"

"There—there, little Kit!" he hushed, looking straight ahead.

"'Not me—nor you,' Dad says, and he knew. I only was wrong—"

"There now, Kit!"

They rode again in silence, he with his eyes on the horizon.

"Bill—"

"Yes, Kit, I'm listening."

"Bill"—a hand touched his sleeve, groped wistfully up until the soft ends of fingers just tipped his cheek, and there stayed—"Bill—he said, 'Be—be good to my—little Kit.' Well—well, *be*."

Then did Original Bill, sheriff of Broken Horn, turn his eyes from the far prospect of a horizon to a nearer and more wondrous thing.

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A Confession of St. Augustine

BY W. D. HOWELLS

PART I

WHEN we drove from the station up into the town, in the March of our first sojourn, and saw the palmettoes all along the streets, among the dim live-oaks and the shining magnolias, our doubting hearts lifted, and we said: "Yes, yes, it is all true! This is St. Augustine as advertised: the air, the sky, the wooden architecture of the 1870's and '80's, when St. Augustine flourished most, and the memory of that dear Constance Fenimore Woolson, who worshiped Florida past all Italy, was still sweet in our literature. Yes, it is all incredibly true!" Then, as we made our way to Mr. Hastings's beautiful masterpieces, the hotels Ponce de Leon and Alcazar, and took refuge in the Neo-Andalusian of the simpler hostelry from the Belated American of those obsolescent cottages, we gathered our faith and courage more and more about us, and gave ourselves to that charm of the place which has not yet failed us.

The charm is very complex, as a true charm always is, but the place is very simple, as a place which has taken time to grow always is. It is especially so if the place, like St. Augustine, has had its period of waning as well as waxing, and has gently lapsed from its climax. The heydey of its prosperity was in the years between the 1870's and '80's, when St. Augustine promised to be lastingly, as it was most fitly, the winter resort for the whole sneezing and coughing North. Then the Great Freeze blasted the oranges and hopes of all Upper Florida; then California flowered and fruited ahead; then the summer shores of Palm Beach and Miami took the primacy from California, and Florida was again the desire of our winter travel and sojourn, with a glory of motoring and dancing such as Florida never knew before, or can ever know, at St. Augustine. But the little city continued the metropolis of the mind and heart for such as did not care to shine with the luster of money; and those beautiful hotels remained without rivalry from the vast wooden caravanseries of the more tropical resorts, and still remain holding down their quarter of the local topography.

It is better, though, to own at once that the charm of St. Augustine derives nothing from any thing like grandeur in the domestic architecture of the past. In the Spanish city there were probably no dwellings of such stateliness as the three or four mansions of our own Colonial classic, which with their groves and gardens redeem the American town from the reproach of those deplorable 'seventies and 'eighties, when our eclectic architecture tried its 'prentice hand on so many of the cottages. The Spaniards had built themselves unassuming houses of coquina, always flush upon the sidewalks, and painted their coating of stucco in the buffs and blues and pinks of the Latin taste; and their dwellings never had the proportion of palaces, if one may imagine them from the few that remain. But when you leave Mr. Hastings's hotels, and keep along King Street eastward on the town plan, you are almost at once in the Plaza, which is the heart of every Spanish town, and which begins here with the fountained and palmettoed oblong inclosing what was once the Spanish governor's palace, or so said to be. It is now the American post-office and custom-house, but is inalienably dignified and venerable, with some galleried façades of the same period on one side, and a compendious reach of cheerful shops on the other. These are on King Street, and you must cross St. George Street (stretching crookedly northward with shops and hotels

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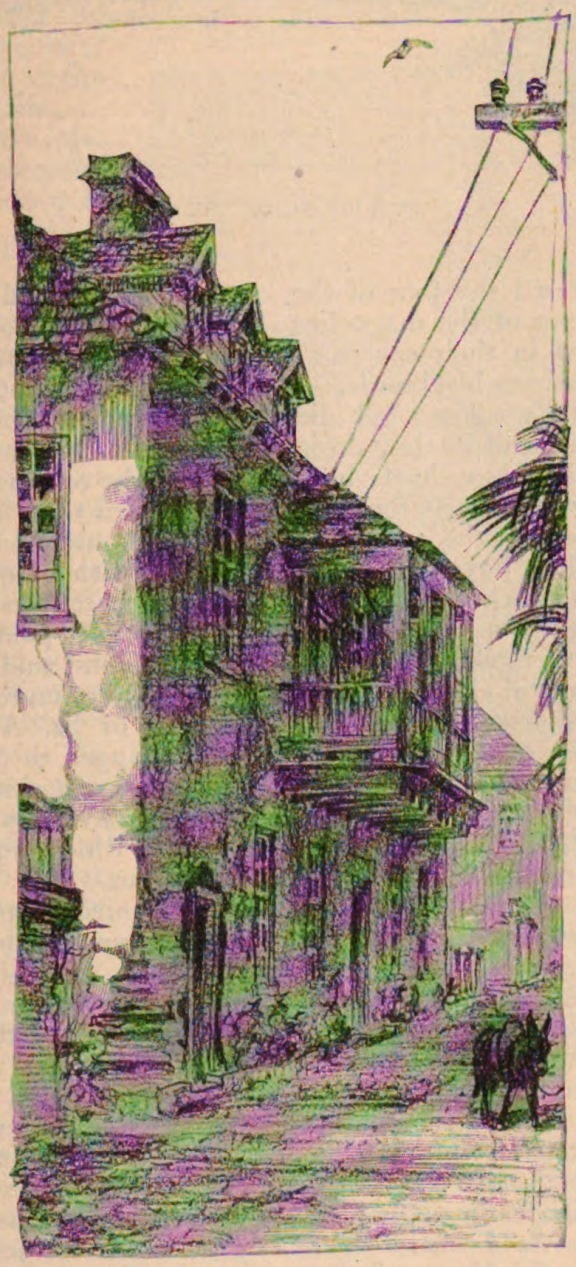
to the old city gate, and southward with embowered dwellings of divers architectural effects and intentions) before you are again at the Plaza, holding the same eastward course to the shining bay, and to the long bridge built on piers of palmetto logs after the fashion invented at York Harbor in Maine and followed in the Long Bridge at Boston. But the bridge from St. Augustine to Anastasia Island is longer than any other of its kind, even that over the Piscataqua at Portsmouth which it also excels in the enormity of its tolls, as you shall find when you cross it to the snow-white billowing of the low northward sand-dunes and the thick gloom of the cedar and live-oak woods rising from the water to the southward in an illusion of uplands. All round the city where there are not stretches of palmetto scrub and pine woods, there is the far sweep of the salt-savannahs, with reedlike grasses growing tall, and keeping their Spanish brown from November till March, and then slowly turning green, as it were insensibly, almost invisibly, after the use of vegetation in the South. In the waters around, hidden in the deeps or bristling from the shallows, grow the exhaustless ranks of the little oysters, which before the white man came to know their deliciousness left their shells by the million tons. These are still used in the construction of the beautiful shell roads of the country round, now replaced in the town by the harsh brick pavements which the municipality is so proud of and which really hold down the dust as the shells could not.



GENERAL XIMENES'S HOUSE

It is to be said in the praise of the municipality that it keeps these pavements swept blamelessly clean; and by night you may hear the negroes sweeping, doubly darkling over their surface, and softly gossiping together. Theirs are not the only black voices you hear, for their casual race seems to have no more stated hours for sleeping than for eating. Their mellow murmurs, especially when the nights are warm, rise in what seems perpetual joking, as if from their humorous pleasure at being alive together in the same amusing world; and if you have no worse conscience than the talkers, their voices will lull you again to the slumbers they have broken. It is as if a swarm of blackbirds, carrying news of the spring northward, had swept chuckling through

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SILHOUETTE OF THE CITY

the trees and fluttered the fans of the palms and the leaves of the magnolias with such comment in their course as would naturally occur to blackbirds.

By day these kindly colored folk did not seem to superabound as they do in Charleston, but this may have been because in the tourist season they are really outnumbered by the whites in St. Augustine. They have their own scattering quarters which they are not strictly kept to; they are segregated, but not concentrated, though their souls are saved in separate churches, and their minds informed in separate schools. They even have their own picture-theaters, but they are softly insinuated through the white population in all subordinate service, and I never knew the slightest unkindness of word or deed offered them. If there were any you would not know it from them; by day, at least, they are silent, and they seem always inoffensive, though very independent. You mostly know them as the drivers of the wood-colored surreys which still anticipate the elsewhere universal taxicabs, and as the disseminators of more or less unreliable information. They do not mean to deceive the stranger, and their own ignorance may have been first abused. As I heard them passing our gate in St. George Street (where we dwelt in the winter of our second sojourn at St. Augustine), and pointing out the objects of interest, I could have wished to share in both the illusion and delusion. Their race apparently rested content in its lowly employs, with seldom the hope or endeavor for higher things. In some cases which seemed few, it sometimes became propertied, and owned its usually decrepit cabins in and beyond the suburbs; but it was said that if any housing improved, and put on an air of prosperity it was not well regarded. This may have been the excuse of racial unthrift, and I have to urge, to the contrary the signal instance of a colored man living in a very comfortable house of his own in his own grounds, without molestation from any lowest or spitefullest white witness of his condition. He paid what seemed heavy interest to me, and taxes which seemed heavy to him, under the municipal government of St. Augustine which has lately changed to the commission form (a favorite experiment in the South as well as the West) without abatement of the rates, which remain of metropolitan proportions.

The colored people are by far for the most part entirely black, to the credit of both races, since intermarriage is abhorred both by the laws and customs, and they are of the prevailing plainness of their race. On the other hand, one might go very far and wide elsewhere without seeing so much outright beauty among the whites, and especially in the sex whose business it is to be beautiful, as in St. Augustine. Age is no handsomer there than in other places, and now and then country folks of the cadaverous cracker type appeared with the produce of their sandy fields or groves; but the beauty and grace of the young girls of city birth was extraordinarily great. Perhaps it was from my lifelong fondness for the Spanish that I chose to think these divine creatures, so slimly shaped and darkly fair, were of the Spanish race which for three

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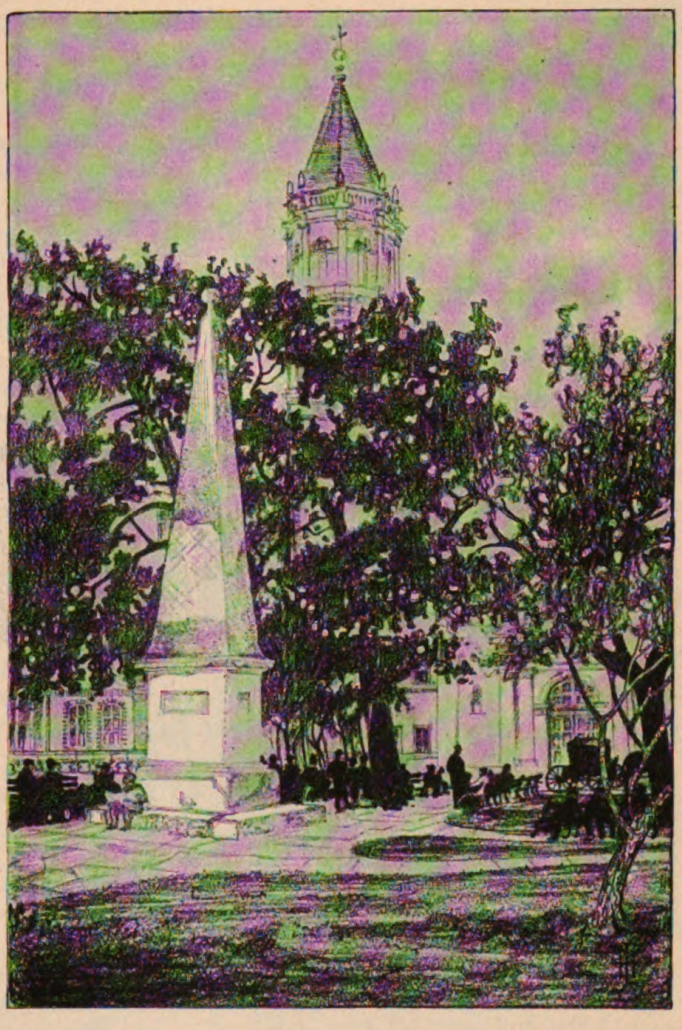
hundred years ruled or misruled in St. Augustine. There was the like fineness in some of the men's faces which carried later into life than in the women's; but the Spaniards have left so little trace otherwise in the city, that they were probably those insular Spanish, the Minorcans, whose touching story is a minor strain in the romance of the city's life.

In all public places the American girl prevailed in the excess of fashion which it is her prerogative to exploit everywhere, with the helpless American father fettered to her high-heeled, sharp-toed little shoes, and the American mother distractedly struggling to keep up with her. This sovereign of our society did not appear very early in the winter, or indeed till after the turn of the year, when with a roar of cannon and a flutter of flags (the Spanish colors romantically pre-eminent) the gates of the great Ponce de Leon Hotel were thrown open and the season was officially proclaimed. By that time the Alcazar was pretty well filled in lounge and *patio* by such fashion as had not waited so long as at the Ponce de Leon to come up from Palm Beach, or perhaps not even been there, or wished to be; these things are mysteries which one had better leave to the pictures and the letter-press of the Sunday editions. I myself was happiest in the looks of those boarders and roomers who abounded in the Plaza from the small hotels and lodging-houses and intimidated my meek spirit less than the guests of the two great hotels which are not quite so much the last word in architecture as in fashion. They are the syllabling of the architect who won the commission for them while yet a student in the *École des Beaux Arts*, and pronounced it in accents which, though still so distinctive, are now a little archaic. People now do not want that series of drawing and dining-rooms which open from the inner *patio* of the Ponce de Leon; and if they did, they would not have the form fitly to inhabit them; their short skirts and their lounge-coats are not for such gracious interiors, but rather for the golf-links.



THE PLAZA

One heard of teas in the afternoons and of balls at night which filled these rooms, but, as I have owned, I am afraid of the great world, and am so eager to despise the pride of life when I think I see it that I make myself unhappy in the vision, and I would rather invite the reader to fly with me to the more congenial society of the Plaza. I will not even attempt to speak of the balls at the Ponce de Leon from the exclusion, too voluntary to know that it might have been involuntary, which

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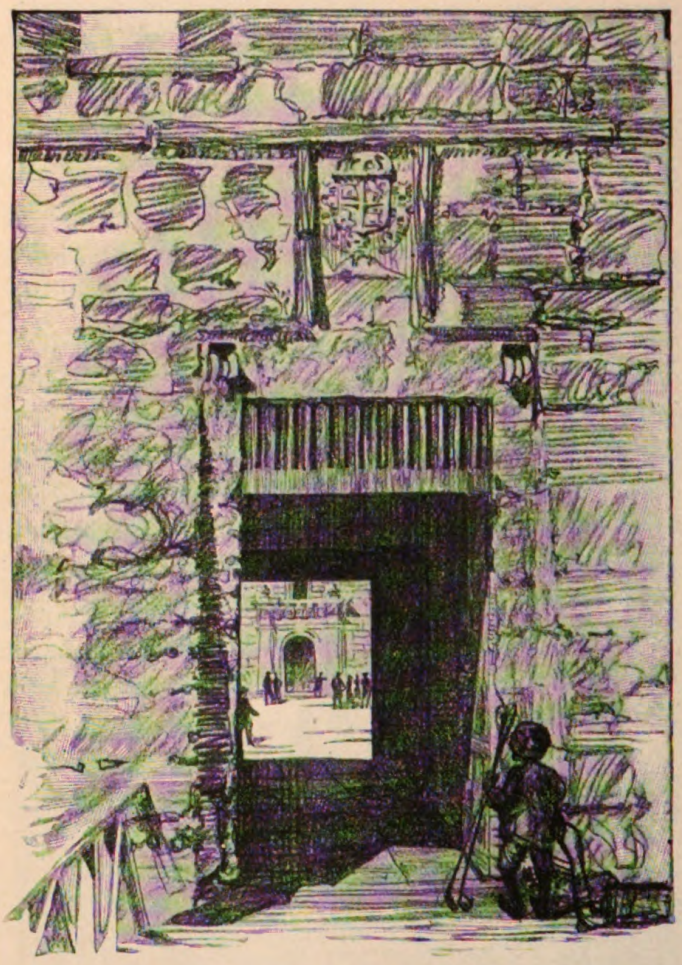
I suffered. Any one could share the pleasure of the tango-teas in the most fashionable restaurants by simply coming to them and either dancing them or drinking them. The dancing was actually the affair of young couples who seemed to stray in from the street, and



AN ANCIENT DOORWAY

circled round between the tables in those rhythmical embraces of the dance to the harsh clatter of the band and the applause of those who preferred the tea form of tango. It was very strange, and a little periculous-looking, but practically it came to no more harm than the waltz did in its day when it alarmed the delicacy of Byron's muse a hundred years ago. Besides these tango-teas there were street dances at night promised by local associations, but mostly defeated by cold snaps from the North or West, which seized them as it were unawares, after the street had been roped off, and hung with lanterns, or flooded with moonlight. Where you expected a gay masquerade what you got was a couple or two in citizen's dress performing to the music of what sounded like a German band, but may have been German-American. Cordova Street was the favorite scene of such hilarities, but there are many other St. Augustine streets named after Spanish cities or provinces which I liked to walk through or drive through merely because they were called Saragossa, or Granada, or Barcelona, or Malaga, or the like, and brought their namesakes endearingly to mind.

One year I recall, however, when the kinder night caressed the scene with the tenderness of summer, and glowed upon the same southward space of Cordova Street where with the first hour of dusk the feet of the dancers began to whisper on the sanded asphalt. The new moon, with upward-tilted horns, swam in the blue above the palms of the Alcazar gardens and sank into its depths while the dance thickened in the mystical pace of the one-step and the music throbbed with the monotony of the barbaric time. It was such a scene as we might have looked down upon from some balcony in medieval Florence, where the youth of the city danced from street to street, and the children were allowed up to look on till all hours, as they were now in St. Augustine.

In St. Augustine the shops and theaters are open on Sunday, as in any continental European town, but the same may be said of the churches, which are abundantly frequented. The favorite dissipation of the local youth was apparently the ice-cream served at small tables in the drug-stores, where with the bane the antidote could be promptly supplied; but I should say, or almost

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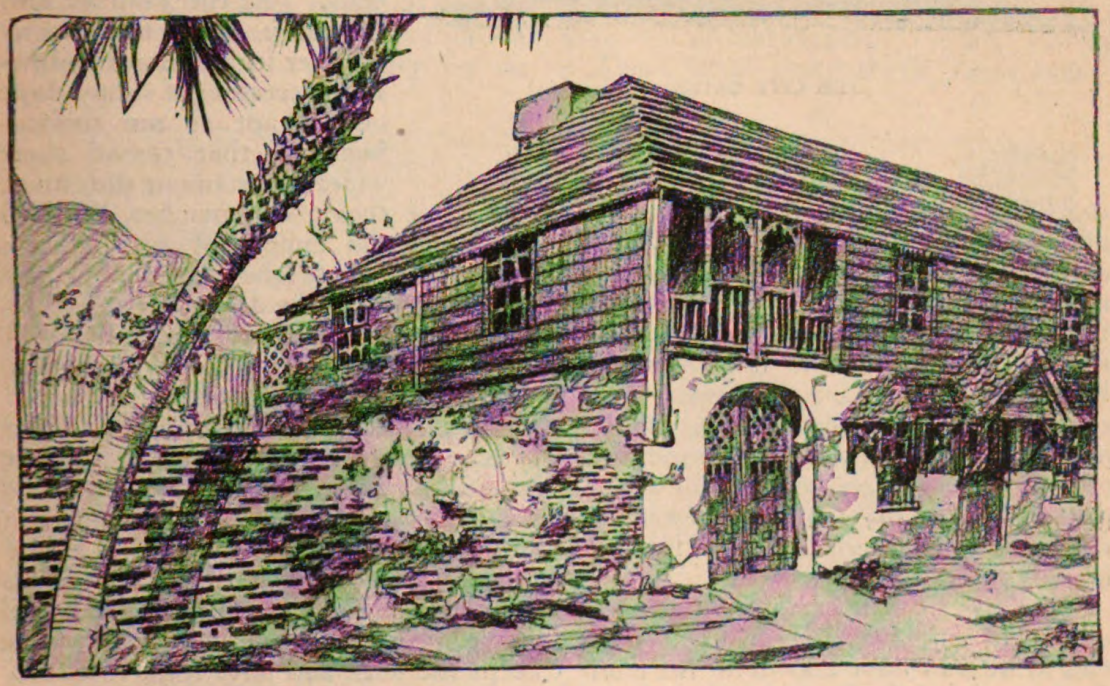
say, that the favorite dissipation of the aliens of every age was the sail to the nearer and farther North Beaches. This could be afforded at twenty-five cents, which paid the sail both ways, and the transit of the sandy stretch of the island to the ocean shore in a horse-car drawn by a mule hitched at the side of the car, but did not include the roast oysters at the restaurants. If you wish to lose yourself in the sandy jungles of Anastasia Island you may cross by trolley-car on a pro rata payment of that supremely extortionate toll which I have already lamented. But I hope you do not wish to cross as yet, but will be willing to keep with me along the bay-front, either way you like, past some minor hotels and pleasant dwellings southward and the ruins of old Spanish houses and dwellings northward, when suddenly the fort of San Marco, now misnamed Marion, blocks your way with its mass, darkly but not gloomily Spanish, and incomparably monumental.

It is the most perfect example of the Vauban ideal of military architecture anywhere remaining; yet neither for this, nor for anything else are you to leave the Plaza, which is the heart of St. Augustine, until you have exhausted all the emotions it can impart. They are not many, and for me the chiefest of them came from my affectionate interest in those minor hotel guests and roomers who seemed to resort there much more in the March of last year than of this. Then they arrived, with their home-town papers (bought of the blind newsman at the corner of the post-office) and sat, rows upon rows of them, on the benches converging upon the stand where a very admirable band of musicians, claiming to be Venetian, but upon confidential approach owning themselves Neapolitan, seemed to play day-long and night-long while my home-towners exchanged personal histories, and declared their opinions of the climate and the weather of St. Augustine.

With the wind in the right quarter, and the sun in a forenoon sky either entirely blue, or a soft blend of white clouds melting in spaces of azure, the play of light through the palmetto and cedar tops on the façade of the cathedral across the street or on the curves of the triune belfry beside it, left nothing to be asked of the climate or weather. But both are subject to strange vicissitudes, and especially from melting warmth to cold of the ice-brook's temper. You should especially beware of the wind that blows with soft insistence from the southeast till the first thing you know it has got round you, as if



A BIT OF OLD ST. AUGUSTINE

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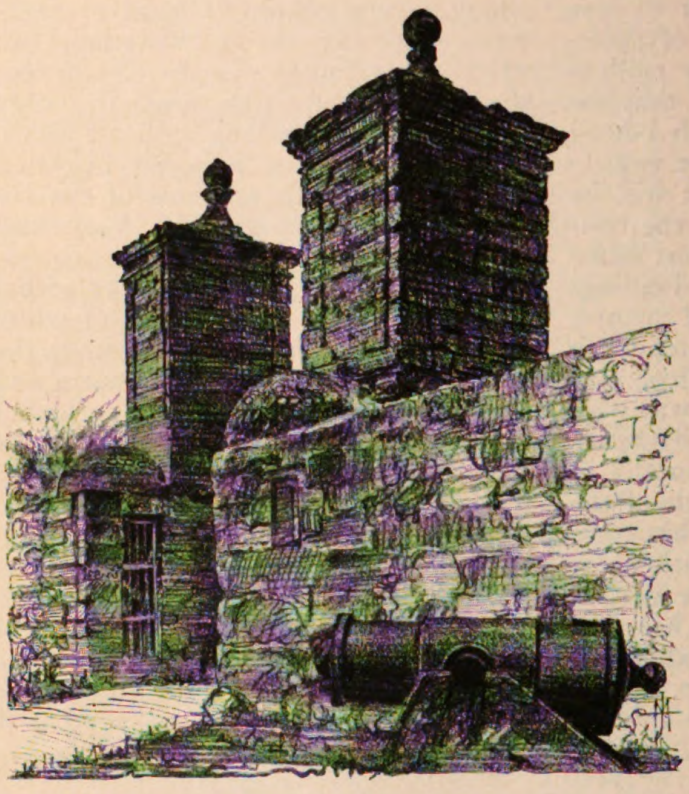
morally, and holds you in the clutch of a cold snap, incredibly prophesied from the northwest. The Floridian winter, which is not a season, but merely an incident of the year-long summer of the latitude, seldom comes from New York or Boston, but arrives from Chicago by way of Chattanooga, and its affiliations are with the Middle West, as most of its visitors are. Sometimes it comes like a thief in the night, and twice it has happened with me to be resting on one of the home-towners' benches in the Plaza, and with head thrown back to be admiring the mildest of full moons, and then before morning to hear the rush and trample of a sudden shower on my roof and to wake in the morning eager for the fire of live-oak logs on my hearth.



THE CITY GATES

This was so in the gentle January of one of my sojourns, and in either of the two Marches I have known for the maddest months of the St. Augustine winter. They say that December is commonly mild, as with the resignation of the declining year, and that February is not so very bad, but I search my lexicon in vain for a good word to say of March, though by then the mocking-birds have long been in full chorus and are making believe that all the songsters of the northing spring are lingering with us. I am sorry to say that our noisy, big, vulgar robin was never among these, but in compensation there was now and then audibly a blue-jay, whether in its authentic note, or the mocking-bird's thin reproduction, and welcomer still was the simulated fluting of the red-bird, sweet as if it came from the Middle-Western woods of my boyhood. With these sylvan voices the hymning of the nuns joined from their school-garden across the way, and the far-floating call of the crows from the upper blue. Their call was never the harsh cawing of our Northern crows, but something more like the colloquies of the English rooks among their "immemorial elms." As the January and February days follow one another in an almost unbroken succession of sunny days one is apt to see turkey-buzzards that spread their wider wings among the crows. A trio of them, I remember, liked to perch on the cupola of a neighboring house, where they seemed in the early morning to be discussing the business of the coming day, and consulting upon matters of grave importance, but were probably settling some question of recently discovered carrion. I liked best to have them far aloof, and I had a particular fancy for the way their pinions bent thinly upward at the edge.

If the reader is still, as I hope, in the Plaza with me, I would have him leave our places on the Mid-Western benching, and come and lean over the rail which keeps the dogs and boys from throwing themselves to the alligator in his pool

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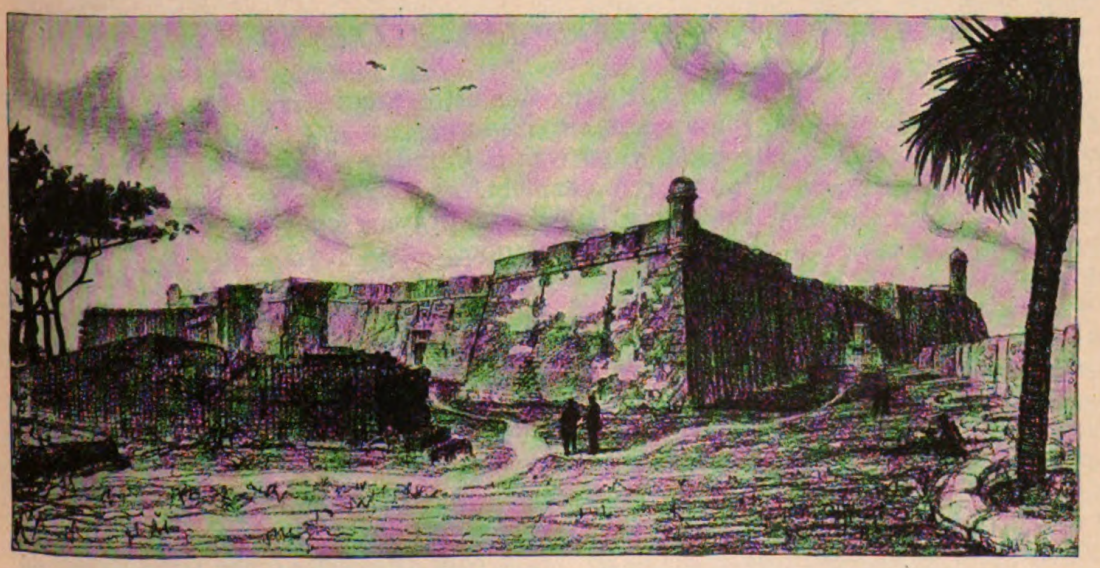
there, where he lies stiller than the stone of his bath. In some moment when the water is coldest he rises to the sun and basks motionless and soundless on the stone curbing, but no one ever saw him unlid those loathly eyes of his, or stir those antediluvian limbs. Ever, do I say? This is wrong. I myself have seen the monster raise himself on his hideous arms and legs and, "being wrought upon in the extreme" by his intolerable prescience of a change in the weather, lift his head and roar—roar as the jungled lion roars, or as the bull that sees his rival cross the meadow where he ranges in challenge to mortal combat. Nothing in nature has more surprised me, and the effect with my fellow home-towners was the same; they came running from the benches—men, women, and children—and hung upon the alligator's fence and wondered and worshiped like so many idolaters of some serpent of Old Nile, till his bellow subsided into a hoarse bleat, and then a long sigh that shook the disgusting folds of his throat into silence.

Several times already in this study of the Plaza I have tried to mention the ivied Gothic of the Episcopal church which faces the southwestern corner, and then the galleried upper stories of the line of shops stretching eastward forming a picturesque recall of the St. Augustine which was once so much more all galleries than the ancient city now is. But I could not somehow leave the intersecting paths and the flower-beds beside them, or that gentle little Canovan figure with ankles crossed and wrists on hips which discreetly invites from its pedestal the home-towner unfolding his paper as he advances to place himself with his back to the sun on a favorite bench. Still less could I leave the somewhat plain, not to say severe, obelisk near the fountain which celebrates in stately inscriptional Spanish the promulgation of the constitution of 1812. Which king of the several constitution-giving sovereigns of Spain it was who gave that charter of the national liberties I do not know or much care to know. The charm, the provincial-patriotic charm of the obelisk remains, as it remains with every crumbling ruin of the city which the Spanish colonists builded and as you feel it at many points on the swerving, rather than curving, narrow ways between St. George Street and the bay-front. There the wooden balconies droop from the drooping wall of time-stained coquina; the doors and windows open flush upon the sidewalks; the little gardens cherish a few onions and heads of lettuce; the dooryard trees support themselves in the friendly angles and ripen, slowly ripen their plums, their peaches, their guavas, their figs, and such other fruits as love a sunny exposure in literature.

These little sympathetic lanes con-



THE SPANISH FORT

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tinue to King Street, but seldom cross it. There at the end of the Plaza, where the old Spanish market-house consents to the modern legend of having been a slave-mart, other kind avenues take up the tale and tell it, mostly in the terms of the gentle Charlotte Street, till they bring you almost suddenly upon the great fortress of San Marco set impregnable across your path. There, if it could have spoken, San Marco might well have forbidden the ravage of the flames which have consumed large spaces of the Spanish houses on the bay-front, and left only the crumbling coquina walls and arches and the scorched palmettoes to attest the tragedy of their destruction; but it is not till you pass San Marco that you come upon the means of enforcing such a mandate—not till you come in fact to the city water-works where the splendid up-gush from the deeply subterranean springs diffuses their odor through the air. Many people —perhaps most—do not like this odor, and few if any like the taste of the water, unless they have been inured to the offensive virtues of the ferruginous and sulphurous springs of Germany. It is not healing like these, but physicians say you may safely drink it if you can stand it; and to the right, before you reach the water-works, you may visit the Fountain of Youth which it seems an error to suppose Ponce de Leon did not discover when he came to Florida in 1513, for he left the fountain behind him there with the date in a pattern of stone near the source. In fact he left two Fountains of Youth at St. Augustine, but the one which was to the westward of the actual fountain was closed by the Board of Health as unhygienic. For a reasonable sum, however, you may drink of the remaining spring, and if it does not rejuvenate you it will scarcely disappoint you, unless you have expected the impossible of it, or even the credible. This remaining Fountain of Youth may well be left behind in the realm of fancy, and the atmosphere of fable which so richly invests it, for a return to the great fortress which holds down more history than any other such edifice on our continent. Not even the citadel at Quebec outrivals it for the events which have elapsed in its time, for it has stood invulnerable during the two hundred and fifty years since its foundations were powerfully laid beside the wave that washes its base.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

The Lost Paradise

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I LOOKED into the little room
  I may not enter more,
The room that was a Paradise
  For us ten years before;
With aching heart and praying eyes
  I lingered at the door.

Across your bed the gleam and gloom
  Of sunlit leaves that crowd
Your window shadow-music made
  One must not play aloud,
A score of flitting light and shade
  By spiritual fingers played.

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A Surprise In Perspective

BY FLOY TOLBERT BARNARD

"HELLO! What's this?" A small, faded photograph had fallen out from between the yellowed pages of an old book on astronomy, in which the great man was searching for an elusive bit of outdated fact, with which to introduce a quite new fact in a paper he was preparing for publication. As he stooped to recover the fallen photograph, he was saying, more to himself than to his secretary:

"It is certainly true that every advance in knowledge makes whole libraries useless. Why, I have not referred to this book in twenty years; and I do so now merely to quote verbatim a paragraph that will give perspective to a seemingly final discovery that I am confident will but serve, in its turn, as perspective to far more important facts. Facts! They are the shiftiest things we know. Whoso would be enlightened, let him be a master in the art of letting go of facts. The minute he holds tenaciously to one, his perceptions are impaired."

He had talked more and more slowly, studying the little pictured face in his hand, at first idly, then intently.

Miss Boyeson, who was listening with somewhat preoccupied attention, waited incuriously.

The astronomer turned the picture to a better light, a slow smile of recognition lighting his fine eyes, though his lips puckered half doubtfully. He spoke slowly, looking across the little picture at his secretary:

"This must be a picture of you, Miss Boyeson, though it looks but little as you do now."

"Of me?" incredulously. She crossed over to him, her hand outstretched, but he did not put the photograph into it at once, and it was characteristic of Miss Boyeson that, though she had worked for him twenty-six years, she did not bend over to look at it in his hand. She simply dropped her own to the edge of his table, quietly waiting.

Studying the woman and the photograph alternately, he mused, as though trying to recover the whole of a fragmentary memory.

"I wonder how this came to be here. You surely never gave me a picture of yourself?"

Miss Boyeson smiled. "I am sure I never did. What picture is it?"

Still he looked at it, talking half to himself, half to her. "You were a placid, patient-looking girl—when you weren't frightened-looking. You must have been about seventeen when this was taken. Do you know what it makes me think of? Of a piece of marble before a sculptor has touched it: it might become—anything."

Miss Boyeson's gaze turned from him to the open window, which framed an apple-tree in half-blossom, limned exquisitely against a stormy, gun-metal sky. A threatening flurry of wind shook delicate perfume from the pink and white blossoms, filling the room with a loveliness of fragrance almost tangible.

The astronomer followed her gaze to the window; but for him the etched beauty of the apple-tree against the somber sky was only a background from which Miss Boyeson stood out in vivid relief, in her eyes the quiet percipience characteristic of those rare individuals who have discovered the inherent dominion of the soul over all things that "come—*to pass*." There is no real sadness in that look, yet the watching man had an unaccountable impulse to reach out and cover the hand resting on the edge of his desk with his own, an impulse it required a distinct effort on his part to withstand. It surprised him, for in all the years of almost daily association their personal relationship had been one of unbroken, though easy, formality.

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The deep serenity of her eyes, meeting his, as she turned back from the window, cleared his faintly bewildered senses like the steadying lift of a hand to one stumbling. He found himself saying:

"My goodness, how bashful you were when you first came to me—and how scared! And, merciful heavens! the almost passionate efforts you made to do *exactly* what you were told to do. Your eagerness to please me used to actually embarrass me. You treated me with such awe-struck deference that I had a terrible time at first trying to live up to the inference. It was a terrific strain; I almost *fired* you once or twice, just to let myself have a rest!" He laughed richly, and Miss Boyeson smiled with him. "Let me see: I was about thirty when you came; you must have been—" He looked up questioningly.

"I was sixteen."

"And you treated me as though I were ancient beyond belief." He had evidently forgotten his search for the exact phrasing of the obsolete astronomical "fact," and was giving himself over to reminiscence. "I wonder how I came to take you? It must have been because you looked just like this picture—wonderfully moldable. . . . I had tried a half a dozen or so girls and women, but they had been either inefficient or flirtatious, or both. . . . Not but that I could enjoy a flirtation at thirty, but I couldn't seem to work and flirt at the same time, and I was too hard up to stop work! I had tried a boy or two, but they were not adaptable enough; also they required bigger pay, and at that time *any* pay was big to me." His lips pursed in half sympathy for that struggling youth who had been himself. He held the picture in his hand at arm's-length, then brought it close for minute inspection. "Yes, it must have been that quiescent look about you." He smiled up at her. "If I had been as old as your attitude toward me suggested, I would have been too old to have thought that quiescence an asset; I would have called it a responsibility, and been afraid to assume it. What a lucky thing it was for me that your moldability had in it enough Norwegian sturdiness to offset the élan of a neophyte astronomer. But, as I said, the agonizing responsiveness of you to training as all-round assistant to a budding star-gazer nearly lost you your job more than once in those first months. I used to fairly long for one of those girls who cared more to please my eye for femininity than my desire for accuracy in the transcribing of my notes, or carefulness in handling my all too meager paraphernalia. They at least did not depersonalize me."

Inscrutable amusement lurked in Miss Boyeson's eyes as she listened to him, but she made no comment.

"You were a strange girl, with your immobile face and your eyes so unrevealing, yet so full of poignant questioning over each task when it was finished. This picture brings it all back. My! You have been my omniscient right hand so long I had forgotten a time when you were new to the work, and that once you were not here at all. It is no longer comprehensible."

He put the picture in her hand at last. She stood studying it curiously as he mused on, aloud:

"You still had the old-country attitude of its women toward its men, and your Christiania inflections made your speech as quaint as your ways. I must say you have outgrown that deference to a man, even when you knew he was wrong or unreasonable, that I feel now would be very gratifying!"

Miss Boyeson looked over the top of the faded little picture, smiling quizzically. "You forget it was my first 'job,' and that I would have felt it a disgrace had I failed to please you. My only way of knowing was by what you said, and the way you looked—and you used to say such unexpected things; things that were often deliciously funny when my Scandinavian mind had had time to ruminate on them long enough, but confusing at first to a frightened girl in a strange land, working for a strange man, at a strange, far-off thing like astronomy, and having to speak and listen to an unfamiliar language. And your expression was as vivid and variable as mine was stolid."

She laughed silently at his swift rejection of stolid as descriptive of her, saying, "Still water is not *stolid!* It can

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be moved from a tiny ripple to a typhoon. Its power to respond is marvelous, but left to itself it becomes still. You were like that. You used to reflect every mood of mine with a faithfulness that was disconcerting, but you were wholly unrevealing as to yourself. When anything you did for me was finished, or if I came along to see how you were progressing, your eyes flew to my face in painfully intense *waiting*, and everything I said, and did not say, was registered in them. Oh, you were not stolid. It would have been a joy to have had you so, sometimes. I never realized until now just how hard it must have been for you as well as for me; how infinitely harder, to be truthful. I feel like asking forgiveness for I know not how much stupidity of perception."

He appeared singularly boyish as he looked up at her, and she saw for a second the man he had been, when she was the girl of the little faded photograph; saw him so, as clearly from vivid old memories as she did the tangible likeness of herself in her hand. With the fading of the vision, her lips curved in a smile, half sad, half merry.

"I am sure I must have wept away some of this over-roundness of cheek in those first weeks of learning what was expected of me. I can scarcely believe this was I." She was silent a moment before she said, slowly: "I had this taken to send to my mother at Christmas, the first year I was here. You had just taken me—on trial. I had three pictures finished—one for my mother, one for my brother, and this for myself. I must have been looking at it when I should have been hunting up something for you, and then forgotten it. I thought I had lost it; but by the time I could afford to have another finished for myself, doubtless I had ceased to think of it at all. And now, after all these years, it turns up and convicts me of idling!"

"You must have wasted much time, and your—er—salary—was so munificent I do not see how you dare face me," laughed the man, rising, and turning to look at the picture with her. He was very tall, and, standing beside her, looking down at the picture past her bright brown hair and quiet face, had again a desire to touch her, to offer solace for some deep sorrow unsuspected until now. He moved a step back from her, involuntarily, lest her nearness betray him into crossing the fine line of reserve that had lifted their association far out of the commonplace. He would not wish to offend, after all these years. What on earth had struck him, anyhow? he asked himself. Resolutely putting aside the impulse, he confessed, slowly:

"That face haunts me, Miss Boyeson. All life is latent in it. You have made" —he hesitated, for in all the years there had been no personal touch to their conversation, in even the most inconsequent of brief relaxations from work— "a fine, strong face of it, but I am suddenly afraid you have given your work with me too much to have done yourself justice."

"I have liked the work wonderfully well," was her only reply as she stood beside him, unconscious of having stirred his imagination for the first time since he had known her.

"It is a fine thing for me that you have liked it; you are almost as good an astronomer as I," he affirmed, sincerely, "but that very fact seems to accuse me of selfishness in some way. Will you give me that picture? It interests me strangely. I ought to ask for a recent portrait; you are much nicer looking now. May I have it?"

"I believe I will keep it. It interests me, too. Where are those proofs you wished me to look over? I am almost through with the work our journey into the days of this picture interrupted."

Before he could reply, a flash of lightning tore vividly through the gun-metal sky, followed by a crash of thunder that seemed to shake the house, and yet—it seemed not to break the stillness of spacious room.

"There will be quite a storm," added Miss Boyeson as the wind rose with sudden violence and another flash was succeeded by a reverberating roar. She went quickly to close the window, and remained looking out at the apple-tree, wind-racked now, and rifled of a wealth of its delicate blooms, blown off in fragrant showers.

The great astronomer stood looking at her, and for the first time in his life really saw her. He was fifty-six — a

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polished man of the world as well as distinguished in his chosen life-work, and, being a man of the world, it struck him now as unbelievable that he could have watched her grow up from a child of sixteen to a woman of forty-two without once having considered her as an individual who might have loved and married and gone into a life of her own. *He* had married, and was very happy in his personal life as well as his professional one. To-day he found himself wondering about her. He knew, and gave her credit for, the immeasurable contribution toward his success that her remarkable understanding of astronomy had given him, and he flushed faintly, remembering that she had had from him a constantly increased salary, and unfailing courtesy and consideration in regard to her work, and that was all. He had not once thought of her as a woman who could be "glad or sad, or mad or bad." She had worked beside him in study and observatory, changing from the girl of the faded photograph to the woman who now stood silhouetted against a stormy sky, and he knew nothing of her, save that without her incomparable services he would have made his place in the world more slowly, and would now be utterly at a loss should he find himself without them. He was appalled at his hitherto unguessed reliance on her, yet he had scarcely thought of her more definitely than one thinks of air to breathe. It was, perhaps, a sign of his greatness of spirit that he suddenly felt awed and humble in her presence.

A perfect sheet of lightning revealed her as in a spot-light, and it came to him startlingly that she was a beautiful woman. He brushed his hand across his eyes, and stared intently at her. By some means, life had sculptured that passionless Scandinavian bit of human marble into an exquisite woman, with eyes inscrutably calm, and a smile that unexpectedly hurt him. He had a swift, poignant desire that she should be happy—as he was—in the hours that were not given to her work.

She returned to her desk, put the picture of herself in a drawer, and took up some papers. Her very hands were full of fine character, and strength, and grace.

He crossed over to her, watching her in the play of the steady flashes of the electrical storm.

"Miss Boyeson," he said, bluntly, "you are lovely. Why haven't you married and had the happiness of the home life you should have had? I— It seems all wrong for you to be here, though what I should do without you God only knows. I never even thought of it before, but why *haven't* you married some one and—and been happy?"

He was too deeply in earnest to apologize for being inquisitive. She looked up at him with her fleeting, mirthful smile that had surprisingly become two-edged to him. It passed, leaving her face full of a quiet peace.

"The man I might have cared about did not ask me to marry him," she told him frankly, "and as for any other, I liked being an almost-astronomer too well. Perhaps in my next reincarnation I shall catch up with you as the result of my long apprenticeship." Then she added, whimsically: "Are you perhaps wishing to—*fire* me now, and do not know how to set about it? Were you hoping belated matrimony on my part might relieve you of the necessity?"

"No!" sharply. "But, somehow—Why—that picture has given me a feeling of—of—reproach. I wish you would let me have it?"

"If it gives you such distress, I certainly do not want you to have it. You were very good to that face, and I will not have it be rude to you. Will you turn on the light for me, please? I must finish this this afternoon," indicating the work before her.

He stood irresolute, a curious bewilderment about him. For the third time that afternoon he was resisting an imperative desire to touch her, only this time he would have dropped down in front of her and buried his face in her lap. He felt that the touch of her quiet hands on his head would absolve him from blame for some suffering he had unwittingly caused her, and yet it was infinitely remote from his mind that she had ever loved him, and his own impulse to touch her was far from being identical with similar attractions in the presence of fascinating women. These present impulses came not from pleasure in her

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companionship, but from a sense of sadness, a desire to atone for some recondite wrong.

A ragged streak of lightning illumined the sapphire brooch that fastened the exquisitely sheer white collar on her dark dress. The astronomer had a passion for precious stones, and lavished them on his wife and daughter.

"That is a fine sapphire," he observed, unexpectedly. "Did you get it in this country?"

Miss Boyeson looked up at him with one of her rare laughs. It was unaffectedly merry, rippling about him in little waves of sound that reminded him of the knowledge that all sound is accompanied by color, as all light gives forth a sound, if only our senses were fine enough to perceive the wonders around us. He thought that laugh must be full of clear, radiant colors. He started.

"*You* gave me this sapphire," she was saying. "I do not know where you got it."

"*I?*" unbelievingly; then he flushed almost painfully. "I remember, now. You were good enough to stay up in the mountains with the children while my wife went to Italy with me. She wouldn't go and leave them with only a trained nurse, a housekeeper, a man-of-all-work to defend them from burglars and 'terror by night,' and a little nursemaid to play with them." He laughed a little. "No, not one step would she go unless you would look after them and all the people whose business it was to care for them. I got that brooch in Rome. Didn't I tell you? My wife helped me select the setting, but the stone was my own choice. I seem to remember that it is your birth stone. She brought you some tiny statuary, didn't she?"

As he talked, it came to him that the wrong he had done her was in using the result of her almost constant attention to his interests while giving *her* so little attention as to be utterly forgetful of having bought her a gift so valuable as that diamond-circled sapphire. To have been able to look closely at it, and ask such a question about it! No wonder she laughed! The wonder was that no bitterness dimmed the colors associated with her laughter, supposing science to be right in its assertion that there are many octaves of color and sound playing invisibly and inaudibly through the meager ones allotted to our limited sight and hearing. Thank Heaven a man could feel things beyond the unaided senses! Who, having looked through a telescope, would, or could, doubt that voices have color—that the light of the stars pours out rich harmonies of sound, glorious Te Deums to the eternal morning?

As these things flashed through his mind he was regarding Miss Boyeson wistfully. She touched the brooch with her strong white fingers.

"I enjoy the sapphire very much," she told him. "It is my only bit of jewelry. That summer in the mountains with the children was really a delightful vacation for me, and needed no compensation in the way of further gifts; but I am glad you gave me this sapphire," she finished, with another flash of laughter. "I love it."

As swiftly as it came, his reminiscent mood passed. "I am glad you do," he said, heartily. "You deserve many jewels. Never did a mere man, before me, have such an assistant. When it comes to working, I cannot seem to even begin to think until you are at your work beside or opposite me. Do you remember the winter I went to Vienna quite boldly by myself, and then cabled to my wife to come on over, and bring you?" He smiled at her, turned on the light she had asked for, and went back to the old book, renewing his search for the elusive paragraph concerning Jupiter's moons. After a few minutes he glanced across at her, shrugging his athletic shoulders. "You will have to look this up for me yet, I fancy. Tell me: do you do *everything* for me? I am just having a horrid fear that you do! I beg of you, let me continue to sign my name to the books and papers that you write for me."

She smiled absently, without reply, and for more than an hour they worked at their separate desks, oblivious to each other, and to the storm that had raged away its first fury and settled to a driving, windy rain.

At the end of the hour the door opened, and a charming woman, five or six years younger than Miss Boyeson,

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came confidently in to claim the great man's fulfilment of a promise to go with her to a dinner-party. As she stopped by his chair, having nodded to Miss Boyeson in silent, affectionate friendliness, he looked up, his eyes alight with pride and welcome.

"I ought to know better than to promise you anything," he scolded, putting an arm about her. "I am busy—but I suppose you will not let me off, and go make convincing excuses for me?"

She ran her fingers through his silver-shot hair, ruffling it into absurd confusion, and said, her head on one side to note the effect: "Indeed I will not! Miss Boyeson can do whatever it is you are doing far better than you can. You are probably hindering her! Run along and get ready. I waited until the last minute to come for you. You will have to hurry, dear."

He brushed a restoring hand over his hair, then touched the bunch of early irises she held. "For me?"

"No; for Miss Boyeson. She loves my irises."

She put water in a vase from Japan, arranged the stately purple flowers in it, and set them on Miss Boyeson's desk, while her husband watched her, taking pleasure in all her little gracious ways. When the vase was placed to her liking, and she had received Miss Boyeson's happy words of appreciation, the great man left the study with her, calling back over his shoulder as he closed the door:

"Oh, *will* you look up that paragraph about Jupiter's moons? I gave it up and did some other work."

When the door closed, Miss Boyeson sat quite still, looking at the royally lovely flowers for a long time, but she was thinking of other things. At last she opened the drawer, took out the little photograph and, going to a mirror, studied the picture and the reflection.

"'A piece of marble, before a sculptor has touched it,'" she quoted in a low voice. And, after a second: "'All life is latent in it! . . . It might become—anything.'" Her eyes grew bright with unshed tears, through which she smiled at herself in the glass, and whispered, whimsically: "Of *course* you are lovely. . . . The sculptor that chiseled you out of that—quiescent—child . . . 'has set his beauty upon'—you . . . but he left—much—latent—still."

She went to the window, and stood looking out while her courageous spirit resolutely restored her inner peace, bringing her warring mind and heart into subjection to her indomitable soul.

A limousine swept down the driveway through the wind and rain. The astronomer was saying, as he saw his secretary at the window and lifted his hat, with his charming smile:

"Miss Boyeson is really lovely. Did you ever think of it? I wonder some man doesn't carry her off."

His wife stared at him. "'Did I ever think of it?' Did I ever *think*— Man, did *you* just happen to notice it? Let me tell you something: if I should die, or run off with a handsomer man, you would suffer a broken heart—that would mend in time. But if *Miss Boyeson* should die, or be carried off by some man, you would be crippled for life! She is an extension of your *mind*, my dear; you *think* through her mind as well as your own; you work with her hands; she is more essential to your *life* than I am, though not so essential to your happiness. And I—"

But the astronomer took her in his arms and kissed her, and she did not finish. Neither did she see the strange, almost suffering, humility that dawned through the look of power and achievement in his eyes at this second perspective into life that had come to him during the day. She laughed in the security of his arms, and wondered who would take her in to dinner.

Meantime, Miss Boyeson had returned his greeting serenely, put the little picture away, found for him the paragraph he desired, marked it, and returned quietly to her desk to finish her afternoon's work.

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The Infant Tenderness

BY ELOISE ROBINSON

MY father has just left the room, closing the door firmly behind him. His parting words to me were these:

"Barbara, I have reared three daughters into fine, self-respecting women who are a comfort and pleasure to your mother and to me. But it seems as if you are constantly making trouble for us all. Why is it, my child? Why is it?"

I did not answer. What was the use?

I cannot understand my father's attitude toward life. And if he knew all—but he is still ignorant of the fact that I have just finished cutting into small pieces a dress belonging to my sister Elizabeth and costing $59.50, reduced from $60. When this is discovered words are too feeble to describe what will happen. But I am not sorry I did it. It may cause me suffering, but I am willing to sacrifice myself because, after all is over, it will teach Elizabeth that she cannot treat me like a child any longer.

I realize that I am now passing through the darkest hour of my existence. If I were a poet I should enrich the world by pouring out sad and beautiful thoughts about death. Instead I will write down a true and ferocious account of all the events that have brought me here, so that when I am gone my family may weep bitter tears to think how they have misjudged me. I hope my ghost will be able to see them.

I am an unbeliever. Before I became an unbeliever I believed in Thought Control, and in my childhood I was a Presbyterian. To explain why I am an unbeliever I shall have to tell how I became a believer in Thought Control. Sarah Delle Sherwin and I were walking home from school. I might say that we were not walking of our own free will. A week or so before this a Polish sufferer had been in the city. She was one of these fashionable sufferers who speak at teas. Not being there, I do not know all that she said, but I have been one of the chief victims of her remarks ever since, for the principal, and I might say the only, thought that mother gathered from her talk was that, considering the fact that many millions of people in Poland were going around without anything but knitted mufflers, which some kind people had sent them, it was absolutely wicked for the pampered children of America to drive in limousines. According to mother she did not say anything against women riding, although your limbs get just as tired when you are sixteen as when you are forty or fifty. But ever since then, rain or shine, Sarah Delle and I have been expected to walk to school. Our mothers did not know that this foolish cruelty of theirs was forcing us to use the obnoxious street-car, where we ran the risk of all kinds of catching diseases and of having our manners and our English contaminated by the Lower Middle Class, but so it was. The only reason we were not riding that day was because neither of us had a nickel.

"Good Grief!" Sarah Delle exclaimed, with an air of intense disgust; "why is it that nothing exciting ever happens?"

I shook my head. It was a question which I had never been able to solve myself.

"I wish," Sarah Delle went on, "that we could go back to the Dark Ages. Then, instead of eking out a meager existence as we do now, we should ride around on palfreys, and marvelous-looking knights would have fights for our sakes and hew and hack one another. Life would be worth living."

"I would be satisfied if only I had a few of the clothes I want and was allowed to go to dances," I replied. Sarah Delle's ideas are interesting but sometimes impractical.

This was the general trend of our con-

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versation as we passed the new Thought Control Temple. I remember perfectly, because we decided to go in from sheer ennui. Little did I think, as I set my foot on the step, that I should come out of that building a changed woman.

There was a lecture going on by a woman whom the bulletin-board called Lilla de Villbiss. The name fitted her so well that I doubt whether it was her own. She was the most flowing person I have ever seen. She had on a peacock and gold brocaded robe without any belt, and her voice was like a caramel sundae—thick and sweet. I must confess it took me a good while to catch the drift of her remarks. She seemed to have some peculiar expressions that got into the way of what she was trying to say, and every once in a while she would interrupt herself to clasp her hands on her chest-bone and close her eyes and stand as if in great agony. After awhile this became monotonous.

"For Pete's sake, Barbie," Sarah Delle whispered, "let's go."

I was about to agree with her when my ear caught something Miss de Villbiss was saying and I poked Sarah Delle to keep quiet.

"And you who have starved souls! Stunted and dwarfed with cramped, narrow prisons for your ardent spirits! What is the message of the Infant Tenderness to you? Listen!"

She made a long pause, holding up one lily-white hand. I listened, because if ever there was a person with a stunted and dwarfed life and an ardent spirit confined in a narrow and cramped prison, it was I.

"Listen!" she repeated. "Whatsoever you desire is yours! *Whatsoever* you desire! 'Ask and ye shall receive,' is it not said? Lay hold upon the promises of the Infant Tenderness *now*, claim them for your own." And she went on diluting this thought at great length. I got the impression that what she meant to say was this: if you wanted anything, no matter how impossible it seemed, all you had to do was to go into a kind of trench and ask for it. But as none of our family had ever had the habit of going into trenches, I decided to wait until the meeting was over and find out more about the thing. If there was anything in the idea you may just believe I wanted to take advantage of it. Sarah Delle was skeptical, but I dragged her up with me.

"Miss de Villbiss," I said, "is that the honest truth, cross your heart and hope to die what you were saying about getting anything you want free, just by asking for it?"

Miss de Villbiss turned her large clear eye upon us. I could see her taking us all in, and no doubt observing how our spirits were cramped.

"As true as that the sun rises," she answered. "The Infant Tenderness is as ready to give us good gifts as our parents are."

"Huh!" Sarah Delle's tone was not very trustful. She had had some experience with earthly parents and she did not think much of Miss de Villbiss's comparison. "Not just spiritual gifts. I have been taken in that way before. Barbie and I have no use for spiritual gifts. It's real things we want, like clothes—and lovers."

"The Infant Tenderness has given me these garments," Miss de Villbiss returned, and stretched out her arms.

Sarah Delle and I looked her over. Neither of us had ever seen a dress made as hers was—in fact, you could hardly say it was *made* at all—but it was stunning gold-brocade velvet. It couldn't have cost the Infant Tenderness less than ten dollars a yard.

"Well," Sarah Delle decided, "it can't do any harm to try, I suppose."

"I'm in favor of it," I announced, "and I'll become a follower right now if you'll show me how to work it."

Miss de Villbiss sat down with a happy light in her eye and proceeded to tell us how to constrain the Infant Tenderness. You did it by folding your hands on your chest and looking at the crack where the ceiling meets the wall and trying to sink yourself in the Infant Tenderness. After you were sunk you were to suggest to it that you needed a new hat, or whatever It was, and then you had to have faith to believe that the Infant Tenderness had given whatever you had asked for, whether It had or not. And you were to keep your mind calm and free from annoyances. If any one injured you, you were just to sit

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HANDS CLASPED UPON HER CHEST-BONE, EYES CLOSED AS IF IN AGONY

down and go into a trench and pray for her. She was only a gnat which buzzes but cannot sting. (I say "she" because, although I am a woman myself, I must admit that it is women who do cause most of the annoyances of life. Take your own family, for instance.) After it was all over Sarah Delle and I went home and spent the rest of the afternoon sinking ourselves in the Infant Tenderness—at least I did.

Thinking the matter over carefully I had decided to ask for three things. One was some gorgeous clothes and another was a social career and the third was to be engaged. I am sorry now that I asked for the third. If I had not I might still be happy. It was not absolutely necessary to my scheme of life, but I had noticed that since my sister Elizabeth has been in this state she has been looked up to in a manner which must be a pleasant experience, and a great deal of consideration has been paid to her feelings. If my family could be put in the same attitude toward me it would make things a great deal easier for me. However, to prove the injustice of the world, there was anything but consideration shown me when I announced my engagement. But of that anon.

Delphine called me to dinner before I came out of my trench. While I was about it I wanted to make it very clear to the Infant Tenderness just what it was I wanted. I meant to give It no chance to fool me. So I told Delphine I wanted no dinner, which was true, and went right on with my meditations.

Why is it your family will never leave you alone in peace? It wasn't three minutes before Delphine was back again saying that every one was at the table and I was to come at once. I did not answer her at all. I simply concentrated on the Infant Tenderness. After addressing me in tones that were not ladylike, and even shaking my shoulder, Delphine went away. But not for long was I left

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to myself. The next time it was Elizabeth.

"Barbara," she pecked out, "mother says you are to come down to dinner at once."

I gazed at the crack in the ceiling with a rapt smile on my features and said nothing.

"Barbara, do you hear?"

No reply.

"Barbara! What is the matter with you?"

I reminded myself that Elizabeth was only a gnat and kept calm.

"If you don't answer I'll have to tell mother. What are you sitting here for?"

At last I looked at her. "I am praying," I said. I knew that would make her go away, and it did. After she had gone I went to the head of the stairs to hear what she would say in the dining-room.

"She says," Elizabeth repeated with relish, "that she is praying."

"That she is *what?*" gasped mother in a shocked voice.

"Praying," Elizabeth told her again. I heard Kit giggle, but mother's voice was solemn.

"Kesley," she said to my father, "you would better go up and see what the trouble is. She may be ill."

"She ate most of a third of a cake, ma'am, and the dozen doughnuts you ordered for the kitchen since she came home," I heard the maid saying. This was a vile slander, for I had only eaten seven doughnuts, leaving one for each of the maids and one for the chauffeur. But, needless to say, when my father came after me I had to go. Thus is life.

It seemed for a while after I went to the table as if there might be going to be some unpleasantness. That there was not was due solely to the fact that I remembered what Miss de Villbiss had said about keeping your soul calm amid annoyances. And after dinner I had my reward. We all went into the library and Elizabeth grabbed up the mail. This is a habit of hers—a very disagreeable habit which I should think mother would correct. But she does not. She seems to think it an amusing little accompaniment to Elizabeth's being engaged. But if it were my habit mother would correct it. After handing mother and dad and Kit their letters and taking nearly all the rest herself, Elizabeth threw one miserable envelope back on the table and remarked, casually:

"There's a letter for you, Barbie. Looks like an invitation."

With a dignity which I hoped would rebuke Elizabeth for her rudeness to me, I sweetly said, "Thank you, Elizabeth dear," and picked up the letter. It was an invitation, and the kind of invitation I had never received before, being actually engraved on a big square card. It said that Miss Field was giving a *thé dansant* for Eugenia Wiggers, Al's sister, at the Columns and I was invited. I do not usually associate with Eugenia. I cannot afford to because she is so much younger, being only fifteen. But this was different. Doubtless Al would be there and all of our crowd. I could scarcely believe my senses. It seemed impossible that anything as wonderful as a *thé dansant* at the Columns was happening to me. And then I realized that it was the work of the Infant Tenderness. I had not expected any answer to my meditations so soon, but there it was—the beginning of my social career. It was mother who brought me back from my thoughts.

"Haven't you some lessons to-night, Barbie?" she asked, pleasantly—too pleasantly. I knew immediately that for some reason mother wanted to get me out of the room. I immediately decided not to go if I could possibly help it.

"Not to-night," I said. Although we had been assigned History and French for the next day, this was not a lie. I intended, upon going to bed, to sink myself in the Infant Tenderness and ask that I know my lessons without studying them.

"It's queer," Kit remarked, "how Barbara never has to study. When I was going to school I spent *hours* every day over my books."

This was another annoying remark. The day before it would have caused me to say something mean to Kit in return, but now I kept my soul calm and simply remarked, with a smile, "Some people are brighter than others, Kit dear."

It is quite true that this remark did

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not seem to have a soothing effect on my sister. She curled up her lip in a most unbecoming way. Mother ought not to allow Kit to wear that expression. It completely spoils what few good looks she has.

When mother found she had no excuse for sending me off up-stairs she handed the letter she had been reading to dad, making signs for him to look at it and let her know by a silent motion of the head what he thought about it. But for once dad failed her, and fortunate for me that he did.

"What does Barbie say about this?" he inquired, looking at me with a twinkle in his eye.

"I haven't been told about it yet," I returned coldly and distinctly. Mother was displeased and looked at dad meaningly. "If it is anything which concerns me I must insist upon being told," I added.

"IF YOU DON'T ANSWER, I'LL HAVE TO TELL MOTHER"

"I suppose you will have to know now," mother admitted, ungraciously.

"What does make that child so disagreeable?" Kit put in with feeling, although it was not I who was being disagreeable.

But dad simply began reading the letter. It was from my aunt Barbara Vane—the one I'm named after. Aunt Barbara was coming to spend the winter with us. She had been born and brought up in our city, but she had spent most of her life in foreign parts of the world. Now she wanted a winter at home with her family because in the spring she was going to be married and go to China with her husband, who was a civil engineer and building a railroad or a canal or something. She hoped Mr. Vincent could arrange to come on for a week while she was here so we could see him, for no telling when they would come back. And then came the interesting part. She had always intended doing something for me when I came out because I was her namesake, she said. Of course she realized that I was too young to come out this winter, but under the circumstances, wouldn't mother let her give me a series of little parties such as were suitable for the juniors, starting, perhaps, with something a little more elaborate — a dinner dance, say, at the country club? They were doing those things for the younger set in New York. It could be understood that it was not a coming-out party.

"Why, the idea!" Kit gasped. Fortunate for me that Kit isn't my mother!

"I don't know," mother meditated, "whether it is wise or not."

Father turned to me. "What do you say, Kiddie?"

I had sunk down in a cnair and was unconsciously sitting with my hands clasped in the attitude of meditation recommended by Miss de Villbiss. I felt almost stunned. The way the Infant Tenderness was working things made me fairly tremble with awe.

"Barbie, what's the matter?" I heard father say from a great distance. "The child is fairly pale."

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"Oh!" I managed at last. "Oh! A *thé dansant* at the Columns and now this! In one evening! It is too much!"

Dad looked at mother with a puzzled air.

"A *thé dansant* at the Columns?" mother questioned. "What do you mean?"

I handed her the invitation I had just received. "Miss Field!" mother exclaimed. "Miss Field of Grandin Road! Kit and Elizabeth, a *thé dansant* for Eugenia Wiggers! Why didn't you show this to me before, Barbie? It puts a new complexion on the matter. If Miss Field gives a party for Eugenia I don't see why your aunt Barbara— The dinner dance, anyway. We can decide about the others later."

When my aunt Barbara came she brought with her another proof of what the Infant Tenderness could do. It was a sealskin coat—for me. When I looked at that coat I felt as if I were about to burst into pieces. I had never dreamed in my wildest moments that I should ever really possess anything like it. It had natural lynx collar and cuffs, and it was lined with rose-colored brocade. I just gave one look and folded the lovely thing in my arms while the tears ran unheeded down my cheeks. It was almost the holiest moment in my life.

"There, there!" said Aunt Barbara, and even mother seemed moved, for she did not tell me it was too old or even remind me that I ought to be a happy, grateful girl.

"You must wear it for the first time to Miss Field's tea," was all she remarked.

I nodded dumbly. My mind was busy figuring out what kind of a dress would be wonderful enough to go with it. Mother expected me to wear my white tulle over green, which was considered by the family a very daring dress for me, and I did not undeceive her. But I knew differently. The Infant Tenderness would never allow a thing like that. But just what I would wear I only found out two days before the party. Aunt Barbara and I had gone down-town to order the invitations for my dinner and to buy place-cards and inquire about flowers and food and other luscious things. Aunt Barbara stopped for a minute at Glidden's to ask about a suit for herself, and there we saw it—my party frock, I mean.

Of course it was pink. It was covered with a frosty overdress of gauze embroidered in silver lilies. But I can't describe it, for whenever I think of that frock which is now no more—

"Oh, Aunt Barbara!"

Aunt Barbara looked up. "What is it, dear?"

"Oh! That pink dress!"

Aunt Barbara went over to where it was standing on a form. "It is a sweet thing," she agreed.

I said no more. I just stood letting the beauty of it soak into her and hoping that the Infant Tenderness would make her buy it for me on the spot. But this is what she said:

"Elizabeth would look like a wild rose in it."

I gave a start and a great shudder. Elizabeth! Elizabeth has fair hair, and every one knows that pink is a brunette's color. I could just see my dark head poised above it daintily, but—Elizabeth!

Aunt Barbara glanced at me. "It's too old for you, Barbie dear; we'll find something else prettier. You wouldn't like that dress." She used the mollifying tone of voice which people sometimes do use to me and which always makes me perfectly furious.

"I may never be able to have it, Aunt Barbara," I corrected firmly and with great dignity, "but that does not mean that I do not know what I want. I am sixteen and a woman of the world, and I know that if it were my last earthly words I should say I want that dress."

Aunt Barbara seemed amused. I despise people when they are amused at me. It is the lowest form of wit. So I paid no more attention to Aunt Barbara. While she turned back to her suit I fairly hurled myself into the depths of the Gracious Silence. I felt as if this were the test. If it denied me that dress I should have no more use for the Infant Tenderness. I resolved to have faith that I should have that dress somehow before the party. So when Aunt Barbara finished and suggested that we go to the misses' department and see if there wasn't something I liked, I said no, I had a lovely dress for the

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party, one I'd never worn and I was crazy about it.

And, sure enough, just as I came home from school the next afternoon Glidden's wagon was stopping in front of our house and the boy was running in with a suit-box. I signed for it without his having to ring, for it was marked "Miss Barbara Vane." I knew at once what it was. Fortunately everybody had gone out somewhere and I carried the box to my room unmolested. I was glad that not even Delphine saw me. I have often had the experience of having to act as if I had done something wrong when I am really innocent. I was in that position now. Probably mother would make me send the dress back if she knew I had it, thinking I had charged it, which, of course, I had not done. Her groveling mind could never understand Thought Control. So I hung the pink frock under my white tulle in the back of my closet, and thought of how, on the next day, I should burst into society. But first I called Sarah Delle over and showed it to her. She was almost overcome. She had given up Thought Control herself. Nothing in the world had happened to her but an invitation to Eugenia Wiggers's party and her mother had said she had to wear her white embroidered mull to that. I felt awfully sorry for her, even if it was her own fault. If she had only had faith she might have had a fur coat and a pink dress, too.

All this time I have not mentioned the third request I had made of the Infant Tenderness—being engaged. This is not because nothing had happened, but because it is a painful subject. However, I intend to tell all, so that my posterities will be warned by my misfortunes and not be too trusting in a world where there is no justice.

After two weeks had gone by since Sarah Delle and I were converted to

"I AM SIXTEEN AND A WOMAN OF THE WORLD, AND I WANT THAT DRESS"

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Thought Control and I still saw no indications that I was engaged, I began to wonder what was the matter. It finally came over me that I was not acting as if I were engaged—I wasn't showing my faith. So the first thing I did was to tell Fidenia Jacocks—*in confidence*. Fidenia is like most women. If you just tell her something she is likely to forget it, but if you impress upon her that not under any circumstances must any one else know, it is naturally the first thing she thinks of when she sees anybody. Within the short space of one day it was known all over the school that I was engaged, and I was an object of profound veneration and awe.

Now I leave it to you whether, having shown my trust in the Infant Tenderness in this way, I was not justified in making the mistake I did the next day. Any one would have made it, and for my family to insist that what happened next is "just like that child" and "one of Barbara's outbursts" is too cruel. If you saw a small package addressed to yourself in the mail-box would you not open it? Yes, you would. So did I. Inside there was the sweetest ring I had ever seen. It was platinum, all carved in little scrolls and jiggers and set with one gorgeous big diamond. You could tell at a glance that it was an engagement-ring. Inside was engraved, "V. Z. V. to B. M. V." The Barbara Malcolm Vane was plain enough, but who in this world of woe V. Z. V. was I did not know, nor had I ever heard of any one with those initials. To tell the truth, I was just as glad. I was awfully tired of all the men I knew and it would be a relief to have somebody new.

Now if I had had a family in whom I could confide all my joys and sorrows I should have found out my mistake at once. But I knew instantly that mother would never in this world consent to my being engaged to a man before I'd met him, even if the Infant Tenderness was arranging it. But I did show the ring at school and the amazement was really pitiful. At a glance the girls could see that I was not fooling them with any ten-cent-store diamond, and when I showed my initials even the most skeptical doubted no longer. I promised to introduce them all to him at the party. I had told the Infant Tenderness that he just *had* to be here by that time. I wanted him to go with my new fur coat. But it wasn't until the very afternoon of the tea that he put in an appearance.

If a person is logical, what happened ought to be blamed on mother, because, as any one can see, if she had not cruelly kept me from riding in the automobile I should not have been on the street-car, and if I had not been on the street-car I should not have met Mr. Vincent. But mother is one of these people who can never be made to take the blame for anything, and she has dad so much under her thumb that he won't see how wrong she is.

As I say, it was on the street-car it happened. I had hardly taken my seat when my eye caught sight of an elegant-looking black bag near my feet inscribed with the initials V. Z. V. To say that I felt a distinct shock is putting it mildly. I knew that my fate was beside me. There could never in this world be two men whose initials were V. Z. V. It was some time before I could get up my courage to let my eyes travel up his well-kept trouser-leg to his English overcoat, past his neat but not gaudy blue tie to his chin. I was surprised at the kind of man the Infant Tenderness had picked out. It is well known that my taste in men runs to the football type, while this man looked—well, he had a mustache, for one thing. He was older than I had expected he would be, but after I had become more used to him I didn't know but what he was really better than a football star. His eyes were long and narrow, and he had a way of looking out of the corners of them; his mustache was little and pointed up—in fact, he was sort of *Satanic*-looking and dangerous. I coughed violently until he looked at me, but he did not seem to recognize me. However, when the conductor came for my fare he asked to be let off at Estes Place. Estes Place is our street, and as there are only three other houses besides ours, I felt that this was the right man. But I wasn't going to make any mistakes, so when we got off the car and started up the street I touched him on the elbow. Of course I know it is not considered the proper thing for an unprotected woman to

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HE WAS SORT OF SATANIC-LOOKING AND DANGEROUS

speak to a strange man, but was my future happiness not at stake?

"I beg your pardon," I ventured, "but aren't you going to the Vanes' house?"

He swung around and gave me a surprised look. "Why, yes, I am," said he, as if he were trying to find out how I knew.

"I thought you were," I said. "I'm going there myself. If you like I can show you the way."

"That would be very good of you."

His manners were a little stiff, but never mind, I could break him of that.

"You came to see Barbara Vane," I went on as we walked up the street. "You're engaged to her, aren't you?" I knew this was not a delicate thing to ask, but I *had* to know.

He became more stiff tnan ever. "You seem to know," he finally brought out. He then looked at me attentively. "Who in the name of— I beg your pardon, I mean—won't you please tell me who you are?"

"Oh, I'm just one of the Vane girls," I put him off airily. I wasn't going to tell him I was Barbara while I had on my sailor suit and my hair down. He would break the engagement right away. Just wait until I was dressed for the party! Besides, I had other things on my mind just then. What should I do with the man until time for the party? It would never do to take him into the house without preparing the family. To accomplish that peacefully would be too much to ask even of the Infant Tenderness. Then I thought I would put him in the garage. He would not suffer from the cold, and at four o'clock when it was time to go I could hide him in the limousine, which as a special favor I

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was going to be allowed to use. If he scrootched up on the floor Conrad would never see him when he took the car out. Fortunately, I knew Conrad was not in the garage because I'd heard Aunt Barbara talking to him about taking her somewhere at two o'clock. So, as we turned in at the drive I said, politely:

"Wouldn't you like to wait for Barbara in the garage?"

"In the— I beg your pardon?"

"In the garage. It's nice and warm, and you can sit in the car."

"I believe I would better go right to the house," he asserted, firmly. I saw there was nothing for it but to tell him the whole mortifying but romantic truth.

"No!" I cried. "Not to the house! I am not crazy, really. . You see, Barbara's family are awfully queer and strict. They will be very, very angry as soon as they find out that you are here. They don't approve of Barbara's engagement. They might do almost anything. And coming so suddenly — at least give her a chance to prepare them."

"But—good heavens! I wrote I was coming. Miss Vane expects me!"

"She never received the letter. Please, please trust me. At least just go into the garage until I can tell Barbara you are here and she can come out herself and bring you in. I can't take the responsibility."

"This is the queerest thing I ever heard of!" he exploded.

I saw he didn't seem to care for the garage idea at all. But at last I persuaded him to go in for only five minutes, then if Barbara didn't come for him he could run the risk himself. But after he was safely inside I quietly turned the key so he would not escape until I was ready. Then I went up-

"YOUR FATHER MUST ATTEND TO THIS. I CANNOT COPE WITH YOU"

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What is the Matter with the American Chemist?

BY L. H. BAEKELAND

Member of the Naval Consulting Board of the United States

UNTIL recently most Americans had rather vague ideas about chemists; the words chemist, druggist, pharmacist were current as popular synonyms. Then, almost overnight, as a by-product of the war, came the discovery that chemists are indispensable to a nation, whether for the needs of war or peace. Were there chemists in America, chemists who could accomplish things like the chemists of Germany? What of the famine in dye-stuffs? What had our colleges, universities, and technical schools been doing? These questions were raised with a panicky nervousness.

There *are* chemists in America, though few people seem aware of the fact. The American Chemical Society has a membership of much over eight thousand, equal to the combined membership of the English Chemical Society, the Deutsche Chemische Gesellschaft, and the Société Chimique de Paris. Without governmental aid or philanthropic subsidy, the American Chemical Society pays its own way and spends about $100,000 a year on no less than three separate publications, which are very much alive and in great demand the world over.

During the past fifteen years our engineering schools and universities have been turning out chemists quite as competent as the graduates of European institutions; in fact, discerning American manufacturers have come to prefer them. It is true that there was a time when Americans felt it essential to go to Germany for their chemical training, just as in his day Liebig found it necessary to go from Germany to Paris to round out his chemical education; but during recent years facilities for instruction in America have developed so rapidly that there is no longer any necessity for going abroad, and chemical students have become as numerous in our American schools as students of electrical engineering. Indeed, the balance has turned in our favor, and an increasing number of foreign students are coming from all parts of the world to seek their chemical training with us.

But if there are so many American chemists, what then is the matter with them? What have they accomplished? How are we to account for the sudden famine in dyes when the war cut off the German supply?

In chemistry, as in other practical matters, Americans have had the wisdom to direct their energies to the special needs and opportunities of their country. For instance, they have built up the greatest sulphuric-acid industry in the world. And they have given so much attention to sulphuric acid simply because it is a prime requisite for our superphosphate fertilizers, our petroleum refining, our explosives for blasting, and the numerous other substances of which the United States is the leading producer. Similarly, American chemists originated and developed the largest aluminum industry in the world, which supplies us with that lightest of all metals in ever-increasing quantities. They built up, from its very inception, the largest calcium-carbide industry, which furnishes us that new chemical for producing acetylene light, and which, mixed with oxygen, permits us to weld and cut metals by means of a burning jet of oxyacetylene—an entirely new way of cutting steel—melting it like butter, instead of slowly cutting or sawing it by mechanical devices. They built up

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the largest electrolytic soda industry, in which the powerful electrolytic current decomposes common kitchen salt and sets free that green gas chlorine, as well as caustic soda. The public hardly knew this chlorine gas before its horrible use in compressed, liquefied condition for trench warfare in the asphyxiating gas-bombs; its splendid uses for peace, as a purifier of our drinking-water supplies, as an antiseptic, and as a bleaching agent, were hardly ever spoken of. As to caustic soda, it is the base of soap-making, of mercerized cotton goods, of soda-pulp for our paper supplies, and it has endless other uses in chemical industries.

Our chemists were instrumental in providing us with the largest sulphite-cellulose industry, whereby wood is changed into the raw material from which paper is made, and with our immense petroleum refining industry—a succession of chemical treatments and chemical processes. Another American chemical industry is the manufacture of synthetic abrasives, like carborundum and alundum—striking improvements over the grinding materials found in nature. We owe to an American chemist the production of artificial graphite, one of the very essentials of the electro-chemical enterprises in which the United States is a pioneer as well as a pace-maker; for graphite "electrodes" and graphite "leaders" are the very entrance doors through which the electric current flows into electric furnaces or electrolyzers whenever the use of metals is impossible; so that "Acheson artificial graphite," made in Niagara Falls, has come to be a trade term in every country in the world where huge electrochemical works are in operation.

And as our chemists developed methods of utilizing our great natural supply of petroleum, and our enormous Niagara water-power, so they have built up a succession of enterprises which group themselves around the better utilization of corn and cotton-seed. For our chemists are co-operating with our farmers, and are deriving corn oil and cotton-seed oil, cattle feed, starch, glucose, and many other things as by-products of agriculture. They also invented and developed celluloid and the photographic film, the very base of that new prodigy, the motion-picture industry. They developed processes for the rapid tanning of leather which revolutionized the slower and more expensive older methods, reducing the process to as many days as it formerly took weeks or months; in this way they have built up one of the very largest leather industries in the world, with an output amounting to between $200,000,000 and $300,000,000 a year. In the mean time, their activities kept on ramifying through the endless network of other industries, most of which seem far removed from the field of chemistry. They improved and cheapened the manufacture of paints and varnishes, introduced system into our rubber industry, and modernized our immense cement industry, which under their stimulation has grown like a giant. Without entering into a too elaborate enumeration of the processes which they have either invented or developed, we can say that the most varied groups of American industries owe their origin or modernization to the energy and genius of American chemists.

And the point of this incomplete record will be missed unless the reader understands that it refers entirely to the period before the war. What has been accomplished under pressure of the war's new and unprecedented demand is enormous, but difficult to describe. Old chemical plants have been doubled, tripled, quadrupled in size and output. New plants, entirely new chemical industries, have been built up with feverish speed to supply the demands for chemicals formerly imported, or whose domestic consumption has increased beyond anything formerly dreamed of. The clear fact is that the American chemist is at last being recognized as one of the essential factors in the dawning economic independence of the United States.

But why, then, have our chemists not supplied us with the artificial dyes which we need so badly? It must be remembered that the dye problem is not primarily a technical problem at all. Given the economic inducement, any competent chemist can produce these dyes. Our real humiliation in this

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matter is merely another example of frenzied and short-sighted tariff jugglery, and ought to convince any who are still in doubt as to the absolute necessity of taking the tariff out of the hands of political amateurs and intrusting it to a permanent, non-political commission of experts, capable of seeing American industries in their right relation and larger perspective, and equally capable of placing the interests of the nation as a whole above the avarice of any particular section or group.

Our American chemists would have been in a position to supply all our requirements many times over if their activities had not been violently interfered with in 1883. Up to that time certain enterprising enthusiasts were, by the same patient methods pursued by the Germans, building up a coal-tar dye industry which might gradually have overtaken that of Germany, although the latter had a much earlier start. At that time, as now, the principal users of dyes were our textile manufacturers—rich, powerful concerns, all clamoring for increased tariff protection which they got and prospered mightily. But what they won for themselves they denied the dye manufacturers. To equalize competition with Germany, the dye producers asked for a tariff that would have meant an average increase in cost of *five cents* on the hundred dollars' worth of colored fabrics. This was the consideration for which our textile manufacturers made themselves dependent upon Germany. Some of the very concerns that in 1915 were clamoring loudest for dyes and plaintively asking, "What is the matter with our American chemists?" are the ones that destroyed our aniline-dye industry in its infancy.

For at best the making of dyes is a subsidiary industry, and the rewards of the dye manufacturer are not great as compared with scores of other enterprises. The value of dyes imported in 1914 was about $8,000,000—about $4,000,000 less than the value of chewing-gum annually manufactured in the United States, which yields a larger margin of profit. In an address before the United States Chamber of Commerce at Washington, February 5, 1915, Mr. Arthur D. Little said:

The gross business of a single chain of five-and-ten-cent stores in 1913 exceeded the entire export business of the whole German coal-tar color industry by $11,000,000. The sales of one mail-order house, in the same year, were far greater than the total output of all these German color-plants, and its last special dividend is about twice the amount of their total dividend payment in 1913. A camera company with about twice the capital of the largest German color company, the Badische, and with a government suit on its hands, earned during 1913 net profits of over $14,000,000, or two hundred and thirty per cent. on its preferred stock and over seventy per cent. on its common, while the Badische, with "the benevolent and appreciative support" of the German government, earned forty-five per cent. In that year the entire German industry paid $11,000,000 in dividends. A motor company, with one standardized product, does a greater annual business than all the German color-plants with their twelve hundred products, and earns four times their combined dividend while paying three times their wages.

But quite apart from its immediate financial importance or its effect upon our textile industries, the failure of American chemists to produce dyes is commonly referred to as a striking example of our wasteful national habits. For instance, in every school text-book on chemistry frequent reference is made to our waste of coal-tar—the waste being assumed primarily because we produce so little aniline dye. The fact is overlooked that for many years we had practically no coal-tar, that being a by-product of the older method of making illuminating gas by the distillation of coal, which, though still widely used in Europe, was long ago replaced in this country by the more direct and cheaper water-gas process. But coal-tar is also a by-product of coke, and it is true that there have lately been erected an increasing number of so-called *by-product coke ovens* which reclaim the gas and coal-tar. In 1916 the production of these ovens amounted to twenty million tons of coke; this year it will be almost doubled. But this was not always so. Coke is mainly used in steel manufacture, and the steel industry formerly got its coke from the "*beehive ovens*," which are considerably cheaper to build, easier to care for, and better adapted to a fluctuating demand. The change

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to the newer type, while it had begun before the war, was immensely stimulated by the demand for the by-products to be used in the manufacture of explosives. When men set out to kill one another, nothing is too expensive. One of these by-products, carbolic acid, for instance, when used as an antiseptic in times of peace, is a drug on the market at seven to eight cents a pound, but fortunes have lately been made in selling it at from $1.50 to $1.75 a pound for use in the production of the eagerly sought explosive picric acid.

Before the war our steel manufacturers got their coke in the cheapest and most direct way—from the old beehive ovens. Had they attempted to conserve the by-products at their former market value, they would have been guilty of economic waste. It is not generally known that a few years ago one of the largest German banks, seconded by a staff of the ablest German engineers, tried to show us how to be less wasteful by putting modern German coke-ovens into operation here. In trying to teach us, they themselves learned a lesson at the cost of several million dollars—the lesson that a system well adapted to one country is not necessarily advantageous to another where market conditions are different. Under our normal American conditions, the only economic solution of this problem of *waste* lay in the field of invention. And here our American chemists succeeded better than the Germans.

If you distil coal-tar you do not get coal-tar dyes directly; these have to be made by various steps and complicated intermediate processes, but you obtain several chemical substances which form the starting-point of the whole coal-tar industry. From these original products more than a thousand different dyes and chemical compounds can be produced by torturing the chemical molecules in various ways—by building them up, by splitting them, or again by dovetailing them, so to speak, one into another, as a skilful cabinet-maker, with a few varieties of wood and metal, can work wonders; or as a clever architect, by the use of bricks, stones, and mortar, can raise any variety of buildings, in which the brick and stone represent the atoms of the chemist's molecule; the mortar, the chemical affinity which groups these atoms and keeps them together, and in which the shape and nature of the building represent the special kind of molecules which characterizes every one of the chemicals or artificial dyes now in existence. For instance, for every ton of coal you distil while making gas and coke you get a certain amount of ammonia, which is used for operating refrigerating machines, or finds a market as a fertilizer or for the manufacture of other chemical derivatives; you also obtain black coal-tar, which by redistillation gives varying proportions of a colorless liquid called benzol or benzene, another liquid called toluol or toluene, and xylol, and some others, also creosote, which is mainly used for impregnating railroad ties so as to make them proof against rotting. In the distillate there is also a certain proportion of that white, crystalline, strong-smelling substance naphthaline; and, as a sister product, another crystalline substance called anthracene, used in the manufacture of so-called alizarine dyes. Alongside of all these products the distillation of tar gives some carbolic acid, and after the operation there remains a relatively large quantity of pitch in the still. A coal-tar distiller who wants to run his industry profitably must find ways to dispose of each and all of his secondary by-products at remunerative prices. This is not always an easy thing to do. For instance, in Germany in 1909 there was an over-production of pitch, naphthaline, and benzol. The price of pitch dropped so low that the distillers did not know what to do with it. They tried to develop the market for pitch as a substitute for coal, but the cost of transportation made this impracticable. Benzol and naphthaline were also difficult to dispose of in the ordinary ways. In their desperation, the German coal-tar distillers resorted to the device of mixing cheap benzol and naphthaline with costly alcohol so as to produce a mixture that could be used as a fuel in motor-cars instead of gasolene, which is a more efficient and cheaper fuel—a striking example of waste through inferior use.

Now compare the manner in which our American chemists handled the same

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stairs and indulged in dressing myself for the party. My room being a back one I had intended to keep an eye on the garage, but I had hardly begun to dress when something occurred which temporarily took my mind off of V. Z. V. Elizabeth knocked on my door. She would not have bothered to knock except that I had the door locked, which is why I locked it. I now opened it a crack.

"Barbie," began Elizabeth, sweetly, "I just stopped to see if you have everything you need for the party."

"Yes, thanks just the same, I have." My tone may not have been as cordial as it might, but Elizabeth's manner made me suspicious.

"Don't you want to wear my bracelet?" she offered.

I hesitated, but I decided it was not safe to accept. And a good thing for me I didn't.

"Oh, by the way!" Elizabeth turned back as if she had suddenly remembered something. "Paul's mother has asked me over for dinner to-night and mother said she knew you would let me wear your coat."

"My new coat? My *sealskin?*"

"Yes. I'll be awfully careful."

"But I've never even worn it myself!"

"I won't hurt it."

"I want to wear it myself. The *thé dansant* is this afternoon."

"Yes, I know. But you have your blue coat."

"That skimpy thing? I should say not!"

"I think you might! You're as mean as you can be." Elizabeth's voice had changed from her kind tone and become peevish. "It's tremendously important that I make a good impression on Paul's family. Mother said you'd lend me your coat."

"Then mother didn't know." I shut the door and locked it again. "You never lend me a blooming thing," I added through the keyhole.

"You always go and take my things without asking," Elizabeth shouted. But I began to sing "Tipperary" as loud as I could. When I stopped Elizabeth had gone away. But I might have known she would get me yet.

When I had finished dressing and was going down-stairs, admiring the sweep of my coat on the steps, my attention was attracted by loud voices in the library. Conrad was barking away as if he had caught a rat. I rushed down-stairs and into the room. Conrad was holding V. Z. V. by the coat-collar in a way that took from V. Z. V. all of his dignity. He looked kind of shrunken, and his arms hung out of his coat-sleeves like a scarecrow's. I began to wonder if the Infant Tenderness hadn't picked out kind of a dry raisin for me. Across the room, looking surprised but still efficient, mother was glaring at him in a way that must have made his toes curl. Elizabeth was there, too, all dressed to go out.

"Yes, ma'am," Conrad was shouting, "in the garage, ma'am. He was pounding on the door and kicking it, ma'am, and the varnish is completely wore off at one place. He said a 'fool girl' shut him in. Mrs. Vane, I think the fellow's escaped from somewhere."

It was an awful mistake. There was but one thing for me to do and that was to explain the whole situation and trust the Infant Tenderness to make it come out right, although V. Z. V. did not really deserve to be helped after calling attention to himself by kicking the garage door and calling me a "fool girl." But I shut my eyes and clasped my hands in the attitude of meditation, silently asking for help. Then I said:

"Conrad, let go of this man's collar. He is not insane. He is telling the truth. I put him in the garage."

As I spoke mother's face changed from sternness to amazement. "I might have known you were in this, Barbara!" She sank into a chair.

Conrad let go of V. Z. V.'s collar and stared at me. "He did kick all the varnish off, ma'am," he gurgled weakly.

V. Z. V. shook himself like a dog coming out of the water, and pulled down his sleeves. I cannot say that his expression, as he looked at me, was that supposed to be used by an engaged man toward his fiancée. But of course, he didn't know I was his fiancée.

"Conrad has made a hideous mistake," I stated to mother. "This man is my chosen husband. I am engaged to

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him." And I held out to her the hand with my diamond ring on it.

Mother covered her face with her hands. "What—what have I done to deserve this?" she uttered, brokenly. She had done a great deal, but no use to tell her. "Who *is* this man?"

"I don't know his name. But his initials—" I was interrupted by another groan from mother, a louder one.

"She cannot be speaking the truth!" Mother turned to Elizabeth.

"Just like her," Elizabeth said.

But I paid no more attention to them. I turned to V. Z. V. "I am Barbara Vane," I explained, smiling.

My fiancé was struggling with all kinds of emotions at once. He hardly knew what to say. But finally he roared, hoarsely, "Where did you get that ring?"

"It's the one you sent me," I smiled.

At his next words my belief in the Infant Tenderness began to crumble. He was positively disrespectful to me.

"Good gracious! Engaged to that—chit? I never saw her before to-day, when for some unaccountable reason she shut me in the garage. I don't know what the matter is, but she has stolen Miss Vane's ring—"

It was just at this moment that my aunt Barbara's voice was heard in the hall. "Mercia," she was calling to mother, "where are you? Victor didn't come! I don't know what to think. We waited for the other train, but he didn't—" She came to the portières and paused. "Why, *here* you are!" she cried. "Why, what's the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter now you're here," Victor—it seemed that was his name—sighed in relief. "But I've had the deuce of a mess."

There is no use for me to try to tell the following events in order, for every one spoke at once, and in such loud and un-Christian tones that I shouldn't care to repeat what they said, anyway. I tried to explain about the Infant Tenderness, but they would not, or could not, understand. Aunt Barbara fairly tore the ring off my finger. She claimed that it was her engagement-ring which she had left to be cleaned, and that she had been going to call up about it that very day because it hadn't come. She also claimed that Victor was the civil engineer she was going to marry. Well, she was welcome to him. I only hope he will not ruin her life.

"Barbara," mother said at last, "take off your coat. You are not going to Miss Field's party."

"Not going to the *thé dansant?*"

"Surely you did not expect to after this, did you?" Mother's voice was cruel and cutting. "Take off your coat and sit down. I want you to *try* to explain—"

Her words poised in midair. I had removed the coat. She saw the pink dress. "Where—where—" she stammered.

"There!" I cried. "This will prove it! *This* is one of the things the Infant Tenderness gave me."

"Oh, Barbara, how can you tell such dreadful— That is the dress I bought for Elizabeth, Mercia. You know I've been fussing because it hadn't come." It was my aunt Barbara speaking. At her words I saw that there was no faith anywhere.

"Barbara," spoke mother, wearily, "go to your room. Your father must attend to this. I cannot cope with you."

As I turned to go, Elizabeth, stepped forward. "Since you're not going to wear your coat, I'll just take it," she said, and, before I could make a motion, she had slipped it off of my arm. I turned to her fiercely, but a look from mother told me it was no use. And as I left the room I heard the last blow fall.

"You were right, Mercia," my aunt Barbara was saying, "about that child's being too young for a dinner dance. I'll countermand the order for the invitations this afternoon."

From my up-stairs window I have watched Elizabeth go down the street with Paul. My coat rippled and flared around her. It was a dream. It made even Elizabeth good-looking. A vision of how I ought to have been starting out came over me and I could not help throwing myself down on the bed and weeping bitter tears. I rose up a changed woman. Life will never be the same to me again since that half-hour. I have learned something I shall never forget. There is no justice in the world. After this I am an unbeliever.

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the largest electrolytic soda industry, in which the powerful electrolytic current decomposes common kitchen salt and sets free that green gas chlorine, as well as caustic soda. The public hardly knew this chlorine gas before its horrible use in compressed, liquefied condition for trench warfare in the asphyxiating gas-bombs; its splendid uses for peace, as a purifier of our drinking-water supplies, as an antiseptic, and as a bleaching agent, were hardly ever spoken of. As to caustic soda, it is the base of soap-making, of mercerized cotton goods, of soda-pulp for our paper supplies, and it has endless other uses in chemical industries.

Our chemists were instrumental in providing us with the largest sulphite-cellulose industry, whereby wood is changed into the raw material from which paper is made, and with our immense petroleum refining industry—a succession of chemical treatments and chemical processes. Another American chemical industry is the manufacture of synthetic abrasives, like carborundum and alundum—striking improvements over the grinding materials found in nature. We owe to an American chemist the production of artificial graphite, one of the very essentials of the electro-chemical enterprises in which the United States is a pioneer as well as a pace-maker; for graphite "electrodes" and graphite "leaders" are the very entrance doors through which the electric current flows into electric furnaces or electrolyzers whenever the use of metals is impossible; so that "Acheson artificial graphite," made in Niagara Falls, has come to be a trade term in every country in the world where huge electrochemical works are in operation.

And as our chemists developed methods of utilizing our great natural supply of petroleum, and our enormous Niagara water-power, so they have built up a succession of enterprises which group themselves around the better utilization of corn and cotton-seed. For our chemists are co-operating with our farmers, and are deriving corn oil and cotton-seed oil, cattle feed, starch, glucose, and many other things as by-products of agriculture. They also invented and developed celluloid and the photographic film, the very base of that new prodigy, the motion-picture industry. They developed processes for the rapid tanning of leather which revolutionized the slower and more expensive older methods, reducing the process to as many days as it formerly took weeks or months; in this way they have built up one of the very largest leather industries in the world, with an output amounting to between $200,000,000 and $300,000,000 a year. In the mean time, their activities kept on ramifying through the endless network of other industries, most of which seem far removed from the field of chemistry. They improved and cheapened the manufacture of paints and varnishes, introduced system into our rubber industry, and modernized our immense cement industry, which under their stimulation has grown like a giant. Without entering into a too elaborate enumeration of the processes which they have either invented or developed, we can say that the most varied groups of American industries owe their origin or modernization to the energy and genius of American chemists.

And the point of this incomplete record will be missed unless the reader understands that it refers entirely to the period before the war. What has been accomplished under pressure of the war's new and unprecedented demand is enormous, but difficult to describe. Old chemical plants have been doubled, tripled, quadrupled in size and output. New plants, entirely new chemical industries, have been built up with feverish speed to supply the demands for chemicals formerly imported, or whose domestic consumption has increased beyond anything formerly dreamed of. The clear fact is that the American chemist is at last being recognized as one of the essential factors in the dawning economic independence of the United States.

But why, then, have our chemists not supplied us with the artificial dyes which we need so badly? It must be remembered that the dye problem is not primarily a technical problem at all. Given the economic inducement, any competent chemist can produce these dyes. Our real humiliation in this

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matter is merely another example of frenzied and short-sighted tariff jugglery, and ought to convince any who are still in doubt as to the absolute necessity of taking the tariff out of the hands of political amateurs and intrusting it to a permanent, non-political commission of experts, capable of seeing American industries in their right relation and larger perspective, and equally capable of placing the interests of the nation as a whole above the avarice of any particular section or group.

Our American chemists would have been in a position to supply all our requirements many times over if their activities had not been violently interfered with in 1883. Up to that time certain enterprising enthusiasts were, by the same patient methods pursued by the Germans, building up a coal-tar dye industry which might gradually have overtaken that of Germany, although the latter had a much earlier start. At that time, as now, the principal users of dyes were our textile manufacturers—rich, powerful concerns, all clamoring for increased tariff protection which they got and prospered mightily. But what they won for themselves they denied the dye manufacturers. To equalize competition with Germany, the dye producers asked for a tariff that would have meant an average increase in cost of *five cents* on the hundred dollars' worth of colored fabrics. This was the consideration for which our textile manufacturers made themselves dependent upon Germany. Some of the very concerns that in 1915 were clamoring loudest for dyes and plaintively asking, "What is the matter with our American chemists?" are the ones that destroyed our aniline-dye industry in its infancy.

For at best the making of dyes is a subsidiary industry, and the rewards of the dye manufacturer are not great as compared with scores of other enterprises. The value of dyes imported in 1914 was about $8,000,000—about $4,000,000 less than the value of chewing-gum annually manufactured in the United States, which yields a larger margin of profit. In an address before the United States Chamber of Commerce at Washington, February 5, 1915, Mr. Arthur D. Little said:

> The gross business of a single chain of five-and-ten-cent stores in 1913 exceeded the entire export business of the whole German coal-tar color industry by $11,000,000. The sales of one mail-order house, in the same year, were far greater than the total output of all these German color-plants, and its last special dividend is about twice the amount of their total dividend payment in 1913. A camera company with about twice the capital of the largest German color company, the Badische, and with a government suit on its hands, earned during 1913 net profits of over $14,000,000, or two hundred and thirty per cent. on its preferred stock and over seventy per cent. on its common, while the Badische, with "the benevolent and appreciative support" of the German government, earned forty-five per cent. In that year the entire German industry paid $11,000,000 in dividends. A motor company, with one standardized product, does a greater annual business than all the German color-plants with their twelve hundred products, and earns four times their combined dividend while paying three times their wages.

But quite apart from its immediate financial importance or its effect upon our textile industries, the failure of American chemists to produce dyes is commonly referred to as a striking example of our wasteful national habits. For instance, in every school text-book on chemistry frequent reference is made to our waste of coal-tar—the waste being assumed primarily because we produce so little aniline dye. The fact is overlooked that for many years we had practically no coal-tar, that being a by-product of the older method of making illuminating gas by the distillation of coal, which, though still widely used in Europe, was long ago replaced in this country by the more direct and cheaper water-gas process. But coal-tar is also a by-product of coke, and it is true that there have lately been erected an increasing number of so-called *by-product coke ovens* which reclaim the gas and coal-tar. In 1916 the production of these ovens amounted to twenty million tons of coke; this year it will be almost doubled. But this was not always so. Coke is mainly used in steel manufacture, and the steel industry formerly got its coke from the "*beehive ovens*," which are considerably cheaper to build, easier to care for, and better adapted to a fluctuating demand. The change

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to the newer type, while it had begun before the war, was immensely stimulated by the demand for the by-products to be used in the manufacture of explosives. When men set out to kill one another, nothing is too expensive. One of these by-products, carbolic acid, for instance, when used as an antiseptic in times of peace, is a drug on the market at seven to eight cents a pound, but fortunes have lately been made in selling it at from $1.50 to $1.75 a pound for use in the production of the eagerly sought explosive picric acid.

Before the war our steel manufacturers got their coke in the cheapest and most direct way—from the old beehive ovens. Had they attempted to conserve the by-products at their former market value, they would have been guilty of economic waste. It is not generally known that a few years ago one of the largest German banks, seconded by a staff of the ablest German engineers, tried to show us how to be less wasteful by putting modern German coke-ovens into operation here. In trying to teach us, they themselves learned a lesson at the cost of several million dollars—the lesson that a system well adapted to one country is not necessarily advantageous to another where market conditions are different. Under our normal American conditions, the only economic solution of this problem of *waste* lay in the field of invention. And here our American chemists succeeded better than the Germans.

If you distil coal-tar you do not get coal-tar dyes directly; these have to be made by various steps and complicated intermediate processes, but you obtain several chemical substances which form the starting-point of the whole coal-tar industry. From these original products more than a thousand different dyes and chemical compounds can be produced by torturing the chemical molecules in various ways—by building them up, by splitting them, or again by dovetailing them, so to speak, one into another, as a skilful cabinet-maker, with a few varieties of wood and metal, can work wonders; or as a clever architect, by the use of bricks, stones, and mortar, can raise any variety of buildings, in which the brick and stone represent the atoms of the chemist's molecule; the mortar, the chemical affinity which groups these atoms and keeps them together, and in which the shape and nature of the building represent the special kind of molecules which characterizes every one of the chemicals or artificial dyes now in existence. For instance, for every ton of coal you distil while making gas and coke you get a certain amount of ammonia, which is used for operating refrigerating machines, or finds a market as a fertilizer or for the manufacture of other chemical derivatives; you also obtain black coal-tar, which by redistillation gives varying proportions of a colorless liquid called benzol or benzene, another liquid called toluol or toluene, and xylol, and some others, also creosote, which is mainly used for impregnating railroad ties so as to make them proof against rotting. In the distillate there is also a certain proportion of that white, crystalline, strong-smelling substance naphthaline; and, as a sister product, another crystalline substance called anthracene, used in the manufacture of so-called alizarine dyes. Alongside of all these products the distillation of tar gives some carbolic acid, and after the operation there remains a relatively large quantity of pitch in the still. A coal-tar distiller who wants to run his industry profitably must find ways to dispose of each and all of his secondary by-products at remunerative prices. This is not always an easy thing to do. For instance, in Germany in 1909 there was an over-production of pitch, naphthaline, and benzol. The price of pitch dropped so low that the distillers did not know what to do with it. They tried to develop the market for pitch as a substitute for coal, but the cost of transportation made this impracticable. Benzol and naphthaline were also difficult to dispose of in the ordinary ways. In their desperation, the German coal-tar distillers resorted to the device of mixing cheap benzol and naphthaline with costly alcohol so as to produce a mixture that could be used as a fuel in motor-cars instead of gasolene, which is a more efficient and cheaper fuel—a striking example of waste through inferior use.

Now compare the manner in which our American chemists handled the same

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problem. They had been practically excluded from the dye market by the successful lobbying of our textile manufacturers; to use coal-tar economically they had to create new products and new markets. With pitch they created and developed an important and flourishing new industry, which is scarcely beginning to be known in Europe—the manufacture of tar roofing and tar paper, of incalculable value for barns and other cheaper construction. With naphthaline they invented, under the poetic name of *moth-balls*, an excellent substitute for the incomparably more expensive Japanese camphor, known to every housewife. As for benzol and its associate toluol, our chemists discovered that these liquids could be adapted with great profit to the manufacture of paints and varnishes in place of more expensive turpentine, which the Germans kept importing while they wasted alcohol in converting their surplus benzol and toluol into an extravagant motor fuel. Of course, tar roofing, moth-balls, and varnish have not the alluring sound of beautiful aniline dyes; but their invention at least clearly shows that our dyestuff famine was not due to lack of resourcefulness of our chemists.

But it would be short-sightedness to belittle the fact so incontrovertibly established by the war that it is dangerous for our country to be dependent upon others for any of its essential supplies. The lack of that $8,000,000 worth of coal-tar dyes which we used to import and from which the war suddenly cut us off has played havoc with many of our most important industries to which dyes, even where used in relatively small quantities, are as indispensable as bats in a baseball game. It is the strategic character of the dye industry that makes it so very important; this is so well understood abroad that Prof. C. H. Herty, president of the American Chemical Society, was recently able to show that after the war Germany intends to use every conceivable means, not only to maintain her dyestuff supremacy, but also to use it as a powerful weapon to paralyze the textile industries of other countries that compete with her own. From an article of February 1, 1916, in the *Farber-Zeitung*, of Berlin, he quotes the following paragraphs:

> The German coal-tar dyestuff industry ought, after the conclusion of peace, to be permitted to sell dyestuffs only in Germany and Austria, in Turkey and Bulgaria, until the German textile factories are again fully occupied and all warehouses and stores and all consumers are again supplied with good white, dyed, and printed goods. Only then should it be permissible to furnish German coal-tar dyestuffs to neutral or hostile foreign countries.
>
> If foreign countries begin again too soon to receive good German coal-tar dyestuffs, they might easily ruin the business of the German export trade in finished products.
>
> For the German coal-tar dyestuff industry there are probably two other points to be considered: first, this industry and the German industry in coal-tar products would for the present have no right to sell raw material and by-products to foreign countries, in order not to create unnecessary competition; and, besides, it would be permissible to furnish dyestuffs to America only if the American government should promise to bury for a long time the unjustifiable so-called anti-trust question in connection with aniline-dye interests.

Are our textile manufacturers sufficiently awake to the danger of dependence upon foreign competitors for their essential supply of dyestuffs to make some slight sacrifices in behalf of American dye manufacturers who, with their co-operation, can forever assure them an adequate home supply of dyes?

And, quite apart from these questions, other considerations of such great national moment enter into the dye problem that the development of the industry should not be left to the sole arbitrament of the dyestuff consumers. Much is made of Germany's pre-eminent preparedness at the opening of the war, which is frequently cited in criticism of our American chemists. But in the manufacture of explosives, for example, Germany had an immense advantage over other countries because her dye-works could instantly be adapted to the production of explosives and other war materials. Not only the equipment, but also many of the operations required in the manufacture of synthetic dyes, are readily adaptable to the manufacture of explosives. For this reason a well-established dye industry would be a

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powerful asset for our country in time of war. With such an industry we should not only have the physical equipment, but we should also have the necessary staff of experts and skilled workers which the large-scale production of explosives requires. An American dye industry must be considered not only as an adjunct to the manufacture of textiles, but as an essential part of any programme of preparedness for national defense.

This dual aspect attaches to many other products whose manufacture in America has been started or immensely stimulated by the war. In order to be prepared at the moment of national danger we shall have to devise ways of conserving the industries we have recently built up by making them interchangeable instruments of peaceful commerce and national defense. The case of nitric acid produced from the air is another one in point. A plant established solely for the production of nitric acid, and capable of providing us with the immense amounts of this chemical required in times of war, would be a white elephant in times of peace, when the demand for nitric acid is trifling compared with the present demand. But by developing a great industry for producing nitrogen fertilizer, for which there is always an abundant market, we should not only make ourselves independent of Chilean saltpeter, but at the first sign of war we could promptly adapt the whole industry to the production of nitric acid for explosives.

Any one visiting Niagara Falls these days will pass through a group of the greatest electrochemical industries in the world, brought there by the vast supply of electric power. It is here that what are called "ferro alloys" are made by chemical reactions produced under the powerful agency of the electric current. These electrochemical processes have increased our metal-working industries threefold. For instance, the electrochemical products ferro-tungsten and ferro-vanadium, used in so-called high-speed tools, which are made from steel alloys, are so hard and so little fusible that they still have a cutting edge at temperatures where ordinary tools soften and begin to melt on account of the friction if run at unusually high speed. In fact, drills made of such alloys can be used so fast that they get red-hot and still perform their work.

Most of the better grades of steel made now in the United States—which, by the way, is the largest steel producer of the world—are obtained by the aid of ferro-silicon produced from Niagara electric power by special chemical processes. Ferro-chrome, another electrochemical alloy, is the hardening material of armor-plate and armor-piercing shells. Every modern battle-ship carries many tons of it. Up to a few years ago we were dependent on foreign countries for half of our requirements, but now, notwithstanding the enormously increased consumption, we are producing every bit of it at Niagara Falls. And it is these electrochemical products themselves which make the further development of electrochemistry possible. By refining copper through the electrochemical process—converting it into what is called electrolytic copper—its electric conductivity is greatly increased, and it becomes the most important raw material used in the construction of the mammoth electric generators. Silicon-steel, another product of our electrochemical industries, is used in our electric transformers, a very essential part of all our electric lighting and electric power plants. In the same way, artificial graphite, born from a chemical process through electricity, as a stalwart son, is paying back its debts to its parents by furnishing one of the most essential materials for the further development of electrochemical processes.

What does this mean to our industries? I can do no better than quote the words of Mr. F. J. Tone, a leading electrochemist of Niagara Falls:

> One of the big Western automobile manufacturers plans during 1916 to put out 1,000 cars per day. In the factories of that company grinding-machines form about 25 per cent. of the tool equipment. The crank shafts are roughed and finished with grinding-wheels, the cylinders are bored with grinding-wheels. It takes 500 wheels per month to grind forgings alone. If we could conceive that these works were forced to go back to the grindstone and were at the same time deprived of high-speed tool steel, aluminum, oxyacetylene welding, and other products

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produced by Niagara power, it is not an exaggeration to say that their output would drop from 1,000 to 100 cars a day with the same plant equipment and the same number of workmen. The cost of the car would be multiplied by ten, which simply means that there would be no automobile industry.

Aluminum and calcium carbide, the largest of the electrochemical industries from the point of the power consumed and value of the products, were first made possible by Niagara power, and on these products, as well as other Niagara products, such as bleaching-powder, alkali, chlorine, phosphorus, graphite, sodium, and cyanides, depends a whole line of America's basic industries.

Again, the problem is not one of the alertness or capacity of our American chemists, but of economic inducement. The growth in number and size of our chemical industries during the past year in response to the European demand has been nothing short of marvelous. For instance, in 1916, in one single concern, which a year before did not exist except in the minds of the chemical engineers who planned it, eight hundred tons of nitrate of sodium were used every day for making nitric acid. Imagine a long row of one hundred and forty big stills, with their brick furnaces and condensers, of which every one receives a charge of two tons of sodium nitrate and a corresponding amount of sulphuric acid three times a day—probably the largest single nitric-acid works in the world. Again, a million pounds of nitro-cellulose, or gun-cotton, were being produced daily in a plant erected in a place where the year before there were only pine woods. In 1916 the United States produced half a million barrels of crude benzole from our coke-ovens, and this year will produce about one million barrels; afterward still more. Products which before the war were not manufactured in the United States—as, for instance, synthetic phenol (carbolic acid)—are being turned out in record-breaking quantities; and, indeed, the same thing is measurably true of certain artificial dyes which, under fair business protection, are destined to be the forerunners of many others as soon as plants and equipment can be provided.

Never has a country had such excellent opportunities for developing its chemical industries. No other country possesses such an abundance of the raw materials required: sulphur deposits in Louisiana so rich that they practically dictate the price of sulphur throughout the world; salt-mines distributed right and left throughout the States; immense coal-deposits, petroleum, natural gas—all sources of fuel much cheaper than anything existing in Europe—to say nothing of our reserves of even cheaper fuel, such as peat and lignite, which are still awaiting utilization; minerals of every kind from which the greatest diversity of chemical raw materials can be extracted; water-powers widely distributed, undeveloped, or thus far inefficiently developed, but only awaiting a little more system in our laws and a little more co-operation between owners and users to revolutionize the cost of production. Beyond all this we have a home market without an equal; and we have enough able chemists and engineers eager to do their share in the building up of our chemical industries.

Shall we live up to our opportunity? It depends even more upon the kind of men who are at the business end of our chemical enterprises than upon the chemists themselves. I look with considerable apprehension to the future of some of the ventures that have been started by men who consider their chemists merely as temporarily useful speculative tools, and who stand ready to sacrifice the enterprises and everything connected with them as soon as they have been able to "cash in" their profits. If some of these enterprises are to be transformed from quick-money speculations to permanent national assets, it is of the first importance that they should have among their directors chemists as well as business men, bankers, and lawyers.

The great chemical enterprises of the world which stand as models have always had prominent chemists among their directors, but I have known too many instances where serious technical difficulties were not estimated at their proper value, and where loss, and even complete failure, have resulted because of the technical ignorance of the directors. Of course it would be equally foolish to expect that

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every director in a chemical enterprise should be a full-fledged chemist, but the directorate as a whole should be in a position, through the technical knowledge of some of its members, to appraise and overcome the difficulties latent in the technical problems with which all such enterprises are inevitably confronted.

It is also necessary that new chemical enterprises be properly financed. The most successful chemical enterprises of the world have been started in a small way. At first sight this would seem an unequivocal advantage; in reality it often proves a serious disadvantage to the conscientious man looking for financial support. Our banks are usually prompt to back what promise to be vast enterprises, but they look with skepticism upon small-scale projects. One of the reasons for this is that they lack the organization that would enable them promptly and inexpensively to investigate the potential merits of such small scientific undertakings, with the result that, when a chemist has a good idea, he has to look for private financial backers.

It is in this direction especially that Germany has set us an example in industrial preparedness, for her large banks long ago mastered the art of nursing new chemical industries. A number of the German banking institutions have their staff of scientific experts whom they regularly consult about any new scientific projects that come before them for support. To these experts the chemist or inventor can talk freely in his own scientific language and can explain his ideas without fear of having his appeal blocked by the hopeless technical or scientific ignorance of the bank directors, and also without having to resort to the trick of playing upon their imaginations with fairy stories and exaggerated promises. Imagine what it would mean to the American chemist if he knew that respectable banks would back him in any legitimate enterprise, however small, provided he could demonstrate to their experts that what he proposed had a reasonable prospect of success. The prestige of the bank alone would give him confidence in his work and safeguard him against the destructive competition to which his established competitors might subject him. Our American banks know how to float railroad projects, loans, real-estate deals, and they are accustomed to deal with great established enterprises; but they have not yet begun to learn how to encourage and support those beginning enterprises, based on new scientific discoveries, which are most likely to grow to powerful maturity if permitted to start on a small scale.

The German dye industry furnishes an example of the kind of support needed. It has been built up through long years of practical experience and patient development, and maintained by a group of solidly organized and harmonized factories, all working hand in hand, interlocking in their various lines of manufacture, and interlocking as well in their methods of distribution both at home and abroad. They have been built up not alone by chemists, but by painstaking business men and bankers. And in this way they have been supported by a clearly conceived and rather centralized governmental policy, which has identified their prosperity with the prosperity of the nation. German dye manufacturers have not been hampered in their struggle for the control of the world's market by a Sherman Law, nor by any fear of transgressing laws against "Kartels," restraint of trade, or selling agreements, freezing-out processes, dumping, or any other devices to meet and overcome foreign competition.

As in the case between the textile and dyestuff manufacturers, so with respect to the whole range of our chemical enterprises, there are national considerations that make it imperative that their conservation and development should not be left to the determination of isolated groups or special interests fighting each other relentlessly. Toward the future the American chemist is ready and competent to contribute his full share; but he alone cannot meet the demands of the situation.

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Nemesis

BY ALICE BROWN

FOR a long time, though he had written of other things—and indeed this had hardly tempted him, being too colossal for his type of fiction—he had thought absorbedly of Nemesis. He was Alan Scarsdale, now over forty, who had reached an exalted plane of novel-writing where he found himself grouped with three or four pre-eminent men of letters, and only he could have told whether he hoped to quit even their austere company and climb on, to the apex of renown. When he began to think about Nemesis with a personal and vital receptiveness, all the events of his life seemed to have crowded to a focus, and he could trace back the lines from their meeting-point to the causes of things, and so learn, in a fascination even greater than the glamour of early love, the roads that lead to rewards and punishment. The law itself he adored for its delicate precision and iron strength. And after he had followed its course as it affected his life and those immediate to him, it occurred to him that, since Nemesis always paid in kind, it might be possible, by noting the transgression, to guard against penalty.

This was about the time that his wife, who was of an abnormally sensitive nature, degenerating through sheer laxness of will into physical cowardice, failed to answer her mother's summons to join her abroad. The mother, too, was a victim of fancies and a permanent malaise of living. She had traveled for years in search of serenity and to avoid herself, and now she wrote her daughter that she was sure the end was near. Would Mildred come? Mildred had no reason to believe the crisis was more acute than it had been for years. Besides, she too was having crises of her own; so she wrote comforting letters from week to week and delayed her going. Then the mother, to Mildred's grief and ingenuous surprise, really did fulfil what seemed only an hysterical threat, really did die; and from her journal, sent home with other effects, it was evident that she had died feeling herself deserted. Alan, who had to encounter the pathetic survival and classifying of the things she had owned and lived with, read the journal and took upon himself the responsibility of keeping it from his wife. It would, he knew, bring down upon her a crushing anguish. She had not meant to desert the dying woman, but her apathy and delay had compassed that effect; and Nemesis, he knew, would not consider extenuating circumstances. It was then that he began to seek about for means to evade the penalty. He reasoned that, if you knew what sin you had committed, you might possibly effect some compensating balance, and invoke Nemesis on the side of reward, not of punishment. You might equalize the penalty by some adequate good. Mildred, he believed, had, however innocently, deserted her mother. Therefore Mildred would, probably in the last stages of her own life, find herself deserted or at least feel herself so. Not even Nemesis could help it, unless indeed the scale could be made to tip the other way, perhaps by some inconceivable sacrifice of his own.

One afternoon, as he walked home by the city streets, glamourously beautiful under lights through a falling snow, he was thinking of these things and his hope of outwitting destiny, his mind all a softness of compassion over Mildred and her helplessness in the face of these big powers. She had never ceased to pull at his heart through her beauty and inability to defend herself from the forces she innocently invoked. He let himself in, and ran up-stairs to her sitting-room, where he knew exactly how he should find her, in a languor of endurance perpetually though innocently appealing to him. But the scene was startlingly

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of another sort. The room had lost its air of cloistered defense. The lights were not low; they were brilliant within their amber shades and they had paled the fireshine by contrast. Mildred herself was not on her couch, a harmony in lace and the delicate bloom of silk; she was pacing back and forth through the room. There was even a flush on her cheeks, and the movement with which she turned to him was girlish and abrupt. He was used, when he came in, to recalling her from some elusive, wistful atmosphere of her own, and even hesitatingly opening before her the sheaf of news he might have gathered. But now she had her own news to proffer.

"Alan," said she, in a tone he had not heard from her for years, "Annette has come, little Annette."

For the moment he did not remember who Annette was. Then it came to him. Annette was a younger cousin of Mildred's, many times removed. She had visited them years ago in her short-dress and pig-tail stage, an awkward girl with a talent for the piano and open-eyed wonder over the junketings they gave her, for she lived in an obscure town and she was poor.

"Of course," said he, at a loss over the significance of the arrival, "Annette."

Meanwhile he was persuading his wife to her sofa, and she allowed herself to be seated there and drew him down beside her.

"Annette," she went on, with eager interest, "has come to study the piano. She has saved a little money—earned it, dear child; I wouldn't ask her how—some grubby drudgery—her poor little hands!—they're so ill-kept!—and she's taken a room at the woman's exchange, and just called here to say how-d'ye-do."

"Yes," said Alan, "I see."

"Alan," said his wife, "she's a dear, a perfect dear. And it came over me while she sat telling her little story—she's tremendously happy, you must know, in her tiny room with a chance to practise at some conservatory—it came over me if we had had a daughter she might have been as old as Annette."

Alan gave her a little silent hug. That was it, then. She had not for years spoken of children. He thought she had given up wanting them. And perhaps she had, but here was the warm, living child, and the vision had beguiled her. She was going on:

"Maybe I shouldn't have thought of it if she had been just like other girls—one sees so many—ill-mannered, athletic things!—but she was so pathetic, somehow, with her poor little clothes and her rough little hands! Alan, could she come here and live?"

Alan was amazed. He had offered her dogs and horses and conservatories and trips about the world, and a guarded journey to see her mother who was dying, and she had waved them all aside. But perhaps child-hunger had all the time been growing up in her, and now it was devouring her. He was silent so long that she broke in upon him passionately:

"I know. I understand. You couldn't endure a piano-playing girl. Though she could practise in the billiard-room. Still, it is too much to expect."

"Dear girl," he said, "I should like nothing better."

"Really?" She threw herself upon him in a frank abandon of delight. "When could she come?"

"To-night?"

Then they both laughed, and Mildred owned that to-morrow would do perfectly. Besides, it had got to be broken to Annette. Not a word of it had been hinted during the call. Would he say the word? Would he tell her through the telephone that she was to pack to-night and be ready in the morning by ten? They'd send the car. Alan was used to eccentric missions, from discharging cooks to interviewing doctors who might not, eventually "suit" any more than the cook, and he undertook his new task cheerfully, if with a slight inward ruefulness. It was accomplished before Mildred thought of giving up to the routine of massage and reading that led to her night's sleep. He found Annette, through the impersonal medium of the telephone, a docile, rather surprised but acquiescent person with a charming voice. And next morning, after learning that his wife had given all necessary directions for her comfort when she should arrive, he betook himself down-town, craftily announcing that he should lunch at the club. Mildred

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Drawn by Gerald Leake Engraved by S. G. Putnam

"RUN BACK TO BED," HE SAID, "I'LL TELL YOU BY AND BY"

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offered no demur. She evidently agreed with him that she could sustain the advent of Annette unaided. Alan not only lunched at the club, but he found a crony there who asked him to motor out into the country, and, after telephoning Mildred and finding her, through the medium of the maid, promptly inclined to spare him, he accepted. Really he was a little craven about Annette. He didn't know how to meet her and oversee so difficult a task as the coalition with Mildred, and he decided to follow out this beginning and let Mildred manage it alone. When he did get home, only in time to dress for dinner, he found his wife's door closed. The nurse stood on the landing. Evidently the state of things loomed so portentous that she wanted the dramatic satisfaction of presenting it to him. Mrs. Scarsdale was dressing. She was coming down to dinner.

"Oh," said Alan, blankly. "Oh, yes, thanks. I see."

But he didn't see at all. Mildred hadn't been equal to dinner down-stairs for a very long time. She always had a tray in her own room, and sometimes Alan, in the excess of his solicitude, had a tray with her.

When he came out of his room her door was open, but only the maid was there, bringing order out of the chaos of dropped finery. A sound of voices rose from below, and he ran down to find his wife and Annette waiting. At first he could not really look at Annette with any appraising glance, the change in his wife so challenged him. She was not, it is true, in conventional evening dress. There was still the suggestion of the invalid in her fluttering robes, but her vividness, almost her gaiety, fitted nothing but the end of day when the exhilaration of the night begins. She came forward to him, leading Annette with the air of having something triumphantly splendid to display, and she was quite unconscious that for the moment Alan had eyes for herself alone.

"Here she is," said Mildred. "See if you'd remember her."

Of course he made flattering disclaimer, implying that Annette had grown into something too rare to be recognized; but it was not until they were seated at the table that he saw her really, saw her with his quick, discerning eyes that knew how to get at the soul under betraying physiognomies and actually call it good or ill. And this girl he called very good indeed. She was ingenuous, he decided, honest, full of enthusiasm—palpably, after her piano, for Mildred — and she was delightedly overjoyed and amazed to be there. She was, he made no delay in deciding, a plain girl. He did not know her clothes were her worst enemy. Mildred did, and had already schemed out combinations of line and color that should not so much change her into another sort of creature as bring out the creature that was shyly there. They talked chiefly of music, adapted to her desires as a budding student, and though she proved diffident she was sufficiently receptive. After dinner she offered to play to them, and Alan was on the point of refusing. Mildred had had enough, he thought; she would be exhausted. But, on the contrary, Mildred desired nothing more than to hear Annette play, and they had an hour of conscientious "pieces" and then erratic, wild, moving improvisations. The little hard-worked hands were flexible. They had a witchery of their own, even if one couldn't call it an accomplished technique. Alan was frankly moved and delighted. He told the girl so when she came away from the piano and went, at once a commonplace creature devoid of her gift, to sit beside Mildred and regard her with adoring eyes—that she was an artist. She'd do. She flushed pink at his praise, but still looked at Mildred who was evidently the center of her considerations.

Mildred rose. "Come," she said. "We mustn't tire you out. Is it lesson day to-morrow? I thought so. Go to bed, child. Sleep well."

Annette, after a timid hand-shake and the implication that she could be kissed if it were agreeable, got out of the room as gracefully, Alan decided, as could be expected from a person with that cut of skirt. And then, a soft little rustle and Mildred was at his side.

"Don't you see," she said, ecstatically, "what can be made of her?"

"She's got a ripping touch," said he, "and a style quite her own. Some day

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she'll make 'em sit up. If she works—and I guess she'll work."

"Oh, yes," said Mildred, softly, in a triumphant staccato to herself. "I see what can be made of her."

It was not a month before Alan, too, saw, and it was not music alone that was being made. Annette herself was faithful to the music. She wouldn't have to be led or spurred. But while she marched patiently or ran with delight along her difficult road, Mildred was, by the most delicate stages, transforming her from a dowdy genius into a beauty. Alan, when he saw her one night running down to dinner in a creation of cloudy chiffon with her wonderful hair artfully dressed, came suddenly awake to it all.

"Good Lord!" he said to Mildred under his breath. "The girl's a beauty!"

Mildred gave a low little laugh of satisfied delight. "Yes," she said. "I knew it at once." And as Annette came up to them, smiling and glowing in the not yet realized miracle of the fostering house and their outspoken praises, she took her hand and for the first time called her daughter.

It was that night that Alan, sitting up alone in his study, began to think again about the household Nemesis. Annette was, he saw, after these weeks of proof, the object of Mildred's thwarted mother love. It had risen up in her, this defeated passion, a thousand times stronger than if she had borne a child and reared it to Annette's age. Nature had this way, he knew, of coming back upon you. Hold her off, if you dare, while you are young and she is suing you to pay your tribute; she may not revenge herself at the time, but in your later years, when you have less strength to gainsay her, she hurls herself back on you with the same old arguments, futile now, but at last irresistible, and in all probability crushes you. Mildred, having practically deserted her own mother, it was through this child, the more deeply loved because so lately found, that Nemesis would have at her. Mildred in her turn would be deserted, and by the child. And being definitely convinced of that, he set himself to thwarting Nemesis. Annette should be made so happy with them that not even her art could coax her from them. Her possible marriage he did not take into account. She was not the sort of girl, he concluded, to think of it prematurely, and when it came he could treat it as the emergency it was, and grapple with it according to its strength and his. He was always meeting emergencies in this varied defense of Mildred, and he always found his nerve and spirits rising for the encounter. Perhaps, after all, he sometimes humorously thought, he actually enjoyed his daily skirmishing; and now, if there were anything of the wizard left in him, he would give himself to the task of charming the child and chaining her with fairy bonds to Mildred's fireside. He had been leaving her and Mildred to their evening talks alone, while he took up an old habit of writing by night; but now he stayed with them after dinner and set himself to make the pace a gay one, such as suited the steps of youth. When Mildred was palpably tired—for she did lag sometimes in the pace—he read aloud to them. He even read one of his own manuscripts, a novel nearly ready for the printer, and, seeing Annette absorbed and excited by finding herself so near the mysterious process of making books, he went a step further and talked to her about his art. The most reserved of workmen, he tossed material and processes into the hopper with a lavish hand, and hoped the mill was at least grinding out discomfiture for Nemesis. And he got unexpectedly his daily reward. He was opening her mind to life and books—indeed for reasons of his own, but he did feel the fascination of her response. She was an impressionable creature, and, to whatever result, he was molding her and she was charming in her pliancy. Mildred adored him for his goodness. It was incredible, she felt, that he should leave his own intimate house of life where he dwelt with his art and where she herself had never gained foothold for more than a shy minute, to walk hand in hand with a little raw girl, and tell the fairy tale of what was in the house. Perhaps he even opened the door of the house a crack big enough for Annette to squeeze timidly in.

Before the winter was half over Mildred had asked him to take Annette to hear music. She must have more music

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than she could get in the daytime, more opera than the matinées would give her. Would he take her? Mildred, though she was stanchly getting the best of her nerves with a rapidity that amazed everybody, still shrank from the excitement of a crowd. So Alan and Annette, truly contrite at leaving her, yet absorbed in the rush and go of it all—she in the beautiful game of life and he in outwitting Nemesis—would hurry off together, walking usually, they had so much life to spare, he amazedly young because of her and she old enough through her gift and her understanding of his to be the readiest comrade. And then came the night of "Tristan." They had left the tumult of the applauding house to get home quickly, remorseful over Mildred because she had not shared the dream and wonder. Alan was thinking of her as he had not thought in these last long days of his compassion for her, and of love—love, and Mildred the heart of it. Annette seemed answering his unspoken thought when she said:

"I can't bear it to think she didn't hear it too."

Alan made no answer. The car was running fast; it was getting him home to her, but all too slowly.

"Look!" said Annette. "Oh, look!"

It was the moon, opulent, splendid—absurd, too, hanging there over the garish city. Alan thought of the sea. He heard breakers and smelt the brine.

"Oh, I wish—" Annette began.

"What do you wish?"

"I wish we were on a road going down to the sea."

Alan signaled the man and gave an order. They turned about, eastward.

"Where are we going?" asked Annette.

"Where you said," he answered. "To the sea."

She accepted it. Indeed, with their turning, an acquiescence fell upon them, an abandonment to the dream. And what was the dream? Whatever it was, it was their own and imperfectly understood. They ran faster through a whitening world. The moonlight sifted down. They were in a bath of light. Neither was thinking of the other. They were rushing, it seemed, to some land of beauty greater than music, greater than the death of immortal lovers long ago. Alan had often called Wagner the most immoral of pagan forces because he released in you untamed desires and convinced you, at the same moment, of their inalienable rights. The spell was upon him, a perfume, an appeal. He drifted with it and again felt young. What was it to Annette? She was not Annette. She was the atom that vibrated with him, also an atom, in the world delirium. Then came the swerving of the car, the crash and overturn. Alan, shocked out of his ecstasy, dragged up out of it by ugly fact, knew they were in for it. And at the instant he felt her cold cheek pressed to his and then the movement of her passionate lips.

"Are you hurt?" she was sobbing. O God! are you hurt?"

"No, no," he said. "They'll get us out."

Yet he doubted it and who they were going to be, on a lonely road, he did not know. But presently it was evident that two other cars had stopped and somebody, strong and clever, was getting them out. In perhaps an hour they were standing by the roadside and the chauffeur, with an angry futility, was investigating his disabled car. Alan was shaking, cursing himself inwardly, in an angry surprise, for his unstable nerves. Annette there beside him seemed to him the stillest creature in the universe. He took her hand. It yielded to him.

"Come," he said. "We'll go back by train. There's a station over there."

But somebody offered to take them back, and in the dark morning they entered their own door. Alan turned to look at her. She was pale and ravaged, inconceivably older. That circumstance could have shaped so tragic a mask from the girl face he knew was incredible to him.

"You *are* hurt," he said. "You're hiding it."

"No." She was looking at him with somber eyes. "We mustn't talk. She'll hear."

At the same instant they were aware that Mildred was on the landing, looking down at them. She was in white. Her long braids of hair made the straight lines of her gown the more stark and saintlike.

"Something did happen," she called. "I knew it."

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Alan ran up to her. Annette followed slowly. With a peremptory little push he turned Mildred about to her room.

"Run back to bed," he said. "I'll tell you by and by. We had some sort of an overturn—I don't know what. Anyway, it held us up. But here we are."

"But where were you?" Mildred was insisting. "It's so late." She looked over her shoulder at Annette, but Alan still persuaded her along.

"Trying to find the moon," said he. Then he laughed, and the laugh had an angry sound. "Or the sea, or something. I forget. But here we are. Say good night, you two. No, Mildred, you're not going to talk to her. Why, it's morning. Run along, Annette."

Mildred yielded to him, and Annette went silently off to her own room.

He was down early. He had had a short, haunted sleep and it had done him no good. It would have been better, he thought, with the irritation of jaded nerves, not to have slept at all, but carried on the acquired control of the night into the problematic day. Before he had finished his coffee, Annette came down. She walked gravely, her girlish lightness gone. More than that, most disturbingly, she had turned into a plain little girl. That he saw. He did not see also that she had assumed the dull disguise of the clothes she had worn when she came into what she called their fairy house, and that now again their uncouthness tarnished and belied her subtle beauty. They took their coffee together and she passed indifferently over his solicitude as to her recovery from the shock of the night.

"Could we," she said, abruptly, when they had finished, "go to walk?"

"Don't you want to practise?"

She shook her head. "No. I want to see you."

He got up to close the door.

"No," she demurred, "I can't say it in the house. I'll get my hat."

Presently she appeared in the poor, plain hat she had trimmed herself before she came to town to seek her fortune, the ill-fitting jacket, the meager little furs. She did not wait for him to open the door, but opened it herself and stepped out hurriedly, turned toward the Park where their daily walks had led them, and set a rapid pace. Alan kept glancing at her in a frank wonder. How beautiful she had been, but a day before, how harmonious, and now the gray veil of some strange aloofness enwrapped her and removed her from him. There seemed to be no likelihood of renewing, at least to-day, their past light communion of glancing wits. In the Park, as if she felt relief at finding her objective, her pace slackened, and she stopped before a bench.

"Could we sit down?" she asked. Then when they were seated she turned to him and seemed to pounce. "I must go away," she said.

Alan simply stared, not at her, but the thin ice half melted on the walk in front of them. He knew the answer, not to her but Nemesis, and he found himself nodding in confirmation of that inexorable deity. Annette was only the mouthpiece of the deity. "Of course," he was saying inwardly. "Of course you're going away. I could have told you that." But he did say aloud: "You can't go away. What would she do without you?"

"That's it," Annette continued, in a perfectly commonplace way. "She does want me, but that's because I needed her so terribly. She'd never seen anybody who needed her so much—anybody so *gauche*, ignorant, altogether poverty-stricken every way. She's made me over. She's given and given. And what have I done for her? Turned round and worshiped you."

He could only keep on staring straight in front of him where now, at the edge of the shrubbery, a sparrow was pecking at some stony delicacy and stopping to bicker with its clan. Could he possibly, he thought, under the savage impulse to laugh, with all the exquisite cleverness of his trained pen, have guessed how to write the story of a girl confessing her love for an elderly man? Yet she was doing it with calmness, not, it seemed, with an eye to her own humiliation or the lawlessness of her emotion as it would affect either of them —only as it might affect Mildred.

"You see," she said, "I didn't know it myself until last night. And then, when I thought you might be hurt, I

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Drawn by Gerald Leake Engraved by H. Leinroth

"I MUST GO AWAY," SHE SAID

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knew I'd rather die than have you. I knew—"

"My child," said Alan, in enormous relief now that he had some recognized ground to stand on, "that wasn't you and I. It was 'Tristan.' That devilish Teutonic paganism works everybody up into a temporary madness. Whether it's good magic or bad depends on what you are. You're full of kindness, dearness, so your madness makes you want to give somebody something beautiful. And you know I don't deserve very much, and out of your beautifulness you hit on me. And you're a dear. But stop thinking it's anything but your beautifulness. Look at that sparrow there trying to brain the other one. Bloodthirsty little devils!"

But she wouldn't look at the fighting sparrows. She stared gloomily over them into the bushes. "It isn't like anything else," she said, "being with you. You've been wonderful to me."

"Dear child," said Alan, "of course I'm wonderful. That comes of being an old fellow and studying the moves in the game of life. I've studied them exhaustively, on account of her, you know. I've had to keep her amused, so far as I could."

The girl nodded. "I know," she said. "And I got the overflow. You wanted to pay me for loving her. Perhaps you wanted to make me so happy I shouldn't go away. I thought of that."

Alan felt miserably that he was caught. He had indeed sacrificed her, so far as he had played upon her fancy, but there had been another and an honest side to it. If he had tried to watch and tend her like a flower in Mildred's garden of life, he had also found his undeserved compensation in her growing charm. And, so he resolved, the child should not be forced to suffer, in the jaded after days of emotion spent, from thinking she had been no more than the sport of his cunning egotism.

"You mustn't forget," he said, "Mildred and I have no children. You must remember how tremendously fond we are of you."

But she only said:

"I think of you all the time. You're everywhere, in everything I do." And still it was the dispassionate statement of an inevitable and unwelcome fact.

"Oh, the dickens!" said Alan, grotesquely. "I'm not, either. You've just had the formula of that kind of thing forced on you by that infernal opera. And a formula taken like that with a blare of sound and fiddles on your spinal marrow— It's no joke, I tell you. Discount it, same as I do—as we all do."

"Yes," she repeated, somberly, "you're everywhere. Once I was lost on the plains. I kept looking at the bright horizon, and when I looked higher there was the black line before my eyes. You're like that, the line. That's why I must go away. It would be sickening to stay on. She'd see, finally. She'd think I was a fool. It would hurt her horribly."

He wanted to tell her he had all the plots in fiction stored away in his brain, a precautionary measure against plagiarizing, and that the next move in the drama would be his forbidding her to go and offering to go instead. And somehow, though he knew it was merely the move on the board, he found himself incredibly making it.

"No," he said, "you can't go away. I'll go myself and leave you to see what a little stupid you are to upset the kettle of fish all over your piano."

"And what I wanted to say was this," she continued, not seeming to see his persuasive lead. "When I'm gone, you must make her keep on thinking I'm nice—"

"You are nice, child," he threw in, from his despair.

"So she won't ever repent liking me. And you couldn't do it really unless you knew I was going for a big reason. If you thought it was only a little one you'd think I might have stayed. And she'd find out what you thought, and all she's done for me would seem wasted, and I ungrateful!"

She was so simple, so dispassionate, really, that she made the tragic circumstance, if not commonplace, yet something that had to be met in a commonplace way. He tried returning, with a desperate vault even, to the outer aspect of the miserable business.

"But where are you going?" he asked.

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"Back to your girls' club, or whatever it was?"

"No. I'm going home."

"Home, to your manufacturing town?"

"Yes."

"And give up your music?"

"I sha'n't give it up. I shall teach."

"But you'll be giving up"—it sounded ridiculously cut-and-dried, but it insisted on being said and in that most obvious way—"your career."

"I can teach well enough," she said, indifferently. "As for the rest—well, it's no matter."

He wanted to tell her the volumes his middle-age had accumulated, of the falls youth gets in its magnificent ride to the stars, and of his own proven certainty that, having been thrown, there's nothing to do but pick one's self up and, if the gay steed of glamour has galloped away, plod along on two feet. But that she couldn't listen to, now. She wasn't ready for it. His chance would come when she had traversed the vale of disillusion, when she had found he was no such hero of renown as her intemperate fancy had pictured him. Then, after her forces surged up again, as the forces of youth will, he could tell her how to train and temper them. She had risen, and he rose, too, and stood waiting for her.

"It 'll be easy enough to find a reason," she said. "Mother isn't well. I had a letter from her this morning. Poor mother! She might not have given out if I hadn't been in such a hurry to leave her. She was just getting over her illness, you know. If I'd stayed even a month or two— Well, I'll go back now."

They walked to the house in silence, and again very fast. As he kept pace with her hurrying steps he found himself breathless with the consciousness of her hurrying mood. At the door he left her.

"Tell her I sha'n't be back to luncheon," he said.

"Yes," she answered, "I'll tell her," and, without looking at him, she went in.

Alan found himself at home that night unwillingly, irritated, too, because Nemesis had brought the peace of his household about his ears. When he opened the door it was to an indefinable atmosphere of change. The lights were lower, it seemed to him. The house had returned to the twilight solitude suited to Mildred's unstable nerves. In her own room he found her, prone on her couch, drawn of face and piteous in look.

"She has gone," was her first word.

He made no pretense of ignorance, but sat down beside her and took her hand.

"Don't mind it," he implored her. "Don't let it get the best of us."

By this he meant Nemesis; but Mildred, who had not his private and personal knowledge of the goddess, passed over his cold comfort as the perfunctory commonplace it seemed.

"It's her mother," she continued. "Her mother needs her. I offered to bring her here, but Annette refuses. She says she ought to go. And she ought, Alan, oughtn't she, if her mother needs her?"

"Maybe," he said, miserably.

"I know she ought," said Mildred. "But all the same I feel—deserted."

He, too, at that moment, he suddenly realized, felt deserted. Where was the April presence of the girl about the house, her unconscious joy, the daily budding of her sweet intelligence? What should he do without it? But Mildred was opening her last reserve of lonely panic.

"But I was lonesome before she went. You two together, always! You laughed so much. You were so young. You will never be the same without her. Don't you know you never will?"

She lay there looking up at him, and he looked blankly down at her. But, close as they were, there was something between them—the wraith of young loveliness, of April days. He gathered himself, as he always had at her call, to leap abysses with her or stumble through the morass. The figure he had meant to use to persuade and hearten Annette came to him, and he smiled at Mildred, almost his old patient smile.

"We've got to pick ourselves up again," he said, "and go along. And we're going together."

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Black Mardi Gras

BY FREDERIC A. FENGER

TWO tiny flashes from the blue-green slopes of Grenada, and then a pause; two more followed by a pause, and so on. They came like glints from the facet of some infinitesimal "chip" set in an old piece of worn enamel. Grenada—some ninety miles north of Trinidad—lay seven miles away to the south'ard across a channel of wondrous blue kicked up into whitecaps by the northeast "trade."

I was loafing on the door-step of a little whaling-shack at Île-de-Caille, and wondering in a lazy way whether there was any earthly thing I had left undone in getting my canoe and outfit ready for my departure on the morrow. Here had been my first stepping-stone on a lone cruise up the Lesser Antilles—the Caribbees I like to think of them—and, like the Caribs of old, I was traveling in a sailing canoe. My quest—a hunt for those experiences that we can only have in the strength of our youth, the memory of which makes old age a second life worth while. As an omen of good luck—this sort of thing makes one superstitious—I had at the very outset "met-up" with one Jack Wildman, a cocoa-buyer of Grenada, who owned Île-de-Caille, the first of the Grenadines as you sail northward, and here I had lived in his shack for the past three weeks and gone a-whaling with his men. There was no chasing whales to-day, for a strong lee tide was running throughout the better part of sunlight, and had we struck a humpback, nothing short of a steam-tug could have towed its carcass back to Île-de-Caille for "cutting-in." Besides, we had our fill of whales for a time, and the two boats'-crews of blacks, mixed with Carib and Portugee, had need to bolster their courage and their bellies with "gingerole," as they call that dainty, the underlip of the baby whale, and with the meat of the fat little "manicou," or West-Indian 'possum. Bynoe, the harpooner, sat mending a sprat-net on the point of our little plateau, where, from force of habit, he could scan the Caribbean from southeast to northwest. The rest of the crew lay scattered in the shady recesses between the roots of the silk-cotton-tree, among the hummocks of lava behind the plateau, and under the shack which half squatted on its four corner posts.

Then the signal had come from the cocoa-buyer.

"Dat say come," announced Bynoe, as he gathered up his net; and then, as though to make certain of something half-forgotten, he asked, "W'at dis day?"

"Tuesday, February twenty-eighth," I answered, readily enough, for I had been keeping tabs on the moon and the tides. "Why, of course!" I continued; "this is Shrove Tuesday, Mardi Gras, and Jack is reminding me of my promise to come to Sauteurs to see the fun."

At the word Mardi Gras, the whole population of Caille arose from the roots, the lava, and from under the shack, except the cook, who was absorbed in her pet misery, rheumatism, in the bunk-house.

"I wonder," I said, as if to myself, while we all paused to watch Bynoe answer the signal with a mirror kept for the purpose—"I wonder if there will be any rum left in town by the time we get there."

Except for Bynoe and José, the head man, none of them could have repeated what I said, for they knew no language perfectly but their own patois. They understood the word rum, however, and, simians that they are, they read the promise of grog in my face. The twelve made for the cove with a quickening pace, and, with a business-like precision which I had found deplorably lacking in times of greater necessity, the two whale-boats were launched and ballasted, and

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their rigs and gear were put aboard. There was no hurry-scurry—merely errorless speed. In a trice, it seemed, from the time we had first seen those double flashes, we had crossed the channel and were close upon Grenada, well to weather of Sauteurs. Then with freed sheets and with wind, sea, and tide behind us, we shot over the roaring bar, and our whale-boats rounded-to in the quieter waters of the roadstead like a couple of pelicans who suddenly splash into the sea and bob up serenely facing the direction from which they have come.

Inshore lay Sauteurs, typical of any British West-Indian coast town, with a cocoa-fringed beach before it, from which a government-built jetty spans the wicked surf that rolls in from the "trades." Guarding the windward (a word in these parts synonymous with east) end of the roadstead, the Morne de Sauteurs, or Hill of the Leapers stands into the sea, its precipitous face rising beachless from rocks of its own calving, to a level plain above. It was here the Caribs made their last stand in Grenada, when, in 1651, the French drove them to the Morne, and the last forty, rather than submit to captivity, leaped to their destruction. On the brow of the hill stands the Catholic church with its rectory, where, a few weeks before, I had spent many peaceful hours with Father Gurrin, speculating on how, in their turn, the Caribs had first come down from the north and driven the peaceful Arawauks from this very bay. The town, built partly on this hill, straggles down to the shops and huts which trail off along the coast road to the westward. As we unstepped our masts, and stowed our rigs, we could see that something unusual was on foot. The roadway was crowded with people, and from the shore-end of the jetty came the shouts of excited Africans mingled with the sharp cracks of carters' whips. A curious gull widened its circle as it swung inshore, and cocked a beady eye to discover what in time the fool natives were up to now. We tailed our whale-boats from the corner of the jetty, and headed inshore, where the whalers proved to their satisfaction and my small loss that there was still rum in Sauteurs. I left them in the cabaret, and, armed with my camera, found my way through the crowd to the cocoa-dealer, who was waiting for me at the door of his shop.

A MARDI GRAS MASK

"Afraid you might forget, so I sent my little helio," he said in greeting. "What do you think of this?"

The roadway before us was filled with black masqueraders wearing queer, turban-like head-gear, and dressed for the most part like women. Instead of being fastened around the middle, their heavily flounced skirts, with arm-holes cut in them, were hung from the neck, evidently to give free action to legs unaccustomed to hampering female gear. Some wore long streamers from their turbans, with bells trailing at the ends, like cans tied to a dog's tail. Here and there pairs were engaged in strange combat with single-sticks, which they held with both hands wide apart. Advancing and retreating like game-cocks trying for an opening, they would suddenly let go with one hand and bring down the stick with terrific force on their opponents. Thick as these craniums are, the turbans were none too good a protection from the blows of the single-sticks, some of which were evidently the pets of their owners, like the Irishman's shillalah, and made of iron-wood, the toughest and hardest of the tropics. As we stood there I watched a native bounce his stick from that of his opponent who had guarded, and then, swinging on the rebound, deliver a terrific back-hand blow on the unguarded ribs of his less skilful adversary. Had the stick been a sabre, the poor devil would have been dissevered like a cane-stock.

"This is Shrove Tuesday, or Mardi Gras, as the natives still call it from the time of the French régime," explained the cocoa-buyer. "When the English took possession of the island, over a hundred years ago, they must have brought with them some of the Shrovetide customs of the old country. There used to be cock-fighting in the streets, but you'll

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CHANTIMELLE ADVANCING UPON SAUTEURS

have to go to the Spanish Main for that now; and the natives used to cover their bodies with soot and pitch, like the sackcloth and ashes of the Bible, but instead of doing penance they got into the habit of running amuck and soiling the spectators' clothes, so it had to be stopped. I believe they still do it in Dominica and some of the other islands. But there is one custom, the relic perhaps of African days, which I believe is peculiar to Grenada. Instead of being shriven by the priest, the natives take matters in their own hands. If, for instance, during the past year you have done your neighbor some wrong which he cannot prove in court, he marks it up against you and waits till Shrove Tuesday, when he puts on a mask, and takes it out of you with a single-stick or a black-snake—saves you the trouble of going to the priest. It's a case of your own sins finding you out. Now watch that fellow with the black-snake."

A big buck, with a thick towel around his neck and wearing a huge turban of plaid calico, stood near us. I afterward found that I had caught him on the edge of my film. With his single-stick resting on the back of his neck and a black-snake dangling from his left wrist he was quietly searching out some one among the crowd.

"Look at the jumbie cat," whispered the cocoa-dealer. "I'll bet his tail is weaving like a big black Tom after a mouse."

He was quietly manœuvering quite casually to within striking distance of a pair of legs that he must have recognized as belonging to one against whom he had registered a black mark. We saw the fingers of his left hand loose themselves from the stick and pull the handle of the whip into their grasp. The next instant the black-snake sang through the air and cut into those legs like a red-hot iron.

"Carrahua!" yelled the owner of the legs as he jumped away from another taste of that whip.

"Now, if that had happened on any day but Shrove Tuesday, the other fellow would have haled this one into court for assault and battery and damages

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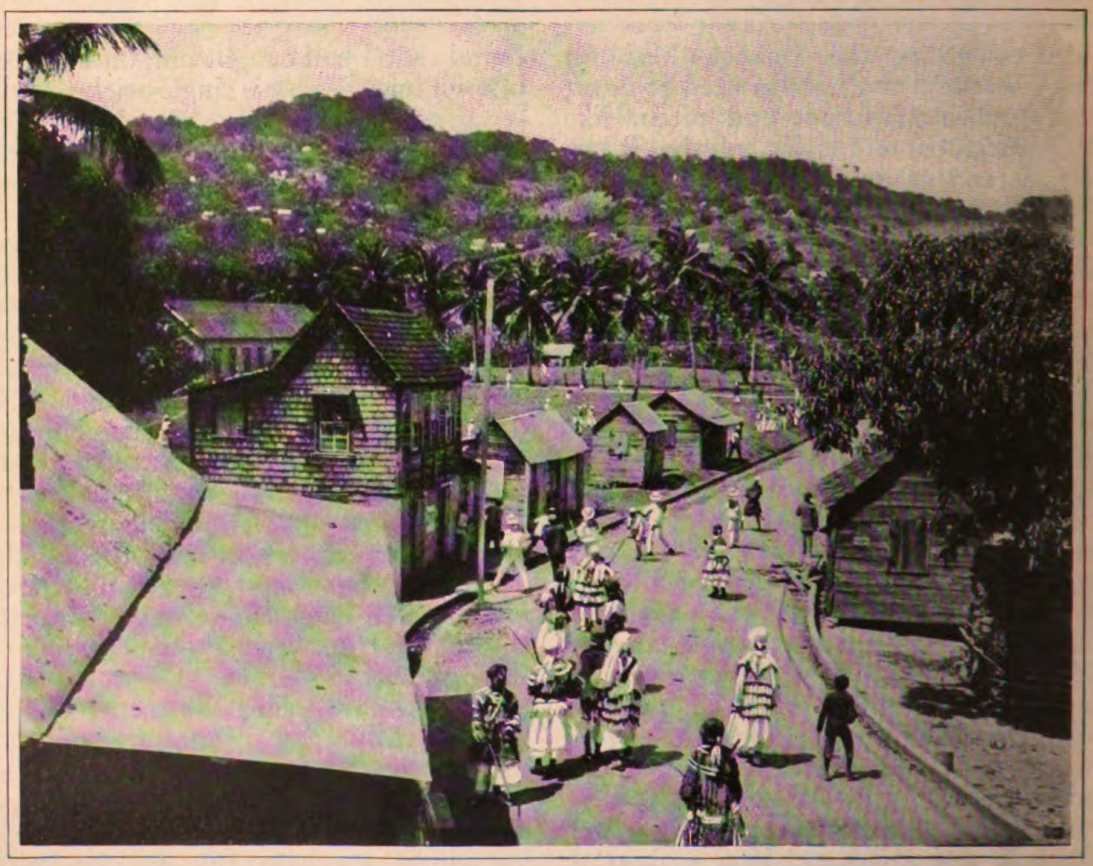
besides. Oh, these fellows are very fond of the law, you know!"

Here Fleming, Jack's colored boy, came with the news that the people from Chantimelle were forming on the road across the plain below the town. Visions of a Mardi Gras parade came to my mind, and the thought of a time when, years ago, my parents had been cruel enough to leave me in school when they had taken a jaunt to New Orleans in carnival time. Now, after a lapse of twenty years, I was to see a real Mardi Gras procession. I was about to mention this to my friend, when he spoke.

"Chantimelle," said he, "is the name given to a collection of huts in the foothills in the back of Sauteurs. In the old days it was probably an estate, Chanternelle, whose only memory now is a corrupted name. For years there has been a keen rivalry between the people of Chantimelle and Sauteurs, and it has become a custom to rush one another *en masse* on the streets of Sauteurs on Shrove Tuesday. In old England and Scotland, you know, they played football on the streets at Shrovetide, and I believe this "rushing" is a survival of the old custom brought over by the planters. They loved to see the natives fight as in the "battles royal" they used to have in your South. To-day Chantimelle has promised to sweep before it all Sauteurs in their own town." Then he lowered his voice a bit: "Some of the young planters about here have made bets on the outcome, and there'll be plenty of rum for both sides; that's why I sent my helio—to be sure you'd come."

I left my friend by his cocoa-shop, and, racing across the open country, caught them with my camera just as they were starting along the road at a brisk gait in columns of fours. There were about a hundred in costumes like those of the townspeople, and, as they took up their march, they were cheered by a number of black Amazons—*femmes de guerre*, one might call them—whose business it was to see that their especial



BLACK MASQUERADERS WEARING QUEER TURBAN-LIKE HEAD-GEAR

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PAIRS WERE ENGAGED IN STRANGE COMBAT WITH SINGLE-STICKS

knights vanquished the knights of certain other women of Sauteurs. I then ran back to the cocoa-shop after the manner of a war correspondent who is covering all parts of an action in the field. I watched them as they turned into the main road, and, now that they were actually advancing directly upon Sauteurs, their swagger column telescoped to a compact crowd. At the sight of the enemy, the people of Sauteurs, forgetting their individual grudges, withdrew to the brow of the hill, where they massed, placing their strongest and heaviest men in the front ranks. Chantimelle came to a stop just below the cocoa-shop, where they waited for Sauteurs to meet them on level ground.

Slowly the townspeople began their march down the hill, their advance slackening gradually till they at last came to a halt fifty feet from the enemy. And now the boldest spirits of Chantimelle and Sauteurs stepped forth from the front ranks, and, with sticks raised, began the motions of a mimic battle, feinting, striking, and countering, while their legs and feet took up the rhythmic steps of tribal dances that had survived from ancestral days of Africa. Those brave hearts from the front ranks were reluctant to proceed with the business, although they knew that ultimately this sham dance must come to an end. But there was no retreat, for the ranks behind had followed them up and now pressed solid as a stone wall. There remained only one course—to screw up their courage to the sticking-point. No utterance of voice came from these two masses of Africans facing each other. I thought of a bubbling hot spring that only needs a handful of gravel to turn it into a seething caldron. The tension became irritating. Why didn't some one—? And then a rock shot up from the mass of Chantimelle. The caldron seethed. Instantly the air was filled with flying stones, sticks, and bottles. Chantimelle, a horde of screaming demons, rushed the mob of Sauteurs up the hill, where, like a sea tripped by an undertow, the defenders broke down upon the enemy, and drove Chantimelle

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before them, like so much foam, down the hill and past the cocoa-shop to the outskirts of the town. Out of the dusty road before us a fallen native picked himself up and limped to the side-lines, where his injury miraculously shifted from a maimed leg to an ailing jaw. Sauteurs now returned in triumph to the foot of the hill, where they interchanged courtesies with the enemy at long range.

Suddenly the townspeople stopped flinging missiles, as the British law stepped forth in the person of a white-helmeted Barbadian in a heavy serge uniform, his face as black as his thick-soled army shoes. As he advanced into the clearing between the belligerents, Chantimelle also ceased firing, and it now seemed as though the fight would end. All of England was behind that man, her army and her navy, and Parliament and the king, but, like all of England, he was slow and cautious, and, as he came to a point midway between the two armies, fear began to drag at his footsteps. I was focusing my camera on him when he suddenly jumped out of view as a rock passed where he had stood a fraction of a second before. Then, as I got him again on the ground-glass in my hood, I saw another rock land at his feet. This was too much; one cannot expect the English law—least of all a Barbadian policeman—to hop about like a flea, and he stooped to pick up this second insult. I caught him as it left his hand Chantimellewaid. For peace there was no hope. As the Irish-woman said, "Th' fight was on!" Sauteurs charged down the hill, while the Barbadian retired up the hill to the safety of the barracks, where his chief set the example of all good strategists.

I had been standing under the projecting roof of the "Stores," when it began to dawn upon me that the rocks were no longer coming down from a high trajectory, but were beginning to drive in. They now came too frequently for mere stray shots, and I noticed that the cocoa-shop was barred and shuttered as for a hurricane. More wary now, I saw a native take deliberate aim, and I dodged—just in time. Now when the Englishman goes overseas he takes with

A GROUP OF MOTLEY COMBATANTS

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SPENT AMMUNITION ON THE ROADWAY AND THE ROOF AFTER THE FIGHT

him the habit of "whisky and soda," which is much like drinking stagnant water through a handkerchief. Between the cocoa-shop and the "Stores" was a small, two-storied shack where one "Steady" Glean manufactures soda-water, both plain and sweet. Heeding the words of Glean, who suddenly opened a small shutter in the upper story, delivered his warning, and then disappeared like the bird in a Swiss clock, I climbed the hill in back of the town, where I might view the battle with greater safety. It was well that I did so, for Chantimelle made a second rush in which the onlookers were roughly handled. War is no respecter of persons. A small tailor's hut was overturned, and a shop kept by two women was completely gutted. In a twinkling these poor creatures beheld all their worldly goods carried away by the people of Chantimelle as though in a devouring flame.

Now I suddenly remembered that when I first ran across the fields to photograph the invading army, I had left my portfolio and log in a small shack belonging to Jack and a short distance from his shop. From where I stood I could see that it had been left open, and my gorge rose as I thought of my precious log flying to the winds at the hands of those devils below. I tore down the hill as Sauteurs rushed again, but before I could reach the shack Chantimelle came back more furious than ever, and I found myself between the two mobs as they surged back toward the town. It was no place for a white man. Fortunately for me the mass about me was so closely packed that there was little room for action, and I was content to keep on the defensive with my arms close to my body. One beast made a lunge at me with opened mouth, but his teeth only caught the shoulder of my dog-skin coat. As the pressure relaxed for a moment I managed to free an arm, and with my first and second fingers spread apart I drove them square into his eyes —a dirty trick, but good to know.

For some reason, known only to Glean, the sole means of access to the upper story of his soda-shack is by means of a spiral iron stairway which corkscrews up to a trap-door in the upper floor projecting out over the street like that of a block-house. As I was carried toward his shack, Glean opened his shutter and yelled to me that my only safety lay with him. The stairway was al-

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ready packed with onlookers become refugees, who clung to it like flies on a hanging strip of fly-paper. I climbed this mass with my camera on my back, and, as I went up, I could hear their groans in accompaniment to the soft thud of rocks. As I reached the top, the trap was opened, and I was dragged through, with two others who came in my wake, before the rest could be beaten down and the trap shut. Smell rather than sight told me that the room was already crowded; the flimsy building was not over-strong, but Glean, softened by the pleadings which came from below, finally admitted the rest, one by one, rocks coming into the room every time the door was opened. As my eyes became accustomed to the darkness I recognized two of the whalemen, Cæsar and Handy, who promptly confided to me that they were much happier chasing humpbacks at sea than mixing up with this Mardi Gras business.

As though to vent their rage on Glean's shack for having taken into itself the refugees of the stairway, the Chantimelle mob now gave their entire attention to the upper story. The bombardment shook the building as gusts in a gale, and the impact of rocks knocked bottles of syrup and flavoring extracts from the shelves on the walls to the floor, where they broke and spread their sticky contents underfoot. The shutters were closed and barred, keeping out light and ventilation, and the sickening odor of the extracts began to mingle with that of the sweating natives.

As our ears became accustomed to the noise of the bombardment, new sounds claimed our attention. Cautiously opening the western shutter a bare quarter of an inch, we traced the sound to the opposite shutter in the cocoa-shop. Wildman was calling for help. Sauteurs, in a cross-fire, was raking the cocoa-shop, the rocks, some of them as large as cobble-stones, descending through the rusty roofing as if it were so much paper. In that first rush, when the townspeople had routed their enemy, two Chantimelle women had slipped behind the shop, where they were taken in from the storm which was about to overwhelm them. Then, as the Sauteurs mob recoiled from its successful sortie, word went around that the cocoa-buyer was harboring two enemy women. At his refusal to give them up, the mob began to stone the shop. Rum and the tropic

VANDALISM—THE GUTTED SHOP AND OVERTURNED TAILOR'S HUT

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heat had roused the negro blood to the boiling-point, and now the blacks, forgetting their differences for the moment, began to wreak the vengeance of race-hatred on these two shacks, which contained the only white men in the area of hostilities. Not satisfied with the mere stoning of the shop, the natives were now preparing to make a rush against its flimsy, ant-eaten doors. The gutting of the shop down the street had been too easy. Glean, aroused to a pitch of frenzy, reached for a .44 Winchester and began loading it with bird-shot cartridges. He poked the muzzle through the opening and fired over the heads of the mob to arrest their attention. Then, opening the shutter wider, he leaned out, holding the gun before him. The bombardment stopped as he took deliberate aim at the mob. Those in the line of sight fell back leaving a cleared circle.

"Crack!" and the bird-shot pock-marked the shuffled roadway. Once more, and the negroes prepared for flight. As they got under way, Glean followed them up with the bird-shot, dusting the road behind heels in frenzied flight. The gun-play gave the cocoa-buyer his chance, and before the natives realized what was going on he gained the spiral stairs and we had him with us. But the bird-shot had had its effect, for our shack and the cocoa-shop were no longer molested. The mobs returned to their rushing, which became weaker and weaker as we watched them from the now opened shutters. I picked my chance during one of the lulls and dashed to the shack, whose interior I found in ruins. My log was safe, and I dodged back to Glean's as the enemy closed in again. But it was the last feeble charge of Mardi Gras, and the fight died a natural death, each side claiming victory with hoarse, rummy voices. I had at last seen a Mardi Gras, but not such as one might find at New Orleans.

"Well," said I to the cocoa-buyer, as we sat down to a luncheon of turtle steak and native lamb, meaning the leg of a goat, "this is almost as much fun as chasing whales off Île-de-Caille. But tell me," I added, after the manner of a tourist seeking information, and looking up at the holes in the roof, "is it always as strenuous as this?"

"No! thank God! But the government will have to put a stop to it. As long as the niggers break their own thick skulls, I don't mind, but when they smash my tin roof—"

At four in the afternoon, the weather tide having started to run, I answered the call of Bynoe, and, bidding good-by to my friends in Sauteurs, walked to the end of the jetty and dropped into the waiting whale-boat.

There was still rum to be had in Sauteurs, for after we cleared the bar I produced a bottle, which started the round of the boat.

"How did you like the fun?" I asked Bynoe. He held the rum in his mouth for a moment, and then swallowed it, and, as he swung his calabash overboard for a chaser of sea-water, he answered:

"Me better catch humpbacks!"

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The Idealist*

BY LAURA SPENCER PORTOR

CRAYTON stirred his coffee and read his paper. The Belgian situation was unpleasant, certainly, but not alarming. Of course the newspapers would continue to make the most of it; and of course thousands of headlong, harebrained people would continue to form headlong opinions as to what might happen. But Crayton did not concern himself with these. He turned soon to the financial section and began scanning the copper quotations, as was his wont.

Josef put fresh toast beside him and withdrew.

It was unfortunate, certainly, that Crayton's wife and his daughter Madeleine should have been in Belgium when war was declared. But his wife was not, thank Heaven, the average feminine type. Despite her extreme delicacy, she was a woman of exceptional poise and judgment. Moreover, there was Dulaney, one of the firm's trusted men, already, as it happened, in France for his holiday. Dulaney could be cabled to go home by way of Belgium, should the situation become alarming. But Crayton felt certain it would not. He would write to his wife, telling her where Dulaney could be found at certain dates, merely in case she thought best to communicate with him. But that was a precaution, say rather a concession, that Crayton allowed himself like a luxury. Certainly it was not a necessity. He believed the war would be a mere flash in the pan. Matters would be patched up somehow.

Crayton prided himself on a just estimate of humanity. He had watched human progress too closely, studied it too long, believed in it too entirely, to have his fifty-five years of world experience overthrown by the altogether-out-of-the-ordinary, hot-headed happenings of a few days or weeks. He could afford to wait. For Crayton was not alone a man of strong beliefs and ideals, but of proven ones. He was not the man merely to express opinions; he lived them. That popular and vicious belief, for instance, that to make a success of life a man must compromise with his own soul and must lower his ideals, Crayton did not combat with mere words—he refuted it by the evidence of his own career. Never in all the years had he changed or lowered his ideals one iota, yet his success was there large, enviable, for any one to behold.

Not that he would have you think it was easy to be an idealist. To be an idealist necessitates at times the setting aside of facts which the timorous and compromising would have your believe are unalterable; it means stubborn tenacity in the face of the disbelief, often the scornful disbelief, of disbelievers. Crayton had a coarse old uncle in his youth who had gone wild with impatience of him and his ideals one day, and had flung out at him a sentence he had never forgotten: "You'll find out some damned day you're wrong!" His uncle could hardly have done him a greater service. It put him early on his mettle, while he was still in his twenties. Forewarned was forearmed. Crayton knew now that some day he would prove himself right. He who plants and tends and tires not of the tending is destined one day to taste the fruit.

Crayton believed in the underlying soundness and brotherhood of humanity. The outbreak of the war, which had been such a blow to the average man of ideals, overturning his shallow theories, flinging him rudely toward doubt and pessimism, had not really moved Crayton. War was as unthinkable, as hateful to him as to the fondest. He did not believe it would continue;

*"The Idealist" is in the main a true story. Names and lesser circumstances have been altered, but the chief happening remains true to fact.

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but, even if it should—Crayton could afford to wait. And if you would wait with him you should see humanity triumphing. That was the promise of his gray eyes as he made his few brief, almost abrupt, statements concerning the war and dismissed the subject. Yes, Crayton could afford to wait; could afford to be calm, almost severely calm, while men of the doubting type carried ill news, spread distrust, prophesied villainies, and, responsive to every scare-line, and with a morbid taste for scandal, mistrusted whole nations at a time.

Crayton was just turning his paper to look at "Outside Securities" when Josef stood beside him, holding the little serving-salver with a telegram on it. Crayton finished folding his paper, and put it in position before he took up the telegram with very deliberate fingers, opened it, and read:

> May I return to New York? Will you allow me to take the first boat for Belgium, to be of service to Mrs. Crayton and Miss Crayton? F. Frazier.

Crayton read it twice, narrowing his eyes. From the telegram it might be supposed that Frazier also was of the scare-headline type, a young fellow—like so many others—whose first impulse was to distrust humanity. Then, too, fancy Crayton calling Frazier in from *Deadlocket*, more than three-fourths across the country and away from the *important* work he was doing there for the firm, to start him off on a wild-goose chase to Belgium. For by the time Frazier got over to Belgium Crayton's wife and daughter might be already well on their way home, or the war over and disposed of. But, reading the telegram again, Crayton's lips smiled. He thought he knew better reasons why Frazier had sent this message. Morbid fears, headlong conclusions had not prompted it. It testified to entirely other things, and, as it happened, to things very pleasing to Crayton.

For a little more than two years now Crayton had been observing Frazier with a careful and keen eye. During that time he had contrived to put him to many unsuspected tests, and had repeatedly weighed his traits and abilities and behaviors in invisible scales of a very great nicety and exactness. The result of all this was that he found Frazier to be the one young man of his acquaintance eligible to the high honor of being his son-in-law.

But there was one thing which still remained uncertain, unproved. On one subject Crayton was not absolutely sure of Frazier's views; and that, too, a subject of the utmost importance. It was a conversation he had overheard between Frazier and a young divinity student which had left him in doubt. It was at a reception when Crayton, seated at one side of a screen of palms, heard Frazier at the other side speaking with his customary enthusiasm, flinging his sentences down boldly and no doubt with that fine lift of the head which was to Crayton, in itself, a very considerable testimonial.

"I tell you life modifies your opinions and beliefs, or ought to, all the time," gave out Frazier. "I can't conceive of clinging to one idea, one form of belief, year in and year out, once life has begun to teach you better. I've found life to be so infinitely larger than creed. I had a deeply religious mother whom I loved. Religious pressure was brought to bear on me. I was twelve when I joined the church."

Behind the palms Crayton was flicking his cigar with an exceedingly careful little finger, and his mobile lips pressed forward a little, his head the least bit on one side; he was listening acutely. Meantime Frazier was sweeping on again, free and broad like dawn upon the hills, and as little to be stayed:

"You notice they don't try that sort of thing on grown-ups. It's when you are young and haven't anything with which to defend yourself that they pour their dogmas into your ears. I was twelve years old, mind you, and they talked 'predestination' to me, and 'infant damnation,' and 'original sin,' and 'foreordination,' and 'eternal punishment'; then they'd mix it all in with a hymn that stirred you like a spoon. I can remember singing with positive passion, 'Wash Me in the Blood of the Lamb'; and I'd have died for my own salvation in those days. That is what they did to me. Maybe it was all right, but I don't think so. But that's the

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way they taught me. Oh, they made of me what they wanted, all right. But I couldn't believe all those things now, sir. Life wouldn't let me."

Crayton smiled and sent Frazier a wireless of approval. Not that Crayton disapproved so much of religion in childhood, as he suspected and distrusted it in young manhood. The religious child may be the future great man; but the avowedly religious young man he had found to be, as a rule, either of a distinctly neurotic or an inferior type. He put his cigar back comfortably now between his lips, as though a danger-point were passed.

Meantime Frazier was striding on, shedding light on all sides, and rejoicing, evidently, like a strong man to run his race:

"You see, I was brought up a regular blue-stocking as to other things, too. My mother, for instance, had a horror as one might have of leprosy, of a man who had not lived up to a certain code of purity. She impressed the same horror on me early. But there, too, I found life larger than what was taught me. I found men who, though they were not pure, had qualities I could love and honor. I saw one of them, a college mate of mine, give his life away like that—to save a stevedore from drowning. Yet my mother would not have allowed him in her home. Life is larger than all our prejudice, deeper than our firmest belief. It is Stevenson who says, 'The man who cannot forgive any mortal thing is a green hand at life.'"

Crayton's eyebrows lifted the least bit. He was finding out a good deal! The refreshing independence of Frazier's mind which Crayton so much admired—Was it just possible Frazier's independence might go so far as *that!* For this question of a man's moral code was one of those subjects on which Crayton had long been inflexible. His belief in this matter was no mere theory, you understand. Like all his ideals, this was a thing proven. He believed uncompromisingly in purity in a man, and in proof he had his own clean life to show. Although his daughter epitomized for him all that was precious in the world, he would rather take his last look at her—yes, would rather see her in her coffin, with the miserable, heavy-scented flowers over her—than give the exquisite purity of her to any man less pure than herself.

It was soon after that Crayton took occasion to touch on this subject indirectly, but strongly, in a general conversation between himself and Frazier and two young men of the firm as they all sat smoking after dinner one evening at Crayton's home. He spoke just a few sentences—enough to make his position clear, unmistakable, and then dropped the subject.

It was very shortly after this, too, that Frazier was promoted—given the responsibility of looking after the firm's interests out there in the Arizona mining town. But promotion though it looked to be and was, yet it was far more than this, too; it was probation. For this new move on Crayton's part was to be not only a test of Frazier's business ability, but secretly a test of powers of far more importance to a man's soul. Deadlocket was notoriously corrupt, even among corrupt mining towns. On the army of young men who had gone there to win fortune there followed the usual camp-followers. For reasons single to itself the place was full of peculiarly insidious temptations. The young man who came back whole from a town like Deadlocket might reasonably be accounted secure for the remainder of his life.

And if it might seem to the onlooker that Crayton, in planning this trial and proof, exceeded the rights of his powers, no such misgiving disturbed Crayton. He was the master of his own fate, and by divine appointment, and not without personal worthiness, the master of his daughter's fate. He had certain ideals to maintain for her as for himself.

It was, then, all these things which were linked with Frazier's telegram. Crayton thought he knew what had actuated Frazier in offering his services. Frazier had merely seized this opportunity to define his position. The telegram was to Crayton very nearly as good as a proposal of marriage for his daughter's hand. Frazier knew Crayton's strict requirements. Had Frazier not been able to meet these he would hardly have sent this message.

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Crayton bade Josef bring him a telegraph blank. He had, of course, no intention of letting Frazier come back now. Time enough in the fall. Then, too, there were several moves, as to Madeleine herself, that must be carefully thought out, as in a game of chess. Crayton was fond of chess. Indeed, it was the only game he played. He liked the planning and determining, the forecasting and foreseeing, and the establishing of his own position invulnerable at the last. He felt a like but larger pleasure now in foreseeing and disposing of possibilities of so much greater importance. The white knight was to be brought to the side of the white queen, but by moves carefully thought out, cautiously planned. He wrote in a neat, firm hand the telegram to Frazier:

Thank you very much. Unnecessary.

When Josef had taken charge of the message and made off with it, Crayton sat screwing the top on his fountain-pen, his eyes fixed far away, on Deadlocket very probably. There was a look of quiet, shrewd satisfaction in his face.

Crayton had figured very exactly just when, by what boat and mail, a letter from his wife would in all likelihood reach him, and it came precisely as he supposed it would.

Josef, it seems, had a letter also by the same mail with news of his own people. He managed to get it open noiselessly, and, while his master read, he was reading also in the shadow of the portière, with his eager, near-sighted eyes, his whole head following the lines from edge to edge of the letter, over and back, over and back. Once he stowed it away noiselessly and came forward, quiet, capable, at a mere hesitation of his master's hand.

"Yes, sir, the cream, sir. It is right beside you, sir." He touched the cream-pitcher delicately, with an almost affectionate middle finger.

Crayton folded his letter at last and slipped it in his pocket.

"I have heard from Mrs. Crayton, Josef. On account of the war, she and Miss Madeleine will return as soon as it is practicable. You will have everything in readiness.

"Yes, sir." Josef flushed up to the roots of his hair with pleasure. "I am very thankful, sir."

Crayton selected a cigar from those Josef held beside him, carefully cut its tip, and got it lighted. Then he took his wife's letter and went into the library. It was there, away from all his other interests, that he always preferred to write to her, for she and his daughter were of a wholly other world than that to which all his other interests appertained. Treasure and wealth a man may have—precious metals, gold and silver; priceless cloths and stones, gems and jewels; but there will be that he treasures above all these, and for which he will hold all these cheap; some dominating, prepossessing passion of his heart which nothing else touches; something inalienable which remains and abides, supremely a man's own, to which all these, precious or beautiful or desirable as they may be, are but Hagar and Ishmael, their faces even from the beginning turned toward possible dismissal.

The passion which wholly dominated Crayton was for his wife and daughter. These were his own. And it was in this particular room that he seemed, in their absence, most to be with them. In this room more than in any other in the house his wife's personality was regnant. It was as though in coming here he came into her presence. There was something of herself in the air of the room. Something of her influence pervaded the mere folds of the curtains. The little Tanagra figure on the table had in it a remote and intangible loveliness, something delicate and removed, like the remoteness and loveliness of her womanhood; and on the desk the little photograph of Crayton, framed and placed there by her hand—a photograph of Crayton as a child of six in baggy trousers and a little pea-jacket, leaning lovingly against his mother's knee—suggested in those surroundings just that rare and lovely hint of delicate intimacy which you came upon unexpectedly in her also from time to time. Moreover, added to all these more subtle reminders were the portraits of herself and Madeleine which

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looked out on the stillness. Here, then, as in some feasting-chamber of his heart, Crayton tasted that best vintage the years had distilled for him; here, as in some safe and inner treasury, he could gaze undisturbed, and newly possess these, the dearest of all his possessions.

The portrait of his wife on the west wall was of a figure seated, and clothed in some clinging neutral fabric. Across the shoulders, and well away at either side, a crimson cloak fell shimmering. Above this, the loveliness of the face triumphed delicately. In a part song, even while aware of the richness of the other voices, have you not noted how the higher voice soars, though with softer notes, carrying and maintaining the entire melody? The gaze of the eyes, too, was direct and beautiful, like one clear note softly sustained amid resolving harmonies.

The face of the younger portrait was of a most twilight delicacy, turned just a little above the luminous shoulder. The whole gave the impression of something transient as youth itself, delicately pausing, passing irrevocably. The figure was clad in some filminess of pale green, a tone found only in rare and unlikely places. It exists at certain seasons in the remote twilight, above dark and tapestried moors, there where the evening star hangs wet and gold, or, at the moment when the young Cinderella moon puts her silver slipper upon the stairway of the west, departing at the given signal, before all the glory of the stars is come.

Beautiful as was the portrait of Crayton's wife, that of his daughter was perhaps even more appealing, with that wistfulness and promise with which the young moon triumphs over that of later days. You have seen the shining, slender crescent hold in its arms the shadow of the full moon? It was so in looking at the portrait of this young girl that one saw, besides the shining, frail loveliness, the foreshadowing of that fuller perfection from which her own delicate beauty was sprung and to which it was destined in time more fully, more brilliantly to attain. How could one say, looking from this portrait to that of the older woman in her lovely prime, which was the more desirable? Can one choose between Persephone with the dark, pomegranate of the eternal and fruitful years clasped thoughtful against her young breast, and Artemis, the white-footed, the sure of purpose, mistress of the heavens? Can one choose between the young spring's slender crescent shedding on the unblossomed trees the delicate, ethereal promise of what may be in days to come, and the full-quivered moon of later months, of a more abundant shining, treading the resplendent, unbowed fields of ripening harvest?

Crayton drew paper toward him on the desk, and began writing, for, though his wife and daughter might already have started for home, yet he would write, urging certain measures just in case his letter might still find them there.

The room was very quiet as he wrote. By and by a slight breeze began to stir delicately the leaves of a little walnut-tree in the green area on which that window of the library near his desk looked. He turned his face fully toward it in subtle, half-conscious recognition. He and his daughter Madeleine had planted that tree ten years ago on her birthday (it was his own idea), when she was a little girl of eight—for the poet who is reputed to die young in each of us had not died in Crayton; he had merely departed to distant countries, and now and again would return across certain mountain ranges to visit him. It was upon one of these visits that the little tree had been planted.

It might have seemed strange to others, but not to Crayton or the poet, therefore, that the breeze coming among the leaves of its green branches should seem now to Crayton no breeze at all, but the very spirit of the tree, rather, which by some subtle transubstantiation became even the very presence of his daughter. For he had a way of transfusing the thought of her into everything that was either delicate or lovely and peculiarly his own.

This tree was a beautiful and green thing, which seemed always offering a lovely companionship. It leaned a little toward his window when the wind stirred it. Some of its delicately articulate leaves even drifted sometimes within the open casement; or, whenever the

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breeze gave it the least excuse, it tapped with gentle, remindful fingers on the pane, as though to call coveted attention to itself. The light from the desk lamp fell now across the green tips of its branches. Crayton wrote on and on, not looking at it now, yet absorbedly aware of it. She could hardly have been more with him had she been there. And, as he felt her presence beside him, he looked across the intervening miles—testing delicately both his joy and his loss—to Frazier, into whose keeping from his own Crayton meant one day ere long to relinquish her. And Frazier, as it happened—by no very surprising coincidence—was even then writing to him, interrupting himself from time to time to put his face in his hands, the better to shut the world out, the better to visualize Madeleine Crayton, and in some inner sanctuary, with a longing that swept and overwhelmed him, to bow all his young manhood down before her.

When Frazier's letter came it was but an elaboration of his telegram. He felt sure he could leave Deadlocket without detriment to the business. He knew Crayton must be anxious until he had heard definitely that his wife and daughter had sailed. If Crayton had not heard, would he not reconsider and allow Frazier to go?

Crayton replied that he had not heard, but was not anxious. He thanked Frazier, nevertheless, for his offer; and, as a little personal touch better than any thanks, he added that he would find it a pleasure to inform Frazier as soon as he did hear.

Meantime, during the first week, Crayton wrote Dulaney to hold himself in readiness in case Mrs. Crayton sent for him.

But all that was long ago now. Two weeks and several days had passed with no news. Crayton told himself his wife had not written because she was coming; or, if there was further delay, there was good reason for it, which would be explained when she arrived. To those at his office or elsewhere who made inquiry Crayton disavowed anxiety. His wife and daughter would, no doubt, meet some of the discomforts inevitable at such a time, but they would meet also with that kindness and consideration which are called out in every serious emergency, called out the more readily, too, by that feminine delicacy and charm which appeal so strongly to all that is best and most chivalrous in human nature. Crayton treasured in his memory many instances of this kind. He knew well that the priceless and precious things of humanity lie hid in even the roughest places. From those very cliffs and scarred places that others mistrusted, Crayton could have shown you in time emerald and amethyst, tourmaline and chrysoprase.

Once, when Josef took the uncommon liberty of saying, "There is no word, yet, sir, from madam?" Crayton explained, a little severely, that the first boats were to be put at the service not of the wealthy, but at the service of professors and teachers and the self-supporting who needed them more. He found pleasure in citing this. It was a case in point, irrefutable evidence of human kindliness.

The dignity and severity of Crayton's attitude were consistent with the strong, determined face, the uncompromising mouth and eyes. When petty alarmists, and the shallow and the headlong and those who love scandal, are positively eager, it seems, to take humanity at a low estimate, it is then, precisely, that men of ripened experience and strong ideals are needed to uphold their ideals and to assert strongly what they know. What, indeed, should we do without this older reserve when the young, the weak, the impetuous, so soon lose the armor of their faith. For one man who holds humanity in inviolable esteem there will be ten ready to believe the worst of it. So much the greater need, then, of the one man. It was a little as though Crayton himself had been called to arms to do battle for a high cause.

One day Reddington, Crayton's assistant accountant, opined the Allies would soon be in need of copper and ready to pay top prices—"There will be fortunes made now, sir." Reddington had even gone so far as to figure at just what advance the output of the firm could be sold. And Crayton had compressed his fine lips, and narrowed

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his eyes, and spoken once more in defense of all that he knew and believed concerning human nature.

"Honorable men do not make fortunes in that manner," was his reply to Reddington.

From then on Reddington offered Crayton no further suggestions as to the foreign need of copper, and Josef made no remark now when he put the unsatisfactory mail beside his master's plate.

Without analyzing it, Crayton perhaps even enjoyed this sense of growing isolation. Yet there were times, too, when it irked him; times when he was impatient to have his wife and daughter once more in the quiet rooms; times when, without changing his plans or resolves in the least, he quite longed to have Frazier there also, lighting up the place with his strong young presence.

The big house seemed curiously lonely and brooding, a way that empty houses have. The very curtains hung in folds of remembrance, and the chairs with their hands on their knees sat staring ahead of them, waiting for some one who did not come. There was a covert understanding between all the furnishings. Everything waited. Then, too, Crayton's pulses came to leap at the postman's whistle, and he found he had sometimes a tendency to start when Josef appeared noiselessly out of nowhere beside him with the mail.

One morning at the end of the third week the poet revisited him suddenly, almost in panic, his heart flying. What! had no word come even yet? Why, in Heaven's name, had not Crayton gone to Belgium on the first boat himself, like a lover, or at least allowed Frazier to go? But Crayton made clear to him, even a little sternly, that such was the unthinking behavior of the young —of Frazier, for instance. There were the morbid, too, who delighted to rush to wild conclusions. Were not the newspapers already publishing distorted reports, iniquitous hearsay—nothing authentic, mind you! Had they not already gone so far as to make blazing predictions of the ruin that would fall on our own country if we did not rush into military preparedness? Had not the lovers of horror, the scandal-mongers, already pictured our own land a prey to brutal conquerors, who, having stamped out the young manhood of the country, would outrage its women and lead its children into bondage? Were not tongues of flame and the smoke of prejudice and hate already curling to blacken those fair human attainments—justice, peace, order, brotherhood — reared with so much toil and painstaking through generations? These could be blackened, yes; but, God be thanked, they were of too solid a material to be destroyed. Was this a time to add to the doubt— or to the faith of the world? Did not the poet know all this? And the poet did know it, of course, when he thought of it. And he knew, as Crayton did, that war is too hideous a thing to last, and justice and brotherhood, however threatened, too solid to be destroyed.

Nevertheless, the days dragged. It was not the poet now, but something alien, strange to himself, which kept suggesting to Crayton vague doubts; not doubts of humanity at large—never that; there he was firm—but of human beings in particular. He began wondering why he had not heard again from Frazier. Not that Crayton's last letter called for an answer, but if Frazier had been really free to offer himself as an aspirant for the hand of Crayton's daughter, would he not have written declaring himself at this time? Had Frazier's offer to go to Belgium in the first place been but the offer of the ambitious young business man eager to serve his employer instead of that of the hot-blooded young lover? Or, might it be, after all, that Frazier, knowing Crayton's uncompromising requirements, was not free to write? That was the more likely, for who, having set eyes upon so dear a prize as Crayton's daughter Madeleine, but would yearn to possess that prize? But who, knowing how she was guarded about by her father's unflinching resolves, would dare —save with the fullest right—so much as stretch a hand toward her? The thought that he might have been mistaken in Frazier pricked Crayton like a thorn, for, if Frazier were not the man Crayton had taken him to be, then all Crayton had foreseen and planned so carefully would come to naught. Then, this was so painful a thought, so like

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doubt of himself, that he would dismiss it, as one dismisses a thing intolerable.

In the fourth week, while he was under a tension he was not willing, perhaps not able, to admit, there came a cable from Dulaney, marked "Delayed," saying he was leaving for Belgium. So! Crayton's wife must have thought it best to send for Dulaney, after all. Crayton experienced a sense of almost physical relief. This was almost as good as direct news of his wife and daughter. He figured rapidly to determine on just how soon, even allowing for delays, he would receive a second cable from Dulaney saying he had found them and when they would sail. He started to planning, too, as to Frazier, once more. That night he got out the chessmen and began playing a kind of solitaire chess. It was a game invented by himself in which, allowing for certain handicaps, he planned moves for both sides.

To Josef, who had been anxious concerning what he supposed was his master's intense, even though unspoken, anxiety, all this was the equivalent of good news. He came at ten o'clock to look after the lights and stood unsuspected in the doorway, looking on at the game. The portraits were looking on, too, through the dim upper shadows of the room. Crayton was unaware of all three. He bent over the chess-table, absorbed in the next move. The fingers of one hand were grouped intently, consideringly, on one of the pieces. One would have said his hand thought.

Josef went back noiselessly to his butler's sitting-room and to the letters he was writing. His three brothers had joined the colors and his fierce old mother in Augsburg expected him to return to fight for the Fatherland. Of course he had not the slightest idea of returning! Not he! He liked America and meant to stay in it. He began spreading the point of his pen on his broad thumb nail—spread it softly and lifted it, spread it and lifted it, testing its flexibility and thinking, thinking all the while, his thoughts far away. Of course he meant to stay here; but there was, without doubt, a fascination, too, about joining the colors—that resolute coming together of armed men, and the steady march of them away, away from the villages and the neat towns and across the bridges. Oh, there was no denying it, these were stirring times.

Then, too, the taking of war-brides the very night before the departure! That—that stirred his imagination. What a man he was, the Kaiser, to have thought of it. That was something practical if you like.

He dipped the point of his pen in the ink and studied it a long while, thoughtfully. What women had they taken, he wondered. Especially Emil — Emil, whom Josef knew had already ruined two women and had the air of liking himself the better for that—Emil, who, if he was a little drunk, would use his fist to take the bread out of God's mouth if he happened to want it. He remembered that day at the picnic when Emil had bent Madl back to get at her lips until Josef thought he would have broken her, and Friedl and Franz had banged their steins on the rustic table, roaring. Whom had Emil taken? And whom Friedl and Franz? Yes, Josef would have liked to be there. Not that he meant to go, mind you, but, say what you will, there is a pleasant side to war.

He wrote, and paused, and wrote again, giving his mother plausible excuses. And all the while, as he wrote, he thought of Emil and Friedl and Franz and the women. And once he put his head back and laughed a long, noiseless laugh. By and by he wiped his lips with his hand and bent over his writing again.

When he went back to the library at eleven, his master was gone. A large wind was moving through the house here and there, to give warning of a storm. The heavy curtains swelled and swung ominously at the announcement. The green walnut-tree moved suddenly, bent back, and tossed its boughs tumultuously in the wind. Josef pulled down one window after another quickly, softly. As he pulled down the one by the desk the little tree threw itself against the closed pane with a sudden, desperate, leafy lurch of its branches, and tap-tapped wildly with its delicate fingers. At the same moment the wind flung handfuls of rain fiercely against the window.

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Josef congratulated himself he had been in time, else the curtains might have got a wetting; for Josef took a pride in his efficiency. He put out the desk light. Before putting out that on the center-table he took another look to make sure everything was safe and to take a survey, as he often did, of the comfort and beauty of the room. He liked beautiful and refined things, did Josef. At his mother's home in Augsburg everything was well scrubbed and clean, but coarse, very coarse. Here what a difference! How his old mother would stare and wipe her lips. Maybe his brothers would stay in America, too, if they were here. He raised his eyes to the portraits. What would Emil and Friedl say to women like that, eh?

Then the chessmen caught his eye. His master had left them on the chess-table. He gathered them with a slow, sweeping movement of one heavy hand into the other, and put them away, helter-skelter, in the chess-table drawer. Then he peered around again, glanced at the portraits once more through the shadows, and, gazing at the older, which he thought the more beautiful, he slowly, almost unwillingly, put out the light.

In three days—exactly as Crayton had figured—only, they were interminable days—he had not reckoned on their being so long—Josef brought him Dulaney's second cablegram:

Believe sailed Thursday.

DULANEY.

Josef, watching Crayton out of the corner of his eye, noted the sudden ashiness of his master's face, then the slow return of color, and was already informed.

From this message it was immediately clear to Crayton that his wife had not sent for Dulaney, after all. If she had, Dulaney would either have found her or she would have left some exact message for him. But they had sailed! Clayton closed his hand on the full comfort of that, then gave his displeased attention to Dulaney. Yes, evidently Dulaney had gone to Belgium entirely on his own responsibility. Crayton's face hardened. Was Dulaney playing for his employer's favor, too? Or had he rushed to Belgium when he received Crayton's letter from mere lack of poise and judgment, as an alarmist would? There was a shrewd displeasure in Crayton's gray eyes. Then he decided suddenly to dismiss the matter temporarily. There would be time enough to go over all that with Dulaney when Dulaney came back. Meantime he gave himself to the thought of the return of his own. He figured carefully, just when the *Bullenhead*, the Thursday ship would arrive. Then, as suddenly, he turned to thoughts of Frazier. For no reason he could assign, all doubts of him were swept away. He thought of writing him immediately, but decided to wait and telegraph him the very day they arrived, since that would seem to bestow a more intimate courtesy upon him. He decided, too, that instead of waiting until the autumn, he would have Frazier return shortly. The proper moves could be made soon, then; the whole plan got under way quickly.

The week was got through with at last. The night before his wife's and daughter's arrival, he telephoned to know when the *Bullenhead* would dock.

Crayton had never had time nor occasion before that to meet an incoming ship. There were a few others besides himself. The waiting seemed interminable. Crayton had not realized his anxiety as to his wife's and daughter's absence until now, when they were coming back to him. Although he stood, a figure of such dignity and severe reserve, scanning the slowly nearing faces along the ship's side, the poet who was there with him had a painfully flying heart, and a throat tightened with tense emotion as he searched so passionately those eager faces. Surely there—*there* they were! It was like trying to read very fine print; but there, next to the woman waving the yellow scarf— Were not those the two figures waited for and beloved? Yes, yes! For the poet had abnormally keen vision. He saw before other men did. Then the great ship moved slowly nearer, nearer. The line of faces came into larger, more readable print. No! The poet, so over-eager, had made a mistake. These were not they! Something in Crayton seemed to snap and then recover. Perhaps—elsewhere in the line!

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It was not until Crayton had watched the last passenger cross the gang-plank that Crayton realized how much a folly and a weakness had been this trip of his to the dock. If his wife and daughter had been coming in the *Bullenhead* they would of course have sent him a wireless from the ship. Stern lines came into his face. It was as though the poet had played some trick upon him.

That night he wrote Frazier, merely stating the few facts—he had expected them, but they had not come. He added that he expected a letter very shortly now from Mrs. Crayton or her return.

By the next boat, four days later, there came, as Crayton felt sure there would, an explanatory letter from Dulaney. It was as Crayton had suspected, Dulaney had had no word from Mrs. Crayton. She had not asked him to go to Belgium. He had gone entirely on his own responsibility. It had seemed to him the only thing to do under the circumstances. The present time was certainly not one in which to sentimentalize about human nature. For himself, he never took any chances with it.

He had found the *pension* at which Mrs. Crayton and Miss Crayton had stayed, but it was deserted. There was, of course, a great deal of confusion and unending red-tape; but by persistent inquiry he had traced the fact that they had started on their way to the sea-coast. When he inquired he found there was a boat leaving on Thursday. He himself would have liked to secure passage on it, but could not get through the lines. But there must have been ample time, he thought, for Mrs. Crayton and Miss Crayton to get it. Of course there was a bare possibility they might be detained in one of the Belgian towns taken over by the Germans; but, from what he could gather of the general exodus, he thought it hardly likely. If he had luck he hoped to get away the following week. Then there followed a few remarks about the prevailing conditions. The letter ended with a personal note of pessimism. He had always believed the nations of Europe were only waiting what they thought was a good chance to spring at one another's throat. The chance had come. They would all be lapping up blood soon now, and justifying themselves in the name of patriotism! That is human nature for you!

Crayton's disappointment as to his wife and daughter was dulled—even that—by the sharpness of his disapproval, very nearly his disgust, of Dulaney. He had always looked upon Dulaney as a promising young man—uncompromising and perhaps a trifle domineering, a little hard, but a man sound at heart. Now he saw him revealing himself even a little arrogantly as on the worse side; not among the believers in humanity, but the disbelievers. What could be hoped if the young range themselves on the side of pessimism and the darker powers! This was to poison the wells at the source. In his youth—he could not have told you when or where—Crayton had dedicated himself to what he believed to be the constructive, not the destructive, forces of the world—had pledged his strength to faith, not to doubt; and he came nearer bitterness now than he had ever done when he found young men—Dulaney was only twenty-eight—lending their strength to the destructive power of pessimism. He was aware, with a pride that was half indignation, that he had preserved in himself an ideal and a faith better than all the youth of to-day had to show. Let them take their cheap knowledge, their easy pessimism—they who had proved nothing—away from him!

At last he dismissed the matter almost angrily, and began reckoning once more. If his wife and daughter had left for the coast, they must arrive presently; or, should they not be able to secure passage themselves at once, there would be a letter. He resorted again that evening to his chess solitaire. But it could be seen from time to time he was gazing glazedly, and once without making a move in a quarter of an hour. It occurred to him again that it was strange he had not heard from Frazier. He played chess again on the following night. On the third, when he sat in the midst of his game, playing absently and thinking of Frazier and Dulaney (still no word from Frazier, you see!), Josef brought him a letter addressed in a fine

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French hand. It was from the son of an old French gentleman who, once happening to be in financial straits, had taught his daughter Madeleine. Young De Lorbe stated briefly that he was in America on official business, to buy war supplies for the French Government. Remembering what his father had told him of Crayton's business interests, he dared hope for an interview which might, he believed, lead to mutual concessions and benefits.

"On official business!" That meant he came to buy war supplies. It was Reddington's proposal in a new light and deserved as sharp an answer. Crayton got out his pen, but before he had it screwed together he had changed his mind. He would not write his opinion. He would see this young man and speak with him. He looked forward to the opportunity with a kind of grim pleasure. It was as though, suddenly, power which had threatened to leave him had come back to him with assurance stronger than ever. He had a sense, too, of his own mission. Let young men with low estimates of humanity learn from one older and more informed a better reckoning.

He wrote a brief note. He was pleased to make the acquaintance of the son of Caspar de Lorbe. He would be glad if he would come to dine with him on the following evening. After giving the letter to Josef, he went back to his chess and played a well-thought-out game.

De Lorbe spoke English practically without accent. He had the unimpeachable manners of the best modern university type. The young gray eyes, keen as an eagle's, had a way of veiling themselves from time to time gently, as in concession to his smile, which was a thing delightful to see, but the next moment were again looking out at you grayly, soberly, from purposes irrevocably taken. There was about the slenderness and delicacy of face and body an eagerness as of the devotee, as though somewhere in the deserts of the spirits he had eaten of locusts and wild honey.

He slipped quickly and easily into his plea. It was in the cause of civilization and humanity that he spoke. Then, at the last, the supreme appeal came upon his voice like the sound of martial music in the air—something at once appealing and triumphing:

"All humanity is threatened, sir! *France* is in need!"

And for the moment all humanity and all France looked out of his eyes.

Crayton sat through all this with firm, closed lips. At that plea, "France is in need!" his eyes narrowed, his fingers tapped coldly on the table.

"So, I believe, are all countries in need," he replied. "You say it is for humanity that all this incredible inhumanity is to be furthered, and you ask me to help you carry it on. For a price I am to lend my hand also to the horrors of war. The Germans, I believe, use precisely your argument, as to Germany."

"You mean you are in sympathy with Germany?" said De Lorbe, surprised, yet with great courtesy, as though this also, however incredible, must be considered.

Crayton moved a book, a paper-cutter away from him on the table, leaned forward a little, and put his arm where these had been. He meant once for all to get the matter clear. It was as though in this young man he saw the long-looked-for opportunity to state consummately all that his whole life stood for.

"I believe profoundly in humanity," he said, making his solemn confession, "and whoever believes in humanity is of necessity against war."

De Lorbe leaned back a little. There was a moment's pause. Then he spoke:

"So am I against war under ordinary conditions, sir. So, I believe, are all sane men."

"Precisely." Crayton withdrew his hand from the table and leaned back. There was nothing further to discuss.

It was at this moment that Josef appeared in the doorway. His face showed a certain permissible eagerness, as of one who carries pleasant news:

"Excuse me, sir, but Mr. Frazier has just telephoned, sir. He is just back from the West. I told him you were engaged. He would not let me disturb you, sir. He asked me to say he is taking the liberty of coming right up."

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Dead silence. Crayton gazed at Josef with a dazed look. The eagerness in Josef's face changed to something half blank, half speculative. He glanced at De Lorbe. Who was this young Frenchman, and what had he said to affect his master, so that his master sat there with no show of pleasure at this that Josef knew must be pleasurable news.

"It was right, sir, for me to say Mr. Frazier might come?" Josef spoke a trifle anxiously.

"Yes."

Josef withdrew, wondering.

Crayton stared ahead of him a moment. So! Frazier had taken things in his own hands; he also! He must have had just time to receive Crayton's letter. He had probably taken the first train. It was as though Crayton found himself suddenly badgered on all sides. Frazier had outdone Dulaney, even. He had taken upon himself the "responsibility," he also. He had appointed himself a wiser man, more experienced, more informed, than his betters. He would come full of war hatreds and opinions, he, too. He had thrown over the important work in the West without "by your leave," to join the headlong, the impulsive. Here the poet offered a quick plea. Was this not Frazier, the anxious lover? Was not that point clear, at least? And Crayton conceded that it was. Perhaps, after all, he was even glad of this happening. He was aware of his old strength again and the need of his hand at the helm. This was the season for men of tried and proven faith. His old fondness for Frazier came over him but mingled with blame, a blame that should be spoken. He turned to De Lorbe:

"You young men have need of the better balance of older men of larger knowledge. It seems to you that civilization has broken down, that the world is going to pieces, that brute force threatens to triumph over humanity." He spoke very quietly, out of his soul. "But none of these things are true. I am older than you. I know life."

The younger eyes met his, melancholy, without flinching, gray, uncompromising.

"But there are facts," De Lorbe said, quietly, "and facts are things we cannot ignore. They must be reckoned with. You have seen mentioned the German atrocities."

"I do not believe in any such atrocities," Crayton said. "It is to the advantage of the press and partisans to spread such reports. It is not that I am especially sympathetic with the Germans. It is simply that I believe better of humanity."

De Lorbe leaned forward eagerly. "My brother, who has seen, who is the very calmest, the very kindest of men, writes me: 'You know of old how calm I am; how nothing disturbs me. Yet after what I have seen, knowing what I know, the world is changed for me. When in battle I see one of the enemy coming toward me, I could put my teeth in his neck.'"

It was a point well made, but it was to Crayton's advantage, not De Lorbe's.

"And that is the kind of savage hatred you would have me help to prolong?" Crayton narrowed his eyes and waited. Then he leaned back again, stern, but at his soul's ease, vindicated. He shook his head slowly. "Not under any possible circumstances."

The room was very still. There was silence between the two men. The two portraits looked on stilly. It was not for them to speak. The little walnut-tree moved not a finger. These knew Crayton too well to hope to change him, but De Lorbe leaned toward Crayton a little more, and his hand went forward a trifle along the table, tentatively.

"There have been women violated, sir," he said, with great quietness. "The Germans believe these things justifiable."

The room was dusky. A small electric fan on the desk whirred softly and turned its head, paused with a sort of amazement and turned it back again. It had never heard such things discussed. Then suddenly, in the half-light, Josef entered, efficient, cat-footed, to turn on the lights.

Crayton held up a staying hand, and turned to De Lorbe: "Mr. De Lorbe, my manservant here is a German. He has three brothers in the war. Josef, this gentleman says hard things of your countrymen. He has just been say-

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ing—" Crayton looked to De Lorbe for a repetition.

De Lorbe's gray eyes fixed themselves on Josef. "I was saying that your countrymen have violated many Belgian women."

It was Josef's manner rather than his tongue which seemed to stutter, as though he could not say quickly enough nor clearly enough what was to be said.

"The Belgians were given a choice, but they offered resistance, sir. My people are forced to be severe with them. There is no such army in the world as the German Army. Every one knows that. What they do is necessary."

De Lorbe waited, only bending forward a trifle more through the dusk. Josef continued:

"What is an army of strong men to do in a foreign land? Can officers and a few men control a thing like that? My mother in Augsburg writes me. She knows. She is old. She is wise. She has known for years all that was going to happen. She has written me twice of our brave men already lost. But she says: 'There will be a rich harvest in the Fatherland this year, and in Belgium, please God.' I think there will be."

Crayton sat staring ashily at Josef as a man stares at some apparition. Crayton had never looked upon this man before.

Then suddenly there was a sense of reality once more—a sense of dark, unreal things being dragged away like dark scenery from a stage which is lighted suddenly, brilliantly. All in a moment Crayton was in his own world once more. The little, rosy-cheeked maid—the one Josef had engaged not because she was efficient, but because she was so pretty—appeared at that instant in the doorway, fresh, delicate, reassuring, like a branch of peach-blossom against the ominous dusk. In her hand was Josef's little silver tray, and on it was a letter.

She gave a quick, frightened glance at Josef, then stepped across the little space of twilight and held the tray before Crayton, and on it what she knew was *the* letter, hoped for, expected.

"The postman has just brought it, sir."

Crayton knew that he was saved suddenly out of blackness. He took the envelope from the tray with fingers that stumbled. Something had moved on the face of dark waters; a voice from somewhere had summoned light, and there was light; and there was a firmament in the midst of the waters; and in place of chaos there was order, such order as he knew and believed in. He was in his own world once more. There was still his old belief to maintain, and he was right, after all. He rose.

Josef, having recognized the handwriting and postage on the envelope, was following the pink-cheeked maid now. It had been her place to summon him and not to take the liberty of crossing the library herself. She must be scolded for this.

Crayton turned to De Lorbe. "If you will excuse me, I shall leave you for a few moments to yourself. I have a letter here from my wife. It is a letter I have been expecting. I will read it and then return to you. Then we will have dinner."

As Crayton passed on, De Lorbe seemed to realize that the argument was closed finally. It was as though the coming of this letter put an end to everything. He had acutely the sense that his mission was dismissed. Crayton was not the man whose words or opinions would change, not even in these times when Life was sweeping on, overturning ruthlessly with a terrible hand the beliefs of the firmest. Crayton had some happiness, some security of his own; some tower of strength to which he could retire, shutting the world out.

When Crayton was gone, De Lorbe went to the mantel and stood, one hand upon it, looking up at the portrait of Crayton's daughter. This was doubtless she of whom he had heard his old father speak. He gazed reverently at her beauty. Then the thought came quick upon him, "If she were here, perhaps she could persuade him!"

The girlish eyes looked out through the gathering dark, and all the while outside the window the little walnut-tree stood as still and as exquisite.

A moment later De Lorbe turned sharply at Josef's voice, and saw Josef's white face in the doorway.

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"Will you come, sir, if you please, sir. He has fallen. He has struck his forehead. Right here, sir." Josef touched his temple with his middle finger. "Yes, sir. Like lightning, sir. The anxiety must have been killing him, sir. It was the joy of hearing after waiting so long. Shall I get the doctor? Yes. Right next door. Yes, sir; at once."

He hurried away, a swift white shadow, noiseless, frightened.

De Lorbe opened the door of the smoking-room. On the floor of it Crayton lay prone and perfectly quiet. He seemed to have fallen starkly, as though by some swift stroke. He was unconscious, but breathing softly. From his forehead the blood was flowing very slightly from a flesh wound. In his hand was the open letter.

De Lorbe knelt down and laid a hand over Crayton's heart. Had joy brought him to this? Had he been so anxious as that, this man who a moment ago had seemed such a tower of strength? De Lorbe's hand went anxiously, even tenderly, down Crayton's arm, found his hand, and paused there to see if it was warm. His fingers touched the letter. Then he loosed it very gently, smoothed it, where Crayton's grip had partly crumpled it, held it in his two hands well slanted toward the window, which gave him only a very faint and pearly light. And as he read, stooping, he bent closer line after line, closer still, as though the writing or the meaning were growing either illegible or unbelievable.

Suddenly he was aware of steps along the hall. He half hid the letter. Not Josef so soon! He turned and looked up. In the doorway, and then with a quick stride or two beside him, was a tall, well-built young man of about his own age—a clean, high-headed type, with frank eyes peering strangely at him through the dusk.

"I have just come. Josef has told me that Mr. Crayton— What has happened? Can you tell me?" Frazier was down on his knees also now. His hand, too, was feeling for Crayton's heart. Across the still form these two young men peered at each other, their young eyes asking questions. "You can trust me. I am Frazier; I am closer to him, I believe, than anybody."

De Lorbe's voice with its strange, insistent accents, and with a covert alarm, sounded like a bell swung across darkness:

"His wife and daughter are not coming back. She did not write at first because she thought it would be kinder not to. Then, she thought the suspense would be more cruel—" He broke off helplessly, and began again: "His wife and daughter are not coming back—"

"What do you mean?"

"They are not coming back. They were caught in a little Belgian town in the path of the oncoming German army. They are not coming back! 'We shall never look upon your face again.'" De Lorbe's lips formed the words of the letter as better than his own. "She writes that—'We shall never look upon your face again'"—he looked at Crayton—"Good God!" He covered his face as though to shut out something he dared not see.

"In God's name," said Frazier, thrusting his face forward savagely, "what has happened?"

"The worst that *can* happen!"

They looked at each other from vast spaces. De Lorbe handed Frazier the letter slowly across Crayton's body with dim fingers that shook.

Frazier bent over it in the deep dusk to make it out, holding it between his two hands, and the paper in their trembling shook and chattered like a live thing.

Across endless time, out of a sense of sick horror and nausea, Frazier was aware at last of a heavy professional step in the hallway, and Josef's voice explaining:

"Yes, sir, like lightning. Yes, sir. After waiting so long! You see he wouldn't admit, sir—"

Frazier sprang to his feet, the letter crumpled so that it was wholly hid in his hand, and faced them all with a kind of terrible defiance in his white face and his eyes—as it might have been facing those of Life itself, in the dusk—quivered an instant only, before taking on their look of full unflinching resolve.

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

ONE of the writers in that excellent series of critical biographies, "English Men of Letters," noted how, at the time in the first quarter of the nineteenth century when the promise of great things in poetry was fulfilling itself, there was not only a great joy in it, but a hope of great good for the race from it. People thought that somehow it would help bring about the millennium otherwise so slow in arriving, and that with the widely awakened sense of beauty, human nature, or at least its conditions, would be finally bettered by the prevalence of admirable verse. Our recollection as to the means of applying this agency is not very distinct; perhaps the writer who suggested the notion was not himself clear as to the form of the general expectation, but with the evolution of literary mastery in the work of Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Southey, Leigh Hunt and the rest, it was felt that life could not help being morally improved, though the masters were not always at one with each other in their common devotion to the ideal. The world had long been full of wars and rumors of wars, but when the poets came fully into their own, Napoleon had been put safely away at St. Helena and men had entered upon an apparently lasting era of peace under the despotisms which united Europe in their paternal care.

There was at least apparently the hopeful attitude which the writer in question (we are sorry to have forgotten him, but not so sorry as we should be if we felt quite sure that we were reporting him aright) suggested. A reign of good-will in the common enjoyment of the beautiful, which the good-will must moralize, was not too much for human prescience, and our writer believed that this was or might very well have been in the general consciousness just about one hundred years ago. At any rate it was a very pleasant state of things, much pleasanter than the state which it struggled out of and up from; and we have a distinct satisfaction in imagining a parallel mood in our contemporaries. It is true that we have not yet emerged from the wars in which the cycle has rounded itself, but there is no reason why, when the Entente Allies and the Central Powers shall have made peace, we should not enter upon an era of hope such as the race is supposed to have enjoyed a hundred years ago. Concurrently with the manifold deeds of horror which are steeping the Old World in gloom, this fortunate republic has not only remained sunnily engaged in the manufacture of munitions, but has cultivated a talent and a taste for poetry which, but for the very patent fact, we should have hardly suspected.

During the last autumn there were published or republished in our country seventy-odd volumes of verse, and that form of literature has for some years been fostered by six or eight periodicals devoted to poetry as an interest as well as an art. These periodicals come not only from the East but from the West, and perhaps the most dynamic among them is the effect of a generous impulse in Chicago, where hitherto no prose magazine has long survived the most generous impulse. Several others come, of course, from Boston, and the oldest as well as the youngest of these trade journals (as we hope we may call them without offense) review poetry, and thus foster the poetic mood as well as welcome its actual expression to their pages. One, indeed, which comes from Philadelphia, is wholly given to the publication of poetry in its different forms. A copy of this *Magazine of Contemporary Verse* has attracted us by the variety and quality of its contributions,

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nineteen in number, from eight authors, women and men. What is most remarkable is that the poems are all good, and several are of the highest and freshest beauty. Here, for example, is something subtly yet simply felt and faultlessly expressed, apparently in his own English, by a Spanish-American, Salomón de la Selva, which he calls

TROPICAL TOWN

Blue, pink and yellow houses, and, afar,
The cemetery, where the green trees are.

Sometimes you see a hungry dog pass by,
And there are always buzzards in the sky,
Sometimes you hear the big cathedral bell;
A blind man rings it; and sometimes you hear
A rumbling ox-cart that brings wood to sell.
Else nothing ever breaks the ancient spell
That holds the town asleep, save, once a year,
The Easter festival. . . .

I come from there,
And when I tire of hoping, and despair
Is heavy over me, my thoughts go far,
Beyond that length of lazy street, to where
The lonely green trees and the white graves are.

A whole conditioning of life, a whole civilization intimates itself in these lines, and the heart of the witness glows at the touching perfection of the picture. If there were nothing else in the *Magazine of Contemporary Verse*—and we have said there is a great deal else that is good—it would be enough to justify the charming enterprise. We have, of course, no means of knowing how the enterprise has prospered, but we are sure it ought to prosper at fifteen cents a copy; and if it probably does not enrich its proprietors or contributors we are sure it serves their higher need better than the more miscellaneous magazines, which reserve for verse such holes and corners of space as their prose leaves unfilled.

Still we could not easily make sure how much or little the periodicals which recognize poetry as an interest are promoting its cause as an art. What we can be sure of is that there is a diffusion of poetry in this later time far wider than any in our literary history, and it is not very material whether the poets have fostered the periodicals or the periodicals have fostered the poets. As yet the poets outnumber the periodicals, but that is perhaps because, with their devotion to their art, they are readier than the editors to take the risks of publication, for it is imaginable of the seventy-five volumes of verse printed last fall that not every one was the financial venture of the bookseller. We have not read the most of them, and we are not prepared to say how many are worthy the pecuniary risk, but we are confident that they are at least as worthy as so many volumes of prose fiction. We are tempted to go a little further and say that the poets represented in this output are worthier of the higher success than as many novelists, whose output was far vaster. No observer of our literary experience of the last six or seven years can fail to see how "the making of splendid names" has been among the poets rather than the novelists. We could not count them all on the fingers of one hand, or perhaps even two, and if we choose not to name them it is because we would not like to seem partial; but the polite reader can easily think of them. They, whoever they are, must be recognized as having gone as far as most poets of promise in other times whom we now see to have been poets of performance. Whether they are of as great performance as the poets who were thought great in the past must be determined in the future when they are no longer so willingly read. We suppose, in fact, it would be almost an offense to ask the lovers of them whether they are really as good as Bryant or Emerson or Longfellow or Whittier or Lowell or Holmes; but it might easily be that they are not, and yet may be worthy of great honor and affection. What they seem striving for, most of them, is the expression of genuine emotions and largely of the genuine emotions, primitive and recondite, which have been kept silent for the most part. In the utterance of such emotions they have practised much contortion of form and have not unnaturally imagined that their straining was a part of their achievement when it was only a part of their suffering; but that contortioning now seems mostly over, and the conversion

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of the vast welter of Walt Whitman's rhythm into the choppy seas of *vers libre* has ceased to convince many of their innate poethood. The greater number have realized that beauty of form is an essential condition of the beautiful and have let melody and harmony come back to their verse. Out of the nineteen beautiful poems in the *Magazine of Contemporary Verse* every one is rhymed, and out of the many in the other poetical periodicals most are rhymed and the rest are at least rhythmical. We do not find one instance of the shredded prose, with the bark and splinters clinging to it, which discomforted us a year ago.

This is a great advance and full of consolation, proof of quality, prophecy of divine things. Poor old Victorians, like ourselves, who still do not see any great wrong in Tennyson or even much ugliness in Keats, or harm in those harbingers of the millennium a hundred years ago, cannot help taking heart from the return of our poets to sweetness and light. They cannot have too much of these, especially of light, though oversweetness in them may cloy; but if it is to be their job to bind up the wounds of civilization and soothe its pangs from the war still raging, they cannot take up their Red Cross work with too many anodynes, too much nepenthe (if that magic drug is still in the pharmacopœia); they cannot tread too lightly or with a pace too musically measured about the world's vast bed of pain. Perhaps it will indeed be the office of poetry to bring surcease of anguish to the world, diplomacy having so signally failed, or at least help it to forget its pain and sorrow for its sins against the human soul and the oversoul. We have interposed a "perhaps," because we are not sure the young poetry of our time can be of this divine efficacy or can perform the auxiliary effect of that imagined of the poetry that was young a hundred years ago, or even of the poetry which was young fifty years ago. What we mean by this maundering is that the poetry which is young now does not seem of the altruistic quality which was characteristic of the poetry of those other eras. Rather it seems, if we may say it without offense, to be very largely, if not mostly, of an egoistic quality; to be private-spirited rather than public-spirited, to be overmuch an inquiry into the poet's psychical symptoms and less a concern for the common weal—social, civil, and even political. There is less of Wordsworth and Shelley, less of Longfellow and Lowell, less of Bryant and Whittier, less of that austere beauty of conscience which we are aware we may be praising with some risk to ourselves from that potent following of the beauty of art which we have recognized. We hope this is not accusing the poetry which is now young of being Art for Art's sake. The little day of that ideal is long past and will hardly come again, and we wish merely to intimate with as small offense as may be that the young poetry of our time is of too personal scope and tendency.

There is no harm in this personality which, in fact, is inseparable from the poet's vision. He necessarily sees all life through his own at the worst; it is arrested impersonality; until he has known how to learn and prize and pity himself he will hardly extend his knowledge and compassion to others. Besides, it may be argued that, standing outside of the Old World's atrocity and agony, we of the New World have put on a new insensibility to the experience of others; that our neutrality has entered into our souls and hardened them in every sort. What then? Shall we become part of the manifold murder over yonder that we may soften our hearts and pour them out in sanative song, which shall be for the healing of the nations? Has there been any such effect with the poets of the Central Powers or the Entente Allies? It is but a little while since Russia saw the truth, as it had not shone since it came to Jerusalem from Nazareth, but it seems to have been eclipsed now by the smoke of Von Mackensen's guns. The greatest of all the Russians and the greatest of all the men who have written since Shakespeare, came at last to hold literary art in slight esteem and to abhor the art of music as often an infernal lure. His feeling concerning music might have inclined him to *vers libre*, which has neither grace of movement nor sweetness of sound; but there is no proof of

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this, and we have no grounds for supposing that Tolstoy would have blamed our young poetry for not including all mankind in its self-pity, though he was obliged to join Mr. Shaw in holding Shakespeare at fault, because he seemed to care less than nothing for such of his fellow-men as work for their living with their hands and then often do not get it.

We had better not expect too much from our young poetry, in fact, but do our best to enjoy it in spite of this drawback. Let us not demand any general amelioration of mankind from it, since there is no very tangible proof that the poetry of one hundred years ago had any such beneficent effect as was expected of it, if it really was expected. We can safely hope no more than that here and there a hard heart may be softened, a coarse soul refined, a dull mind enlightened. This was probably all that happened from the poetry of that other cycle. If a lofty spirit like Wordsworth or like Shelley must seem to have uplifted a spiritually sunken generation, a spirit like Byron, which was only occasionally lofty, must have done much to weigh that generation down again. Our own generation has to struggle against no such corrupting influence as "Don Juan," which, past any contemporary experience of ours, was deliberately wicked, and all the more pernicious because of its passages of beauty and sublimity. But we must not suppose anything abidingly good or evil from a work of literary art. Such works act on the principles through the emotions, and the emotions are very tenuous and fleeting things. They form a medium which cannot keep its impressions; the average reader who means to be bad from the effect of them finds his principles coming through, and the first thing he knows he is as good as ever.

After all, perhaps the difference between the poetry that is now young and the poetry which was once young is dimensional, something that may be measured, a matter of length and breadth, if not thickness. The older young poetry ran more to quantity than the newer. The epic went long before, but the tale in verse came in later and survived far into the Victorian era. There was even one novel in verse, *Lucille*, namely, which was for a moment the most popular novel of the day. But the prose novel soon resumed its ancient sway and the short story took the place of the tale in verse, and is likely to hold it if we are to judge from its acceptance in the magazines and from the fact that it may be taught from a formula on a mail-order. Nevertheless, the hour is very propitious for the young poetry, for it must be owned that prose fiction is largely very decadent, to give it no worse name. Though no magazine editor in his senses would be apt now to accept tales in verse in such quantities as six or eight, like the short stories in prose which he sometimes boastfully prints in his midsummer or holiday number, and no publisher would bring out a novel in verse without making the author bear, or at least share, the charges and risks, still it cannot be denied that the young poetry is surely and justly making its way, if not to supremacy, then to equal favor with the old or elderly prose. From the number of people who are writing it we must believe that still greater numbers are reading it. One does not see it in such quantity on the news-stands or in the department stores, but at all polite booksellers it abounds, and in homes pretending to cultivation, it may be found with the leaves at least partially cut.

There are several poets whom it would be invidious, or at least unhandsome, to distinguish, but who must be counted with in any critical estimate of our literature. Their work is as excellent in its way as that of any of our prose fictionists, and it is for the most part of a fresher intention and performance. Just what its dominant note, or promissory note, may be we are not so confident of our ground as to say. We are rather surer of what it is not, as we have ventured already to suggest by a process of exclusion, but if we were forced to define its claim to the favor it has unquestionably won, we might say it was a feeling for color rather than form, and that it was characterized by a peculiarly subtle and penetrating sense of beauty in nature, wherever the poet is able to go outside of himself and is able to report his impressions of what he sees.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

THE centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Harper publishing-house opens almost simultaneously with the appearance of the present number of the Magazine. The readers of this periodical will see in its pages, beyond the persistent effort to make it better, no obvious celebration of that event. We are looking forward rather than backward. But while we are always eagerly awaiting new arrivals in our field of literary endeavor, it is natural that the centennial occasion should revive our feeling of gratitude to the writers who in the past have given us of their best and our hope that those of them still living, English as well as American, will cherish equally with us and our readers the familiar bond in this especially home year.

We may also be pardoned if we indulge in a retrospective view of that distinctively American literature with which the career of this Magazine has been almost coterminous. In its first years, when American authors were so few the Magazine was of inestimable service to the future of American literature in bringing to every city and hamlet of the Republic the best current publications of English literature, at a time when our people still retained its homogeneous character and, in sensibility, still cherished the noblest of English literary traditions. Even in the exercise of the literary faculty this sensibility was dominant, as it was in what we recall the most classic style of American oratory, of which George William Curtis was the last eminent exemplar.

The office of this Magazine in that earliest extensive representation of English writers—an office then forced upon it by the paucity of American contributors suiting its chosen type, and afterward continued in its preferential choice of English fiction for serial use, because of its long-sustained pre-eminence—served to keep open a common ground in American and English literary appreciation, and also as a wholesome check upon a later tendency of American writers to break with all traditions of the past.

The tendency seems, nevertheless, inevitable when we consider the conditions determining the genesis and development of American literature. The writers of that period addressed an audience which had become, like themselves, used to dependence upon English literature. Their style and diction, of course, were accordant to that long-cherished habit. The academic English critic of to-day points to these writers as worthy of special commendation.

The period when American literature, more touched with filial piety, more given to walk in the footprints of its fathers than it is to-day—less proudly unwilling to owe a little to the past, less scornful of the gracious sanctions of Time and consuetude—was also less furiously bent upon being at all costs indigenous; when it saw no shame in bearing some such relation to the literature of Great Britain as that of Rome bore to that of Greece; in a word, when it was more English in texture and mode than it is at present, its level of performance was incomparably higher. Since that period—the rich, mellow, humane period of Hawthorne, Longfellow, Emerson, Holmes, and their elect fraternity—the America whose ancestral roots were mainly and manifestly in these islands has given place to an America whose parent stem is fast being hidden by the multitude of its graftlings; and whether it be accident or not, the change has certainly coincided with a marked decline in literary prestige and power; so marked that America has not at the present moment a single author whose works are awaited as stirring events by a public at once intelligent and large, outside of her own borders. To say this of the greatest English-speaking community in the world is to make no slight allegation, nor is it made with any zest, any gusto, in these pages. Their writer relishes far more the

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opportunity and duty of bearing witness to the immensely wide diffusion among all classes in the United States of a real and lively interest in the affairs of the pen, as contrasted with the lamentably narrow area within his own country. But this widespread literary impressibility, noted with such pleasure and envy by the cultivated English visitor to the United States, is coupled with a good deal of crude and indiscriminating judgment.

Thus writes Mr. William Watson in his recently published *Pencraft;* and the writer adds that

although the American mind is now far more cosmopolitan than formerly, American poetry, to-day, as compared with that of fifty years ago, has an emphatically provincial note. In some degree this is also true of American fiction, its living masters showing little faculty of so dealing with local truth as to mobilize it for universal conquest.

Mr. Watson probably has no intimate knowledge of contemporary American fiction. Naturally he has a closer acquaintance with American poetry, his criticism of which is accordingly more valuable, though his aversion from recent examples of the art would forbid anything like intimacy with them on his part. We doubt if English critics generally care much for the living masters in American fiction. From their point of view, they have at home so much fiction of a higher order that our best examples do not especially engage their attention; and, with exceedingly rare exceptions, it is only our next best that wins its way among the less critical classes of English readers. Our filial piety counts for little with these. The greater the alienation of our writers from their ancestral roots, the more they cultivate indigenousness, the more attractive they seem to the general British audience.

Ever since we have had a literature it has been mainly the distinctively American quality of it that has won popularity abroad, and especially in England. It is just as true, on the other hand, that of English writers American readers generally prefer the best, as the result not so much of critical judgment as of a sensibility that for a century has been almost insensibly developed through the judicious selection of their publishers and public libraries. This has to some extent been helpful to them in their choice of American books and other publications, though by no means to the exclusion of the great mass of inferior productions thrust upon the vast majority of American readers by an indiscriminating press. We have in mind, not the baser sort of literature pandering to a vitiated taste, but simply the mediocre productions that meet and tempt the ever-increasing partially educated mediocrity of readers and the relative values of which must not be discredited.

But we can arrive at no adequate comprehension of the development of American literature if we confine ourselves to considerations of what it is, or has become, through the continuity in this country of English culture, through cosmopolitan sensibility which has been the ground of our European appreciations, or through what we owe to the general progress of mankind as well as to our own democratic institutions. To comprehend whatever is distinctive to that literature, whether it be excellence or defect, we must give special attention to separateness of development in an environment having no historical background extending beyond that made by a few generations of Americans.

The enforced isolation of the Colonial period, during which the original settlers held closely to the seaboard, had a peculiar effect upon the imagination, not shown in literature, other than political and theological, but intensifying in Pilgrim, Puritan, and Huguenot the religious and political revolts from tradition that had driven them into the wilderness to contend with natural elements and wild savages. In those prompted to this exile by the spirit of adventure, that spirit was constantly urging fresh nomadism—a farther remove from everything European. But, owing to the difficult obstacles then interposed, any great extension of frontiers was impracticable in Colonial times.

It was inevitable that when external conditions should permit the emergence of American literature even upon a small scale, it must bear upon it the stamp of its so separate environment—upon its content especially, and to a remarkable

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degree upon its quality. The sensibility of both author and audience might be broadly cosmopolitan, the language hereditary, the diction traditional, yet in theme, temper, and locution the indelible impress of the American environment would be apparent. Less evident in our earliest writers, indeed, than in those of the last two generations or of to-day, who are greatly influenced by national traits of genius and humor developed in that West which would have so little "to do with abroad." Thus it happens that the more cosmopolitanism is impressed upon us by the growth of a broader intelligence and humanism, the more provincial our literature seems to the critic who reverts with pride to the loyalty of the eminent New England writers of the mid-nineteenth century to English literary tradition.

But genial as these writers were to Englishmen and as were some of their predecessors — Cooper, Bryant, whose "Thanatopsis" Wordsworth knew by heart, and Irving, so companionably cherished by Dickens—it needs no close scrutiny to detect the predominant American strain in them, never overcome by European affiliations strengthened by travels abroad and familiarity with foreign literature. Lowell was never more at home with himself and his compatriots than when indulging his peculiarly American vein of humor in his two series of *Biglow Papers* and in his faithfully idiomatic New England sketches; nor was Irving more closely following his American predilections than in his *Knickerbocker's History of New York* and his legends of the Hudson. Cooper was best known to Englishmen as well as to Americans by his "Leather Stocking" tales. Emerson in every sentence was racy of his native soil. Who of all our poets was in his whole personality more concretely an indigenous American than Walt Whitman, whom no academic critic would mention but to condemn, but who, by some special irony, as Mr. Watson says of both him and William Blake, appealed most strongly to the ultra-literary Englishman? Longfellow's English appeal was wider than that of the more classic Tennyson, in the latter's lifetime, but his themes were seldom English and, when not Continental, were, in his most characteristic poems, distinctively American, though not in a so provincial sense as those of the more rugged Whittier.

Hawthorne, who won a more appreciative audience in England than in America by his earlier fiction, was yet, for all his loyalty to English tradition and his keen appreciation of the Italian scene, as shown in *The Marble Faun*, one of the most strikingly American figures in our literature. The quality of his genius is best shown in his creative interpretation of Colonial New England backgrounds in the greatest of his novels, *The Scarlet Letter*. As a writer of fiction no one has, in the whole texture of his work, been more characteristically American than Edward Everett Hale.

Thus far we have taken note only of writers in established Eastern communities. The wave of adventure westward, and, just before the middle of the century, beyond the Rockies met Romance in new elements encountered, and made it in the picturesque pioneer life of the modern Argonauts. The new literature developed by Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, John Hay, and Mark Twain, was intensely American, and in a sense not before apparent; most original in its vein of humor, the development of which, in all its varied phases, Mr. Howells so clearly portrayed in his March Easy Chair.

That era can never be repeated. Our pioneer life is of the past. Our literature has entered upon the period of its maturity. It will still be "different," as Booth Tarkington and Mrs. Deland are different from their English contemporaries in fiction; but the lines of demarcation will grow fainter with the growth of international sympathy in every field of human activity. As literature blends more and more with life, its values must come to be regarded and cherished simply as living values.

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

Dutchman's Quirk

A NEW YORK LEGEND

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

BROADWAY reaches northward from fair Bowling Green
Direct as an arrow-flight—flexureless, clean,
And certain of line
As the trunk of a pine
(And would that a rod of its frontage were mine!)
Quite suddenly then,
At the street numbered "Ten,"
Above a famed warehouse of laces and shawls,
Just south of a chapel with gray Gothic walls,
It leaps to the West
Like a roadway possessed!
In flagrant defiance
Of Reason and Science,
Macadam and Telford and Byrne, and the laws
Of wise Roman roadmakers. . . . Hear ye the cause!

Old Hendrick Brevoort in—what matters the date?
In days that are gone, held a goodly estate—
A "bouwerie" termed in the speech of the Dutch,
(His neighbors were Stuyvesants, Banckers, and such);
The where, with the hoardings of toil and frugality,
He lived at his ease and dispensed hospitality.

"HE LIVED AT HIS EASE AND DISPENSED HOSPITALITY"

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"HOUSEWIVES DEFENDED BELEAGUERED DOMINIONS"

With head in the heavens, deep-rooted in earth,
A tulip-tree, mighty of bourgeon and girth,
So stately and proud,
Wide-branching, great-boughed,
O'ershadowed his lawn with an emerald cloud.
'Twas Hendrick's delight in the cool of its bower
To smoke and to ponder from hour to hour
With tankard at knee;
"For, truly," said he,
"Of all friends, the very best friend is my tree
That never provokes me and never deceives,
But echoes my thoughts with the sigh of its leaves."

The Mayor and Council had sanctioned a plan
To straighten the roadways that rambled or ran
Cross-hatching our Isle
In a wonderful style—
(Those happy old lanes!)—so they summoned a file
Of axmen with axes and chainmen with chains
And hardy surveyors of mountains and plains
And gave them instructions,
In spite of all ructions
To follow the chart
Nor ever depart
A hair from its guidance;—regardless of mart
Or hovel or mansion, to hew out the way;
Whatever the damage, the City would pay.

Forth sallied that trigonometrical band
To further the work that the Fathers had planned;
And strictly obeying
The rules of surveying,
Invested with powers that challenged gainsaying,
They carried that roadway o'er high land and low,
Direct as the flight of a bee or a crow,

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O'er meadow and lot,
Through palace and cot,
By scenes that were seemly (by wiles that were not),
Through acres of flowers
And bird-haunted covers
And byways and bowers
Once sacred to lovers,
Though housewives defended beleaguered dominions
Or voiced from their doorways unfettered opinions
Of levels and transits and Government minions—
Though cattle protested from buffeted sheds,
Though turnips and cabbages rained on their heads,
Though farmer-boys fought them,
Though maidens besought them,
They followed their map, undismayed, till it brought them
To Hendrick Brevoort at the foot of his tree. . . .

What! Yield up his friend to tne axman? Not he!
He called out his neighbors—the Blauvelts, the Raynors;
They roused up their vassals and sturdy retainers,
Their tenants and servants, white, yellow, and black—
Dirck, Chuffee, and Hubert, Claes, Mingo, and Jack—
Both merry young springalds and crusty curmudgeons
With ax-helves and pitchforks and scythe-blades and bludgeons,
Resolved to defend
To the bitterest end
The right of a Dutchman to stand by a friend!

The Knights of the Sextant yet sought to prevail
Through promise of riches or threat of the jail;
But, finding old Hendrick perverse or obtuse,
They drew off their army and patched up a truce.
Brevoort left the tree in the keep of his horde
To make good in law what he held by the sword.

"WHAT! YIELD UP HIS FRIEND TO THE AXMAN? NOT HE!"

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He called on the Mayor,
The City Surveyor,
The Coroner, Marshal, and every tax-payer
Of substance and influence, urging his plea
Of "Woodman, O Woodman! don't fool with that tree!"

Sing hey! for the hardheaded man with a whim!
The plan of a city was altered for him!
The highway led straight
To Hendrick's estate,
Then gallantly swerved
And gracefully curved
Away to the westward. . . . The tree was preserved!
(To chuckle, no doubt,
At the numberless rout
Of mortals His Majesty made to turn out.)

When up through the cañon that men call "Broadway"
You're riding on business or pleasure to-day,
And suddenly, close to the front of Grace Church
The car takes a curve with a jolt and a lurch
That loosens, mayhap,
Your hold on a strap
And drops you quite neatly in somebody's lap,
Remember, the cause of that shameful jerk
Is, just as I've shown you, a "Dutchman's Quirk!"

Just the One

THE children happened to be present when mother received an applicant for the position of nurse-maid.

"Why were you discharged from your last place?" asked mother, when she had ascertained, after much ingenuity, that the applicant had not voluntarily left that place.

"Well, ma'am," said the girl, very frankly, "to tell the truth, I sometimes forgot to wash the children, ma'am."

Whereupon there came from the children in chorus, "Oh, mother, please engage her!"

All of One Mind

A MISERLY and unpopular citizen lay dying.

"Are you willing to go?" questioned the deacon.

"Oh yes, I am."

"Well, I'm glad you are, for that makes it unanimous," rejoined the deacon.

A Change for the Worse

THE superintendent of a Maine Sunday-school, while addressing the board of directors, referred to the chairman's refusal to donate as large a sum of money as was expected for the church's current expenses.

"Brother Frost is reputed to be 'well off,' but when I cited this to him, to my surprise he denied it, saying, 'I was well off before I was married, but I didn't realize it then.'"

Misdirected Energy

LITTLE Nellie was visiting her uncle for the first time, and he was so indulgent a gentleman that she at once climbed up into his lap and began to play with his whiskers. These had begun to show traces of age, and Nellie, carefully tugging at one white hair, smiled into her uncle's face and said:

"I'm pulling out the basting-threads."

The Usual Solution

"I SAY, old fellow," confided the bachelor to his friend, "I'm going to be married, and for the life of me I don't know what to call my wife's mother. 'Mother-in-law' is too big a mouthful, and 'mother' would be too ridiculous. Tell me, what do you do?"

"Let me see. Oh yes, I remember. The first year I called her 'Say.'"

"Well, and after that?"

"Oh, after that it was easy—we both called her grandmamma."

Hardly Fair

"IT'S no use," sighed Freddy, "I never can learn to spell."

"Why not?" inquired his anxious mother.

"How the dickens can I ever learn," he demanded, hotly, "when the teacher changes the words every day?"

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Feminine Logic

"DON'T you think that you are rather unreasonable," asked the husband, "to expect me to take you to a ball, and stay awake until four o'clock, and then get up at eight and go to my work?"

"I may be a little unreasonable," answered his wife, "but it's perfectly brutal of you to mention it."

Fish Scales

THERE is an elderly physician in a Long Island town who is an enthusiastic angler in every sense of the word. While on his way home from a fishing trip he received an emergency call. The proud, newly made father was impatient to have the child weighed, but couldn't find the steelyards, so the physician had to use the pocket scales with which he weighed his fish.

"Good heavens! doctor," exclaimed the father as he saw the pointer go up. "Thirty-seven and a half pounds!"

LITTLE GIRL: "*My, what a pretty baby! How old is it?*"
MOTHER: "*Two months.*"
LITTLE GIRL: "*Is it your youngest?*"

English as She Is Spoke

THE teacher of "conversational French" in a certain Eastern college was a lively mademoiselle "just over on account of the war." One day she stopped two girls very excitedly. She wanted to buy an *éponge pour la bain*, but did not know what to ask for.

"Bath sponge. Tell the salesman you want a big bath sponge to take home with you," said the girls in chorus, and they accompanied her to the village drug-store.

A young clerk stepped forward. Mademoiselle advanced bravely. "Please," she said, smilingly, "will you take me home and give me a big sponge bath?'

A Quixotic Error

DORIS, four years old, visiting in the country, saw her first windmill.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "come and see the big 'lectric fan grandpa keeps out in the barnyard!"

LADY: "*Why don't you stop that fight?*"
MAN: "*I was goin' to, mum—but my kid's gettin' the best of it at last.*"

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A Voice from the Past

The hymn his mother used to sing.

Richly Endowed

ALTHOUGH Alfred had arrived at the age of twenty-one years he showed no inclination to pursue his studies at college or in any way adapt himself to his father's business.

"I don't know what I will ever make of that son of mine," bitterly complained his father, a hustling business man.

"Maybe he hasn't found himself yet," consoled the confidential friend. "Isn't he gifted in any way?"

"Gifted?" queried the father. "Well, I should say he is! He 'ain't got a darned thing that wasn't given to him."

The Guilty Party

FOR a week the pupils of a kindergarten school had been studying about the wind —its power, effect, etc.—and the subject was getting exhausted. In an effort to stimulate interest the teacher, in her most enthusiastic manner, said:

"Children, as I came to school to-day in the trolley-car the door opened and something came softly in and kissed me on the cheek. What do you think it was?"

And without a moment of hesitation they answered, "The conductor!"

An Ancient Legend

THERE is an inn in a New England town that is popularly supposed to have been established during the time of the Revolution, and the present proprietor is very proud of its reputation.

"This inn must be very old," said a Westerner, who had not as yet been made acquainted with its history.

"Very old, sir," said the proprietor, with the utmost solemnity. "Would you like to hear some of the stories connected with the place?"

"I would, indeed," replied the tourist. "Tell me the legend of that curious old mince pie the waiter just brought in."

A Wise Child

THE spelling lesson contained the word "wool."

"What is wool, auntie?" asked little Clarence.

"Wool," replied auntie, "is fine hair that is taken from the back of a lamb. It is used in making yarn, cloth, and other things. The trousers you have on are made of wool."

"Oh no, auntie, these are not made of wool; they are made from an old pair of papa's."

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A New-year Reduction

DAD was not greatly pleased by the school report brought to him by his hopeful.

"How is it?" he demanded, "that you stand so much lower in your studies for the month of January than for December?"

Samuel was equal to the emergency. "Why, dad," said he, in an injured tone, "don't you know that everything is marked down after the holidays?"

A Necessary Delay

"EF yoh husban' beats yoh, mebbe yoh kin have him sent to de whippin'-pos'," ventured Mrs. Johnson, comfortingly, to the dusky bride.

"Ef my husban' ever beats me," rejoined the other, calmly, "dey kin send him to de whippin'-pos' ef dey wants to, but dey'll have to wait till he's outn de hospital."

A Grave Misapprehension

A MOTHER and her little son had stopped before the show-window of a toy-shop. Undistracted by the many playthings exhibited before him, the child's eyes remained fastened on a set of ivory chessmen, arranged symmetrically upon their board.

"Mum!" exclaimed the youngster, enraptured, "please buy me that little cemetery."

Dangerous Proximity

A YOUNG man who was plainly nervous and fidgety looked with considerable apprehension at the woman with a baby in her arms who took the only vacant seat in the car—the one beside him. The baby gave an occasional cry of pain, which the woman evidently tried to suppress.

Finally, after many anxious glances, the young man spoke. "Has—has that baby any—anything contagious?"

The woman returned his glance with a mixture of scorn and pity. "It wouldn't be for most people," she said in a clear, decisive tone, "but maybe 'twould for you. He's teething."

A Change of Heart

A MAN of rather unprepossessing appearance had been devoted to a Chicago girl for a long time and somehow had got the impression that she was willing to marry him.

"What!" he exclaimed, when finally the situation was made absolutely plain to him. "You will not marry me?"

"Impossible."

"But you seemed to love me once. Your eyes brightened at my approach, and often when I sat silently gazing at you I am sure you were greatly agitated."

"Yes, I know; but since you have cut off your side-whiskers you don't look so much like my poor, dear, dead Fido."

A Mother's Recommendation

AN East Side mother brought her boy to school for the first time, and thus counseled the teacher with reference to the proper handling of him:

"This little boy is very delicate, as he is afther a fit of harmonya on the loongs; but if he does anything bould—and I know he will—bate the wan next to him an' 'twill be sure to frighten him."

TOMMY: "*Mother, I'm bringin' Nellie Smith in to prove to her that this yellow hair she found on my coat is only one o' yours.*"

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Dilemma of suburbanites with one maid on finding that their guest has left his shoes to be polished.

Too Far in the Lead

IT was Marian's sixth birthday, and she felt the weight of years on her shoulders. A friend of the family remarked:

"What a big girl you are getting to be, Marian! And you are six years old to-day?"

"Yes," replied Marian, swelling with pride, "and if it was not for papa and mamma I should be the oldest in the family."

A Far Cry

THE two friends meet on the street as they were hurrying to their respective offices one morning.

"Hello, Linder, old man!" cried one, as he grasped the other's hand. "Congratulations. I hear you have a new youngster at your house."

The new father glanced around apprehensively. "For Heaven's sake, you can't hear him 'way up here, can you?"

Loyalty

THE little girl looked in dazed silence at Niagara Falls; and then, in answer to her mother's question, "Well, what do you think of it, dear?" answered, with a disdainful shrug of her shoulders:

"Oh, *our brook* could do *that*, if it had a chance."

Protecting the Natives

THE new clerk at the drug-store in an Ohio town returned a prescription to an old customer with a request that he wait till the boss returned.

"But why can't you fill it?" asked the customer.

"I could fill it if you were a stranger," said the new clerk, candidly, "but I ain't supposed to fill 'em for folks that lives about here."

Not a Business Child

UNCLE ELIJAH, with his eight-year-old, was soliciting alms, and with poor results. He had just been refused by a well-dressed lady, who explained that she had no change.

"Don't yo' mind dat, ma'am," said Elijah; "jist give de bill to de chile heah, an' she'll bring de change. She won't run away with it, lady. Pore chile, she 'ain't got no sense!"

No Discount

"YOU ought to cut my hair cheaper," said the bald-headed man to the barber, "because there's nothing much to cut."

"H'm! In your case we don't charge for cutting the hair; we charge for having to search for it."

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Painting by W. J. Aylward Illustration for "The Apple-Tree Fleet"

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. CXXXIV MAY, 1917 No. DCCCIV

THE WRECKERS

The Apple-Tree Fleet

BY HOLMAN DAY

THERE are robust satirists 'longshore — and some of them sing!

At hand is a certain coastwise "chantey" which I copied from the log of Capt. Zovannah Hedge, late of the tops'l schooner *Reuben and Esther*. This lyric is not interjected so precipitately in the foreword because of any conceit that it may serve to adorn the tale; its appeal is not to the spirit of poesy. Nor is it merely lugged in by the ears because it happens to be of the sea and because the page on which it was jotted down by the calloused fingers of Cap Zove was speckled with flakes of dried brine. Its excuse is that it succinctly explains what is meant by "the apple-tree fleet."

Of course everybody ought to know, but it is admitted by mariners—especially ancient mariners—that in spite of the super-circulation of important knowledge in these days of wide publicity there is a vast amount of inshore ignorance regarding the commonest captions, cognomens, and characterizations

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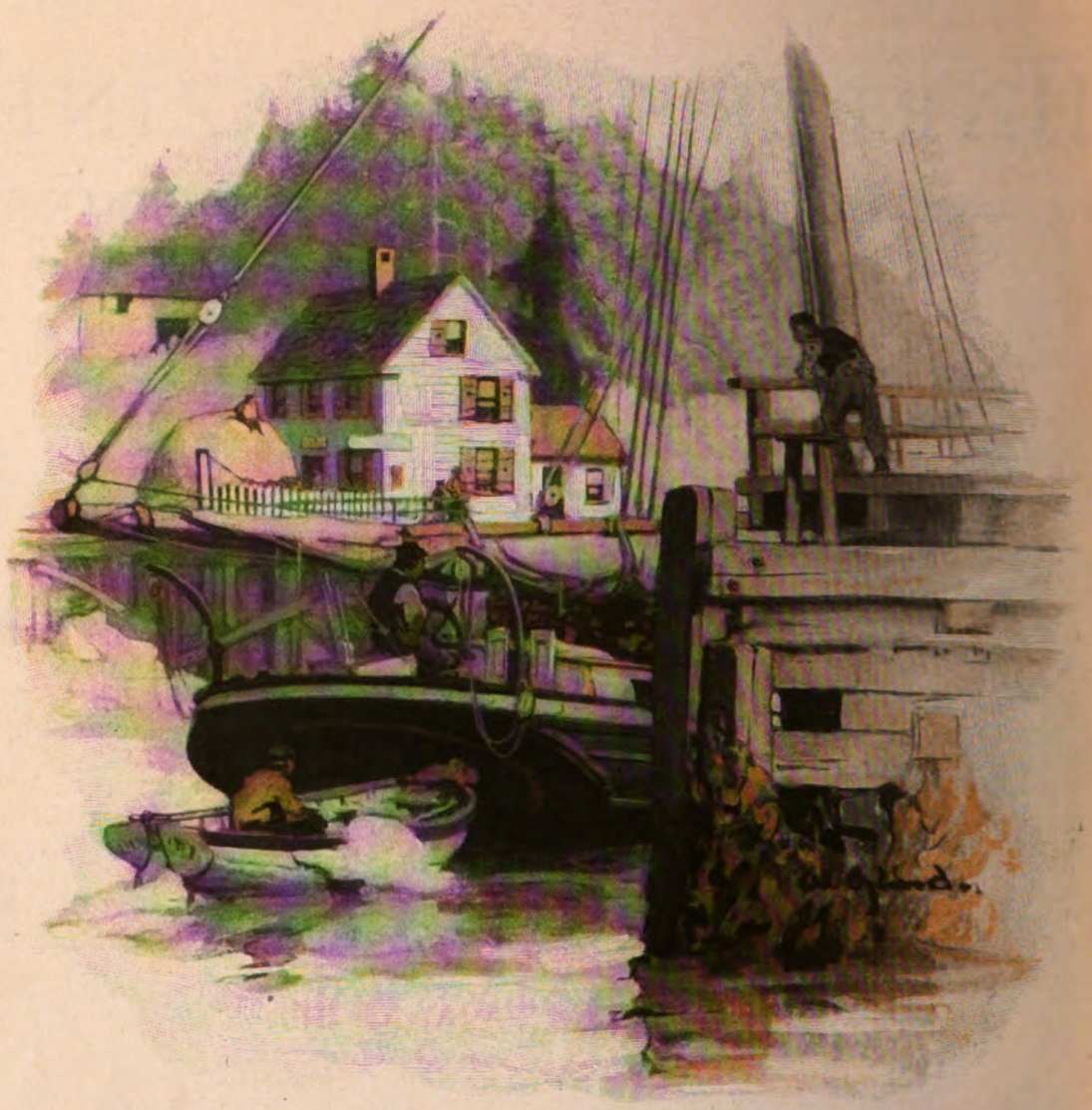

GASOLENE SAVES TOW BILLS IN SMALL PORTS

of the calling which takes men down to the sea. For instance, there may be found, no doubt, benighted individuals who could no more give to an inquirer any comprehensive information about a killick, a woopentype, a carrick bend, or a gouge-line sprowl than they could name the tune a no'theaster is fifing when it comes whistling over the open bunghole of a scuttle-butt.

Therefore, let us have, in the interests of wider knowledge, what the satirists sing and say of the nature of "the apple-tree fleet":

Old Cap Tick, of the *P. B. Benn*
Carried a dog, cat, *and* tew men.
Never played fool when he sailed the seas,
But took cross-bearings from appul-trees.
Sailed till his age was eighty-tew,
The *Benn* she struck in Pooduck Slue;
Busted apart till she wa'n't no more
And old Cap Tick he straddled on-shore.
Dog, the cat, *and* his tew men
Straddled off, tew, from the *P. B. Benn:*
Sailors are safe, it's as plain as can be,
When they don't lose sight of an appul-tree.

The chantey is not exactly up to date, it must be admitted. Three years ago—and for many years before that—they were telling us along the Maine coast, "Vessel property isn't what it used to be." The statement was shaded with a sigh. Nowadays the old sirs are saying the same, but they nudge one another in the ribs and say it with a chuckle. Small wonder they're snickering. The

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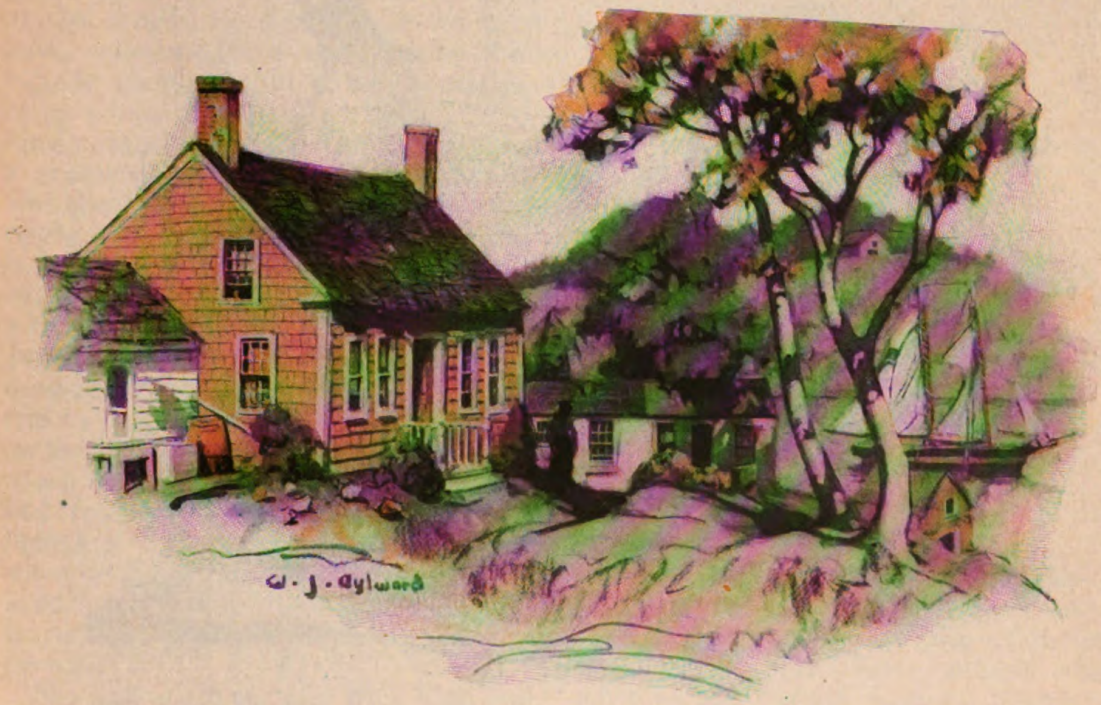
war and the demand for sea craft has worked a great change. It is as if Neptune had played Gabriel with a tin foghorn and had sounded a call in every ship graveyard between West Quoddy Head and Cape Hatteras. Gray old hookers have kicked loose from their cerements of seaweed. Ancient packets have hastily gulped fresh oakum into their seams and have risen from their berths at rotting docks. Dead-and-gone old kettle-bellies, their obituaries noted in the marine lists years ago, have been pried out of mud-banks and are butting green water so far offshore that their skippers could not see an apple-tree with the Lick Observatory telescope, if they had it on board. These statements apply largely to the resurrected fleet.

The nautical gamblers have grabbed in on this proposition; the dare-devils of the younger generation 'long coast are taking anything with a cheese deck and a straw bottom and putting to sea to flip coppers with Davy Jones. It's an even shot! In most cases the freight revenue from one round trip will equal the value of the vessel.

But most of those who made up the apple-tree fleet's personnel in the days before the great war are taking no extra risk in these days. They always hugged the shore and made a fair living in a leisurely way. They are now moving just as leisurely and making a better living—and they are willing to let it go at that!

Practically all of the young fellows who are gambling in deep water in Yankee bottoms which their fathers pushed ashore years ago as too unsafe for further adventurings have been to a nautical school, or have served as mates in deep-water farings and have taken out master's papers. One discovers with astonishment that so many of the old-fashioned coastwise skippers have no regular papers; they sail with a document which is called "a ticket of leave." It served in days past and it serves now. Veteran masters of some of the largest schooners have only these tickets of leave. They are not capable navigators offshore and in cases where the schooners have been chartered for South America or the Mediterranean—as have all large schooners which have not been tied up for three years by coast charters—these skippers hire "nurses," young chaps who can go along and



A SKIPPER'S HOME

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"shoot the sun." In several cases the ship's stewards—night-school chaps—have been able to do the nursing job—and in one instance the steward's young wife navigated to Buenos Aires and back.

During the past two years, with every returning skipper showing money by the double handful, it has been hard work for some of the veteran apple-treers to keep their minds and hearts on the old slow job, in spite of better local rates. For, with wages and primage (the captain's commission for care of loading and unloading) along with his profits on the shares he must "own into her," bold and thrifty skippers have been doing in these times just what their grandfathers did in the days of the West-India trade—getting rich, hand over fist.

In the early excitement there was a rush of the coast captains to study up on navigation. A retired master mariner who advertised to give lessons catered especially to the old sirs and was obliged to give it up, he told me, in the case of a lot of them. He could not pound any practical knowledge of the art into their heads—and, it being a case of master mariners penned in a room together, each lesson wound up in something not far from a riot.

When he made that statement the old shipmaster did not intend to disparage the natural intelligence of his pupils; in handling their affairs the most of them are as bright as hay-hooks. But after a skipper has navigated successfully for years by dead-reckoning and by cross-bearings, his opinions on seafaring matters get to be pretty nigh petrified, and he is ready to argue even with the ghost of Bowditch. The teacher of the self-sufficient veterans, instead of being allowed to impart instruction in orderly and shipshape fashion, found himself playing a lone hand in vociferous joint debate.

However, one of his elderly acolytes did qualify according to that student's personal belief, and accepted a charter for Rio. It is probable that in his fervor for argument "Uncle Jimmie"—he is known all along coast by that title—

MENDING SAILS IN PORT

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heard only half of what his mentor said to him. At any rate, in figuring his southing by his sights and his tables, he took no note of the fact that he had crossed the equator, and so he kept right on adding instead of subtracting; every day his dead-reckoning told him that

A YOUNG APPLE-TREE SAILOR

he was going south; but the figures over which he pored and cursed were equally emphatic in their declaration that he was going astern to the norrard. At high noon, when the sun was blazing fairly at the zenith, he sighted a Norwegian bark, climbed into the rigging and hailed, asking the incredulous mariner to give him the right latitude. The viking's retort to Uncle Jimmie revealed a practical seaman's suspicion that he was the target for some of that world-celebrated Yankee humor, and he vilified his questioner with sullen Norse oaths and sailed on without vouchsafing a word of information. Therefore Uncle Jimmie gave up ciphering, depended on dead-reckoning, and made the round trip to Rio without trouble, except that on the return he was twice blown back to sea after he had made lucky stabs and had fetched in sight of Sandy Hook lightship. Under the circumstances, when he did at last make harbor, he was in such a preoccupied state of mind that he cut up a caper which nearly lost him his wife.

She had made the trip with him, and for two weeks, on account of the adverse gales, meals had been reduced to a starvation basis. The moment the anchor was down Uncle Jimmie hustled ashore on the tug to report to consignee and present his papers at the custom-house. He returned in the evening by hired motor-boat, chewing a toothpick, dozy and complacent after a heroic dinner of steak, fixings, and strawberries, opened his eyes wide on his waiting and hungry wife, and, with many clucks of self-reproach, told her that he had been so taken up by business and his appetite for a square meal that he had clean forgotten that she was on board. Uncle Jimmie freely and frankly reported to friends that she "mauled" him and that he encouraged her to do it.

Uncle Jimmie has a brother who is known as "Topmast Tom" by his intimates in the apple-tree fleet, and the success of the Rio venture stirred family emulation. The old *Herald* was available for a gamble, and the sight of three thousand dollars in big bills in a manila envelope, displayed by Uncle Jimmie as his share of the spoils of the Rio adventure, tempted Topmast Tom to become a gambler.

To be sure, the old *Herald* had been abandoned at sea two years before and

A SEA COOK

had been salvaged with its load of lumber by three Swan's Island fishermen, who cleaned up a handsome profit on the lumber and then beached the schooner and turned it into a combination wharf and lobster-pound. A tidal wave floated it after a while, and a

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HOLIDAY CARGO OF CHRISTMAS TREES

wrecking company got hold of the derelict and used it for a lighter; then along came a concern which was searching desperately for something to carry cargo in these troublous days of scarce bottoms. When the *Herald* had been once more cuffed and smoothed into the semblance of a schooner along came Topmast Tom, last of all, still licking his lips over the memory of Uncle Jimmie's yellowbacks.

But Topmast Tom was too thorough an apple-treer to venture very far offshore. In fact, when a "no'theaster" caught him on his first trip he was so near shore that he had not room enough to work her and ratch off.

In swirl of snow and smash of tempest he went broadside on to the Jersey sands, and he and his men rode for more than thirty hours on a bucking mast-head, a perilous and bone-jolting experience, because the starboard back-stays had parted, and when the schooner rolled the port back-stays brought the mast up with a horrible jerk. And with every jerk it seemed that the stays must part and the mast must fall. After those thirty hours of agonizing uncertainty on that pendulum the mast did fall and into the sea they went; but the tangled rigging held the mast outboard like a gigantic boat boom and the miserable men straddled it like jockeys ahorseback, dipping into the sea, then tossing high in air as the vessel rolled on the sand. They were rescued by surf-boats after ten hours of that unspeakable ducking-stool experience; and out of that experience has come Topmast Tom's "prayer," which has become fairly well known by word of mouth along shore. The cook, after the mast fell, asked the skipper to pray. The skipper did, according to his lights: "O Lord! We're in a hell of a scrape! If Ye ever intend to do anything for us Ye'd better do it now!" In whatever light the theologian may look on the form of that supplication, it must be conceded that Topmost Tom displayed proper patience before he spoke and due meekness when he did speak, and those

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traits are wholesome attributes of prayer.

It is a fact that innate reverence is a common characteristic of the coaster folk. The solemn silences of the sea, the brooding sky, and the broad reaches favor meditation on the mysteries. No mere superficial, Sunday-only religion serves those who have "come out." Deep, devout, and daily devotion marks their "stand." They do not readily embrace creeds; most of them rally under the banner of what they call "The Holiness Movement." That means the adoption of the most rigid rules of rectitude and the abandonment of all habits which might reflect on the spirit of consecration. The phraseology of supplication may be a bit untutored and the ability to express reverence may be cramped, but the zeal is never absent.

I was in a shore tent-meeting when a crowd of enthusiastic mariners arose and gave three cheers for the Lord as a sincere expression of faith; an orthodox clergyman—a summer boarder in the locality—fled from the tent, whispering, "Blasphemy!" However, I have seen more Bibles than barometers aboard the craft of the apple-tree fleet, having the advantage, as a "native," of rather peculiar intimacy through many years of yachting; and many a skipper have I seen, when the sunlit sea offered a "good chanst across" and the wind was fair, sitting in the lee alley with Bible

BARGAINING FOR A TOW

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propped on his knees, knitting a sock—yes, that is what I said—knitting! Four out of five of the old-fashioned skippers kill time that way.

There have been cases where religious zeal overtopped business prudence. Israel takes to its tents on the shore in the summer-time. Following west from the mouth of the Penobscot there are camp-meetings at Temple Heights, at Northport, at Harpswell, at Old Orchard, and other points. A certain skipper who has regularly loaded bricks from Brewer to Boston would, no doubt, be so thoroughly fortified by his principles that he could sail relentlessly past Scylla or Circe, no matter how sweetly the sirens piped up; but he is not able to get past those camp-meetings. In the summer the Boston folks never know when that cargo of bricks will be along. When an exasperated consignee sends out a tracer, the skipper—"Camp-meeting Ben"—is usually found holding with gnarled thumb and halyard-gouged forefinger to one side of a hymn-book, assisting with husky bass a devout soprano who has tendered courtesies to a meek stranger. As the skipper owns four-fifths of the schooner, he is not especially amenable to business discipline.

AN APPLE-TREE SKIPPER

For many years the old *Polly* has been the most celebrated schooner along the Atlantic coast, for the *Polly* was a privateer in the war of 1812. But in these days the equally ancient *Hiram* is most talked about, and usually when she enters or leaves a harbor she gets a fine salute from all the steamer whistles. That's because her captain is Mrs. Georgia Orne and the crew is made up of women, with one exception—Mr. Orne, husband of the skipper, sails as first mate and saws the wood for the galley fire. And Mrs. Orne declares that she does not want to vote! She carries laths, shingles, and lumber south and brings back coal. The *Hiram* is one hundred years old and every butt in her is still sound. They built well in those early days!

In this new and clamorous hunt for cargo-carriers the younger generation is trying to revive some of the old shipyards and to build new recruits for the apple-tree fleet; and so we come to a question which is asked when the word goes forth that this or that doddering veteran of the seas is sold and resold for fancy prices — why not repeople the ocean with Yankee schooners?

Several enterprising concerns who have taken possession of the chip dirt where yards once flourished have sent cruisers into the forests of the upper Atlantic coast to hunt for suitable ship timber. To date, outside of ship knees, not enough timber has been located to pay the wages and the expenses of the cruisers. A trainload of Oregon timber ordered and shipped in October, 1916, did not reach the Atlantic coast until March, 1917. Furthermore, where are the ship carpenters? In most cases the sons and grandsons of the men who built ships in Maine and Massachusetts are now automobile experts. So the

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WHERE OLD SALTS FORGATHER AND SPIN YARNS

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Hiram and the *Polly* and the *Herald* are still on the job, and even the *M. K. Rawley* is off again, and she had been stripped and had swung at her moorings for so long that when I walked her deck a few years ago there was grass enough in her seams to call for a lawn-mower.

Admittedly, the men who are taking new chances with these old hookers show courage, whether it is the courage of recklessness or the boldness inspired by sight of the stuff which Uncle Jimmie tugged around in a manila envelope. But every one of them knows that he has an anchor to windward, an ever-present help in time of trouble, and all through the generous providence of Uncle Sam. The coast-guard cutters are the big brothers of the apple-tree fleet!

It is certain that there would be fewer adventurers above those barnacled keels were it not for the big brothers. Schooner skippers are now thrifty and well-informed, and see to it that the big brothers are kept busy. There are plenty of telephones alongshore—and the cutters have wireless connection with coast stations where the telephone supplements the radio.

Therefore, in case of ice in a reach or ice in a harbor—jingle of telephone, crack of spark, and down comes the cutter and smashes through. If a blow tears the rotten canvas out of the bolt ropes the cutter is called and gives the disabled schooner a free tow. If an old packet misstays and goes on to a ledge the cutter is called to pull her off—and give a tow! It does beat a tugboat, and Uncle Sam asks no salvage. If the big brother ever suspects a design to work him, he says nothing. Uncle Sam tells him to render succor. But it does stir deep, deep thoughts to go banging down-coast and find a schooner, after it has been reported as being in a dangerous position on a reef, swinging placidly at anchor, with the skipper plaintively asking—"seeing that you're here"—for a tow to his destination, a score of miles against a head wind which has been holding him. Once more, free towage! And so guileless, so forlorn, so meek! But our Uncle Samuel is an amiable old gentleman, no matter how busy he is. He has grown quite used to being gouged in petty ways.

It has been my privilege to cruise rather extensively on coast-guard cutters for the purpose of studying the work, and some day I hope to put into words the epic which these silent and self-sacrificing men live. Their work is performed offshore in the batter and shatter of tempest or in hidden reaches —and sailors are not usually loquacious.

A recent occurrence may serve to explain partially why so many aged vessels of the apple-tree fleet are still on the job, thanks to the big brothers. The coast-guard cutter *Ossipee* answered a call from the vicinity of Sequin Island, rocky sentinel at the most savage point of the Maine coast. There the wild tide-rips, where the Kennebec belches its volume into the sea, raise mountainous waves — frothing pyramids and steep-walled breakers. A schooner had tried to make the river mouth, had missed it, and had been obliged to anchor in the breakers, and was slowly dragging in spite of her two kedges. The running sea was so terrific that folks ashore could not see the cutter's funnel when she dropped into the valleys of the surges; the cutter took desperate risks in venturing close inshore because such depths were scooped by the waves so that the bottom threatened her even in the ship channel. She shot a line and passed a hawser, and after a gigantic struggle pulled the schooner off and towed her thirty miles to her destination. Then the cutter went back and secured both anchors and the chains; the skipper of the little coaster had only one helper and was obliged to slip his cables. He was a young man, desperately poor, was working the schooner on shares, and had no money to buy other equipment. The captain of the cutter was approached later by the skipper of another apple-treer.

"Hear you have pulled the *Mary Eliza* off 'm Pond Island bar!"

"Yes, sir."

"It ain't considered no great shakes alongshore, I've got to inform you! The critter who runs her is a wuthless cuss, and that woman was somebody he had eloped with; they wasn't wuth saving!"

This may be considered as rather harsh opinion in spite of the enormity of the offense; but on the coast elope-

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ments are viewed with the severity inspired by the primitive emotions, sometimes! And at other times—!

The captain of the *Carmel*—lime to New York, and back with fertilizer—found his home locked up and learned that his wife and three children had run away with the skipper of a Blue-nose trading packet. He accepted the situation with considerable serenity, stated frankly that he and his wife had not been getting along very well, anyway, and agreed with the sentiments of condoling neighbors that it was "good reddance to bad rubbage."

But during the *Carmel's* next trip the Blue-nose chap came sailing back and cleaned all the furniture out of the untenanted house, confessing later that the woman urged him to do it because she couldn't get along without her familiar belongings. The captain of the *Carmel* chased after, captured the home-despoiler, and had him put into State prison for breaking and entering in the night-time. He said—and the neighbors agreed—that the first offense might be overlooked because the wife went of her own accord. But in the case of the unwilling furniture it was altogether different—that was "rubbing it in."

But the skipper of a lime-schooner is naturally testy. On half his trips across the Gulf of Maine the lime is set on fire by the percolation of water and the deck gets so hot that all the crew become "dancing kodobabuses," trying to find a cool place on which to set their feet.

However, lime is not the most exasperating cargo a coast packet carries. A farmer decided to put a flock of sheep on Outer Heron Island for the summer and hired the captain of the *Jared P. Bangs* for the excursion cruise. Half-way out, when the surge began to heave, the protesting ram, according to the story, invaded the quarter-deck, took the captain unawares, and butted him over the rail.

The captain caught a line and was hauled on board and ferociously retaliated by heaving over the ram—and all the baaing sheep followed their leader into the sea. Sheep are good swimmers; it was lucky for the captain that they are. But it was dark before the last one was captured and tossed on board. And the captain took such a fierce and lasting dislike to wool in any form that he flung into the sea his knitting-needles, two balls of yarn, and a half-done stocking. He announced that in the future, if he wanted to knit, he would use two spars and a forty-fathom cable.

In the matter of wool, it is hinted that some reprehensible old mariners have made a lot of money in past years by smuggling that commodity from the Provinces into the States, doing that nefarious business in vessels so decrepit that loss of the carrier would not damage the pocket-book very much in case of seizure. But revealing the frailties of our brothers is not pleasant. However, there is so much grim humor in one illicit affair that it really clamors for insertion in the records of the apple-treers.

The old *Intrepid* became very rickety after a dozen years in the paving-block trade, following on a long period of other activity. Just about the time the skipper-owner decided to scrap her he fell in with a shore farmer who wished there was such a thing as junking a run-out farm. After some sparring in order to plumb each other's inclinations and capacity for knavery, they made a trade. They hired a hay press and pressed the farmer's cheap swale grass inside a thin wrapper of good herd's-grass, and traded, for once in their lives, on their past reputation for general integrity; they induced a local insurance agent to insure vessel and cargo at a good round figure as a going and worthy proposition. Then they sailed, the two of them and no others. Half-way across the Gulf of Maine they poured kerosene on the cargo, set it on fire, and took to their dory and rowed with all their might to get out of the vicinity of the schooner.

In the gray dawn they were picked up by a fisherman and were landed on T wharf in Boston—and the story which they told to all hearers and the report they made to the custom-house and to the insurance people constituted full and complete description of how the galley funnel set fire to the deckload, how they had fought the flames with might and main until their hair and whiskers were singed (they had carefully performed that service for each other) and how they escaped in their dory and had seen

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the *Intrepid* plunge under after she had been burned to the water's edge. Privately they were quite sure their story would hold because the red glare on the horizon had faded out suddenly while they rowed.

But when they returned to Portland a few days later, by steamer, they saw in the gray dawn off the harbor's mouth a familiar figure—a spectacle as startling as that when the cat came back with its tombstone under its arm. There was the faithful *Intrepid*, scorched and smelling to high heaven, but afloat and practically intact, cargo and all. A couple of motor Hamptons were kicking it along. What had happened would have been foreseen, undoubtedly, by shrewd villains—real villains. That torched-up schooner had attracted small craft as an electric light draws moths. The two fishing-boats which arrived first had men enough to handle the fire, for the flames had licked off the kerosene and the swale-grass fillers burned sluggishly. *Intrepid salvaged—Intrepid* telling its own story! In two minutes after the steamer docked a fugitive farmer and a galloping apple-tree skipper were heading for the Grand Trunk railroad station. Canada is a big country!

The affair attracted a lot of attention 'long coast because the admiralty court almost never has a case of barratry brought before it. In the first place, few of the skippers carry insurance, and in the next place they distrust their shrewdness as villains. It is usually a safe man who realizes his own limitations.

One old skipper who prides himself on his general acuteness in all matters will not try fishing, for, he says, "fish have no brains"; he will not condescend to have dealings with such creatures. His belief that he always knows just the right thing to do is perfectly centered; when he arrived at church one day and found the services underway he got down on his hands and knees and crawled all the way up the center aisle to his pew so that he would not disturb the meeting. No one in his community has been able as yet to convince him that he did not do exactly the right thing; he ascribes all the disturbance to the fools who did not know enough to mind their own business.

He gave medical treatment to one of his men on shipboard and later disputed the physician who declared that the man was suffering from tuberculosis.

"In order to make sure about that," stated the skipper, "I took an anesthetic and looked down the feller's throat."

"*You* took an— You mean *he* took one!"

"Nothing of the sort. I took it—one I had made myself. I whittled it out of an ash belaying-pin and made it spoon-shaped so that I could jam down his tongue flat. And I looked down his throat and there wasn't a sign of a tookerbooble on his lung."

But though one opinionated skipper overestimated his ability in the matter of diagnosis, the average coaster captain is always ready when emergency calls; he can poultice a burn, put stitches into a wound, and set broken limbs, and that ministration, even if it is rough and ready, is Samaritan kindness when a schooner is offshore and a poor chap needs instant succor. It means having plenty of grit on both sides. In one instance a skipper friend of mine was both patient and operator.

His pet dog, a big collie, slept regularly in the captain's cabin beside the berth, and one night the captain, answering a sudden hail from deck in a storm, leaped upon the dog in leaving the berth, fell, and the frightened animal tore his master's lip from nostril downward, dividing it completely. The captain stood before a looking-glass and set five stitches into the wound and did such a good job that to-day the scar is barely noticeable.

It was not by mere accident that Captain Hedge placed the dog high up in the roster of the crew. An apple-treer without a dog does not seem to be thoroughly fitted for sea. On the old *Araminta*, the three brothers who made up the crew—"Dublin Dan," "Sinbad the Sailor," and "Dandy Bill"—always carried a barrel of apples specially for their dog's tooth, and gave him a glass pitcher to drink from, though they used tin pannikins for themselves. That was an extreme of attention which provoked ridicule even from men who owned dogs. However, the brothers were convinced that their dog was a mascot who brought

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them all their good luck; and when he died they sold their hooker and lived out their days as recluses on Little Spruce off Roque Bluffs. Their superstition possessed them as completely as other superstitions control the actions of the men who dare the hazards of the sea. A cobweb in the moon has held many a schooner at anchor till the hoodoo has passed, and to walk past a dead rat without spitting three times invites certain disaster.

The bulldog of the *Esmeralda*, packet freighter for the settlements between Portland and Machias, in intelligence and accomplishments, is reckoned a paragon of dogs. In Portland he walks up-town with the captain and returns alone with any purchases and newspapers which may be intrusted to him. He even brings back meat, and this quota of self-restraint puts him in a class by himself.

One day, according to legend, this dog was actor in an affair which has been debated warmly ever since; it gives rise to the argument whether the dog is the wisest of his generation or just a plain canine fool. There is no middle ground among the disputants along the water-front. The event itself was sufficiently grotesque to merit mention.

The captain decided to test the dog's intelligence as a shopper. Therefore he put a coin into a basket which he hitched to the animal's collar, and then rapped his knuckles on an outspread newspaper, getting the dog's undivided attention. Lastly, he pointed up the wharf and told the dog to "Git!" Fido obeyed with alacrity and went up the wharf's roadway in a cloud of dust.

At the head of the long wharf there was a bold terrace of a little park whose Irish caretaker had turned out to graze his pair of pet goats, hitched together with a short leash. The dog dashed up the terrace and overtook the frightened goats, setting his jaws on the leather leash with his best grip. The goats leaped from the embankment, carrying the dog with them and landed on a fruit-peddler's dozing horse, a goat on each side, like saddle-bags; the leash held and so did the bulldog. Down the wharf went the outfit and the terrified horse did not pause when he reached the end; he leaped over the rail of the *Esmeralda* and went flat on deck in a tangle of harness, goats, and dog.

After matters had been set right, including pay to the fruit-merchant and apologies to the goat-owner, the captain took Fido to one side and disparaged his intelligence, rapping his knuckles once more on the newspaper and informing the canine shopper that he had not been sent for goats or bananas.

"Just a minute, sir!" broke in the cook, who was listening. "Do you notice what you have been rapping your hand on?"

The captain looked at the sheet. It carried a big advertisement of bock beer with a goat rampant in the middle of it.

However, debate can never settle the dispute, because there are so many persons who insist that mere coincidence is the element that usually makes truth stranger than fiction. The cook and the captain remain loyal to the bulldog; they declare that not only did he get what he was sent after, but he borrowed a horse to bring back his spoil.

A few years ago the water-front wiseacres were predicting the early passing of the apple-tree fleet because the old hookers were becoming unseaworthy. But just now the fleet is mighty hearty, healthy, and busy. Men with capital have dug up some of the ancient ship carpenters and it is thought that when transportation facilities get into better shape sufficient timber can be gathered along the coast of the north Atlantic to put the yards into operation. Already they are launching a few tern (three-masted) schooners between Quoddy and Noank; it is significant that they are first undertaking the smaller vessels of the models of the old days. The era of the gigantic six-masters seems to have passed forever. They were of such extreme length that in a seaway three waves smashed them all at once and soon their wooden frames were so racked that the seams chewed and spat oakum as fast as it could be calked in. Prudence suggested close proximity to an apple-tree. Perhaps the newer and snugger little fellows, manned by the younger generation of Yankee adventurers, will be able to shed the sobriquet which has attached to them so long.

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The Home-Coming

BY ACHMED ABDULLAH

YAR KHAN was off to his own country in the Month of Pilgrimages. He broke the long journey at Bokhara, to buy a horse for the trip South, to exchange his Egyptian money for a rupee draft on a Hindu banker in Afghanistan, and to buy sweets and silks for the many cousins in his native village.

He had left there sixteen years before, a child of seven, when his father, a poor man, but eager for gain, and sensing no chance for barter and profit in the crumbling basalt ridges of the foot-hills, had gone West—to Cairo. There he and his father—the mother had died in giving him birth—had lived all these years; all these years he had spent in that city of smoky purple and dull orange, but never had he been of Cairo. The tang of the home land had not left him; always his heart had called back to the sweep and snow of the hills, and he had fed his love with gossamer memories and with the brave tales which his father, Ali Khan, told him when the homesickness was in his nostrils and when the bazaar gold of Cairo seemed gray and useless dross.

Of gold there had come plenty. Ali Khan had prospered, and in his tight little shop in the *Gamalyieh*, the Quarter of the Camel-Drivers, he had held his own with the Red Sea traders who meet there, and cheat and fight and give one another the full-flavored abuse of near-by Asia.

Yar Khan had lived the haphazard life of Eastern childhood, with no lessons but those of the crowded, crooked streets and an occasional word of prosy Koranic wisdom from some graybeard among his father's customers. When he had reached his fifteenth year, manhood had come—sudden and a little cruel as it comes to Asians. On that day, his father had taken him into the shop, and, with a great gesture of his lean arms, had pointed at the dusty confusion of his stock-in-trade; at the mattings full of yellow Persian tobacco, the pipe bowls of red clay, the palm-leaf bags containing coffee and coarse brown sugar, the flat green boxes filled with arsenic and rhubarb and antimony and *tafl* and sal-ammoniac.

"He of great head becomes a chief, and he of great feet a shepherd," Ali Khan had said, ridiculing Fate after the manner of the hill-bred. "Thou art blood of my blood. From this day on, thou wilt be a trader, and thou wilt prosper. Gold will come to thy hands—unasked, like a courtezan."

Ali Khan had been right. Together, father and son had prospered. They had heaped gold on clinking gold, and of gold, too, had been the father's endless talk, praising the cold metal at yawning length, dwelling, as it were, on the outer husk of things; and when Yar Khan's softer mind rebelled at the hard philosophy Ali Khan would laugh and say: "Thou art right, little son. Gold is the breath of a thief. Gold is a djinn. Gold is an infidel sect. But—" with a shrewd wink—"give gold to a mangy dog—and the people will call him Sir Dog. For gold is strength!"

It was only in the evenings, when they had put up the heavy wooden shutters of their shop and were returning to their tiny whitewashed living-house in the *Suk-en-Nahassim*, that often something like a veil of discontent would fall over the older man's shrill greed.

"Gold buys this—and that—and this," he would say, in a hushed voice, pointing at some rich Pasha's silent, extravagant house, with its projecting cornices, its bulbous balconies of fretted woodwork supported by gigantic corbels and brackets, and the dim oil lamp glimmering above the carved gate—"gold buys this—and no more!"—and when a woman of the Egyptians—a

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woman swathed from head to foot, with only the eyes showing—crossed his path, he would cry, "They do not wear veils, at home, in the hills." Then, quite suddenly, he would break into harsh laughter and add, "But veils cost gold, Yar Khan, and we sell veils . . . thou and I—in the *Gamalyieh!*"

Yar Khan understood that his father was homesick. But when he begged him to return to the hills Ali Khan would reply with the proverb which says that the cock leaves home for four days only—and returns a peacock. He would add, with a crooked smile: "Of what use the peacock's green tail on the dung-hills? Of what use the gold of Egypt on the barren rocks?"—and then again the talk would be of seasons and of the gold which comes with the shifting seasons' swing.

But Yar Khan would not understand why his father did not return to the hills, why he preferred to live in Cairo—between the dusty shop and the tiny whitewashed living-house—up and down, up and down, like a buffalo putting his shaggy back to the water-wheel—heavy and slow and blind. He only knew that his father was eating out his heart with longing for the chill, dark pines; and his own homesickness—though his memories were vague—would be upon his shoulder like a stinging brand.

Now his father was dead. There was no lack of gold; and once more the thought of home had come to Yar Khan like a sudden inrush of light after a long, leaden, unlifting day. He was off to his own country in the Month of Pilgrimages.

The old priest whom he met at Bokhara—mumbling his prayers and clicking his rosary beads in front of the little pink mosque of *Bala-i-Hava*—told him that there was a certain significance to the date—told him, too, after the thin, pretentious manner of Moslem hierarchy, that he did not know if the omen be bad or good—"For," he added, "there is no power nor strength save in Allah the Most High!" and Yar Khan, who had lost most of his respect for holy men in the blue, slippery mud of the Nile, snapped his fingers with gentle derision, threw the whining graybeard a handful of chipped copper coins, and turned to the bazaars to buy presents for his cousins.

He bought and bought—embroidered silks from Khiva and from far Moscow, pink and green sweetmeats from across the Chinese border, and Persian silver filigree for the young girls. He paid royally, without bargaining; for to-day he was master—buying, not selling—and the smooth touch of the gold pieces as he took them from his twisted waistband and clinked them down on the counter was pleasant. It was like a prophecy: of conquest and, in a way, of freedom. He swung the furry goatskin bag which held his purchases over his supple shoulders and turned toward the open market-place to buy a horse.

Rapidly he passed through the bunched crowds—crowds of all Asia—solemn, impassive-looking Bokharans, gently ambling along on gaily caparisoned mules; straight-backed gipsies, swaggering with the beggars' arrogance of their race; melancholy Turkomans in immense fur-caps and plaited duffle coats; Greeks, cunning-faced and sleek and odiously handsome; green-turbaned, wide-stepping *shareefs*, the aristocracy of Islam; anxious-eyed, tawdry Armenians; Sarts bristling with weapons and impudence; here and there a bearded official of the Ameer's household, with his air of steely assurance, superb self-satisfaction hooded under his sharply curved eyelids—and once in a while a woman, in white from head to foot, a restful relief to the blaze of colors all around.

Yar Khan looked, but he felt no desire to linger. For him there was no fragrance in the blossom-burdened gardens, no music in the song of the *koil* bird, no beckoning in the life of the streets—motley and shrill and busy—with shaggy Northern dromedaries dragging along their loads and looming against the skyline like a gigantic scrawl of Asian handwriting, with the hundreds of tiny donkeys tripping daintily under their burdens of charcoal and fiery-colored vegetables, with numbers of two-wheeled *arbas* creaking in their heavy joints—with all the utter, riotous meaning of trade and barter and gold. He bought a horse, a dun stallion with

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Drawn W. H. D. Koerner

A RAUCOUS VOICE BADE HIM TELL WHY HE CAME BY NIGHT, UNHERALDED

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high, peaked withers, and rode out of the Southern Gate without turning around. Down the long south trail he rode—toward the little steel-gray village perched on a flat, circular mountain top which is called *The Hoof of the Wild Goat* in the Afghan tongue.

He pulled into Balkh, white as a leper with the dust of the road, traded his stallion for a lean racing camel, which had a profusion of blue ribbons plaited into the bridle as protection against the djinns and ghouls of the desert—a superstition of his native land at which he smiled, quite without malice—filled his saddle-bags with slabs of grayish wheaten bread and with little hard, golden apricots, and was off again, crossing the Great River at the shock of dawn. He watched it for a long time; for, springing up in the Hindu Kush, storming through the granite gorges of the lower ranges, it was to him a messenger of the home he had dreamt of and longed for these many years. So he watched the impetuous, green-blue flood bearing down to the soft Persian lowlands with a shout and a roar, dashing against the bank as though trying to sweep it away bodily, then swirling by in two foaming streams on either side. And from the cool waters there rose a flavor of that utter, sharp freedom which was to him the breath, the reason, the soul of the hills as he remembered them.

Yar Khan gave a deep, throaty laugh of sheer joy. "Home—and the salt of the home winds!" he thought, and he thought the words in the Afghan tongue, the harsh tongue of his childhood which he had nearly forgotten in the gliding, purring gutturals of the Cairo streets. Impatience overtook him. "Home, lean daughter of unthinkable begetting!" he shouted at the snarling camel; he tickled its soft muzzle with the point of his dagger, urging it on to greater speed; and on the fifteenth day out of Bokhara, the thirtieth out of Cairo, he found himself in the valley below *The Hoof of the Wild Goat.*

He opened wide his lungs and filled them with the snow-sharp air, as though to cleanse himself from the shackling abominations of that far Egypt where he had lived the years of his youth. Already night had dropped down from the higher peaks; and in the purple depths of the cloudless sky hung a froth of stars that sparkled with the cold-white gleam of diamonds.

He jerked the camel to its knees and dismounted. But that night he did not stop to make camp, nor did he sit long at his meal. For above him, like a dream of freedom, stretched the rock-perched village of his birth, and every minute spent here in the valley was like another wasted year. So he sat down, picked up a handful of mulberries and ate them; and when a shaggy, skulking Afridi came wandering into the valley, a wire-bound Snider in his arms, and doubtless out to take a late shot at a blood-enemy, Yar Khan stopped him with a shouted friendly greeting and offered him the camel as a present. For he was anxious to tread the jagged rocks of *The Hoof of the Wild Goat*, and he knew that no plains-bred animal could find foothold on the narrow, winding path which led to the mountain top. Often his father had described the path to him, every foot of it—too, savoring every foot of it in the telling.

The price of the camel? "*Masha, illah!*" he thought, "my father bartered the years of his manhood for a waistbandful of coined gold; let me then throw away a handful for a minute of home!" and he put the bridle in the Afridi's eager hand, crooking two fingers in sign of a free present.

"*Manda na bash*—May your feet never be weary!" the grateful Afridi shouted after Yar Khan, who was already speeding up the dark path, the heavy goatskin bag punctuating each step, the joy in his heart as keen as a new-ground sword.

The night was a pall of deep brown, and the road twisted and dipped and turned. But he walked along steadily and sure-footed, though he had not seen the hills, except in dreams, since he was a lisping babe riding astride his nurse's stout hips. It seemed to him as if the flame in his heart was lighting up the uncharted night, as if the thought of home was serving him for an unerring beacon among the slippery timber-falls and the hidden, crumbling rock-slides;

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on he pushed, toward the higher peaks cooled with the wailing Northern thunder, and, just before the break of day, turning a massive rock crowned with a stunted lone pine, he came upon the village which huddled, dwarfed and shapeless, among the jagged granite boulders—stretching on toward the North like a smudge of sooty gray below the glimmering band of the eternal snows.

"O Allah!" he mumbled, softly. "O Thou Raiser of the flags of increase to those who persevere in thanking Thee—I praise Thee and I bless and salute our Lord Mohammed, the excelling in dignity!" and again, with rising, high-pitched voice, "O Allah!" —letting loose all his long-throttled love and longing in one great cry.

Then quite suddenly he was silent. He drew back a step. He listened intently. There was a faint stir of dry leaves, a soft crackling of steel and, the next moment, a squat form robed in sheepskins loomed up from a clump of thorn-trees; a wide-mouthed smooth-bore was pressed against Yar Khan's chest, and a raucous voice bade him state his name, the names of his father and grandfather, his race, his clan, his destination and his reasons for coming by night, unasked and unheralded, to *The Hoof of the Wild Goat.* "Speak quick, cow maiming-jackal spawn!" commanded the Afghan, with the ready abuse of the hills, and Yar Khan laughed delightedly. This was what he had expected, what he had hoped for, this greeting out of the wilderness; this savage, free call of his own people, his own blood—cousin and cousin again through frequent intermarriage.

Smiling, he looked at the face of his cousin—for cousin he must be—which was like a bearded smear of gold-flecked red in the dim light of the rising sun. He stated whence he came and why and whereto, winding up by saying, "I am Yar Khan, the son of Ali Khan, grandson of Abderrahman Khan—the Afghan—the Usbek-Khel," and, unknown to himself, a note of savage pride had crept into the telling of name and pedigree.

The other eyed him suspiciously, undecided what to do. He had heard of Ali Khan, the man who had left the hills and who had gone South, in search of gold. And this—he clutched his rifle with steady hands—this smooth-faced, leaky-tongued stranger claimed to be his son. But perhaps this night-prowler was a spy sent by the Governor of Kabul to look into the matter of certain bullocks that had strayed away from the valley. Still, Ali Khan had had a son—and—

Suddenly he gave a shrill, kitelike whistle, and, a moment later, a second sentinel dropped from a rock crest. Came a whispered colloquy between the two villagers, another rigorous cross-examination as to Yar Khan's pedigree and antecedents, and finally the new-comer declared himself satisfied. He walked up to Yar Khan, his right hand raised high in sign of peace.

"I am Jehan Hydar," he said, "the son of Shujah Ahmet, and I give thee peace—" and with a slight laugh he added, "O Egyptian!"

A great rage rose in Yar Khan's throat. Often, in the past, people had called him Egyptian. There was that gray-haired Englishwoman who had come to his father's shop, year after year during the cool season, in search of scarabs and damaskeened brass; always had she addressed him as "my little Egyptian," and he had not minded it. But this was different, somehow. Rash, bitter words crowded on his lips, but he suppressed them. He was home—home!—and he would not mar the first day with the whish and crackle of naked steel. Better far to turn away ridicule with a clear, true word.

"I am not an Egyptian, Jehan Hydar," he replied, "but an Afghan and cousin to thee—cousin to all this!" —making a great gesture which cut through the still air like a dramatic shadow and which took in the frowning gray hills, the huddled squat houses, and the deep-cleft valley at his feet; and as the other grudgingly admitted the relationship, he swung his goatskin bag from his shoulders, opened it, and groped among the presents he had bought in the bazaars of Bokhara. For his heart seemed suddenly filled to overflowing with the fine, impulsive generosity of youth. "Here, cousin

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Drawn by W. H. D. Koerner Engraved by S. G. Putnam

"HAST THOU NEVER SEEN A GIRL IN ALL THY LIFE?"

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mine," he laughed, "see what I have brought thee from—"

"Peace, peace!" interrupted the other, impatiently; "the night is for the sleep of the sleepers, not for the babble of the babblers," and, motioning Yar Khan to follow, he led him to a low stone hut and bade him enter.

In the middle of the room flickered a charcoal fire in an open brazier, and there was no furniture except a water jar and an earthen platform covered with coarse rugs and sheepskins. Jehan Hydar pointed to it without a word and left the hut, the tip of his steel scabbard bumping smartly against the hard ground.

Such was the home-coming of Yar Khan, the son of Ali Khan; and, as he stretched himself on the earthen platform and gathered the covers about him, he was conscious of a faint flavor of disappointment. They had accepted him, those two, but there had been no joy in the accepting, no generosity, no quick, warm-hearted friendship; and they were his cousins, blood of his blood and bone of his bone—and he had longed for them so!

For their sake he had left Cairo and the smooth gold of Cairo; for their sake he had traveled the many miles, riding till his spurs were red and his hands galled with the pull of the reins and his saddle broken across the tree. And they—Jehan Hydar and the other? Why, they had accepted him as a man accepts salt to his meat, and they had sneered—a little.

He drew himself up on his elbow and looked out of the tiny window which was set low into the wall. A stark black pine stood spectrally in the haggard, indifferent light of the young day. He shivered.

But again the impulsive magnanimity of youth came to his rescue, and he said to himself that these men were his cousins, hill-bred, their whole life a rough fact reduced to rougher order. And he? He was home, and nothing else mattered. Henceforth he, too, would be a hill-man, free and unshackled. The weaver of his own life he would be, running the woof and warp of it as he willed, away from wheedling barter, away from the crowded, fetid bazaars and the shrill trade cries of the market-place. To-morrow he would greet his clan, his family, and they would ask him about his dead father, about Cairo, and—yes—they would ask him about himself and give him a fair measure of honor. For he was coming among them, not as a beggar asking for asylum and bread because of kinship, but as a rich man bearing gifts bought with the red gold of Egypt.

"Home — Allah be praised!" he thought as he dropped into the dreamless sleep of youth.

"*Ho, cousin mine! Ho, great lord out of Egypt!*" . . . the voice seemed to come from a far distance, and Yar Khan thought that he was dreaming, perhaps of his cousin, Jehan Hydar—he who had addressed him as "Egyptian"; so he stretched his body luxuriously for a second sleep—and then he felt a hand touch his shoulder and shake him gently. At once he was wide awake. It was high day, with the cool golden mountain sun already in the upper arc of the heavens and weaving a lacy, ever-shifting pattern into the drab emptiness of the little hut.

"Ho, cousin mine!" again came the voice from the head of the bed. Slowly he raised himself upright. He turned and he—saw. A young girl was standing there, looking down at him with a smile, her narrow hand on his shoulder. And Yar Khan blushed and closed his eyes.

For be it remembered that all his life he had lived in Egypt and that, while he had seen foreign women walk about unveiled as well as old Moslem hags who were considered too old to spread the soft scent of temptation, he had never seen a young girl of his own race and faith without a veil. Nor had he ever spoken to such a one. He had dreamt of it—as boys dream—and there had been his father's tales of hill customs. Dreams and tales! And now he had seen—

For a moment he felt oddly checked and baffled. He did not know what to say, and what bereft him of speech was not embarrassment, but this new fact of different customs and manners slowly

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awakening in his consciousness. Quite suddenly it seemed to him that his great yearning for the hills had grown out of a far deeper foundation than he had yet thought of; subconsciously he felt that this young girl was at the root of it, and, with the thought, with the gathering conviction of it, he opened wide his eyes and looked at her.

She was tall and lean, with black hair which fell in heavy braids over either shoulder, a low white forehead, the reddest of lips, and huge gray eyes set deep below boldly curved brows. She was not beautiful. But there was about her something best described as a deep, luminous vivacity—something like an open, clashing response to the free life, the wild life, the clean life—the hills. And she was his cousin?

He formed the last thought into a wondering question, and her reply held both confirmation and, somehow, the flavor of prophecy. "Yes," she said, "I am Kumar Jan, the daughter of Rahmet Ullah, chief of *The Hoof of the Wild Goat*—I am cousin to thee. Thus were our fathers cousins and our grandfathers and our grandfathers' fathers—cousin aye mating with cousin, according to the rules of the hills"; and as he still stared at her, wide-eyed, unwinking, she asked him why he looked at her. "Am I then a dancing girl of the South or," she added, mockingly, "hast thou never seen a girl in all thy life?" And when Yar Khan replied truthfully that he had not, she was out of the hut with a silvery laugh and the parting advice to make haste and rise—"For thy clan is waiting for thee in full durbar!"

A few minutes later he left the hut and stepped out into the village street, his goatskin bag over his shoulder. A snow-bitten wind was drifting down from the higher peaks, and the harried sun shivered and hid among the clouds. But Yar Khan, South-bred though he was, did not feel the sleety, grained mountain chill; his heart seemed flushed with a hot June prime, and he raised his right hand with an exuberant gesture as he stepped into the council of the villagers who were squatting around a flickering camp-fire—behind every man his wife, unveiled, proudly erect, her hand on her lord's shoulder, and everywhere the sturdy children of the hills: boys of twelve and thirteen who were already trying to emulate the fierce, sullen swagger of their sires, little bold-eyed girls, fondling crude dolls made of stones and bits of string and wood, and wee babes, like tiny gold-colored puff-balls, playing about their fathers' knees or munching wheaten cakes with the solemn satisfaction of childhood.

"I have come—" began Yar Khan, and then he was silent and his heart sagged like a leaden weight. For no sound of greeting rose from the villagers, and the bearded faces which were turned toward him seemed impassive and cruel and slightly mocking. Yar Khan felt like an intruder; there was something like a crash in his brain, and suddenly he realized that he was longing for Cairo, for the busy, motley crowds, the gay cries of bazaar and market-place, and the dancing, red-flecking sunlight of the Southern sky.

He stood still, embarrassed, undecided what to do; and then a clear voice called to him. "Ho, cousin!"—it was the voice of Kumar Jan. He looked. She was standing behind a massive, white-bearded man who was squatting at the head of the durbar, evidently her father, Rahmet Ullah, chief of the tribe; and Yar Khan's flagging spirits rose, and he walked up to Rahmet Ullah, kissing the hem of his robe in sign of fealty.

Then—and often in his thoughts, since he had ridden out of Bokhara, had he enacted the scene—he threw the goatskin bag at the feet of the chief so that the gifts which he had brought tumbled out on the barren gray ground.

"Presents for all of you, my cousins," he cried; "silks from Bokhara and sweetmeats from China . . . "—suddenly he was silent. A hot red flushed his cheeks. For the uncomfortable thought came to him that he was praising the gifts as he had praised bartered wares across his father's dusty counter in the *Gamalyieh;* and there was a tense pause while some of the men and women stooped leisurely and fingered the presents, with now and then a short grunt of wonder at the touch of the glittering Northern silks, but with never a word

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to him—of thanks or joy or pleasure. Even Kumar Jan, to whom he had given a fine Khivan shawl with his own hands, took the offering in a matter-of-fact way. She threw it about her shoulders without a word, and Yar Khan was hurt and saddened; his soul seemed charged to the brim with an overpowering loneliness, and terror came to his heart—the terror of the mountains, of the far places which he did not understand.

His lips quivered. He was about to turn, to leave *The Hoof of the Wild Goat*, to rush down the steep path and to take the trail—the long trail, to Bokhara, to Cairo—when the voice of Rahmet Ullah cut sharply into his reverie. The chief welcomed him into the tribe with a few simple words, and, indicating the whole assembly, he added: "These be thy cousins, Yar Khan, son of Ali Khan! Their laws be thy laws, their customs thy customs, their weal thy weal, their woes thy woes, their feuds thy feuds! Thou art blood of our blood and bone of our bone! Whatever is ours is thine!"—and, one after the other, the villagers rose and walked up to him. They greeted him, pressing palm against palm, coldly, impassively, with short, rasping "*Salaam Alekhum's*" and now and then a graybeard's querulous reflection as to manners learned among foreigners and infidels—reflections spiced and sharpened with Afghan proverbs.

"If a man be ugly what can the mirror do?" croaked a battle-scarred grandfather who walked heavily with the aid of a straight-bladed British cavalry saber doubtless stolen during a raid across the Indian border; another chimed in with the even, passionless statement that the cock went to learn the walk of the goose and forgot his own, while a third—a gaunt old warrior with the bilious complexion of the hashish-smoker—inquired of the world at large why it was that in the estimation of some people the strings of their cotton drawers rivaled in splendor the Ameer's silken breeches. The girls and the children tittered at the last remark; and when the younger tribesmen came up to salute their cousin there were open sneers, and finally a loud, insulting question from Jehan Hydar who asked Yar Khan, pointing at his peach-colored Cairene waistcoat, if he had ever considered what a pig could do with a rose-bottle.

Yar Khan flushed an angry purple. This—he thought—was the fair measure of honor which he had expected, this the home-coming—and he had traveled the many weary miles, he had bought presents for them purchased with the bitter gold of exile, he had given them of his best in loyalty and desire and free-handed generosity! He was silent. He felt Kumar Jan's eyes resting upon him, wonderingly, expectantly—and what *could* she expect? He had gone to the hills in search of freedom, and now he was forfeit to the customs of the hills. He had gathered the swords of humiliation under his armpits, and the feeling of it was bitter and vain.

He looked up. Jehan Hydar was still standing in front of him, a mocking smile playing about his thin lips and in his oblique eyes a light like a high-eddying flame. "Cousin," he drawled, and the simple word held the soft thud of a hidden, deadly insult, "cousin to me, to all of us! Yet do I declare by the teeth of Allah," here his eyes sought those of Kumar Jan, who stood close by, her whole attitude one of tense expectancy, "yes! I declare by mine own honor that thou seemest more like an Egyptian, a foreigner, an eater of fish from the South—of stinking fish, belike," he added as an insulting afterthought; and there was mocking laughter all around, high-pitched, cruel, rasping; but clearest and sharpest rose the laughter from Kumar Jan's red lips.

It was then that Yar Khan's good-humor suddenly broke into a hundred splintering pieces. His rage surged in deadly crimson waves. He forgot that these men were his blood-kin. He forgot the yearning of the swinging years. He only saw the sneer which cleft Jehan Hydar's bold face; he only heard the laughter which bubbled from Kumar Jan's lips, and he stepped up close to the other.

"Better dried fish in the South," he cried, "than a naked dagger in the hills," and his knife leaped out with a

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soft *whit-whit*. But he had no time to strike, to stain his soul with the blood of kin; for, even as he spoke, even as the knife left the scabbard, a dozen stout arms were about him, hugging him close—and there were laughter and frantic shouts of joy. Bearded faces touched his; the children crowded about him and hailed him with shrill cries; the women bowed before him with a clank and jingle of silver ornaments; and again, clearest, sharpest, rose Kumar Jan's laughter—but this time it was not the laughter of derision.

Suddenly, Yar Khan understood. They had tested his manhood after the manner of the hills and they had not found him wanting; and so, when he walked away from the camp-fire with Kumar Jan by his side, the hard, pent rage which had bitten into his heart disappeared like chaff in the meeting of winds. He was home, home! He said to himself that these men were his kin, that their woes were his woes, their laws his laws, their feuds his feuds—and he knew why there had been no thanks when he had emptied his goat-skin bag at the feet of the chief. Yes! Whatever was his was theirs—thus the law of the hills—and then something in his heart seemed to flame upward.

He looked at Kumar Jan. She, too, had spoken of the law of the hills—the law which says that cousin shall aye mate with cousin; and she—she was his cousin. And then, thinking epically as hill-men do in moments of great emotion—he said to himself that the stroke and slash of his dagger were hers, that hers was his brain, hers the eloquence of his tongue, hers the strength of his body and the golden dreams of his soul.

He gripped her hand—and he knew that he had come home.

The Children

BY MARY BRENT WHITESIDE

THE drawn shades mark it from the rest—
This house that harboreth a guest;
The traffic of the unlovely street
Goes on unchecked; the children's feet
Pause not. They only know, at play,
There is one less than yesterday.

A priest goes in and turns the knob
Upon a woman's stifled sob;
A piteous wreath the portal shows;
The sill, dropped petals of a rose.
But up the street, and down the street,
Pass and repass the children's feet.

It is not theirs to ponder this—
To marvel how Death stooped to kiss
This child upon his dreaming brow.
O Youth that is immortal now!
They only know that at their play,
There is one less than yesterday.

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Some Mark Twain Letters

TO WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS AND OTHERS

Arranged, with Comment, by Albert Bigelow Paine

THE letters of Mark Twain—spontaneous letters, written with no thought of publication, straight from the heart—and shoulder—have a special value, aside from any literary worth, in that they reveal with an unusual degree of intimacy the inner life of one of the most interesting human beings that ever lived.

Mark Twain seldom had a wide circle of correspondents, but wrote to a few persons often, frequently at great length, setting down everything. His letters to William Dean Howells, begun in 1872, continued their infinite variety through a stretch of nearly forty years. The first of that long series here follows. It is not especially important, but it has in it something that is characteristic of nearly all the Clemens-Howells letters—a kind of tender playfulness that answered to something in Howells's make-up, his kindly humor, his wide knowledge of a humanity which he pictured so faithfully and amusingly to the world.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

HARTFORD, *June 15, 1872.*

FRIEND HOWELLS,—Could you tell me how I could get a copy of your portrait as published in *Hearth and Home?* I hear so much talk about it as being among the finest works of art which have yet appeared in that journal, that I feel a strong desire to see it. Is it suitable for framing? I have written the publishers of *H & H* time and again, but they say that the demand for the portrait immediately exhausted the edition and now a copy cannot be had, even for the European demand, which has now begun. Bret Harte has been here, and says his family would not be without that portrait for any consideration. He says his children get up in the night and yell for it. I would give anything for a copy of that portrait to put up in my parlor. I have Oliver Wendell Holmes's and Bret Harte's, as published in *Every Saturday*, and of all the swarms that come every day to gaze upon them none go away that are not softened and humbled and made more resigned to the will of God. If I had yours to put up alongside of them, I believe the combination would bring more souls to earnest reflection and ultimate conviction of their lost condition, than any other kind of warning would. Where in the nation can I get that portrait? Here are heaps of people that want it—that *need* it. There is my uncle. *He* wants a copy. He is lying at the point of death. He has *been* lying at the point of death for two years. He wants a copy—and I want him to *have* a copy. And I want you to send a copy to the man that shot my dog. I want to see if he is dead to every human instinct.

Now you send me that portrait. I am sending you mine, in this letter; and am glad to do it, for it has been greatly admired. People who are judges of art, find in the execution a grandeur which has not been equaled in this country, and an expression which has not been approached in *any*.

Yrs truly,

S. L. CLEMENS.

P.S.—62,000 copies of *Roughing It* sold and delivered in 4 months.

It was more than half a year before Clemens wrote to Howells again. Meantime he had paid a visit to London where he had created a real sensation. In that delightful book, *My Mark Twain*, Howells writes:

> In England, rank, fashion and culture rejoiced in him. Lord Mayors, Lord Chief Justices and magnates of many kinds were his hosts.

He had been highly successful as a lecturer in America, and the honors paid him in England made him more than ever in demand on his return. He believed he had given up the platform, but permitted his old agent, James Redpath, to book him for an occasional appearance. The only letter preserved from this particular time is that written to Howells

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in reference to one of these engagements. It has in it the exaggeration with which he was likely to embellish any account of his difficulties. We are not required to believe that there were really any such demonstrations as those ascribed to Warner and himself. Charles Dudley Warner, it may be said, was one of Mark Twain's closest neighbors in Hartford, and it was just at this time that they were collaborating on their novel, *The Gilded Age*.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

FARMINGTON AVE., HARTFORD, *Feb. 27.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—I am in a sweat and Warner is in another. I told Redpath some time ago I would lecture in Boston any two days he might choose provided they were *consecutive days*—

I never dreamed of his choosing days during *Lent* since that was his special horror—but all at once he telegraphs me, and hollers at me in all manner of ways that I am booked for Boston *March 5* of all days in the year—and to make matters just as mixed and uncertain as possible, I can't find out to save my life whether he means to lecture me on the 6th or not.

Warner's been in here swearing like a lunatic, and saying he had written you to come on the 4th,—and I said, "You leather-head, if I talk in Boston both afternoon and evening March 5, I'll have to go to Boston the 4th,"—and then he just kicked up his heels and went off cursing after a fashion I never heard of before.

Now let's just leave this thing to Providence for 24 hours—you bet it will come out all right.

Yours ever,

MARK.

In May that year Mark Twain returned to London, taking with him this time Mrs. Clemens and their little daughter Susy; also a girlhood friend of Mrs. Clemens, Miss Clara Spaulding, of Elmira, New York. Mark Twain's return to London was the literary event of the English capital that year. He was literally overwhelmed with honors; his rooms at the Langham were like a court. Such men as Robert Browning, Turgenev, Sir John Millais hastened to call. Charles Kingsley and others gave him dinners. The excitement of it all told on Mrs. Clemens, who was never robust. In July Clemens took his little party to Scotland for seclusion and rest.

Their destination was Edinburgh, where they remained a month. Mrs. Clemens's health gave way on their arrival there, and her husband, knowing the name of no other physician in the place, looked up Dr. John Brown, author of *Rab and His Friends*, and found in him not only a skilful practitioner, but a lovable companion, to whom they all became deeply attached. Little Susy, now seventeen months old, became his special favorite. He named her Megalopis, because of her great eyes.

Mrs. Clemens regained her strength and they returned to London. Clemens, still urged to lecture, finally agreed with George Dolby, formerly agent of Charles Dickens, to a week's engagement, and added a promise that after taking his wife and daughter back to America, he would return immediately for a more extended course. Dolby announced him to appear at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, for the week of October 13th to 18th, his lecture to be the old Sandwich Islands talk that seven years before had brought him his first success. The great hall, the largest in London, was thronged at each appearance, and the papers declared that Mark Twain had no more than "whetted the public appetite" for his humor.

Clemens now returned with his party to America, but less than a month later was himself back in London filling the Queen's Concert Rooms. He remained in London two months, lecturing steadily at Hanover Square to full houses. It is unlikely that there is any other platform record to match it.

Meantime *The Gilded Age* had been issued, and we get some interesting facts concerning it from a letter which on his return he wrote to Doctor Brown.

To Dr. John Brown, in Edinburgh:

FARMINGTON AVENUE, HARTFORD,
Feb'y 28, 1874.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—We are all delighted with your commendations of *The Gilded Age*—and the more so because some of our newspapers have set forth the opinion that *Warner* really wrote the book and I only added my name to the title-page in order to give it a larger sale. I wrote the first eleven chapters, every word and every line. I also wrote chapters, 24, 25, 27, 28, 30, 32, 33, 34, 36, 37, 42, 43, 45, 51, 52, 53, 57, 59,

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60, 61, 62, and portions of 35, 49 and 56. So I wrote 32 of the 63 chapters *entirely* and part of 3 others beside.

The fearful financial panic hit the book heavily, for we published it in the midst of it. But nevertheless in the 8 weeks that have now elapsed since the day we published, we have sold 40,000 copies; which gives £3,000 royalty to be divided between the authors. This is really the largest two-months' sale which any American book has ever achieved (unless one excepts the cheaper editions of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*). The average price of our book is 16 shillings a copy—*Uncle Tom* was 2 shillings a copy. But for the panic our sale would have been doubled, I verily believe. I do not believe the sale will ultimately go over 100,000 copies.

Indeed I *am* thankful for the wife and the child—and if there is one individual creature on all this footstool who is more thoroughly and uniformly and unceasingly *happy* than I am I defy the world to produce him and *prove* him. In my opinion, he doesn't exist. I was a mighty rough, coarse, uncompromising subject when Livy took charge of me 4 years ago, and I may *still* be, to the rest of the world, but not to her. She has made a very creditable job of me.

Success to the Mark Twain Club!—and the novel shibboleth of the Whistle. Of course any member rising to speak would be required to preface his remark with a keen respectful whistle at the chair—the chair recognizing the speaker with an answering shriek and then as the speech proceeded, its gravity and force would be emphasized and its impressiveness augmented by the continual interjection of whistles in place of punctuation-pauses; and the applause of the audience would be manifested in the same way....

They've gone to luncheon, and I must follow. With strong love from us both,

Your friend,
SAML. L. CLEMENS.

With the return to America, letters to Howells were resumed. Also visits were interchanged, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich sometimes came with Howells to Hartford for happy gatherings at the homes of Warner and Clemens. Mark Twain could not get enough of those two blithe spirits of Boston, and conceived a plan to annex them permanently.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

FARMINGTON AVENUE, HARTFORD,
Mch. 20, 1874.

DEAR HOWELLS,—You or Aldrich or both of you must come to Hartford to live. Mr. Hall, who lives in the house next to Mrs. Stowe's (just where we drive in to go to our new house) will sell for $16,000 or $17,000. The lot is 85 feet front and 150 deep—long time and easy payments on the purchase? You can do your work just as well here as in Cambridge, can't you? Come, will one of you boys buy that house? Now say yes.

Mrs. Clemens is an invalid yet, but is getting along pretty fairly.

We send best regards.

Yrs
MARK.

The new house mentioned in the foregoing was the fine and spacious home which Mark Twain was building on Farmington Avenue. His summer residence was at Quarry Farm, Elmira, New York, and it is from here the next letter is written. Perhaps for the reason that his own work was so different Clemens never ceased to admire the books of Howells. Indeed, his appreciation of them was as sincere as was his detestation of Scott, a hint of which we find in our next letter.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

ELMIRA, *Aug. 22, 1874.*

DEAR HOWELLS,—I have just finished reading the "Foregone Conclusion" to Mrs. Clemens and we think you have even outdone yourself. I should think that this must be the daintiest, truest, most admirable workmanship that was ever put on a story. The creatures of God do not act out their natures more unerringly than yours do. If your genuine stories can die, I wonder by what right old Walter Scott's artificialities shall continue to live.

Yrs ever,
MARK.

The new house in Hartford was now ready to be occupied that autumn, and in a letter to Howells we find them located in "part" of it. But what seems more interesting is that paragraph of the letter which speaks of close friendly relations still existing with the Warners, in that it refutes a report current at this time that there was a break between Clemens and Warner over the rights in the Sellers play, a dramatization of *The Gilded Age*. There was, in fact, no such rupture. Warner, realizing that he had no hand in the character of Sellers and no share in the work of dramatization generally, yielded all claim to any part of the returns.

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To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

FARMINGTON AVENUE, HARTFORD,
Sept. 20, 1874.

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—We are in part of the new house. Goodness knows when we'll get in the rest of it—full of workmen yet.

I worked a month at my play, and launched it in New York last Wednesday. I believe it will go. The newspapers have been complimentary. It is simply a *setting* for the one character, Col. Sellers—as a *play* I guess it will not bear a critical assault in force.

The Warners are as charming as ever. They go shortly to the devil for a year—that is, to Egypt—(which is but a poetical way of saying they are going to afflict themselves with the unsurpassable—(bad word) of *travel* for a spell.) I believe they mean to go and see you, first—so they mean to start from heaven to the other place; not from earth. How is that? I think that is no slouch of a compliment—kind of a dim religious light about it. I enjoy that sort of thing.

Yrs ever,
MARK.

Mark Twain had been promising something to the *Atlantic*, and that winter undertook the series of papers on piloting, those wonderful chapters that now form the first half of his Mississippi book. Apparently he was not without doubt as to the suitability of this matter to the *Atlantic*, and accompanied it with a brief line.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

DEAR HOWELLS,—Cut it, scarify it, reject it—handle it with entire freedom.

Yrs ever,
MARK.

But Howells, himself of a family of pilots, had no doubts as to the quality of the new find. He declared that the "piece" about the Mississippi was capital, that it almost made the water in their ice-pitcher turn muddy as he read it. "The sketch of the low-lived little town was so good that I could have wished that there was more of it. I want the sketches, if you can make them, every month."

The "low-lived little town" was Hannibal, and the reader can turn to the vivid description of it in the chapter already mentioned.

Rejoiced by this approval, Clemens plunged steadily into the work, which was exactly to his hand. Occasionally he made a trip to Boston to talk matters over, though usually with the added excuse of an *Atlantic* dinner or luncheon—happy occasions attended by Aldrich, Osgood, and Fields, and by the older crowd as well, among them Emerson, Longfellow, and Holmes.

Mark Twain in those days still savored of the frontier, and in the next letter we find how Aldrich and Howells, on one of these Boston visits, undertook to eliminate one of his "surface indications," the black "string" necktie which he had always persisted in wearing.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

HARTFORD, *Dec. 18, 1874.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—I left No. 3 [Miss. chapter] in my eldest's reach, and it may have gone to the postman and it likewise may have gone into the fire. I confess to a dread that the latter is the case and that that stack of MS will have to be written over again. If so, O for the return of the lamented Herod!

You and Aldrich have made one woman deeply and sincerely grateful—Mrs. Clemens. For months—I may even say years—she has shown unaccountable animosity toward my neck-tie, even getting up in the night to take it with the tongs and blackguard it—sometimes also going so far as to threaten it.

When I said you and Aldrich had given me two *new* neck-ties, and that they were in a paper in my overcoat pocket, she was in a fever of happiness until she found I was going to frame them; then all the venom in her nature gathered itself together,—insomuch that I, being near to a door, went without, perceiving danger.

Now I wear one of the new neck-ties, nothing being sacred in Mrs. Clemens's eyes that can be perverted to a gaud that shall make the person of her husband more alluring than it was aforetime. . . .

Y'rs
MARK.

In the next letter we have an inner view of the new Hartford home. We see it on the occasion of Susy's birthday, and the picture is as sweet and luminous and tender as it was forty years ago—as it will be a hundred years hence, if these lines should survive that long. The letter is to her uncle Charles Langdon, the "Charlie" of the Quaker City. "Atwater" was associated with the Langdon

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coal interests in Elmira. "The Play" is, of course, "The Gilded Age."

To Charles Langdon, in Elmira:

Mch. 19, 1875.

DEAR CHARLIE,—Livy, after reading your letter, used her severest form of expression about Mr. Atwater—to wit: She did not "*approve*" of his conduct. This made me shudder; for it was equivalent to Allie Spaulding's saying "Mr. Atwater is a *mean thing;*" or Rev. Thomas Beecher's saying "Damn that Atwater," or my saying "I wish Atwater was three hundred million miles in ——!"

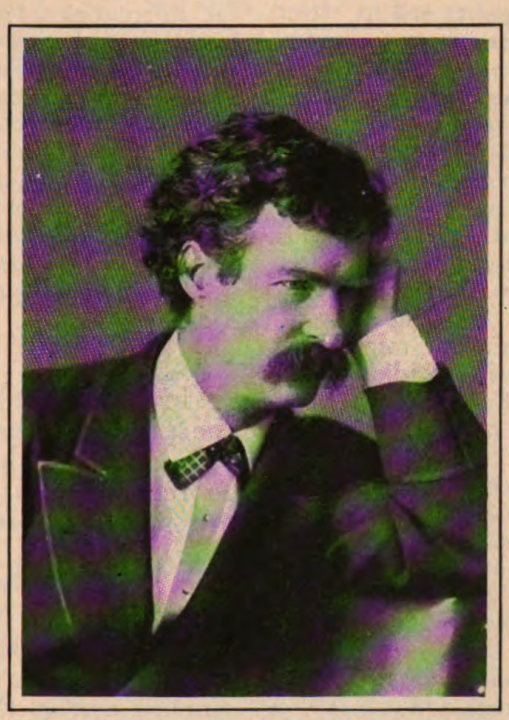
However, Livy does not often get into one of these furies, God be thanked.

In Brooklyn, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis and Chicago, the play paid me an average of nine hundred dollars a week. In smaller towns the average is $400 to $500.

This is Susy's birth-day. Lizzie brought her in at 8.30 this morning (before we were up) hooded with a blanket, red curl-papers in her hair, a great red japonica in one hand (for Livy) and a yellow rose-bud nestled in violets (for my buttonhole) in the other—and she looked wonderfully pretty. She delivered her memorials and received her birthday kisses. Livy laid her japonica down to get a better "holt" for kissing—which Susy presently perceived, and became thoughtful: then said sorrowfully, turning the great deeps of her eyes upon her mother: "Don't you care for you wow?"

Right after breakfast we got up a rousing wood fire in the main hall (it is a cold morning) illuminated the place with a rich glow from all the globes of the newell chandelier, spread a bright rug before the fire, set a circling row of chairs (pink ones and dove-colored) and in the midst a low invalid-table covered with a fanciful cloth and laden with the presents—a pink azalea in lavish bloom from Rosa; a gold inscribed Russia-leather bible from Patrick and Mary; a gold ring (inscribed) from "Maggy Cook"; a silver thimble (inscribed with motto and initials) from Lizzie; a rattling mob of Sunday clad dolls from Livy and Annie, and a Noah's Ark from me, containing 200 wooden animals such as only a human being could create and only God call by name without referring to the passenger list. Then the family and the seven servants assembled there, and Susy and the "Bay" arrived in state from above, the Bay's head being fearfully and wonderfully decorated with a profusion of blazing red flowers and overflowing cataracts of lycopodium. Wee congratulatory notes accompanied the presents of the servants. I tell you it was a great occasion and a striking and cheery group, taking all the surroundings into account and the wintry aspect outside.

[Remainder missing.]



MARK TWAIN
From a photograph taken in England in 1872

The Clemens family remained in Hartford that summer, with the exception of a brief season at Bateman's Point, Rhode Island, near Newport. By this time Mark Twain had taken up and finished the *Tom Sawyer* story which he had begun two years before. For some reason he believed it a grown-up narrative, as we shall see by the following letter. Naturally he wished Howells to consider the MS., all the while feeling that it was an imposition to ask him to read it.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

HARTFORD, *July 5, 1875.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—I have finished the story and didn't take the chap beyond boyhood. I believe it would be fatal to do it in any shape but autobiographically—like Gil Blas. I perhaps made a mistake in not writing it in the first person. If I went on, now, and took him into manhood, he would just lie like all the one-horse men in literature and the reader would conceive a hearty contempt for him. It is *not* a boy's book, at

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all. It will only be read by adults. It is only written for adults.

Moreover the book is plenty long enough as it stands. It is about 900 pages of MS, and may be 1000 when I shall have finished "working up" vague places; so it would make from 130 to 150 pages of the *Atlantic* —about what the "Foregone Conclusion" made, isn't it?

I would dearly like to see it in the *Atlantic*, but I doubt if it would pay the publishers to buy the privilege, or me to sell it. Bret Harte has sold his novel (same size as mine, I should say) to *Scribner's Monthly* for $6,500 (publication to begin in September, I think), and he gets a royalty of 7½ per cent from Bliss in book form afterwards. He gets a royalty of ten per cent on it in England (issued in serial numbers) and the same royalty on it in book form afterwards, and is to receive an advance payment of five hundred pounds the day the first No. of the serial appears. If I could do as well, here, and there, with mine, it might possibly pay me, but I seriously doubt it—though it is likely I could do better in England than Bret, who is not widely known there.

You see I take a vile, mercenary view of things—but then my household expenses are something almost ghastly.

By and by I shall take a boy of twelve and run him on through life (in the first person) but not Tom Sawyer—he would not be a good character for it.

I wish you would promise to read the MS of *Tom Sawyer* some time, and see if you don't really decide that I am right in closing with him as a boy—and point out the most glaring defects for me. It is a tremendous favor to ask, and I expect you to refuse and would be ashamed to expect you to do otherwise. But the thing has been so many months in my mind that it seems a relief to snake it out. I don't know any other person whose judgment I could venture to take fully and entirely. Don't hesitate about saying no, for I know how your time is taxed, and I would have honest need to blush if you said yes. Yrs ever,

CLEMENS.

Of course Howells promptly replied that he would read the story, adding: "You've no idea what I may ask you to do for me some day. I'm sorry that you can't do it for the *Atlantic*, but I succumb. Perhaps you will do Boy No. 2 for us."

Clemens, conscience-stricken meantime, hastily put the MS. out of reach of temptation.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

July 13, 1875.

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—Just as soon as you consented I realized all the atrocity of my request, and straightway blushed and weakened. I telegraphed my theatrical agent to come here and carry off the MS and copy it.

But I will gladly send it to you if you will do as follows: dramatize it, if you perceive that you can, and take, for your remuneration, half of the first $6000 which I receive for its representation on the stage. You could alter the plot entirely, if you chose. I could help in the work, most cheerfully, after you had arranged the plot. I have my eye upon two young girls who can play "Tom" and "Huck." I believe a good deal of a drama can be made of it. Come—can't you tackle this in the odd hours of your vacation? or later, if you prefer?

I do wish you could come down once more before your holiday. I'd give anything!

Yrs ever,

MARK.

Howells wrote that he had no time for the dramatization, and urged Clemens to undertake it himself. He was ready to read the story whenever it should arrive. Clemens did not hurry, however. The publication of *Tom Sawyer* could wait. He already had a book in press—the volume of *Sketches New and Old*, which he had prepared for his publishers several years before. In the course of time he carried the *Tom Sawyer* MS. to Boston himself and placed it in Howells's hands. Howells had begged to be allowed to see the story, and Mrs. Clemens was especially anxious that he should do so. She had doubts as to certain portions of it, and had the fullest faith in Howells's opinion.

It was a gratifying one when it came. Howells wrote:

I finished reading *Tom Sawyer* a week ago, sitting up till one A.M. to get to the end, simply because it was impossible to leave off. It's altogether the best boy's story I ever read. It will be an immense success. But I think you ought to treat it explicitly *as* a boy's story. Grown-ups will enjoy it just as much if you do; and if you should put it forth as a study of boy character from the grown-up point of view, you give the wrong key to it. . . . The adventures are enchanting. I wish *I* had been on that Island. The treasure hunting, the loss in the cave—it's all exciting and splendid. I shouldn't think of publishing this story serially. Give

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me a hint when it's to be out, and I'll start the sheep to jumping in the right places.

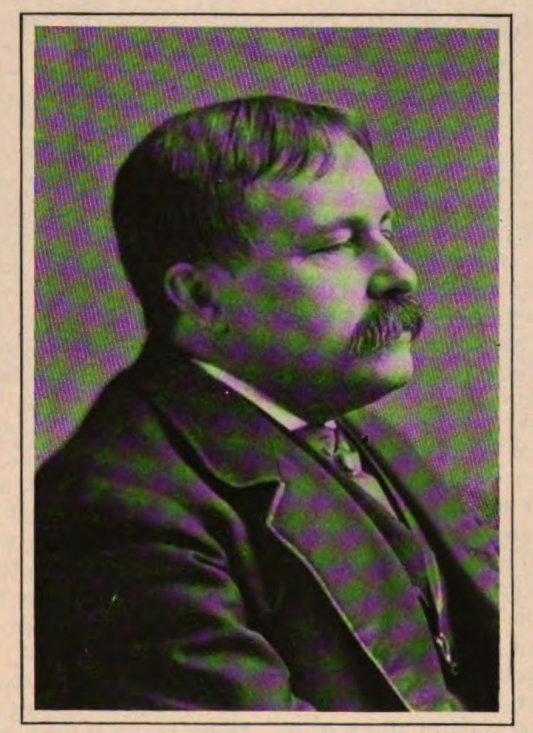
Tom Sawyer did not appear that autumn, and in the winter we find Howells urging its publication, declaring, "That boy is going to make a prodigious hit." The reply is full of interest.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

HARTFORD, *Jan. 1876.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—Thanks, and ever so many, for the good opinion of *Tom Sawyer*. Williams has made about 300 rattling pictures for it—some of them very dainty. Poor devil, what a genius he has, and how he does murder it with rum. He takes a book of mine and without suggestion from anybody builds no end of pictures just from his reading of it.

There was never a man in the world so grateful to another as I was to you day before yesterday, when I sat down (in still rather wretched health) to set myself to the dreary and hateful task of making final revision of *Tom Sawyer*, and discovered, upon opening the package of MS, that your pencil marks were scattered all along. This was splendid, and swept away all labor. Instead of *reading* the MS, I simply hunted out the pencil marks and made the emendations which they suggested. I reduced the boy battle to a curt paragraph; I finally concluded to cut the Sunday-school speech down to the first two sentences, leaving no suggestion of satire, since the book is to be for boys and girls; I tamed the various obscenities until I judged that they no longer carried offense. So, at a single sitting I began and finished a revision which I had supposed would occupy 3 or 4 days and leave me mentally and physically fagged out at the end. I was careful not to inflict the MS upon you until I had thoroughly and painstakingly revised it. Therefore, the only faults left were those that would discover themselves to others, not me—and these you had pointed out.



WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS
From a photograph taken in 1874

There was one expression which perhaps you overlooked. When Huck is complaining to Tom of the rigorous system in vogue at the widow's, he says the servants harass him with all manner of compulsory decencies, and he winds up by saying: "and they comb me all to hell." (No exclamation point.) Long ago, when I read that to Mrs. Clemens, she made no comment; another time I created occasion to read that chapter to her aunt and her mother (both sensitive and loyal subjects of the kingdom of heaven, so to speak) and *they* let it pass. I was glad, for it was the most natural remark in the world for that boy to make (and he had been allowed few privileges of speech in the book); when I saw that you, too, had let it go without protest, I was glad, and afraid, too—afraid you hadn't observed it. Did you? And did you question the propriety of it? Since the book is now professedly and confessedly a boy's and girl's book, that darn word bothers me some, nights, but it never did until I had ceased to regard the volume as being for adults.

Don't bother to answer *now* (for you've writing enough to do without allowing me to add to the burden,) but tell me when you see me again! Yrs ever,

MARK.

Howells replied: "I'd have that swearing out in an instant. I suppose I didn't notice it because the locution was so familiar to my Western sense, and so exactly the thing that Huck would say."

Clemens changed the phrase to, "They comb me all to thunder," and so it stands to-day.

In August that year Howells wrote, complaining of the lack of news. He was in the midst of campaign activities, he said, writing a life of Hayes, and gaily added, "You know I wrote the life of Lincoln which elected him." He

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further reported a comedy he had completed and gave Clemens a general stirring up as to his own work.

Mark Twain in his hillside study was busy enough. Summer was his time for work, and he had tried his hand in various directions. His reference to Huck Finn in his reply is interesting, in that it shows the measure of his enthusiasm, or lack of it, as a gauge of his ultimate achievement. The novel mentioned was never completed.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

ELMIRA, *Aug. 9, 1876.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—I was just about to write you when your letter came—and not one of those obscene postal cards, either, but reverently, upon paper.

I shall read that biography, though the letter of acceptance was amply sufficient to corral my vote without any further knowledge of the man. Which reminds me that a campaign club in Jersey City wrote a few days ago and invited me to be present at the raising of a Tilden and Hendricks flag there, and to take the stand and give them some "counsel." Well, I could not go, but gave them counsel and advice by letter, and in the kindliest terms as to the raising of the flag—advised them "not to raise it."

Get your book out quick, for this is a momentous time. If Tilden is elected I think the entire country will go pretty straight to—Mrs. Howells's bad place.

I am infringing on your patent—I started a record of our children's sayings, last night. Which reminds me that last week I sent down and got Susy a vast pair of shoes of a most villainous pattern for I discovered that her feet were being twisted and cramped out of shape by a smaller and prettier article. She did not complain, but looked degraded and injured. At night her mamma gave her the usual admonition when she was about to say her prayers—*to wit.*

"Now, Susy—think about God."

"Mamma, I can't, with those shoes." . . .

The . . . novel lies torpid. I found I could not go on with it. The chapters I had written were still too new and familiar to me. I may take it up next winter, but cannot tell yet; I waited and waited to see if my interest in it would not revive, but gave it up a month ago and began another boys' book—more to be at work than anything else. I have written 400 pages on it—therefore it is very nearly half done. It is Huck Finn's Autobiography. I like it only tolerably well, as far as I have got, and may possibly pigeonhole or burn the MS when it is done.

Yrs ever, MARK.

Howells promptly wrote again urging him to enter the campaign for Hayes. "There is not another man in this country," he said, "who could help him so much as you." The "farce" which Clemens refers to in his reply was "The Parlor Car," which seems to have been about the first venture of Howells in that field.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

ELMIRA, *August 23, 1876.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—I am glad you think I could do Hayes any good, for I have been wanting to write a letter or make a speech to that end. I'll be careful not to do either, however, until the opportunity comes in a natural, justifiable and unlugged way; and shall not then do anything unless I've got it all digested and worded just right. In which case I *might* do some good—in any other I should do harm. When a humorist ventures upon the grave concerns of life he must do his job better than another man or he works harm to his cause.

The farce is wonderfully bright and delicious, and *must* make a hit. You read it to me, and it was mighty good; I read it last night and it was better; I read it aloud to the household this morning and it was better than ever. So it would be worth going a long way to see it well played; for without any question an actor of genius always adds a subtle something to any man's work that none but the writer knew was there before. Even if *he* knew it. I have heard of readers convulsing audiences with my "Aurelia's Unfortunate Young Man." If there is anything really funny in the piece, the author is not aware of it. . . .

Yrs MARK.

After Rutherford B. Hayes had been inaugurated Clemens one day called at the White House with a letter of introduction from Howells, thinking to meet the Chief Executive. His own letter to Howells, later, probably does not give the real reason of his failure, but it will be amusing to those who recall the erratic personality of George Francis Train. Train and Twain were sometimes confused by the very unlettered, or, pretendedly, by Mark Twain's friends.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

BALTIMORE, *May 1, '77.*

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—Found I was not absolutely needed in Washington so I only

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THE HOUSE MARK TWAIN BUILT FOR HIMSELF IN HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

staid 24 hours, and am on my way home, now. I called at the White House, and got admission to Col. Rodgers, because I wanted to inquire what was the right hour to go and infest the President. It was my luck to strike the place in the dead waste and middle of the day, the very busiest time. I perceived that Mr. Rodgers took me for George Francis Train and had made up his mind not to let me get at the President; so at the end of half an hour I took my letter of introduction from the table and went away. It was a great pity all round, and a loss to the nation, for I was brim full of the Eastern question. I didn't get to see the President of the Chief Magistrate either, though I had sort of a glimpse of a lady at a window who resembled her portraits.

Yrs ever,
MARK.

Howells condoled with him on his failure to see the President, "but," he added, "if you and I had both been there, our combined skill would have no doubt procured us to be expelled from the White House by Fred Douglass. But the thing seems to be a complete failure as it was." Douglass at this time being the Marshal of the District of Columbia gives special point to Howells's suggestion.

Eight years had passed since the publication of *The Innocents Abroad*, and there was a demand for another Mark Twain book of travel. For this reason, and others less important, he had decided on a trip with his family to the European Continent.

He was writing few letters at this time, and doing but little work. There were always many social events during the winter, and what with his European plans and a diligent study of the German language, which the entire family undertook, his days and evenings were full enough. Howells wrote protesting against the European travel and berating him for his silence:

I never was in Berlin and don't know any family hotel there. I should be glad I didn't, if it would keep you from going. You deserve to put up at the Sign of the Savage in Vienna.

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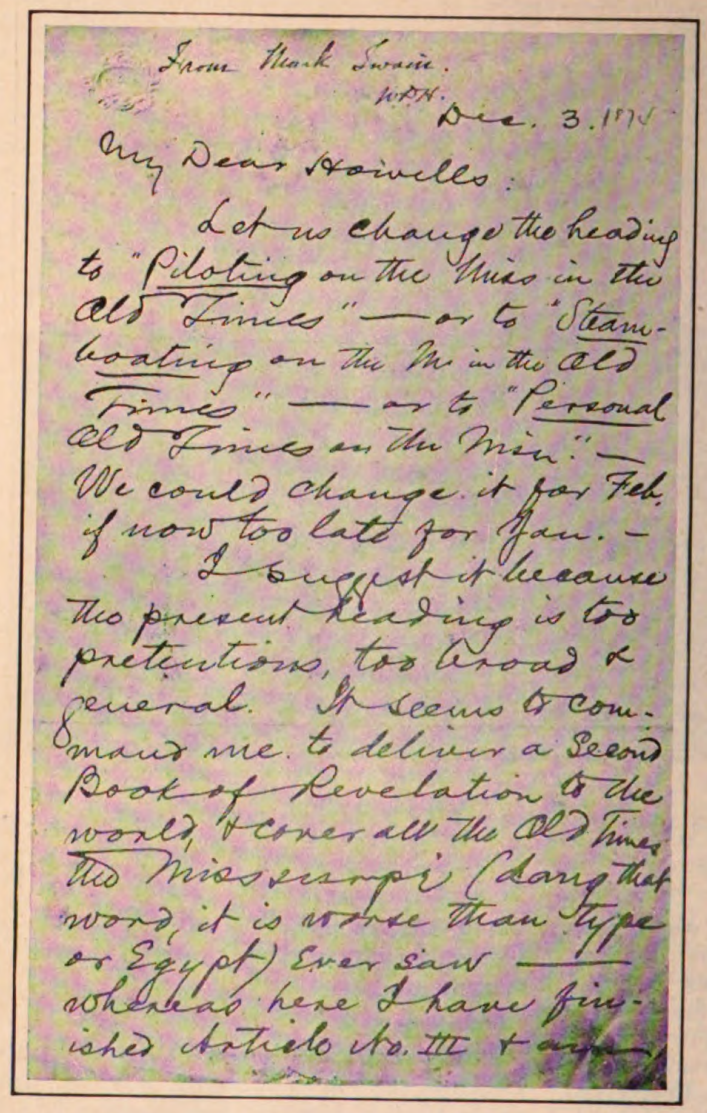

From Mark Twain.
Hartford
Dec. 3. 1874

My Dear Howells:

Let us change the heading to "Piloting on the Miss in the old Times" — or to "Steamboating on the Mi in the old Times" — or to "Personal old Times on the Miss." — We could change it for Feb. if now too late for Jan. —

I suggest it because the present heading is too pretentious, too broad & general. It seems to command me to deliver a Second Book of Revelation to the world, & cover all the old times the Missisnippi (dang that word, it is worse than Styx or Egypt) Ever saw — whereas here I have finished Article No. III & am

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM MARK TWAIN TO WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

The Clemens party, which, besides Mr. and Mrs. Clemens and the two children, Susy and Clara, included Miss Clara Spaulding, of Elmira, sailed as planned on the *Holsatia* April 11, 1878. On the eve of departure Clemens sent to Howells this farewell word:

> And that reminds me, ungrateful dog that I am, that I owe as much to your training as the rude country job-printer owes to the city boss who takes him in hand and teaches him the right way to handle his art. I was talking to Mrs. Clemens about this the other day, and grieving because I never mentioned it to you, thereby seeming to ignore it or to be unaware of it. Nothing that has passed under your eye needs any revision before going into a volume, while all my other stuff does need so *much*.

A characteristic tribute, and from the heart.

In *The Tramp Abroad* Mark Twain has told in characteristic fashion the story of that summer in Europe—how he tramped with his friend, the Rev. J. H. Twichell, of Hartford, through the Black Forest and down into Switzerland, where the family joined them and Twichell bade his fellow-pedestrian good-by. Clemens did not write many letters at this time, for he was too busy with travel and work. In one letter to Howells he said:

> I wish I *could* give those sharp satires on European life which you mention, but of course a man can't write successful satire except he be in a calm, judicial good humor; whereas I *hate* travel, and I *hate* hotels, and I *hate* the opera, and I *hate* the old masters. In truth I don't ever seem to be in a good enough humor with anything to satirize it. No, I want to stand up before it and curse it and foam at the mouth, or take a club and pound it to rags and pulp. I have got in two or three chapters about Wagner's operas, and managed to do it without showing temper, but the strain of another such effort would burst me.

From Italy, the Clemens party went to Munich, where they had arranged in advance for winter quarters. Clemens claims in his report of the matter to Howells that he took the party through without the aid of a courier, though thirty years later, in some comment which he set down on being shown the letter, he wrote, concerning this paragraph, "Probably a lie." He wrote also that they acquired a great affection for

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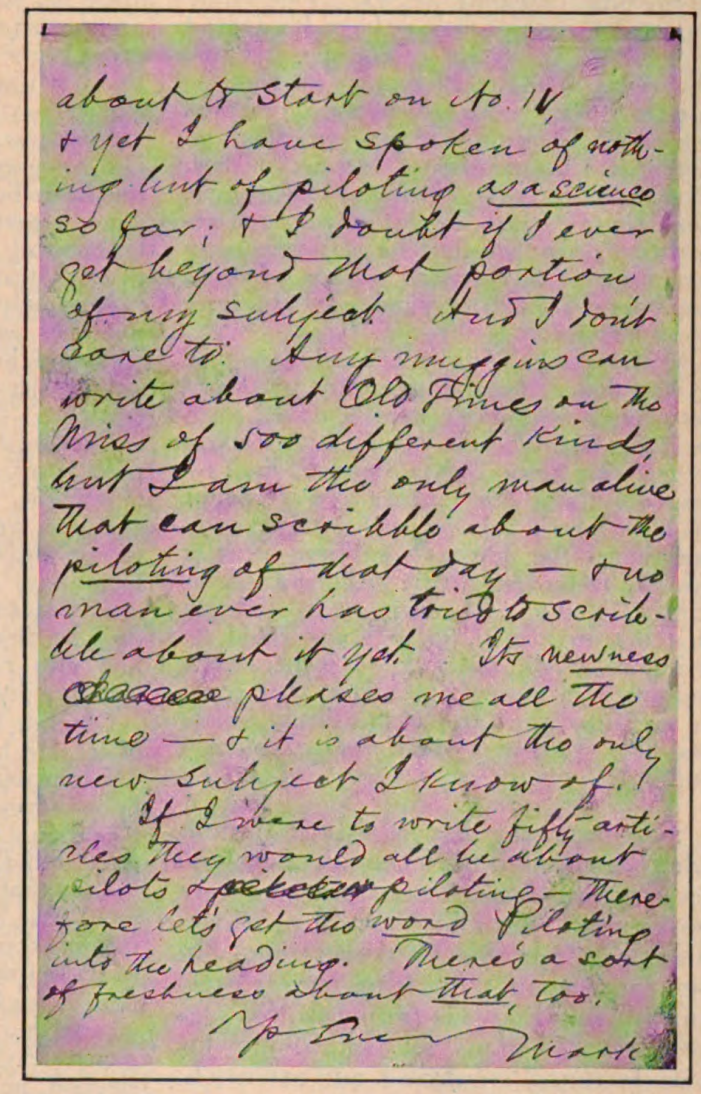
Fräulein Dahlweiner, "Acquired it at once and it outlasted the winter we spent in her house."

Life went on very well in Munich. Each day the family fell more in love with Fräulein Dahlweiner and her house.

Mark Twain, however, did not settle down to his work readily. His "pleasant work-room" provided exercise, but not inspiration. When he discovered he could not find his Swiss note-book he was ready to give up his travel writing altogether. In the letter that follows we find him much less enthusiastic concerning his own performances than over the story by Howells, which he is following in the *Atlantic*.

The "detective" chapter mentioned in this letter was not included in *The Tramp Abroad*. It was published separately as *The Stolen White Elephant* in a volume bearing that title. The play which he had now found "dreadfully witless and flat" was no other than "Simon Wheeler, Detective," which he had once regarded so highly. The "Stewart" referred to was the millionaire merchant, A. T. Stewart, whose body was stolen in the expectation of a reward for its return.



about to start on No. IV, & yet I have spoken of nothing but of piloting as a science so far; & I doubt if I ever get beyond that portion of my subject. And I don't care to. Any muggins can write about Old Times on the Miss. of 500 different kinds, but I am the only man alive that can scribble about the piloting of that day — & no man ever has tried to scribble about it yet. Its newness pleases me all the time — & it is about the only new subject I know of.

If I were to write fifty articles they would all be about pilots & piloting — therefore let's get the word Piloting into the heading. There's a sort of freshness about that, too.

Yr Ever Mark

FACSIMILE OF LETTER FROM MARK TWAIN TO WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

MUNICH, *Jan. 21*, [*1879*].

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—It's no use,—your letter miscarried in some way and is lost. The consul has made a thorough search and says he has not been able to trace it. It is unaccountable, for all the letters I did *not* want arrived without a single grateful failure. Well, I have read up, now, as far as you have got,—that is, to where there's a storm at sea approaching,—and we three think you are clear out-Howellsing Howells. If your literature has not struck perfection now we are not able to see what is lacking. It is all such truth—truth to the life; everywhere your pen falls it leaves a photograph. I did imagine that everything had been said about life at sea that could be said,—but no matter, it was all a failure and lies, nothing but lies with a thin varnish of fact,—only *you* have stated it as it absolutely *is*. And only you see people and their ways, and their insides and outsides as they *are*, and make them talk as they *do* talk. I think you are the very greatest artist in these tremendous mysteries that ever lived. There doesn't seem to be anything that can be concealed from your awful all-seeing eye. It must be a cheerful thing for one to live with you and be aware that you are going up and down in him like another conscience

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all the time. Possibly you will not be a fully accepted classic until you have been dead a hundred years,—it is the fate of the Shakespeares and of all genuine prophets,—but then your books will be as common as Bibles, *I* believe. You're not a weed, but an oak; not a summer-house, but a cathedral. In that day *I* shall still be in the Cyclopedias, too,—thus: "Mark Twain; history and occupation unknown—but he was personally acquainted with Howells." There—I could sing your praises all day, and feel and believe every bit of it.

My book is half finished; I wish to heaven it was done. I have given up writing a detective novel—can't write a novel, for I lack the faculty; but when the detectives were nosing around after Stewart's loud remains, I threw a chapter into my present book in which I have very extravagantly burlesqued the detective business—if it *is* possible to burlesque that business extravagantly. You know I was going to send you that detective play, so that you could rewrite it. Well, I didn't do it because I couldn't find a single idea in it that could be useful to you. It was dreadfully witless and flat. I knew it would sadden you and unfit you for work. . . . MARK.

Following the life of Mark Twain, whether through his letters or along the sequence of detailed occurrence, we are never more than a little while, or a little distance, from his brother Orion. In one form or another Orion is ever present, his inquiries, his proposals, his suggestions, his plans for improving his own fortunes, command our attention. He was one of the most human creatures that ever lived; indeed his humanity excluded every form of artificiality—everything that needs to be acquired. Talented, trusting, childlike, carried away by the impulse of the moment, despite a keen sense of humor he was never able to see that his latest plan or project was not bound to succeed. Mark Twain loved him, pitied him—also enjoyed him, especially with Howells. Orion's new plan to lecture in the interest of religion found its way to Munich, with the following result.

To William Dean Howells, in Boston:

MUNICH, *Feb. 9*, [*1879*].

MY DEAR HOWELLS,—I have just received this letter from Orion—take care of it, for it is worth preserving. I got as far as 9 pages in my answer to it, when Mrs. Clemens shut down on it, and said it was cruel, and made me send the money and simply wish his lecture success. I said I couldn't lose my 9 pages—so she said send them to you. But I will acknowledge that I thought I was writing a very kind letter.

Now just look at this letter of Orion's. Did you ever see the grotesquely absurd and the heart-breakingly pathetic more closely joined together? Mrs. Clemens said "Raise his monthly pension." So I wrote to Perkins to raise it a trifle.

Now only think of it! He still has 100 pages to write on his lecture, yet in one inking of his pen he has already swooped around the United States and invested the result!

You *must* put him in a book or a play right away. You are the only man capable of doing it. You might die at any moment, and your very greatest work would be lost to the world. *I* could write Orion's simple biography, and make it effective, too, by merely stating the bald facts—and this I will do if he dies before I do; but *you* must put him into romance. This was the understanding you and I had the day I sailed.

Observe Orion's career—that is, a *little* of it: He has belonged to as many as five different religious denominations; last March he withdrew from the deaconship in a Congregational Church and the Superintendency of its Sunday School, in a speech in which he said that for many months (it runs in my mind that he said 13 years,) he had been a confirmed *infidel*, and so felt it to be his duty to retire from the flock.

2. After being a republican for years, he wanted me to buy him a democratic newspaper. A few days before the Presidential election, he came out in a speech and publicly went over to the democrats; he prudently "hedged" by voting for 6 state republicans, also.

The new convert was made one of the secretaries of the democratic meeting, and placed in the list of speakers. He wrote me jubilantly of what a ten-strike he was going to make with that speech. All right—but think of his innocent and pathetic candor in writing me something like this, a week later:

"I was more diffident than I had expected to be, and this was increased by the silence with which I was received when I came forward; so I seemed unable to get the fire into my speech which I had calculated upon, and presently they began to get up and go out; and in a few minutes they all rose up and went away."

How *could* a man uncover such a sore as that and show it to another? Not a word of complaint, you see—only a patient, sad surprise.

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3. His next project was to write a burlesque upon *Paradise Lost*.

4. Then, learning that the *Times* was paying Harte $100 a column for stories, he concluded to write some for the same price. I read his first one and persuaded him not to write any more.

5. Then he read proof on the *N. Y. Eve. Post* at $10 a week and meekly observed that the foreman swore at him and ordered him around "like a steamboat mate."

6. Being discharged from that post, he wanted to try agriculture—was sure he could make a fortune out of a chicken farm. I gave him $900 and he went to a ten-house village 2 miles above Keokuk on the river bank—this place was a railway station. He soon asked for money to buy a horse and light wagon,—because the trains did not run at church time on Sunday and his wife found it rather far to walk.

For a long time I answered demands for "loans" and by next mail always received his check for the interest due me to date. In the most guileless way he let it leak out that he did not underestimate the value of his custom to me, since it was not likely that any other customer of mine paid his interest *quarterly*, and this enabled me to use my capital twice in 6 months instead of only once. But alas, when the debt at last reached $1800 or $2500 (I have forgotten which) the interest ate too formidably into his borrowings, and so he quietly ceased to pay it or speak of it. At the end of two years I found that the chicken farm had long ago been abandoned, and he had moved into Keokuk. Later in one of his casual moments, he observed that there was no money in fattening a chicken on 65 cents worth of corn and then selling it for 50.

7. Finally, if I would lend him $500 a year for two years (this was 4 or 5 years ago,) he *knew* he could make a success as a lawyer, and would prove it. This is the pension which we have just increased to $600. The first year his legal business brought him $5. It also brought him an unremunerative case where some villains were trying to chouse some negro orphans out of $700. He still has this case. He has waggled it around through various courts and made some booming speeches on it. The negro children have grown up and married off, now, I believe, and their litigated town-lot has been dug up and carted off by somebody—but Orion still infests the courts with his documents and makes the welkin ring with his venerable case. The second year, he didn't make anything. The third he made $6, and I made Bliss put a case in his hands—about half an hour's work. Orion charged $50 for it—Bliss paid him $15. Thus four or five years of lawing has brought him $26, but this will doubtless be increased when he gets done lecturing and buys that "law library." Meantime his office rent has been $60 a year, and he has stuck to that lair day by day as patiently as a spider.

8. Then he by and by conceived the idea of lecturing around America as "Mark Twain's Brother"—that to be on the bills. Subject of proposed lecture, "On the Formation of Character."

9. I protested, and he got on his war-paint, couched his lance, and ran a bold tilt against total abstinence and the Red Ribbon fanatics. It raised a fine row among the virtuous Keokukians.

10. I wrote to encourage him in his good work, but I had let a mail intervene; so by the time my letter reached him he was already winning laurels as a Red Ribbon Howler.

11. Afterward he took a rabid part in a prayer-meeting epidemic; dropped that to travesty Jules Verne; dropped that, in the middle of the last chapter, last March, to digest the matter of an infidel book which he proposed to write; and now he comes to the surface to rescue our "noble and beautiful religion" from the sacrilegious talons of Bob Ingersoll.

Now come! Don't fool away this treasure which Providence has laid at your feet, but take it up and use it. One can let his imagination run trio in portraying Orion, for there is nothing so extravagant as to be out of character with him.

Well—good-bye, and a short life and a merry one be yours. Poor old Methuselah, how did he manage to stand it so long?

Yrs ever,
MARK.

To Orion Clemens (unsent, and inclosed with the foregoing to William Dean Howells):

MUNICH, *Feb. 9, [1879]*.

MY DEAR BRO,—Yours has just arrived. I enclose a draft on Hartford for $25. You will have abandoned the project you wanted it for, by the time it arrives,—but no matter, apply it to your newer and present project, whatever it is. You see I have an ineradicable faith in your unsteadfastness,—but mind you, *I* didn't invent that faith, you conferred it on me yourself. But fire away, fire away! I don't see why a changeable man shouldn't get as much enjoyment out of his changes, and transformations and transfigurations as a steadfast man gets out of standing still and pegging at the same old monotonous thing all the time. That is to say, I don't see why a kaleidoscope shouldn't enjoy itself as much as a telescope, nor a grindstone have as good a time as a whetstone, nor a barometer as good a time as

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a yardstick. I don't feel like girding at you any more about fickleness of purpose, because I recognize and realize at last that it is incurable; but before I learned to accept this truth, each new weekly project of yours possessed the power of throwing me into the most exhausting and helpless convulsions of profanity. But fire away, now! Your magic has lost its might. I am able to view your inspirations dispassionately and judicially, now, and say "This one or that one or the other one is not up to your average flight, or is above it, or below it."

And so, without passion, or prejudice, or bias of any kind, I sit in judgment upon your lecture project, and say it was up to your average, it was indeed above it, for it had possibilities in it, and even *practical* ones. While I was not sorry you abandoned it, I should not be sorry if you had stuck to it and given it a trial. But on the whole you did the wise thing to lay it aside, I think, because a lecture is a most easy thing to fail in; and at your time of life, and in your own town, such a failure would make a deep and cruel wound in your heart and in your pride. It was decidedly unwise in you to think for a moment of coming before a community who knew you, with such a course of lectures; because Keokuk is not unaware that you have been a Swedenborgian, a Presbyterian, a Congregationalist, and a Methodist (on probation), and that just a year ago you were an infidel. If Keokuk had gone to your lecture course, it would have gone to be amused, not instructed,—for when a man is known to have no settled convictions of his own he can't convince other people. They would have gone to be amused and that would have been a deep humiliation to you. It could have been safe for you to appear only where you were unknown—then many of your hearers would think you were in earnest. And they would be right. You *are* in earnest while your convictions are new. But taking it by and large, you probably did best to discard that project altogether. But I leave you to judge of that, for you are the worst judge I know of.

[Unfinished.]

That Mark Twain in many ways was hardly less childlike than his brother is now and again revealed in his letters. He was of steadfast purpose, and he possessed the driving power which Orion Clemens lacked; but the importance to him of some of the smaller matters of life, as shown in a letter like the following, bespeaks a certain simplicity of nature which he never outgrew.

To the Rev. J. H. Twichell, in Hartford:

MUNICH, *Feb. 24*, ['79].

DEAR OLD JOE,—It was a mighty good letter, Joe—and that idea of yours is a rattling good one. But I have not sot down here to answer your letter,—for it is down at my study,—but only to impart some information.

For 2 months I had not shaved without crying. I'd spend ¾ of an hour whetting away on my hand—no use, couldn't get an edge. Tried a razor strop—same result. So I sat down and put in an hour thinking out the mystery. Then it seemed plain—to wit: my hand can't *give* a razor an edge, it can only smooth and refine an edge that has already been given. I judge that a razor fresh from the hone is this shape V—the long point being the continuation of the edge—and that after much use the shape is this ⋁—the attenuated edge all worn off and gone. By George I *knew* that was the explanation. And I knew that a freshly honed and freshly stropped razor won't cut, but after stropping on the hand as a final operation, it *will* cut.—So I sent out for an oil-stone; none to be had, but messenger brought back a little piece of rock the size of a Safety-match box—(it was bought in a shoemaker's shop) bad flaw in middle of it, too,—but I put 4 drops of fine Olive oil on it, picked out the razor marked "Thursday" because it was never any account and would be no loss if I spoiled it—gave it a brisk and reckless honing for 10 minutes, then tried it on a hair—it wouldn't cut. Then I trotted it through a vigorous 10-minute course on a razor-strop and tried it on a hair—it wouldn't cut—tried it on my face—it made me cry—gave it a 5-minute stropping on my hand, and my land, what an edge she had!... I mean to name [her] Thursday October Christian, in gratitude.

We all go to Paris next Thursday....

With love—

Ys ever,

MARK.

In Paris they found pleasant quarters at the Hotel Normandy. In a brief note to Aldrich he said, "I sleep like a lamb and write like a lion—I mean the kind of a lion that writes—if any such." He expected to finish the book he was busy with in six weeks. He did not do so, but that is another chapter.

It was September the 3d, 1879, when Clemens and his party arrived in New York. In the seventeen months of his absence he had taken on a "traveled look" and had added gray hairs.

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On Duty

BY ELIZABETH LOUISE HASKELL

ELLY MARSH sat quietly in the low rocking-chair beside the table that held the night light, her capable little hands folded in her white-linen lap. She did not rock, she did not nod, she felt no impulse to lie down on the soft-cushioned couch across the room as she knew other night nurses did. She was very still, very thoughtful, filled with a sense of the importance of her mission and a realization of her own good luck. For this was a big case for a beginner, and Elly, although conscious of the part fate had had to play in the giving of it to her—partly through the sudden illness of Miss Mansfield, who had been engaged, partly through the interest Doctor Lowell had always shown in her—preferred to believe it all a just reward of merit for her four years of hard and conscientious labor, and a fifth given over to tiresome cases of measles and nervous prostration. For four nights she had sat like this, stiffly uncompromising, alert, thinking her busy thoughts, listening to the muffled sounds in the sanatorium, watching the beautiful Mrs. Channing as she slept a fevered and fitful sleep. She glanced now at the smooth white bed. The lines of a perfect figure showed plainly beneath the dimity spread, one perfect arm and hand lay over the counterpane, the other was bent under the lovely blonde head; long lashes swept the pallid cheek, the luscious lips meant for laughter and loving parted at the coming of each breath with a little parched and cracking sound. Even so, worn, fevered, ghastly white, with the blemish of illness upon it, with the shadow of death all but hovering over it, Elly thought it the most beautiful face she had ever seen; but she liked it better so, asleep, than when the eyes were open; there was something about the eyes—Elly could not tell just what, for they were wide and heavenly blue—that seemed to mar the perfect beauty of the whole.

Elly loved beauty passionately. Were it not for the eyes she would have loved Mrs. Channing passionately. As it was, she succumbed to the tremendous fascination of the woman whose life had been a regal progress through conquests unnumbered.

"She has so much to live for," thought Elly—"youth, beauty, a brilliant husband, wealth, social position. If my devotion and experience can help her to win out, she shall."

There was nothing Elly wished more for her own sake than to see this woman live, yet paramount to the realization of what success in this case would mean to her rose the unselfish desire to help pour back into those beautiful eager hands all that life still held for them.

There was something on Mrs. Channing's mind; of this Elly was sympathetically sure, and she had tried in every way she knew how to inspire in her patient a trust and confidence, an assurance of her absolute devotion and discretion. If only she would unburden herself to Elly perhaps the persistent fever that worried Doctor Lowell would vanish.

How still the house was! Even the street, where tan-bark had been laid. Muffled wheels passed over it now, turned the corner. Hoofs clattered for a moment, stillness again. From under the crack of the bathroom door came an odor of flowers. Elly had filled the tub with them after she made Mrs. Channing ready for the night. Roses and lilies, violets, carnations, all floated together on the surface of the water, and exhaled an overpowering perfume. Along the thickly carpeted corridor came a soft step, a subdued rustle of stiff linen, the handle of the door gently turned and the night supervisor looked in, glanced pro-

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fessionally at the sleeping figure on the bed, smiled at Elly sitting so stiff and alert in her little chair. The door closed as softly as it had opened; quiet footsteps, a subdued rustle, unbroken silence again.

"Miss Marsh!"

Weak as it was, the voice sounded like the crack of a pistol in the intense silence of the room. Almost before the lips had closed again Elly was beside the bed. She lifted the lovely head, put a spoonful of cracked ice between the parched lips, bathed the fair forehead, straightened the immaculate covers, and was turning away, when a fevered hand caught hers.

"Miss Marsh, sit down here; I want to talk to you."

Elly's heart gave a great leap. It was coming! But her hand and voice were steady as she said, "Yes, Mrs. Channing," and smiled down into those great blue disquieting eyes.

"Miss Marsh, I— There's something worrying me. I can't get well till I'm sure it's all right. I— There's no one else I can ask. I don't trust Miss Porter; I know I can trust you."

The thin hand tightened on hers. Elly thrilled to the touch. What magnetism, what power this lovely woman could wield when she would! Elly thought, "Not even when I took my degree did I feel as proud as I do now."

"I would do anything, anything I could, Mrs. Channing, to help you. More than anything in the world I want you to get well."

The hand on hers relaxed a little. "Listen, then. There is something at my house that I want—a package of letters in my jewel-case." The fever-bright eyes looked searchingly up into the clear gray ones, and saw there with great relief no crass curiosity, no base suspicion, only a helpful interest.

"I will go for them the first thing in the morning." Elly spoke impetuously, eager to see a look of relief replace the anxious light in the eyes.

"No, no!" The eyes blazed, the hand tightened on her wrist. "That is just what you must not do! The servants, my maid—she would be there watching you. No one must know that they are there, that I want them!"

Elly felt a little frightened. "Then how?"

"You must go at night, late, after midnight when the servants are asleep. To-morrow night—that is, to-night. It's morning now, isn't it? To-night Mr. Channing goes to Philadelphia. No one else sleeps on that floor. When I have them here in my hand I can get well."

The voice weakened; the eyes closed for a moment—long enough for Elly to drive every light of startled uncertainty from her own. She made up her mind quickly. If the doing of this thing would make Mrs. Channing well, it should be done. It never entered her head to ask the sick woman what she should do if she were discovered. The purpose behind those cold blue eyes admitted no possibility of discovery, and Elly, supremely confident in her own powers, would admit none. Was she not soft of foot, deft of hand, steady of nerve? Were not God and right on her side? What if she *should* have to enter a house like a thief in the night? Before she could assure Mrs. Channing that she would do as she was asked, the blue eyes opened again and read assent in the gray ones.

"My gold bag, in the top drawer. Here is the key to the front door. My room is just above to the left of the stairs. In the closet to the right of the door as you enter is a sliding panel; push down, not up. This is the key to the jewel-case. Bring the letters to me then as quickly as you can."

"Yes, Mrs. Channing." Elly in her turn pressed the hand she held. "Before this time to-morrow morning you shall have them. Now please rest." Then, as she rose, a new problem faced her, this time, to her duty-trained mind, an insoluble one. "But how," she asked, "can I leave you at night?"

"Never mind that." Mrs. Channing spoke impatiently. "I will arrange it all. Report at six as usual."

Long lashes swept down and met blue shadows; pale hands lay under pale cheek; fevered lips closed and parted and closed again with every breath. Elly Marsh went back to the straight little chair and sat there, quiet hands folded in white-linen lap, watching the dawn break over city roofs and thinking.

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When she came back again that evening at six the night supervisor stopped her at the desk in the hall.

"You needn't go up, Miss Marsh. Miss Lytton is substituting for you this evening."

Elly tried to express a surprise she did not feel.

The night supervisor smiled. "You're a lucky girl, my dear. Mrs. Channing seems to have taken a great fancy to you. She has discovered you are a music-lover, and wants you to go to-night to hear Caruso. It is the last night he sings this season. Here are two tickets. You are to enjoy yourself, have supper afterward, and come back here when you have changed."

"How perfectly wonderful!" exclaimed Elly. "Isn't she an angel? I'll take Mary with me. She's as mad about music as I am!"

The night supervisor smiled at the sound of Elly's happy young feet racing down the steps and up the street. In the envelope she had handed over were two orchestra seats and a ten-dollar bill.

Elly rushed back to her room and gathered up Mary Lord, who shared it with her. They dined in splendor, luxuriated in their seats, and drank in with rapture every note of the glorious voice, supreme in "Pagliacci"; then, after a quiet supper, they hastened back to their room. Elly changed, and started out again to enter upon the real work of the evening.

The Channing house stood in the upper Sixties, just east of the Park. She was lucky enough to catch the last 'bus up the Avenue. Out under the stars, in the keen night air, she tried to quiet rebellious nerves. "It is absurd," she thought, "for me to feel like a criminal." Yet, as she climbed down the steps, her heart beat faster than ever. She got off a block too soon. There was a man ahead of her, a night-watchman, she felt sure, for he walked slowly, glancing up with an air of supervision at the houses he passed. She walked more slowly. He turned a corner, and she watched him stroll through the street and turn another corner southward along Madison Avenue. "Now!" she said.

In a few moments she stood in front of the house. All the windows were dark. She ran up the steps with decision, inserted the key into the lock of the heavy door, felt it give to her touch. She was inside! She closed the door gently, and touched the spring of her little pocket light. Then momentarily her fears fled in a greater emotion. Here at last was the house beautiful of her dreams! She was conscious of a desire, eager even among her crowding fears, to feast her beauty-loving eyes upon the rooms that she knew were lovely. But she dared not loiter and imperil the success of the mission that would mean so much both to Mrs. Channing and to herself. Straight ahead of her wound the great stairway with its wide, carved railing. Even while exerting the utmost caution as she mounted, Elly could delight in the luxurious softness of the rich carpet underfoot, of the satin-soft wood under her palm. Once in the upper hall, she felt more urgently the need for haste, and the danger in the slightest sound she might make. She was nearer the servants' quarters now; one of them might be wakeful. Softly she opened the first door on her left, and as softly closed it. There, just to the right, was the closet, and, without a glance at the room that would under other conditions have engaged her admiration, she entered it. In a moment she had found the sliding panel, pushed it down, lifted out the heavy jewel-case, set it on a chest, knelt before, lifted out the two top trays, and had found beneath them the letters. As she slipped them into the front of her gown, allowing herself a passing glance at the scintillating jewels spread out before her, suddenly breath, motion, her very heart-beats, seemed to cease! Soft lights had flashed out all over the room at her side. Above her head she was conscious of the glare of an unshaded light beating down upon her. Terror held her frozen, petrified. She knelt, right hand held out to the glittering trays, left hand clasping the still lighted, but now futile, little torch. In that moment of terrible immobility flashed through her mind the question she had not put to Mrs. Channing, nor settled for herself—"What shall I do if discovered?" Nor did any answer come

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to her as the man who held the light over her spoke:

"Look at me."

Still she remained motionless. A few steps, and a hand fell on her shoulder. Then she looked up. Suddenly all the blood in her body seemed to rush and leap back through her frozen veins. Her face, her head, her hands were on fire. Slowly she rose to her feet, and looked up at the man who towered above her. In the quilted dressing-gown he wore, he looked a Colossus, and seemed completely to fill the doorway in which he stood. Yet there was nothing terrifying in his size. It seemed, indeed, rather to comfort Elly. She looked up now, straight into the eyes that were looking gravely, searchingly down upon her. Yes, he was all that Miss Porter and the other nurses had said of him—truly a fitting mate for the beautiful Mrs. Channing; even more than that, it seemed to Elly, for his eyes were gentle and kindly, and warm and true. Then she began to shake and tremble, for all at once she had made up her mind to lie to him, and she wondered whether it would be harder to lie and see those fine eyes shoot shafts of scorn and contempt at her, or to tell the truth and see them wounded, grief-stricken, blinded with soul-sickness and the despair of disillusion.

"Come and sit down," he said, gently. "I must have alarmed you much more than you did me." He stepped aside, led the way into the room, and pulled an arm-chair up beside the fireplace, where a hardwood log still smoldered. Elly sank into the chair with a sigh of relief. It was really absurd the way her knees were shaking. Channing pulled up another chair, and sat facing her. Elly was too preoccupied now with the predicament in which she found herself, too absorbed in mapping out the part she had to play, to look much about her, though she did not fail to catch an impression of the charm and luxury of her surroundings.

"What are you going to do with me?" She faced Channing bravely.

"Nothing at all but ask you some questions. That is my prerogative as a lawyer, isn't it?" he said, with a smile. "You didn't take anything, did you?"

"No." The lie scorched her tongue. She felt as though those keen eyes could pierce the soft silk of her blouse and see the letters hidden within.

"Lucky for you, then, I turned the lights up just when I did! It must have been rather hard to decide."

"No," said Elly. "I knew just what I wanted."

"Really?"

"Yes. The diamond lavallière. I've wanted one ever since I can remember."

"It was just for that, then?"

Elly nodded.

"Do you always proceed in this very primitive fashion to get the thing you want?"

"I've never done such a thing before!" said Elly, hotly.

"No, I don't believe you ever have. You don't look a confirmed law-breaker. I quite understand. A case of unique and supreme temptation." He paused. "Will you tell me how you knew of the lavallière, of the room, the closet, the panel, the jewel-case?"

"If I do," asked Elly, "will you promise not to punish the person who told me?"

"I promise," said Channing, looking more interested every moment.

"Well, to begin with, I saw Mrs. Channing one night at the opera wearing the lavallière. I wanted it. I never wanted anything so much in my life. Later I met a discharged maid of your wife. She told me all about the jewels—just where they were kept. I was to take the ruby bracelet for her."

Channing's face was like a mask. Not a shadow of the smile that was in his heart appeared upon his lips, nor did he think it necessary to inform his midnight visitor that Mrs. Channing had with her still the maid she had had from childhood.

"Why did you choose to-night?"

"I knew Mrs. Channing was ill in a sanatorium, and I heard you were to be away."

Again Channing smiled inwardly, and failed to advise his charming little visitor that no one but his wife and his partner knew of his intended, but unexpectedly postponed, confidential trip to the neighboring city.

"How did you get in?"

"Through a basement window."

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Every window of the first two floors was equipped with a burglar alarm, but all Channing said was:

"Well, there's really nothing else I need to know, except, perhaps, your name?"

"Why that?" asked Elly.

"Don't you trust me? I want you to let me come to see you now and then. I am quite convinced you have never done this sort of thing before. I want to be sure you never will again. You know"—this time he smiled, a smile that transformed the grave mouth into a gay one—"I thoroughly sympathize with you. If the lavallière were mine, I might be tempted to ask you to let me give it to you. Anything so ardently desired should, I might almost think, be possessed. I have wanted things myself"—here the smile faded; the eyes became grave again—"wanted them with all the strength of my mind and soul; but they were things I could not steal, and, for lack of them, something in me died. When they came to me later on, their possession gave me no pleasure. That's the pity of it. I believe things that we covet so much come best at the moment of our greatest desire."

Elly could not tell why she felt moved to tears, but there were drops on her lids when she arose.

"My name is Mary Lord," she said, very simply, "and I shall be glad to see you any time you care to come. I have a card."

Channing glanced away while she looked in her pocket-book. He had been quite conscious for some time of the little gold block letters E. M. in its corner.

"I can never thank you," Elly went on, "for your kindness, your sympathy and understanding. I— You—" she ended lamely, and turned her head away.

"Don't thank me," he said. "You have beguiled for me a sleepless night, made each moment of the last hour among the most interesting I have experienced. I admire your pluck and determination. I'm glad you came." He ended with a laugh, and bade her good-night on the steps below.

"What a game youngster!" thought Channing as he went slowly up the stairs through his lonely house.

"What a man!" thought Elly, as she hurried back to the sanatorium.

Half an hour later she was alone with Mrs. Channing. She had assured her apprehensive patient that her mission had been carried out with all secrecy and success, and, as she talked, she dropped into a basin the charred fragments of the letters she had burned.

Mrs. Channing watched her eagerly. When not a letter was left, she said, "Thank you, Miss Marsh," and closed her eyes and slept.

Elly gathered up the black fragments, in a handkerchief, and tucked them in her pocket-book. Then she sat down beside the table that held the night light. She made up her mind just how little and how much she would have to tell Mary Lord in the morning, and then her eyes turned to the lovely figure in the bed, really resting now. She lived over and over again that thrilling hour in the room across the city roofs, when she had looked into the kindest, gentlest, most understanding eyes in the world.

In the morning Mrs. Channing wakened, cool, refreshed. She sipped her milk with relish, and even nibbled at a thin slice of toast. Miss Porter came in and frankly expressed her delight in the apparent progress of their patient. Elly hung about the halls until after Doctor Lowell's visit, and was rewarded by a word of praise, that from this great man made her thrill with pleasure.

Mrs. Channing steadily rallied; a tinge of lovely color came back into the pallid cheek. Elly heard of Channing's joy, and she slept the sleep of a tired general after the victory of a well-fought battle.

On the fourth night after her adventure she sat in her little straight chair watching the peacefully sleeping figure on the bed. The night supervisor looked in, smiled at Elly, and went away. Down-stairs the deep-toned clock in the hall struck ten.

"Miss Marsh!"

There was something in that weak whisper that chilled the blood in Elly's veins. Like a flash she had the lights on and was beside the bed. Great eyes were turned upward and a slender rim

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of heavenly blue showed under the twitching lids. Elly pushed the bell, and forced brandy through the clenched teeth; instantly all was confusion in the room. The night supervisor, Doctor Lowell, and two interns with an oxygen-tank were shortly at the bedside. There was so much to be done that Elly was conscious of nothing else until it was all over, when she heard Doctor Lowell say, "That must be Channing now, poor fellow!" and was aware that the house-bell was ringing.

Then Elly grasped Doctor Lowell's arm. "Doctor, I—I can't stand it any longer. Please let me go!"

It might mean the end of the career she loved, the contempt, on the score of her lack of nerve and stamina, of those she esteemed most highly; but of what use all that had gone before, if she were to meet Channing now, face to face? The peril was imminent. She did not wait for Doctor Lowell's protest or consent, but, careless of the astonished disapproval of the great doctor, the night supervisor, and the two astounded interns, fled sobbing through the door and down the hall, hiding her shamed face in her shaking hands as she saw the tall figure of Mr. Channing hastening toward her down the hall.

Before he left, Doctor Lowell apologized to Channing for the unprecedented defection of a nurse in whom he had placed all confidence, and alluded to an erstwhile favorite of his to whom, he said, he might more safely have pinned his faith.

"You are quite wrong, Lowell," said Channing, to the doctor's surprise. "It is not a case, as you say, of too little head, but of too much heart. Miss Marsh is very young. She has been under a great strain. She was devoted to Mrs. Channing. Mrs. Channing had great reason to be deeply grateful to Miss Marsh. Please promise me to overlook this—this breakdown, and to make it all right with those who witnessed it."

"Very well; as you will, Channing." The doctor spoke gruffly, but there was a note of relief in his voice. He was only too glad to accept Channing's view of the case, and to find some reason, if not a clear reason to him, to restore Elly to her place in his confidence.

In the two years that followed, Elly, as Mary Lord, saw Channing with increasingly frequent regularity. His period of mourning over, he began to take her out with him. Elly was a little bewildered by the turn affairs were taking, and often asked herself where it would all end; but she brushed all questionings impetuously aside, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the moment. Channing for a time was content to do likewise, until chance remarks from his friends about his relations with Elly, which he accidentally overheard, made plain to him that, on Elly's account at least, an end must be made of an equivocal position.

"It quite knocks on the head all those theories of fidelity to type, doesn't it?" he had overheard one of his friends say to another. "And *such* a swing in the opposite direction! A little, dark, insignificant nobody! Not even actually pretty, although I'll admit a certain amount of charm. But, Lord! when you think of Myriam's supreme beauty and distinction! This little woman hasn't, so far as I can see, a single quality that Myriam possessed."

"But," thought Channing, with a quiet smile, as the two men walked away, "if you only knew it, she has qualities that Myriam lacked!"

Then he went straight to Elly, and asked her to marry him, and listened quietly to the refusal he knew she would give.

"*You*, David Channing, want to marry a little nobody like me, a would-be thief!"

So ended the little speech of whipped-up scorn with which she had replied to his offer. When she had finished, he took her masterfully into his arms, looked down into her surprised gray eyes, and said:

"Elly, dear, so long as it didn't matter, I let you go on believing that you had won what you most wanted—the protection of my wife's honor, and my peace of mind—but now there is something that we both want more than all else. Little Sister of Mercy, you never stole a thing in your life but my heart!"

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The Harvest of the Night

BY JOHN MASEFIELD

[PREFATORY NOTE.—*This article on the work of the American Ambulance Field Service in France is one of the results of a visit paid by Mr. John Masefield to France for the purpose of studying the work of the corps on the spot. Deeply interested in and grateful for the work done by Americans in this European conflict, which is the struggle of democratic civilization against aggressive and barbarous militarism, the British Government suggested that Mr. Masefield should go and see the American Ambulance men at work. Mr. Masefield had had experience in Red Cross work both under the British Red Cross and under the French Red Cross at Gallipoli, and he went to France as a Red Cross man. He was rarely well qualified for his task, and he approached it with enthusiasm and devotion. Always a student of our armed services, and the writer of a famous book, "The British Navy in Nelson's Time," Mr. Masefield approached his work with the instinct of an outdoor man, with the capacity of a scholar and the skill of a poet. Above everything else, thoroughness and sanity, balance and charm, make Mr. Masefield's study of the American Ambulance Field Service notable and most accurate in description. Mr. Masefield received no instructions from the British Government further than that he was to set down honestly and fairly the result of his observation, and his opinions. It is for the readers of* HARPER'S MAGAZINE *to decide whether he has done it interestingly. I think their answer will be in the affirmative.*]—

GILBERT PARKER.

IT is perhaps unnecessary to describe the daily life of the members of the American Ambulance Field Service. It must have been described many times already. One need only say here, that in ordinary times, when there is not much fighting in the sector, a day in camp with an American Ambulance Section is quiet enough. Those men who are not for duty lead, in the main, a life like that of a sailor in a watch below. There is nothing doing; they can wash or mend clothes, sleep, read, write, or work about the camp, as they prefer. Dinner comes at noon and supper in the evening. The real work of the section begins with darkness, when the roads can no longer be seen by observers in the sky.

After supper, in the last of the light, the ambulance-cars are made ready; the two drivers in each car put on their steel helmets and take their gas masks, and the convoy (or a part of it, according to the need of the service and the severity of the fighting) moves out, car by car, toward the Postes de Secours, where they will find the wounded. Some camps are so far from the front that the first part of the journey up can be done with headlights. All roads leading to the front are crowded with men or wagons going up or coming down. In a little while after leaving camp the ambulances run into the full stream of the relief and revictualing. It is the rule upon all roads in France that troops and vehicles shall keep well to the right, so that there shall be room for the column going as well as for the column returning. The day is busy enough upon the roads well back from the front, though those farther up are quiet. But at night this changes, and in the darkness the life on the real roads begins. It is difficult to describe this night life on the roads, since so little of it can be seen; yet on first moving out with the cars, before darkness has fallen and the headlights are doused, enough is caught to show that in modern war there is no splendor of movement or of position, as in the old wars, when divisions of cavalry charged and the front of a battle advanced as one man, but that there is still something distinctive about it by which it will be remembered. Old wars are remembered, perhaps, for their glitter or their crash, for something big in their commanders or fatal in their results. This war will perhaps be remembered for the monotony and the patience behind the lines. There alone is the

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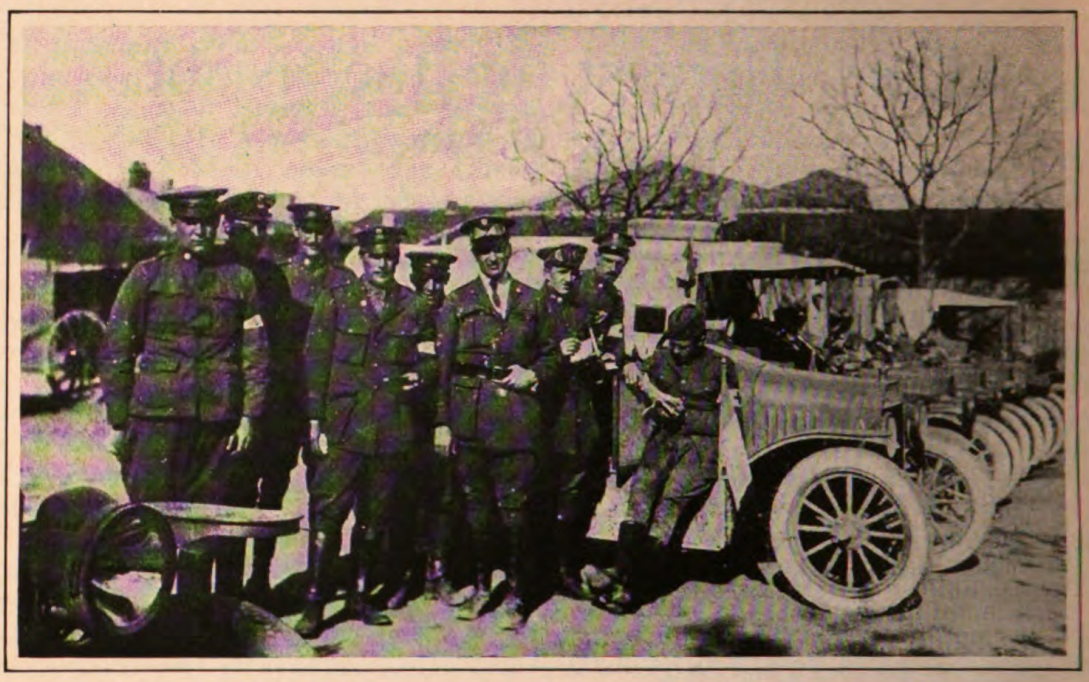

AMERICAN AMBULANCE DRIVERS AND THEIR AMERICAN CARS

Left to right: J. R. McConnell, University of Virginia, who won the "Croix de Guerre" and is now an aviator cited for bravery; Ned Salisbury, Chicago; Herman Webster, Yale; A. Piatt Andrew, Inspector-General of the Field Service; James W. Horne, New York; and Norman Barclay, Yale

imagination struck. There, on the midnight roads, is the visible struggle; there the nations are passing and repassing to the defense of the gates, and, to many, the image of this war will be not, as before, a spangled man or anything splendid, but simply the convoy of many wagons, driven by tired men, going on and on along the darkness of a road, in a cloud of dust or in the welter of a swill of mud, each man seeing no more of the war than the tail-board of the wagon in front, or the flash of faces where men light their pipes by the roadside, or the glow of some lantern where there is a guard to pass.

So, in moving out of the camp into this life upon the roads, a man passes into the heart of modern war, which is, in the main, a war of supply. Twilight and the dust together make the wagons and the soldiers the color of a far horizon. Dust wavers and settles on the moving things, the smell of dust is in the breath, and the taste of it on the lips. The old men who work by the roadside night and day, cracking stones for road metal, disappear, as each wagon passes, in a smoke of dust; the dust is thick upon them; when it rains the mud is caked upon them. They work slowly, as all men work who have to work all day. They are all past their prime, but their work is precious, for the safety of their country depends upon the roads, and over the stones broken by them the means of victory go on up to the front. Almost the last things seen in the twilight, as the cars move out, are these men cracking stones by the roadside in mists of dust. Some of them have peaked hoods drawn over their heads; some of them have lanterns by them.

Soon the light dies. In open parts of the road, where things passing show against the sky, the convoys of wagons, twenty in a section, move and are black. The road is noisy with their rumble. Some of them, driven by men who are perhaps asleep, sway out of line into the middle of the road. Then the ambulance-drivers, trying to get past, sound their klaxons and shout, "*A droit!*" till the sleeper wakes and turns his wagon aside. Sometimes, as the ambulance shoots ahead of a string of wagons, there is an empty stretch of road running through empty fields and the night is as

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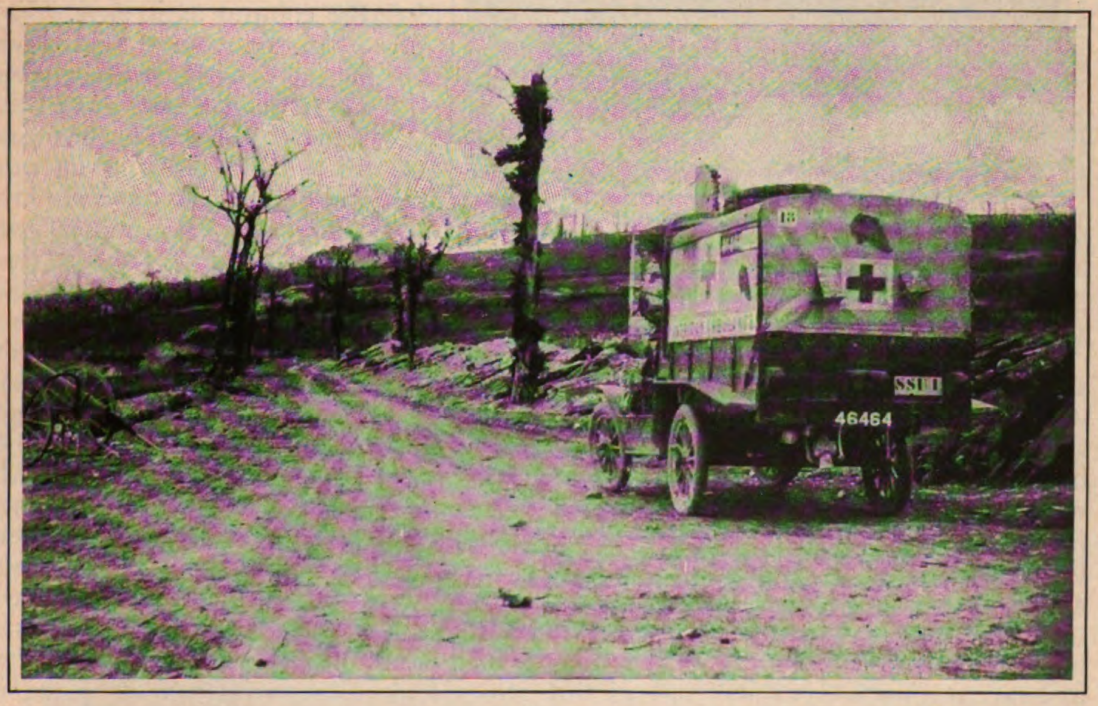
in peace time. Then something big, black, and flopping shows ahead, making the darkness darker; there comes a jingling and the snort of horses, and out of the night comes, perhaps, a battery going down, gun after gun, some quickening, some staying, or empty horse-wagons with spare horses tied to the tail-board and the chains rattling on the slats and the drivers riding. They pass and drop down into the night like ships gone hull down; but others and others come, some walking, some with their men walking, calling to their horses, some rattling quick and empty, some slipping or shying or kicking at the passers. At times, as the ambulances go, something like a caterpillar appears ahead, moving slowly with a caterpillar's humping wriggle, and filling one half of the road. This blackness is lower than the other blacknesses, and unlike anything met with hitherto. At the sound of the klaxon it shogs a little to one side, stray blacknesses break from it, and the humping wriggle pauses in some disorder. It is a column of the *relève* going up to the front. It is a company of foot-soldiers marching in column of twos, each man bent under his load, which makes him twice the size of a man, and all walking slowly, many of them with walking-staffs, like pilgrims. All men doing hard work welcome an excuse to stop. The passing of the ambulance brings many men of the column to a halt; they turn to peer at the passing cars; faces show up under the helmets, like palenesses with dark marks upon them, and voices come from the column asking for a lift. They drop behind into the night, and then ahead comes a whinny and a clatter and the car runs alongside a squadron of trotting cavalry, and the horses toss their heads and blow foam or shy away from the car, and the men, a little out of breath, speak or curse and cry aloud to the drivers. They, too, drop behind, and on in front are wagons again, many sections together; and beyond them are columns of foot, all heaving forward, not like soldiers in peace time, but like plowmen coming home from plowing, bent under their loads and silent from the labor. Presently the rumble ahead slackens and ceases, and the wagons ahead halt and the clatter of the chains stops. There is a block on the road; wagons continue to come down; the stream up is checked; then the stream down stops, too, and the night becomes



AMERICAN AMBULANCE ON SHELL-SWEPT ROAD NEAR VERDUN
The driver, "Dick" Hall of Dartmouth, lost his life near this spot

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suddenly very still but for the noise of the shifting of feet and the blowing or the rattle of the horses.

In the silence, the drivers get down to stretch their legs; some near-by soldier accepts a cigarette and lights it with his briquet, or flint and steel, and says something about the chance of the division moving, or the duration of the war, or tells how in the earlier fighting he found three dead men without visible wounds in some dugout in a far-away part of the line. Another soldier, drawn by the talk, says that they are going to attack down there, and that it will be hot, and that his brother is there. The moon rises during the talk; the men look at the moon for some hint of the coming weather.

The block, whatever it was, breaks up or is removed, and the column moves forward again in a strangeness of moonlight. It moves through the street of a village where there was fighting in the early part of the war. It is now a village of the dead; half of the houses are roofless, others lie in heaps of stone, the rest are barred and dark. On one side of the street some of the wreckage of the war lies—a broken cannon, part of a cart with the wheels gone, and a child's wooden horse. Near it is a drinking-fountain with running water in it, making a gurgle to the night. The street is as silent as the grave, but for the noise of the column on the road and the lead and chuckle of the water. In one part of the street some light glimmers up from a cellar; a man emerges, drops a curtain behind him, and the light disappears. Sometimes these villages seem to be lying sick of the plague and the column, the people fleeing. At other times the shut houses seem to be full of life, brooding and about to burst out upon the column as it goes.

AMBULANCE BUILT ON AN AMERICAN CHASSIS FROM WOODEN PACKING-BOX—AN INGENIOUS YANKEE INVENTION

All the way, at odd times, far off, with neither sense nor sequence, the guns have sounded almost like the noises of peace — blasting or pile-driving. Now, outside the village, as the ambulance comes out upon the hill, they sound for the first time like the noise of battle, much nearer and much more terrible. Now, too, far off, as the car runs in the open, the drivers see the star-shells going up and up, and bursting into white stars, and pausing and drifting slowly down, very, very slowly, pausing as they come, far apart, yet so many that there are always more than one aloft. They are the most beautiful things in modern war and almost the most terrible. Often they pause so long before dying that they look like the lights of peace in lighthouse and city beacon, or like planets in the sky.

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In this open space the drivers can see for some miles over the battle-field. Over it all, as far as the eye can see, the lights are rising and falling. There is not much noise, almost no continual noise, but a sort of mutter of battle with explosions now and then. Very far away, perhaps ten miles away, there is fighting, for in that quarter the sky glimmers as though with summer lightning; the winks and flashes of the guns shake and die across heaven.

One side of the road here is screened with burlap stretched upon posts for half a mile together; otherwise daytime traffic on it would be seen by the enemy. Some of the burlap is in rags and some of the posts are broken; the wreck of a cart lies beside the road, and in the road itself are roundish patches of new stones where shell-holes have been mended, perhaps a few minutes before. This part of the road jingles like the rest with traffic, though here, for some reason, there are fewer motor-lorries and more horse-wagons. Here and there are working parties filling up shell-holes with stones. That piece of the road is always much shelled in the daytime.

By this time the moon is riding the night in beauty. The ambulance passes from the danger patch into a desert with neither hedge nor tree upon it. In the moonlight one can see the fields on each side of the road for perhaps a quarter of a mile, as in a summer dusk. One glance at the fields is enough to show that they have been bedeviled by the hand of war. All the countryside shows like a warren, with holes and tossed-up earth, as though rabbits as big as horses had been burrowing there for years. The earth lies scooped up in lines and heaps and hillocks, paler than the grass in this light, but all irregular and meaningless and useless. Near the road the pits and tossings of the earth run into one another at every yard, and out of them project the bones of their victims—carts with their wheels in air, the skulls of horses, the bonnets of ambulances, and splinters that might have been anything. Once, for three weeks on end, day and night, all that road and the land beside it was rained upon by shells of every kind till it became as it is now, blasted from all likeness to land. There are not five consecutive unscarred yards upon

WHEELED STRETCHERS TAKE THE WOUNDED FROM THE FIRING-LINE

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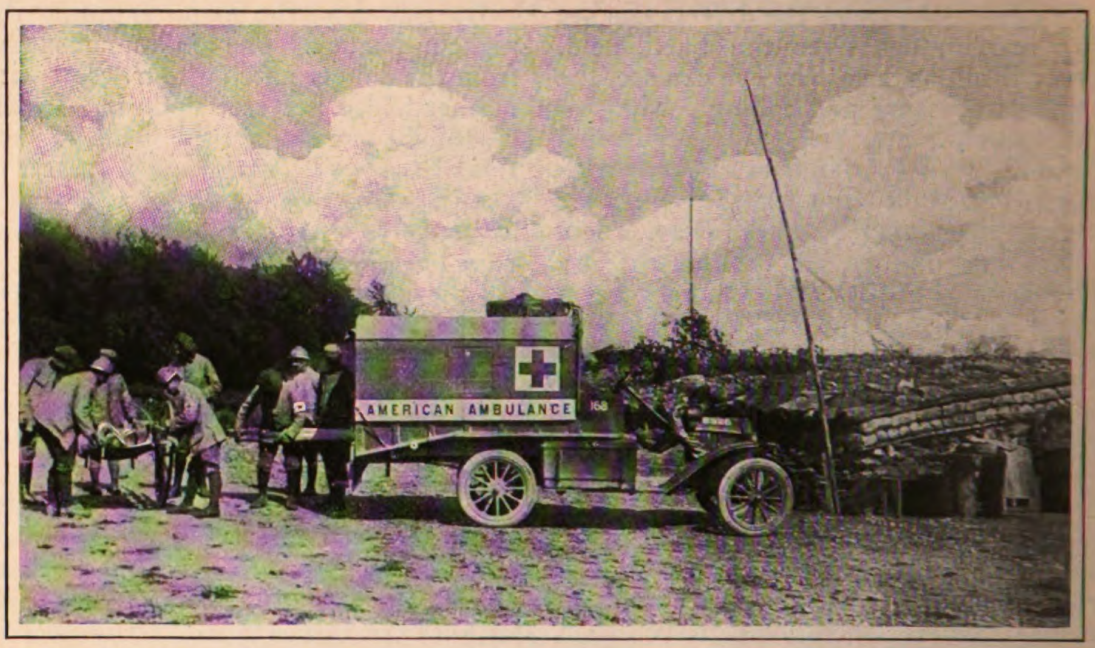

UNLOADING WOUNDED AT A BOMB-PROOF FIRST-AID STATION

any part of it. It is torn and burrowed in and pitted with the pox of war; the flesh of the earth is eaten and blown away and the bones of the solid world laid bare. At seeing this for the first time in its fullness a man has just that sense of infamous desecration which comes to him when he first sees wounded men brought in from the battle-field. During the weeks of that fury the men and horses that were killed upon that land were buried and unburied daily many times, and torn at last to dust and laid with the dust. That fury has long since ceased. It was the effort of a nation and it failed. It gives a man a sense of his littleness in this world to see that the effort of a nation made so small a wreck upon the world it outraged.

Passing this desolation the ambulances come to another, perhaps sadder. Here the road runs through woodland, but such woodland; it is like that wood in hell where the trees are the souls of suicides. No single tree stands. All are torn off short and burned black. It is a wood of rampikes about five feet high, each tree ending in a bunch of splinters, or rayed down, or split. Some are uprooted, some tossed up and flung across their fellows, but all are shorn and pollarded by hours and weeks of shell-fire. All the ground of the wood is dug into shell-holes and some rats are scuttling and squeaking among the wreck and running across the road. Some men are in the wood, probably they have their dugouts there; one man, perhaps a curé, cries good night as the cars pass. He is half seen among the stumps as the cars turn a corner. Lovers must have gone to that place in peace time, when the primroses were out and the blackbird built and sang there; now . . .

Just overhead as the car passes comes a blasting, shattering crash which is like sudden death. Then another and another follow, one on the other, right overhead. On the ground above, the slope of the little hill, a battery of soixante-quinze guns has just opened fire. On the tail of each crash comes the crying of the shell, passing overhead like a screech-owl, till it is far away in the enemy lines, where it bursts. Another round follows, but by this time the ambulance is a hundred yards away, and now, on the heels of the affront, comes the answer. Rather to the right and very near in the stillness of the moonlight an enemy battery replies, one, two, three guns in as many seconds, a fourth gun a little late, and the shells come with a scream across and burst behind the ambulances, somewhere near the bat-

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tery. Then a starlight goes up near enough to dazzle the eyes, and near enough, one would think, to show the ambulance to the world; and as the starlight goes down a second round comes from the battery, aimed God knows at what, but so as to *arroser* the district. The noise of the engine stifles the noise of the shells, but above the engines one shell's noise is heard; the screech of its rush comes very near, there is a flash ahead, a burst, and the patter of falling fragments. Long afterward, perhaps six seconds afterward, a tiny piece of shell drops upon the ambulance. Another shell bursts behind the car, and another on the road in front; the car goes round the new shell-hole and passes on. The firing ceases for the moment. The land ahead is quiet, moonlit country, seemingly at peace, however much shell-torn, though the starlights still rise and burst and pause, white and beautiful, over the valley beyond.

The cars come to a cross-roads where a train of fifty pack-mules has halted. They are all laden with ammunition, and war has made them quiet (for mules), though many of them show the yellows of their eyes as the cars pass. Beyond them is a wayside cross, with a cluster of soldiers' graves about it. Shells have dug up the graves and broken the memorials on them; they lie scattered here and there, little wooden crosses and wreaths of colored wire, under the Christ upon the cross. All the neighborhood of the crossways is blasted with shells. Some shell-holes lie in regular lines along the roads there, perhaps twenty feet apart, just as they were sown in methodical bombardment; others are scattered broadcast; some, old ones partly filled, little more than a foot deep; others big enough to hold half a dozen men and deep enough to hide them. This crossways is, in its way, a famous place. It is called Golgotha in that part of the front. Four hundred yards from it some of the bloodiest fighting in all this war took place. The cross is the Calvary of Golgotha, past which thousands of brave men marched to their deaths.

The cars are now close to the enemy and very close to the Poste de Secours. The noise of the war runs up and down the front, but not at all like war as it is imagined in peace time. It is a popping and banging, more like fireworks on the Fourth than something ordered and deadly. Then with their shattering bang the guns of a battery begin, and the shells rush screaming overhead and pass away and burst, and the enemy replies with heavier shells, so loud and so near that men expect to see them against the sky. With the bursts of these enemy shells comes a noise of collapse; a few ruined houses behind there have fallen to them.

The cars go slowly now, for the road is full of shell-holes. All the trees in the hedgerows have been shot to rampikes. Two lonely walls of houses stand up white in the moonlight over the ruins of their roofs. What were once gardens show up whitish as heaps of rubble. The cars jolt over a dead horse from which the rats scatter; beyond it is another dead horse with part of his cart still harnessed to him; beyond that lie two dead mules and about half of a Red Cross ambulance. This is a bad part of the road, not three hundred yards from the enemy. Very many men have been killed at just this point.

At the moment it is more beautiful than words can say. With the light of the moon upon them the walls of the ruins are like obelisks in some garden of the gods. Bats are flitting up and down above the road, and the shadows of the trees make patterns and an owl is calling. Then from in front comes a pattering of little feet, and a drove of donkeys comes along, tiny donkeys hardly bigger than sheep, and pattering with their little hooves like sheep. A man is in charge of them. They come here night after night; they are safer than these wagons and cars which make a noise. For to-night they have done their task; they have brought up their loads and now are going back to safety. They patter by with that air of patience and wisdom which the donkey has. The man in charge calls to them and they shift to their side of the road, stumbling, slackening, and quickening, with their little feet beating out of time.

The ambulances have to go very slowly here, for the road is so full of

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shell-holes. Some of the worst of these have been roughly filled with ruin, but even so they are still nearly a foot deep. A brook runs across the road in one place. It once ran under the road through a culvert, but the culvert has been blown to pieces and the masonry merged with the road, and now the water flows across and runs into the shell-holes. The taint of corruption hangs about this place and the rats are busy there, for dead horses lie in the water, just as they were killed a few days since when they stooped there to drink after the dusty journey. The ambulances splash across the swamp and turn a bend into the Place of what was once a big village.

All the Place shows up brightly in the moonlight. It was once the Place, the central square, the heart and market-place of a community. Now it is like a cemetery or place of death. All the houses surrounding it are ruins, all are roofless, most of the walls are down, the few walls still standing are pierced with holes, or toppling, or half-razed, or propped by the wreck of their floors which have fallen sideways and now support them. The trees are wrenched off six feet from the ground and end in bunches of twisted splinters. A bed or two, the sticks of chairs, some broken carts, some garden gates, a mess of straw and a traveling soup-kitchen are littered up and down in the road. Disemboweled houses, with their fronts gone, pour out their treasures of broken plaster. A pile of coils of barbed wire lies on one side, and two stretcher-bearers are seated beside it, talking in low tones. In the center of the Place is the village Calvary, famous in its way among the Calvarys of France. Shells have fallen round it and burst against it and pitted it with marks, but have not destroyed it. One shell (said now to have been the last of the great attack) tore an arm from it and slued the whole cross round, so that now the figure of Christ leans toward the enemy and points with his one arm forward, as though showing France the way.

This is "the front." Two hundred and fifty yards away, a seventh part of a mile, two minutes' walk, are the

AMERICANS CARING FOR THE WOUNDED
From a Painting by Victor Tardieu, a French Soldier at the Front

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enemy lines. Dead ahead, in what looks like a big rubbish-heap, such as one may see in suburbs where builders have been putting up a row of villas, is the Poste de Secours. The rubbish-heap was once a farm, though no man, not even the farmer, could now say where his buildings lay. The cellars, where once the farmer matured his vintage, make the Poste; the rising ground beyond, once the vineyard, is dug across by "our" support trenches, "our" outermost line is somewhere beyond the ridge, under a star which does not float down, but is steady, being Vega. Some one has fixed a Red Cross mark on the rubbish-heap as a guide to the ambulance, and a pile of bloody old stretchers lies beside it. The cellar entrance has been adapted. The approach is down a gentle slope, barred across with battens to keep the feet of the stretcher-bearers from slipping. The entrance is hung across with canvas so that no gleam of light may pass.

The drivers leave their cars and go toward the entrance, where a stretcher-bearer stands. He welcomes them, and the usual talk begins of how long the war will last, and how it will end. There are several cases inside, he says, and more are coming, for the enemy has been firing trench torpedoes. He says that the cases will not be ready for an hour, and then at one in the morning some sick are coming; the cars will have to wait for instructions. The drivers go down the sloping path into the cellars. The cellar roof has been propped and heaped with layers of timber balks interspersed with sand-bags, and the cellar itself, shored up, is like a mine. It is a vast place with several rooms in it, from one of which, strongly lighted, comes the sound of voices and of people moving. Looking round near at hand, as the eye becomes accustomed to the darkness, one sees some loaded stretchers on the floor near the doorway. Three dead men, who were alive an hour ago, lie there awaiting burial. They were all hit by one torpedo, says the stretcher-bearer, these and five others, but these three died on their way to the Poste. Some say that the dead look as though they were asleep, but no sleep ever looked like death. These men are not asleep; they are dead, whatever that may mean. Their uniforms are clean; there is no mud on their boots. By their clean equipment it is easy to see that they were men of this night's relief; probably they were only an hour in the trenches, and now they are relieved forever.

Farther from the door, in a darkness like that of an old ship's forecastle, are stands of bunks for the stretcher-bearers. Those who are off duty lie asleep there, "like a trooper's horse, all standing"; that is, with their clothes on. Beyond them is a kind of office where two men are playing draughts, one man is writing a letter, and a fourth is reading a newspaper.

Away to the right, where the voices and the movement are, is a larger room. Men move about in it, softly, and one man with his side to the door is bending over something. He is the *Médecin Chef* of the Poste watching a dying soldier in the very article of death. He and his assistant are dressed in white sterilized operating robes. The orderlies stand about the table, intent upon their tasks. A saline injection is at work. There is a smell of ether and a blinding presence of iodine. One man has his hand on the patient's wrist, and all eyes are turned upon the poor fellow's face, as his breath fails. "Both his legs were broken by the torpedo," says the doctor, "and we have done all we could, but he had lost too much blood." The man dies, even as he speaks; tender hands very gently order his body and lay it on its stretcher with the three others near the door. Another wounded man, lying on a stretcher, is lifted onto the operating-table. One of his legs is shattered; but this man is a grizzled country laborer, much stronger than the man who has just gone. He looks round on the people with a look of terror, like an animal's terror. Some one says, "*N'ayez pas peur.*" The anesthetist lowers a mask upon his face, pours ether, and murmurs, "*Respirez.*" The man breathes hard for two minutes, and then in the drunkenness of the fumes struggles up, claws at the orderlies, and swears and calls upon the Holy Ghost. The orderlies grin and glance at each other; the man falls into unconsciousness, and his wound is laid bare and searched. The doctors shake

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their heads and cut off the leg below the knee, and an orderly plobs it into a tin bucket, foot uppermost. Before the man has completely recovered consciousness he is off the table, wrapped up upon his stretcher, and another wounded man takes his place. This man has a piece of the torpedo in his ankle, but with help he is able to hobble to the table and to swing himself onto it. He casts a frightened grin at the men about him, but tries to see the operation, such as it is. The other wounded men have been treated. They are sitting silent and motionless, absorbed in their own pain, in semi-darkness on a bench at the back. One can see their three white faces, much swathed in bandages, and the droop of their three bodies. They do not want to talk. It is labor enough to them to keep from crying out. They do not move, they regard nothing; they sit as though dazed, and as though they belonged to a different species, as though they were in a different world. The world of pain is a different world.

The work goes on in a sort of sequence of smells—first the smell of ether, then the smell of iodine, then ether again. All the time, outside, the shells are passing and bursting; but the noise seems unreal down in the cellar, and very far away. Sometimes the strangeness of it strikes deeply home, that this down in the cellar is the height of man's skill, done many feet underground at midnight because of the depth of man's deficiency. The drivers sit on a bench beside the buckets of legs and fall asleep there, and wake up from time to time to see men bending over the table, and great shadows falling and shifting on the ceiling, and limbs turning yellow from the iodine. The iodine gets into the eyes, and a certain quietness in people's movements gets into the nerves, and one feels that it all happened long ago, in some old tower—not now at all—and that it is part of a dream which once had a meaning.

Once or twice, as the drivers wake, men come into the cellars, and presently the sick arrive, haggard and white, but able to walk, and the gathering breaks up and the ambulances are free to go. The moon is blotted by this time; it is darker and beginning to rain, the men say. On leaving the operating-room, one hears again as a real thing the scream of the rush of the big shells, the thump of the bursts, and the crash of the great guns. The stretchers are passed into the ambulances, the sick are helped onto seats, they are covered with blankets, and the doors are closed. It is much darker now and the rain has already made the ground sticky; and with the rain the smell of corruption has become heavier, and the ruin is like what it is—a graveyard laid bare. Shells from the enemy rush overhead and burst in a village which lies on the road home. They are strafing the village; the cars have a fair chance of being blown to pieces; it is as dark as pitch and the road will be full of new shell-holes. The drivers start their engines and turn the cars for home; the rain drives in their faces as they go, and along the road in front of them the shells flash at intervals, lighting the tree-stumps.

This is a quiet evening's work in a quiet time, but it is not always thus. Often there is no moon, but a blinding snow and a road on fire with shell-bursts. Then the drivers grope forward by such glimmers as they can get from searchlights; they butt into the side of the road and lurch across craters, and perhaps break down on a road being searched by shells, and do their repairs in the scattering of the shrapnel.

These drivers (there are now, and have been, some hundreds of them) are men of high education. They are the very pick and flower of American life, some of them professional men, but the greater number of them young men on the threshold of life, lads just down from college or in their last student years. All life lies before them in their own country, but they have put that aside for an idea, and have come to help France in her hour of need. Two of them have died and many of them have been maimed for France, and all live a life of danger and risk death nightly. To this company of splendid and gentle and chivalrous Americans be all thanks and greetings from the friends and allies of sacred France.

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Incompetent, Irrelevant, and Immaterial

BY FLETA CAMPBELL

FOR any woman to marry a man under indictment for murder does seem, I suppose, a fairly heroic thing to do; but for Madeline Strang to have married Peter Thurman under indictment for murder seemed quite the simplest thing in the world. So simple, in fact, that no one thought of giving her credit for heroism. People would, I believe, have been very much surprised if she hadn't, though that didn't prevent a very real thrill for her fineness when her announcements came out, conventionally engraved on the correct jeweler's paper, as if she refused, through them, to admit that there might be anything unusual about it.

But then, to accuse some personalities of wrong, serious wrong, is to embellish and add to the luster of their uprightness. And Peter Thurman, accused of complicity in a murder, was glorified.

There was never for those who knew him, and indeed for any one else except the opposition newspapers and his political enemies, the least doubt, from accusation to acquittal, of his innocence; of his being the victim of an altogether unscrupulous lot of politicians who saw in those unhappy bits of coincidence the expedient moment to eliminate Peter Thurman.

The whole plot was so utterly absurd that it put upon even the manifestation of our belief in his innocence a kind of restriction, as if it would be admitting some possibility. And the motive charged, upon which hung, of course, the whole weight of the prosecution, was the absurdest part of the plot. For Peter Thurman, of all men, was under no necessity to remove any one from his path, strewn as it had been for years with what seemed more than his share of roses.

He had, by the inevitable combination of his temperament and environment, gone into politics. And if he had shown no disposition for it himself, other men would have forced him into it sooner or later, for talents of his particular type were not to be wasted in a community depending upon originality and vigor for its development. Success had been his from the day of his first case in court, his indeed from the first half-hour of his address to those twelve good men and true who made up his first jury. There was a quality about him which won men to his colors before he had them fairly unfurled, certainly often before the full device could be read. His public loved him as only the public can love—wholeheartedly, selflessly, greatly—though he himself must often have felt, foolishly, blindly. Personally, his friends adored him and would have gone any length to do him a service; but Peter Thurman was never a man to ask favors even of those nearest him, perhaps for the reason that it was never necessary. At any rate, it is easy to see that he was not a man who needed to kill in order to remove a petty enemy. And yet it was upon this very premise that the case was primarily based.

They could never, with their tenuous thread of evidence, have hoped for a conviction; what they did hope for was to blacken his name, to so undermine in the long process of the law the public faith, that his power would be weakened and his hold at last relinquished. But if they counted upon so hurting the pride of Peter Thurman that he would step down and out, or do anything so subservient as go away to live down the disgrace, they counted then with amazing ignorance of the quality of Peter Thurman's pride.

These are the facts as they came about. Peter Thurman, at thirty-four, had held for three years the office of Lieutenant-Governor of his State. The administration had been a brilliant one, and it

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was known that he was scheduled for a Senatorship at the next election.

There had grown up as leader of an opposing faction a man named Galt, Beauregard Galt—a man whose magnetism was of a different sort from Thurman's, but magnetism of a certain efficaciousness nevertheless. He came from no one knew where, worked no one knew how, but it was inevitable that, little by little, his power should grow in the lower quarters of the town. No one could say what his influence was, for he sought no office, and accepted, so far as was known, no political favors of his superiors, though there were sundry subterranean avenues through which it was commonly believed returns might reach his purse. But he belonged primarily to the class of men destined perhaps to leadership, but so compound of petty egotisms and vanities as to fall short of all but petty leaderships. His friends were as stanch as Peter Thurman's, as quick to do his bidding; and yet there was nothing, so far as Thurman was concerned, to be actually feared from him. Thurman was, and had always been, on the right side; on the solid, the constructive, the progressive side. He had given the State some of its best measures; he had increased steadily in the public regard. The very impregnability of his position made the opposition of the other man a little absurd, and almost a little pathetic. More than once I remember to have heard Thurman speak of Galt as if he were sorry even for an enemy on whose side the odds were so unevenly cast. I have never seen a man so fair to his enemies; but I have never seen a man who could so afford to be magnanimous, to give odds, to be a little more than fair, for the gods seemed to be on his side and he had nothing to fear; or—and perhaps it would be nearer the people's belief and the faith of his friends—Peter Thurman was on the side of the gods. Yet it must have been they were illogical gods, or jealous at last of his power—or perhaps they were merely testing him.

On the afternoon of December 18th Beauregard Galt was shot and killed. At exactly twenty minutes past one an unknown man entered his room on the second floor of the hotel where he had lived for six years, found Galt alone, shot him through the heart with a thirty-two caliber revolver, and made his escape. It was one of those things which could only occur at midday when the streets and buildings are crowded and the sound of a gunshot is easily confused with the report of an exploding automobile tire.

No motive could be unearthed, no enemy traced. For ten days the police searched blindly for a clue, and then, suddenly, like catching the right thread in a chain-stitch, they stumbled upon a bit of evidence which raveled straight to the guilty man, in hiding in an opposite section of the city. The assassin, an underling of the most unreliable type, maintained for several days a morose and impenetrable silence. At the end of that time the papers came out with sensational headlines to the effect that "Galt's Murderer Hints at Higher-Ups." This was after the three days' steady grilling. The guard was doubled. Third-degree methods were brought into force. Four days later the streets were full of extras: "Sensational Disclosures in Galt Murder. Prominent Men Implicated. Assassin Turns State's Evidence!" Conjectures ran riot. It was said the police were withholding the names. Berg, the prisoner, was being subjected to relay after relay of tireless interlocutors. It was known that the police were working on a big theory. And the police had been the friends of Beauregard Galt.

On the morning of the tenth day after his seizure the murderer named Peter Thurman as the "higher-up" whose tool he had been.

The newspaper whose policy had been dictated by Galt was on the street with the whole diabolical plot crystallized and complete almost simultaneously with Thurman's arrest in his office at the State House. The motive ascribed was Peter Thurman's fear of Galt's political power. The murderer in his confession told of secret meetings with Thurman, always on street corners in out-of-the-way districts where recognition was unlikely. He told of Thurman's statement that he "wanted Galt out of the way"; told of the money received for the crime, so much at one time and so much at another; of the promise of protection,

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immunity. There had been no go-between, no witness to these nefarious transactions. That is, until later, at the time of the grand jury investigations when a friend of Berg's was brought forward to testify, with somewhat vacillating coherence, that he had seen the two talking together on several different occasions named by Berg.

The scheme seemed so apparent, so perfectly plain, that beyond the immediate sensation Peter Thurman's friends were hardly inclined to take the charge seriously. But the machinery of the law once set in motion, by however dishonest or careless a hand, must grind itself out. And the friends of the dead man, with hatred and jealousy and ambition firing their cause, had seen their way to defeat the enemy with one tremendous if ruthless stroke. The underling, in the midst of their leading third degree, had seen his chance to shift the blame. An avenging fate seemed to have devised the plan, and the opposition newspapers made of it a most plausible and damaging story.

Incredible, fantastic even as it seemed that Peter Thurman could be held on such a charge, the thing once started seemed to generate its own motive power, and they made out case enough to get an indictment returned against him, and to have him bound over for trial. Influences of the usual mysterious sort had been brought to bear enough for that. From the moment of his arrest there was no doubt that the grand jury had been made sure of, that he should have at least to stand trial.

The sensation, of course, was tremendous. Friends, shocked by the insolence of the charge, flocked to his defense. At the first hint of trouble the ablest attorneys of the State had hastened to assume full charge of the case. The reputable newspapers came out unanimously in their exposé of the miserable plot. He needed no defense in the eyes of his worshiping public. On the day after his arrest his vindication was as complete as on the day of his acquittal. He was released immediately under bond, offers of bond money having poured in from a hundred sources, by telegraph, by letter, by personal messenger. Indignation against the outrage ran high, and Thurman's counsel demanded that the case be brought to trial.

If there had been in the mind of any one the least shadow of doubt, of suspicion, the attitude of Peter Thurman himself during this time would have allayed it. He was magnificent, and magnificent in a way few men know how to be. After his first astonished statement of denial, he made no violent protestations of his innocence. He would let, he said, the facts speak for themselves. Nor did he treat the charge lightly, but averred that since he had received at the hands of his fellow-men more than the usual share of favor, he should feel himself to be ungrateful now if he refused to face his share of calumny. He begged of his friends that they be patient and calm, since the outcome of the case could have but one effect, the crushing forever of that element which had for so long set its puny strength against the forces of progress and right. He made no attempt to deny the personal chagrin and discomfort of the accusation to himself, but said that when he had chosen to go into public life, he had chosen with full knowledge of its responsibilities and the jeopardy to his private peace.

It was during this time that it became apparent that no one had so nearly approached Thurman's own attitude as Madeline Strang, his fiancée. To those of us who knew them both, even slightly, the situation had offered an immediate problem. But, seeing her, the problem vanished. She was, if anything, more magnificent than he. For her attitude was informed with a touch of passion, though a passion repressed, a fierceness withheld, which surprised those who knew her best until they remembered how much she loved Peter Thurman. And after that the surprise was only for her admirable poise, her calm, and her intuition of how to help. And when, two weeks after his indictment by the grand jury, we had the wedding announcements, and realized that the date was the very one set more than half a year before, it brought, as I said in the beginning, a very real thrill; but even then it was not a thrill for her heroism; it was merely because there is enough of

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theatricalism in us all to be thrilled by a "situation" so dramatic, even though it have, as this had, no actual reality. For it could only have become a real "situation" if there had been a doubt of the outcome, and that I think I have made sufficiently plain there never was. And, to be sure, that was the reason why our feeling for her was almost entirely made up of admiration, and why the women went even so far as to envy her so perfect an opportunity for the proof of her faith in him.

At any rate, no one, I am sure, looked upon it as an ordeal in which she, from her personal standpoint, could be counting the cost—any cost, at least, which could give her less than the utmost happiness to pay. But then no one would ever have thought Madeline Strang anything but the most modern of women; certainly no one could have suspected her of holding in this affair anything but the typically modern point of view—the view, I mean, of what constitutes disgrace.

She was wonderful during the trial. Sitting there by her husband's side day after day in the crowded court-room she made a picture I shall never forget. A beautiful woman always, she was something more than beautiful then. A kind of white heat seemed to lie just under her calm, and it flared out occasionally among their friends in sudden passionate outbursts of indignation that somehow shamed us who had considered it kinder to avoid too free an expression of sympathy. And these outbursts not only seemed to shame us, but they seemed also to puzzle us, for there was an element in them we could not altogether make out—an element which only began to make itself apparent long after the whole thing was over and done, after his triumphant acquittal had left Peter Thurman more the people's idol than ever before.

It was in those days that circumstances drew me more and more intimately into the lives of the Thurmans. And it was in those days, when I was often at their house, that I began to sense that perhaps the accusation had meant more to Madeline Thurman than any one had imagined. The idea entered my mind, disappeared, and entered again before I began to give it notice. There were various small things, imperceptible enough at first, but finally making themselves remembered. For instance, I had been a little surprised on two or three occasions when we had been talking over the affair—for the subject was never at all taboo in their house—to discover in her an extraordinary familiarity with every small detail of the case; she had them docketed away in her brain, so that she could produce at an instant's notice any phase, any move, any step of the prosecution or the defense. That in itself, though remarkable enough in a woman not trained in such matters, would never have given me the clue to her mental state, or what I soon came to suspect as her mental state, had it not been that on each of these occasions I seemed to detect what was almost an inability to speak of any point of the accusation without bringing out immediately its corresponding refutation. And even that would have had no other context for me than the natural reaction of her interest if I had not been each time impressed anew with something not easy to define in her manner, something which without partaking even of the same quality, recalled vividly to my mind those passionate outbursts of indignation which had, I remembered then, puzzled us during the thick of the trial. She seemed, in the most curious way, to be reassuring herself that we, his friends and hers, understood just how fully, how legally, how technically, he had been cleared. It was a motive I felt hardly fair to attribute to her, and yet, when other things began to assume the same form, to fit themselves into the same design, and I found myself trying to defend her against its becoming apparent to other people, I knew that, whether she herself knew it or not, what I had come to suspect was true. The charge still rankled in Madeline Thurman; she had never in reality ridden above it.

I began then to see other signs, and one day Martin Burns, who was perhaps the closest personal friend of the Thurmans, revealed to me a sign I might never have seen without him. We were sitting, the four of us, in the library of

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Drawn by H. Weston Taylor

"I SUPPOSE," HE SAID. "WE'VE BEEN TOO MUCH WRAPPED UP IN OURSELVES"

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their delightful and comfortable house, when Burns, putting up a book he had been reading, turned with a suddenly languid air to Madeline and asked, as if it had never before that moment occurred to him:

"Why in the world don't you people entertain?" A second intervened between that and his going on; but a vista had opened — extending backward — a vista of their *not* entertaining. "I meant," he supplemented, "you've the house for it—and the talent. Why don't you?"

Mrs. Thurman, from her divan by the fire, did not even look up, and I wished suddenly that I had not been there to see her face.

"Do you think," she said, turning with an impulse as involuntary as a child's to us all for advice—"do you think that we ought?"

"Ought?" said Martin Burns. "No, I don't think you *ought*—I was only saying I should think you *would*."

Thurman was looking on a little amused, I was thankful to see, as if he himself wondered, now that he came to think of it, why they hadn't entertained.

"I suppose," he said, "we've been too much wrapped up in ourselves."

But she, following her own subterranean line of thought, recurred again to her first phrase: "I suppose people *do* think we ought."

That was all. The subject dropped of its own weight. But after that she began to have people there—little dinners, an evening party now and then, and a few afternoon teas where the women flocked in.

It was then, against the background of their loyalty, of their never, in all honesty, thinking of Peter Thurman as a man who had been on trial for murder, that poor Madeline Thurman's true state of mind was so plainly reflected that others began to see. I came across Burns one night standing alone watching her from a distance, with an intense, half-angered look in his face. He caught my arm as I stopped at his side.

"By Heaven! you'd think she was *grateful* to these people for coming here!"

Not alone what he said, but the vehemence of his utterance, and the sudden corroboration of my own unadmitted intuition, startled me so that I could not for the instant reply; and immediately I could see that he regretted what he had said. But the thing was out; there was no withdrawing it then.

"I know," I said, when our momentary silence had seemed to inclose us in a circle of intimate confidence. "What do you make of it?"

"Make of it?" he repeated, his eyes still upon Madeline Thurman across the room with her guests. "Why, either we never knew her at all, or she's changed—under our eyes—into some other person!"

"And which"—my confidence seemed made up of questions—"do you think it is?"

"I don't think," he said, "that a woman *could* change that much. We've simply given her credit—well, for qualities she never possessed. You know, don't you, that she's taking the thing as —disgrace?"

So he had said it, flatly—the thing I had wanted not to admit, the thing I had hoped was pure fabric of my imagination. And he had gone much further with it than I. There was a tone in his voice, impossible to reproduce or describe, which related itself unmistakably to Thurman, and automatically almost I asked another question:

"Do you think *he* knows?"

"No, thank God! He'll be the last person to see it. He's in love with her, you know." He paused for a moment, but seemed, now that he had begun, urged to go on, to share it perhaps with some one. It may be he hoped I should deny it for him. "I tried not to see it myself—I tried to believe I was wrong; but there it was, showing itself in everything she did and said. If only she'd stop defending him—putting him in the right—as if Peter Thurman needed defense—*ever*—"

Some one brushed past, turned back, and paused to speak to us both—some irrelevant persiflage—and when they went on again we went with them, recalling, I suppose, that it was hardly the place to discuss Madeline Thurman, and burdened, too, with the feeling that we had, instead of sharing our responsi-

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bility—for the knowledge *was* that—only added the other's to our own.

And after that there were many talks, reluctant always, but forced by the ever-increasing plainness of Madeline Thurman's position.

More than once we had heard her use the word "stigma" in connection with the affair; and more and more frequently there crept into her conversation worn-out puritanical phrases like "the blot on Peter's good name," and "the blow to one's honor."

It was, in the very keenest sense of the word, pathetic. There were times when I believed that it was her great love for him which had led her into this oversensitiveness about his being completely cleared in the eyes of the world; led her to fear that there might yet be some one not sufficiently convinced. I could never quite bring myself to believe that her fineness during the trial had been, as Martin Burns would have me believe, mere woman's bravado, the kind, as he said, "that comes out now and then in a crisis, when an impression is to be made." That seemed altogether too heartless a view. And yet I, too, could find no justification for the possibility of a change involving what seemed the very basis of character, of mind, of the personality itself—the transformation of a clear-visioned modern soul into a soul of the most narrow puritanical mold, a soul worshiping at the abandoned altars of worn-out moralities and petty conventions. I came at last to the conclusion that without this crisis she herself might never have felt the stirring of those latent ancestral tendencies; might never have known they were there; the shock of the accusation had been finally the accident whereby she had discovered that the wells of her puritanism had not, as she thought, run dry, but were covered up with the flimsiest growth of modernism.

It was only then that the idea of her heroism began to take hold upon my imagination. For if during all those days before the indictment, and after, if during the trial, she felt that same sense of disgrace, of lasting stigma put upon the name of the man she loved, she had been then tremendously heroic; her standing by had been at the cost of humiliation bravely concealed from the eyes of the world. Of one thing only we had all been aware—her dislike of the publicity, the pictures in the newspapers, the descriptions of herself as "the beautiful and loyal wife" of the defendant. And yet she had gone through with it—and in a way that had seemed even to us magnificent—for his sake. I said as much to Martin Burns one night when he was particularly hard in his denouncement of her.

"Emotionalism," he shot back, "emotionalism pure and simple, and absolutely in type. Absolutely."

His last repetition seemed to say that he had weighed in her case all the evidence, and refused forever to consider any new testimony.

And while I found it in my heart to be sorry for her—since she must have suffered and still be suffering tortures—yet I could not blame Martin Burns for his verdict against her, for in the end exasperation invariably mastered my sympathy.

It grew, as months went by, no less than appalling to catch in passing such sentences as this from men who had worked side by side with Peter Thurman all his life, "But, my dear Mrs. Thurman, you don't need to tell me that!" It seemed that, once having accepted her martyrdom, she had determined, as is the way of martyrs, to keep it forever alive. And gradually there came to mingle with the perplexity of all those who knew her a faint look of scorn, a scorn which served presently to bring about for her that curious isolation which separated her further and further from Peter Thurman's friends.

There was no way of telling how much she herself was conscious of this isolation, of the withdrawal of the warmth of that understanding which had gone out so freely, so spontaneously, to the woman they had conceived her at first to be, chilled now by the contact with the woman she in reality was. There was no longer any strength in the hope that outsiders, acquaintances, would not see; there was only the hope that her husband might be spared that humiliation. There were times when, by some slight word or sign, I believed he had seen, and that he was by his

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pretense of blindness only doing his utmost to protect her against her own weakness. I wondered how long in that case his love could endure. I wondered when they were alone if the subject never came up; I shuddered to think of those two with that chasm of misunderstanding between them, crossed only by their perilously balanced bridge of human love.

For months all this had seemed to remain unchanged, and one might have said that the various attitudes had settled permanently into their separate grooves, except for a curious kind of tenseness which seemed to pervade the atmosphere at the Thurmans', and to which I for one found it impossible to feel that I or any other outsider in the least contributed. It was a tenseness which seemed to tremble now and then on the brink of some active manifestation, and yet so far had she receded into the mental distance, so completely had her attitude detached her from any contact with the people with whom she was daily surrounded, that one could imagine no active manifestation emanating from that stranger's shadow Peter Thurman's wife had become.

A little more than a year had passed when Mrs. Thurman's mother arrived from her home some place in the Middle West for a visit.

Martin Burns saw her first, and, in spite of an unspoken agreement between us not to touch upon the subject again, he greeted me with, "Have you seen her—the mother?" And the instant I said I had not he came out with: "Well, *she* explains it. There's not even New England conscience; it's the worst thing of all—upright Middle West morals—the kind of thing, unless you've lived there, you can't get through your mind. I've lived there; I know. But I'd forgotten until I saw *her* what it really was like. You see, everything's a matter of background, and at last we've got Madeline Thurman against the right background; she's perfectly plain. She couldn't have taken the thing any other way."

Of course I had nothing to say; could, in fact, have nothing to say until I had seen her. And when, two days later, I met at the Thurmans' a rather splendid-looking elderly woman who in her youth had been very much indeed like Madeline Thurman, I felt for the first few moments that Martin Burns had quite absurdly overstated the case. But when she referred, after being made thoroughly to understand just who I was, to my "very great kindness to her daughter and her husband during their hour of trial," I was ready to say that he had instead understated the case. I could see all that he said, and more. She had come in so perfectly on the right cue with a speech so perfectly characterized that nothing she said or did after that could dispel my impression. And I know now, looking back, that that remark was the only one of the kind she made to me during her stay, though I surmised that there were others of the same kind for such people as her daughter designated.

She stayed for the better part of a month, and although there seemed a constant stream of callers to meet her, and she shone almost resplendently at the several large affairs of which she was the *motif*, yet, when she went away I had, without being able to analyze or account for it, the feeling that her visit had not been a success. Just how or in what way it had failed I did not know, but that it had failed I was sure. Perhaps it had to do with the way in which, after she had gone, Madeline Thurman became more of a stranger than ever, more of a shadow.

The climax came, as all climaxes do, unexpectedly, bringing a shock, when everything that had happened for months should have warned us of its approach.

About four o'clock one afternoon I was sitting alone at my desk when the bell rang. I got up automatically, my work still holding my mind, and went across the room to open the door. Outside stood Madeline Thurman, her back half turned as if, it occurred to me, she were on the point of going away without waiting to be let in.

She gave, at sight of me there, a little involuntary start. "Oh, so you *are* here!" she said, although I had not kept her waiting a moment after her ring.

I asked her if she had rung more than once, and for an instant she seemed

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about to say yes, but decided apparently upon telling the truth.

"No, oh, no," she said; "I only rang once."

I attributed this uneasiness to what little strangeness she must have felt at coming to seek me out, for it had come over us simultaneously, I think, just how far apart we had grown, and how long, too, it had been since we had even seen each other alone. But once inside the room I knew she had not come upon any ordinary mission. She sat down at once in the first chair she came to, and with her first word she was at last no longer a shadow.

"I wanted to see you," she said, "to ask of you a very, very great favor—something which it is impossible for me to ask of—any one else."

My manner or some quick, subconscious current of sympathy which went out from me to her must have reassured her more than my few inadequate words urging her to ask any favor she would.

"I want you to let me tell you a thing which should never be told." She looked straight across at me then, and, seeing me about to speak, went on before I could begin. "You were the only person I knew who might understand, or, if not that, at least believe, when I say that it was *imperative* for me to tell it to some one—no matter who, but *some one*—before I went away."

"Before you went away?" I echoed. "What do you mean?"

"I am going to leave Peter—go entirely away."

"Leave Peter!" I cried out, and the sharpness of my astonishment seemed on the instant to do her some deep, inestimable good, for she sat forward eagerly, clasping her hands tight over her muff.

"Thank God, then, you hadn't suspected that?" Her voice besought me for confirmation.

"How could I suspect a thing so—so—?" I was lost for any expression, and again she waited for nothing more concrete than the tone of my voice.

"I didn't know—I was afraid you had seen everything— I was afraid every one must have seen— I'd lost all my viewpoint—I couldn't see myself any more, or what I was doing. That's why, I suppose, I've come here now, today—before I go—"

She spoke almost quietly, but with short, painful pauses that gave to her words an almost tragic suspense.

"But what is it?" I asked. "What has happened between you and your husband?"

It was strange that now she had come suddenly to seem Madeline Thurman, and I remembered only how much they had seemed to love each other.

"Nothing," she said—"nothing has happened between us. . . . Things are exactly as they have always been—as they have always been since the beginning of our marriage, and exactly as—they would always continue to be. That is what I mean . . . by its being *imperative* for me to *break* it! Will you," she broke off with sudden determination—"will you listen?"

I assured her as best I could of my deep desire to accept whatever confidence she wished to repose in me, and of the warmth of my hope that I might do more in her service than that.

She gave me a quick, grateful look. "You may try, then," she said, "not to despise me too much." And then, with a faint smile and a gesture to ward off my protestations, she plunged at once into the very heart of what she had come to say.

"You remember how, at my husband's trial, the lawyers were continually objecting to evidence on the ground of its being 'irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial'?"

"Yes," I said, "I remember that."

"Well, that is the way with this—with the thing I am going to try to convey to you now—it is, I suppose, irrelevant, incompetent, and immaterial; and it's been disproved a hundred times in a hundred different ways—but we are not all like a judge, to decide one way or the other, and put a thing out of our minds. I listened to them saying it every hour of the day, over and over like a silly refrain, like a magic rigmarole by which they could throw out evidence that seemed to me to have much more to do with the case than a great deal they admitted. . . . And at last the whole thing seemed to be that—the trial, Peter, myself—and what might

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Drawn by H. Weston Taylor

"I *WAS* WITH HIM—IN HIS OFFICE—AT THE TIME GALT WAS SHOT"

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come after — incompetent, immaterial, and irrelevant! But now I know that nothing, no matter how small, can ever be that." She stopped, and put this question, "You—admire Peter—you believe in his absolute honor?"

"Absolutely," I answered. "I have always believed in him."

"Because," said she, "I could never tell you this if I did not know that you are my husband's friend more than mine."

I made an effort to protest.

"Oh, yes," she said, "every one is."

It was of course true, but her saying it now seemed to put a singularly cruel light upon it. Though it was not at all to gain sympathy that she said it, but a mere fact which she wished understood between us before she went on.

"Do you remember I testified that I was with Peter in his office at the time Beauregard Galt was shot? You remember it was I who established his alibi?"

I had an awful impression that she was on the verge of some terrible disclosure, that she was about to say she had not been there. But she went on as if eager to get to her point.

"Well—I *was* with him—in his office —at the time Beauregard Galt was shot. We were to have luncheon together that day, you remember, and I was to meet him at his office at one o'clock. I reached the office almost on the stroke of the hour, and found him waiting. I remember almost everything that we said—I don't know why, except that we were talking of—plans for our future. There was one thing in particular upon which we had—for a long time—disagreed; it had to do with where we should live, and I had only that day come round to his way of thinking. I had just begun to tell him of this when—in the middle of a word—all at once, in the strangest, most — most *unwarned* way, I became aware that he was no longer hearing what I had said; and that, without moving or changing his expression, he had become—*a stranger to me!* Not Peter Thurman at all—but a man I had never seen in my life before! . . . I don't know whether I went on talking or not—perhaps there was not even time to stop—for the whole thing—the illusion, if you'll call it that—could have lasted no longer than the time it takes to say a single word; and when it had passed I could hear the sound of my own voice going on— But that—that was not the most important thing—" She stopped, gazing across at me without seeing, as if she were seeking the best way to explain what was to come. When she went on it was as if there had been no break. "I said that he had not changed his position. He had been leaning back a little in his chair, not looking toward me, but keeping his gaze fixed straight before him upon a certain point on his desk. At the moment of my—of the hallucination I speak of—without being conscious of any reason, my eyes involuntarily followed the direction of his gaze to where it fastened on the face of a black-leather desk clock which sat on the table before him. And the face of that clock—as everything else in that—that unnatural moment—was *photographed* on my mind. It stays in my mind day and night—day and night—day and night. . . . The hands of the clock pointed to—twenty minutes past one—the very instant that Beauregard Galt was shot!"

Her voice, so quietly intense, seemed to leave an empty space in the air when it stopped. She seemed to be waiting, and then:

"You see now what I've—lived with —this last year. And you see why I am going away. I've fought to the end of my strength."

A hundred pictures were crowding my mind: her face at the trial, on the witness-stand—with its curious, deadly white calm—those passionate outbreaks in his defense—

A question sprang to my mind. "*Why* did you marry him, knowing that?"

"*Knowing?*" she asked. "I *didn't* know! I don't even know—now. I married him, I suppose, to prove to myself that it wasn't so. Could *I* be the one, out of all the world, to—to—?" She could not finish—could not say the word, but it needed no saying. "You all—every one—*knew* he was—innocent. I knew—*nothing*. I've had the thing settled a million times in my mind; I've proved it over and over again—"

I recalled all of our scorn of the last twelve months when she, Heaven help

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her! had been trying to convince herself—feeding, upon the faith of others, her own pitiful trust in the man she loved.

"Have you never," I asked, "told any one?"

"No, I've never spoken of it—to any one—before." Her level voice had a note of despair in its quietness now. "I've thought if I only *could* tell it I might find out that it wasn't so."

"I had, at her words, the terrible impulse to cry out that it had had exactly the opposite effect—for to me Peter Thurman had suddenly become not only a guilty man, but a colossal monster of crime. And she seemed to have traveled the very same path, for I was startled to hear her say:

"You know Berg paid the price."

Berg! Berg, whom the law had killed! And he, too, had stood night and day in her mind—night and day.

"And Beauregard Galt," she said, still in that even voice, "was not a big enough man to fear, unless one were a—coward."

That too, then, had been one of the devils with which she had had, every moment of those long dreadful months, to wrestle. A wave of horror swept over me, which left me afraid for Madeline Thurman.

"Your mother—" I said. "Are you going to her?"

"No. I sent for her to come to me here—in the hope that I could find the courage to tell her. But it was no use—I tried it over and over again—so I—made her visit as—as pleasant as possible."

The simple statement seemed suddenly to bring the woman before me into the most heroic proportions. And in that instant, if she had never been so before, Madeline Thurman was magnificent.

I made then my first poor effort at sympathy, at reassurance. But, after all, I believe she expected less than little of me—and nothing I could have said would have held any comfort. I believe she hardly heard what I was saying; but it may be—I'm sure I don't know—that she was sifting it for some word, failing which, she could give no response to any other. Or it may be that she could no longer trust herself to speak, for, without even putting out her hand, she said:

"You will forgive me for telling you?"

"Forgive you! *Forgive*—" She seemed to beseech me with her eyes not to protest too much, as if it would be like charity.

I asked her then to promise me that I should see her again before she left, and she gave me what I believe was an entirely sincere "Perhaps."

The dusk had come, and presently I was looking out of my window, straining to make out her vanishing figure down the street. She seemed engulfed abruptly in darkness, and I saw her no more.

The next day some one called me on the telephone to say in an excited voice that Peter Thurman's wife had left him and gone away, no one knew where. There was the old scorn in the voice, the old inference. Madeline Thurman had not been big enough for a big man, and—I knew, of course, what was to come—Peter Thurman was well rid of her. *They hoped she would stay!*

Three days passed before I saw Peter Thurman. I could not bring myself to go near. I telephoned him first, so he knew I was coming. He opened the door for me himself, and at the sight of his stricken face the first of those extraordinary reversions which were so often to rack me took place. My belief in Peter Thurman surged back as if it had been dammed up by some invisible hand which he had set free. There was—I wonder if I can succeed in making it plain—no room for my doubt—and no doubt if there had been room. I would have staked my life on his honor, his innocence.

That was more than a year ago, and I am considered to-day Peter Thurman's best friend. I go very often to sit with him, particularly at the hour of dusk when I have been close at my work all afternoon.

Mrs. Thurman has never come back. He has searched everywhere, and now it is thought he has given up hope of finding her. I would give a great deal to know where she is.

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Can Democracy Be Efficient?

BY ROBERT W. BRUÈRE

CAN democracy be efficient? In an age dominated by science and dependent upon the scientific method are the democratic masses capable of intelligent self-direction, or must they in self-defense surrender the control of government to the superior ability of the trained and exceptionally gifted few? Has the time come when, in the interest of national cohesion, efficiency, and security, public opinion—that capricious composite of a hundred million minds—ought to humble itself in voluntary subjection to the scientific expert and expert opinion?

There is nothing inherently sacred about political theories or forms of government. They are the toys of change. At any moment a sport of genius may throw off an invention—movable type, gunpowder, steam-engine, or dynamo—that will upset hierarchies and kings. Such tremblings of the established order as led to the European war have stripped the glamour from our indolent democratic creed of Manifest Destiny and made it one with the discredited divine right of emperors. There has been a swift apotheosis of Efficiency, the inexorably impersonal application of science and the scientific method to every detail of national organization and action. We have seen government after government abandon the traditional forms of democracy. Under stress of the crisis democratic peoples like the French and English have been compelled to surrender popular prerogatives, dearly won through centuries of political experimentation, to the autocratic authority of the expert on grounds of vital necessity. It is as if Science had said: "There is but one right and effective course under a given set of circumstances. That course can be known to the expert only. It is not properly the subject of popular debate or opinion. There is no time to enlighten or consult the electorate. In a national crisis the price of life is obedience. Democracy must waive its professed right of judgment or go to the wall."

And on all sides this fiat seems to have prevailed. Does democracy then stand discredited? Has it been demonstrated that national efficiency and popular government are irreconcilable?

There are those who hold that such an indictment is justified by our own experience at Panama. Our engineering success there was conditioned upon the stamping out of disease. Doctor Gorgas owed his signal success to his despotic authority over every detail affecting the sanitation of the Canal Zone. He was the scientific expert, chosen because of his pre-eminence in the field of sanitary science, and clothed with absolute power so that his will was every man's law.

"You must remember," I have heard him say, "that when I said to a man, *come*, he had to come; *go*, he had to go; and, going and coming, he was bound to undeviating obedience to orders."

Doctor Gorgas did not hold a referendum of the people in the Canal Zone to get their views on the control of disease. That might have involved fatal delay. Malaria might have won the upper hand and defeated the entire canal project, as it had done once before in the case of the French. He did what even our most democratic communities invariably do in times of crisis—in the face of such calamities as the Chicago fire, the San Francisco earthquake, or the Ohio floods. At such times martial law is invoked. Democracy falls into abeyance. We yield unqualified obedience to expert authority.

But the more we analyze our conduct in times of crisis the clearer becomes the distinction between the conditions created by catastrophe and the conditions surrounding the normal progress of civ-

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ilization. In the same address in which he stressed the importance of his autocratic power at Panama, Doctor Gorgas went on to say that if he were placed at the head of a health department in a normal American community, his first act would be to get rid of the mental attitude and the power of an autocrat.

Why? Because the ultimate basis of civilization is the ability to forestall crises, to substitute foresight and reason for violence. The imperative wisdom of a crisis wears flat as a stone in the sustained current of social evolution. Autocratic authority may be essential for suppressing an epidemic; the ultimate stamping out of disease depends upon the sustained and enlightened co-operation of every member of the community. That in the long run laws cannot be enforced without the convinced support of public opinion is the most thoroughly tested maxim of administrative experience. The most efficient of our health departments rely less and less upon their police powers for the enforcement of sanitary codes and increasingly upon campaigns of education. For the efficiency that fails to win the intelligent co-operation of the masses is like a mechanical dervish spinning on its own toe in a vacuum.

But what reason is there for supposing that the mass mind can be permeated by the light of science or that the democratic method of health control will be equally effective if applied to the intricate processes of business? Critics of popular government often contend that the reconciliation of science with democratic control is a Utopian dream. Their distrust of popular institutions is epitomized in the single word *graft*—that combination of ignorance, incompetence, and dishonesty which they regard as incurably inherent in the average human nature out of which democracies are made. So long as the Government is in the hands of men whose judgments are warped by vote-catching expedients, graft and the pork barrel, they believe, will win the day against science and efficiency.

And yet Doctor Stratton, Director of the United States Bureau of Standards, which keeps a check upon Government purchases, recently told me that in an experience of more than ten years he had never uncovered a single instance of deliberate dishonesty. The incompetence which so frequently marks Government business is due, in his opinion, to the failure of experts to devise scientific standards without which efficiency either in Government or private business is impossible.

The Federal Government buys enormous quantities of paper, from official linen stationery to the crude wood pulp of paper towels. Some years ago the Bureau of Standards wanted an especially durable paper for its scientific publications. It chose a sample containing fifty per cent. of rag stock, and on this sample the Government purchasing agent let the contract to the lowest bidder. The first lot delivered looked like clear evidence of grafting collusion between the purchasing agent and the successful bidder; it was unmixed wood pulp. The case was so gross that Doctor Stratton made it the subject of a searching investigation. He found that the accepted method of judging a sample of paper—a practice which had come down from the early days of the industry—was to look it over for surface and color, crumple it in the fingers to determine its folding strength, and chew a scrap to appraise its texture and composition. Upon this crude evidence of eyes, fingers, and teeth it was the rule of the trade for the bidder to make one guess at the quality of the sample and a second at the cost of production. The more skilful the appraiser the less likely was he to make the lowest bid. The manufacturer in this particular case had followed the custom of the trade, had appraised the sample in the traditional way, and executed his contract in perfect good faith. He was amazed when the gross inferiority of his product was demonstrated. In chagrin he went back to his mill, bought the best rag stock in the market, and delivered a second lot superior in every respect to the sample.

But this solution was as unfair to the manufacturer as the first had been to the Government. Besides, what the Bureau needed was not something superior to the sample, but its exact reproduction. Such an exact reproduction

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the practical men in the business held to be impossible; they contended that while theorizing Government experts might analyze paper into its chemical elements, they could no more reverse the process than the king's men could put Humpty Dumpty together again. And at the time they were right. Doctor Stratton canvassed American and foreign factories and consulted experts the world over in a vain search for scientific formulæ. Accordingly he set up a paper-mill of his own, and through a painstaking series of experiments learned not only to analyze any given sample of paper into its physical and chemical elements, but also to reproduce the sample so analyzed with unfailing precision. As a result of this pioneer work the Government now buys its paper not by sample and rule of thumb, but by scientific recipes called "standard specifications." The manufacturer is as certain of what he is undertaking as that two and two make four, and the Government has an absolute check on the delivery. The suspicion of grafting collusion has utterly disappeared from this field of Government business because, as Doctor Stratton says, "honesty has for the first time become possible." Through conference and education the Bureau has secured the almost universal adoption of these standards by paper manufacturers throughout the country, and through their democratization the efficiency of the paper industry has been enormously increased.

Slowly, but with unvaried success, this process of co-operation between the expert and groups of manufacturers is being extended from industry to industry doing business with the Government. As standard specifications cut through the jungle of confused tradition efficiency replaces incompetence and suspicion of graft disappears. But would the same result follow if the attempt at standardization were carried beyond specialized groups of manufacturers to the rank and file of factory workers? One of the immediate effects of purchase by scientific formulæ has been to change the base of competition among bidders for Government contracts. Where the quality of the purchase is unmistakably defined the possibility of profit to the successful bidder depends upon the superior productive efficiency of his plant and working staff. And where all manufacturers have access to the same machinery the determining factor in successful competition is likely to be the scientific utilization of the intelligence and labor of the wage-worker.

Yet just as it was long supposed by practical men that there was no escape from tradition and the rule of thumb in the production of paper, so it is still widely held, both among employers and employees, that the complex processes of labor in which the caprices of human nature play so large a part cannot be scientifically standardized. This field is so beclouded with the conflicting interests, judgments, and passions of employers and wage-workers that the Government has never been willing to permit the Bureau of Standards to enter it. But private manufacturers have found it impossible, under the conditions of modern competition, to ignore its importance. During recent years the cult of scientific management has won increasingly wide vogue. Already the leaders in this new movement claim complete success in "substituting exact knowledge for prejudiced opinion and force in the determination of all conditions of work and pay." Organized labor, on the other hand, denies this claim and protests that scientific management has turned out in practice to be not scientific at all, but a diabolical instrument of human exploitation.

That scientific management has gone a long way toward substituting accurate analysis for tradition and prejudiced opinion in defining the most efficient way in which a particular job can be done can be questioned by no one who has followed its development dispassionately. But it is equally certain that scientific management has not created the harmonious relations between employers and employees that are essential to efficient production. It is significant that in the opinion of the ablest judges its failure has been due to its autocratic application. Job analysis is based upon time and motion study, and this time and motion study has been intrusted to men of extremely uneven degrees of ability, who have been held solely re-

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sponsible to the employer. Where the workers are not taken into the confidence of the expert in the determination of job standards and where such standards, however scientifically determined, are autocratically imposed for the primary purpose of increasing production, friction, suspicion, and hostility invariably arise. The great defect of scientific management has been its tendency to identify the man with the machine and to neglect the psychological factors which enter into the problem when standardization is applied to men rather than things.

The teaching of experience has been so emphatic upon this point that it has given rise to a new school of industrial engineers who insist upon placing all time and motion studies, directed toward the standardization of labor processes, under a separate department on personnel democratically constituted of representatives not only of the management, but also of the various branches of the working force to which the standards are to be applied.

The effect of admitting the workers into partnership in the scientific determination and use of job standards is illustrated by the case of the teamsters in a New England factory where another group of operatives had been granted an increase in wages. The teamsters asserted no special grievance, but they felt they were as much entitled to a wage increase as any other branch of the service. Had the management been bound by tradition, they might have told the men that their request would be taken under advisement; or, if the conventional theory of scientific management had prevailed, an expert might have been employed to standardize the work and wages of the teamsters and the employer would have announced his arbitrary decision as to what the teamsters must do under penalty of discharge.

Such a course would have bred resentment and the demoralization of the service. Instead, the management invited the teamsters into a conference and asked their co-operation in the determination of standards of work, hours, and wages. The men, never having been dealt with as man to man before, were at first awkward and embarrassed, but in the course of the conference they warmed up and gave graphic descriptions of their methods and analyzed the relation of their work to their home and community life. Both sides came to understand the business of teaming and its relation to the general efficiency not only of the plant, but also of the community as they never had before. No two men were exactly agreed as to how horses should be handled, as to proper rations or a fair day's work for a horse. Some took the good-natured point of view that if a horse worked hard it should have all it wanted to eat irrespective of the effect of overfeeding upon endurance; others were certain that the animal's disposition would be ruined if any one touched it but its driver.

The conference adjourned for three days during which both management and men gave more intelligent thought to the art of teaming than they had ever thought it necessary to bestow on that apparently simple occupation. At the second and succeeding conferences the men decided that what they most needed was not an immediate increase in wages, which were already above the prevailing rate in that community, but a reduction in hours. They had been working an eleven-hour day, which, when the time for tending the barn was added, meant that they rarely had a daylight hour with their families. A nine-hour day was introduced and an additional man was hired to give his entire time to the care of the barn and animals, so that the teamsters might find their teams hitched and ready in the morning and finish their day's work when they tossed the reins to the barn-man at night. In the course of the conference it came out that some of the men were not able to handle a four-horse team and these themselves agreed that they were not entitled to the same wages as their more expert fellows. On the basis of the prevailing rate as the minimum, the men are now co-operating with the management in determining wage schedules based upon relative efficiency, with the understanding that a demand for increase must be supported by evidence either that the standard of living has definitely risen or that the productive efficiency of

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the service has so increased as to entitle the men to an increased share in the earnings of the business. There is entire harmony between the teamsters and the management of this plant because the psychological factor in human efficiency has been recognized in the extension of democratic control.

Just as scientific standards are the conditions of honesty in commercial transactions, so they are essential to efficient production. In both cases their effective use depends upon their joint control by the parties at interest. But there is an obvious limit to the extension of joint control in industry as at present constituted. Up to a certain point increased production and efficient management are of equal advantage to the employer and the employee. In the long run, however, it is inevitable that joint control will result in a clash of interest between the employer who is primarily interested in increasing the return upon his investment and the workers whose primary interest is to improve their standard of living. At this point the development of industry becomes a matter of public concern, and the problem of statesmanship is to find a new incentive that will inspire both employers and workers to harmonize their interests in behalf of public well-being.

The most impressive illustration of this last step in the development of democratic efficiency is being given to the world by England to-day. At the outbreak of the war the clash of interests between employers and wage-workers in England was rapidly drifting toward revolution. On the transportation systems in England, in the mines, in the ship-building yards employers and workers were lining up for a trial of strength on an unprecedented scale, and the English public was awaiting the result in an apparent attitude of fatalistic helplessness. When the national existence was threatened by war England was roused from this fatalism to a realization that class war must yield to class co-operation if the nation itself was to be saved. During the first year of the war England resorted to the autocratic methods of Germany in an effort to compel the workers to maintain uninterrupted production under conditions autocratically laid down by efficiency experts. Trade-union restrictions upon hours of work and rates of production were brushed aside and the men were commanded to work on pain of fine and imprisonment. But this procedure did not produce the desired results. The men in a number of important industries announced that while they were ready to make all necessary sacrifice in the national interest they were not willing to sacrifice the standards of living which it had taken them centuries to establish if any part of the sacrifice went to the increased profits of the employers rather than to the nation. For a time the attempt to impose autocratic control upon the British wage-workers threatened to paralyze the British navy. In the Welsh coal-fields, for example, the miners actually stopped work in defiance of Government orders, and the Government was helpless because it would have defeated its own end by attempting to fine or imprison some two hundred thousand men. Instead of calling the men to the colors, the Government placed the mines under national control, imposed its restrictions equally upon owners and men, and intrusted the operation of the mines to the joint control of the unions and owners. The moment the new incentive of national service was introduced into the coal-fields and applied to owners and wage-workers alike the ancient class war disappeared and the volume of output reached an unprecedented level.

The lesson of this experience, which was repeated in scores of industries, has come to be the guiding factor in the determination of the domestic policy of England. In the name of national service industry after industry has been placed under joint control of masters and men, and the effectiveness of combined science and democracy finally led to the creation of a Labor Ministry, headed by the president of the Smelters' Union, and the representation of the trade-unions in the War Cabinet. To-day the great war is being waged between German autocracy and English science under democratic control. We shall not know until after the terms of peace have been announced which of the two is the more efficient.

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In the autumn of 1916 there appeared in England a little book called *The Elements of Reconstruction*, with a preface by Lord Milner, a Conservative member of the War Cabinet. It traces the history of industrial relations in England during the "Selfish Age" preceding the war, and, on the basis of England's experience during the war, gives a conservative view of what those relations must be in the future if England is to maintain her place in the world. Coming from so high and a conservative source, the conclusions of this book demand the consideration of Americans who are concerned with the future of efficiency and democracy in the United States.

During the "Selfish Age," says the writer of the book:

> the conception of labor was well expressed by the term "hands." The employer took his hands as he listed and paid them off when he thought fit. When he didn't want his workers he kept them loafing about outside his gates doing nothing, waiting for a job. He did not lose by that very much, *but the Empire did.* He employed them when they were still imperfectly educated and immature. He made what he could out of them; what they became was not his concern. He did not lose by that, *but the Empire did.* He dropped them at the first sign of age, and he did not hesitate to work them so that they aged rapidly. He did not have to keep them when they were incapacitated, *but the Empire did.* . . . The workers, faced by employers who were obsessed by the idea of getting as much work for as little money as possible, developed a quite ferocious resolution to give as little work for as much money as possible. Neither side was thinking of the community or the future. . . . The Empire as an employer cannot afford to treat its men in this fashion. The quasi-national business (created by the war) can confer with the state and with organized labor and scheme a use of labor that will at once be more profitable to the community and far more acceptable to the workers. . . . It is in this direction of the quasi-national business that our international position, our national welfare, and the happiness of the people alike point. When we think of Imperial success, social efficiency, or human comfort and happiness the conclusion is the same. . . . From the heart of the business world itself come the most urgent warnings against excessive, unregulated competition, and the loudest appeals for organization along co-operative lines, and for the helping hand of the state.

England is resting her faith to-day upon the possibility of a working combination of science and democracy. No theoretical answer to the question as to whether democracy can be efficient could have a value comparable to that which will be given by the outcome of the struggle which is subjecting democracy in England and the British Empire to the supreme test.

West Wind

BY ALICE BROWN

I AM going out to meet the morning,—
Will you come?
I will weave you rosy mists for your adorning.
O Lady, will you come?
Gird not yourself in pride,
But run barefoot at my side,
In your smock all silver white
And your veil of tresses bright.
And if, breathless, by the way
We fall into step with Day,
And he race us on to Night,—
Why, we shall have had delight.
But now we meet the morning.
Lady, come!

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"To Love, Honor, and Obey"

BY LILY A. LONG

"AT any rate, you can never doubt my devotion, since I am willing to go through that fool ceremony for the sake of making you my wife," said Richard Maxwell. The vicious energy of his voice found expression in a cut with his cane which decapitated a yellow-headed weed by the wayside. "I wouldn't do it for any other woman on earth."

"Well, I should hope not!" Marian Mount responded, hurrying a step to be able to look into the face of the glum young man she expected to marry within three days. "Oh, don't walk so fast, Dick! It puts me out of breath."

He checked himself abruptly. "Would you rather go back to the others?"

There was an expressive though silent comment in the glance he cast at her slippers—which certainly had never been designed for a country tramp. But then, the tramp had been one of Dick's impromptu suggestions, and Marian had not dressed for walking when they set off that morning for a picnic de luxe, she and Dick, with her mother and Uncle Hollister for propriety, all in Dr. Hollister's touring-car, with another machine following to bring the lunch and the servants.

"Mercy, no!" she answered Dick's suggestion. "Mother has settled down for a nap in that hammock-couch, with Sadie at hand, like an Eastern slave, to fan away the gnats—her nap is what reconciles her to the rest of the picnic. And Uncle Hollister is off somewhere with his butterfly-net. Besides, you know I'd rather walk with you than do anything else in the world—only not quite so fast."

What man would be proof against the flattery of such an avowal? Dick set a gentler pace and banished the irritation from his voice.

"It isn't very far now to the spot I wanted to show you. Just where that bluff turns you can look down into a cup-like valley, with the river running through the middle, and see a tiny village clustered about a church. 'Pleasant Vale' is the romantic name it goes by, but it looks the part, all right. I came upon it by accident once when I was out hunting and had had nothing to eat for twelve hours, and you can bet it looked pleasant to me. I told Louis to bring the machine along the road after us, so you won't have to walk back."

"It's lovely along here," said Marian, with a polite glance at the landscape. So far away that they were blue even in the bright sunshine of this June day was the range of bluffs which, with the hills over which they were walking, had once formed the banks of the river now trickling meekly along its ancient middle channel. It was really a landscape worth more than a perfunctory glance, but Marian's mind was intent upon a matter nearer and more vital than any view. "Dick, I wish you would tell me why you hate getting married so much—"

"You know very well I don't hate getting married."

"Well, the ceremony of getting married, then. The wedding. You have made it plain enough that you hate all the arrangements for next Wednesday—"

"I do. That's just what I hate—arrangements. And ceremony. And fuss. And publicity. Standing up there before a whole churchful of people and feeling like a fool, and having them watch to see how much of the fool I am going to show. And smiling to each other if my voice shakes in the responses—as of course it will. It will probably be a squeak. And watching you—and sniggering— Good Lord! Of course I hate it! Any man would—every man does. It's only because there isn't any other way of getting you—" He

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snapped off the heads of half a dozen weeds by way of completing the expression of his feelings.

Marian was looking very thoughtful. "Isn't there anything sacred to you in the ceremony?" she asked.

"I can't see anything sacred in a ceremony that has to be rehearsed beforehand like an amateur play," Dick said, irritably. "We'll go through it and through it—so many steps to the right and so many to the left and now it's your cue to kneel. I've been best man and usher often enough to see how much sacredness is left in the business when the rehearsing is over. And then all that tommyrot about vows— Are you going to promise publicly and before witnesses to obey me?" he asked, suddenly.

"Of course." She spoke quickly and positively. Marian had strong views regarding the propriety and taste of tampering with the church service.

"There you are," said Dick, with frank exasperation. "That is just an example of the hollowness of the whole sham affair. You have no intention of obeying me, any more than I have the slightest intention of ever asking you to obey me. Imagine it! Imagine me, Dick, saying to you, Marian, 'You once promised, in church, before a lot of people, to love, honor, and obey me, so now you are under obligations to love me, whether you can or not, and you are bound to honor me, no matter what disgraceful thing I do, and you have to obey me, no matter how unreasonable I am.' Obey! Of course it's all nonsense. Don't you realize that such vows are a sham?"

"SEE THAT CROWD OF MEN. THERE'S BEEN A FIRE"

The heightened color in Marian's

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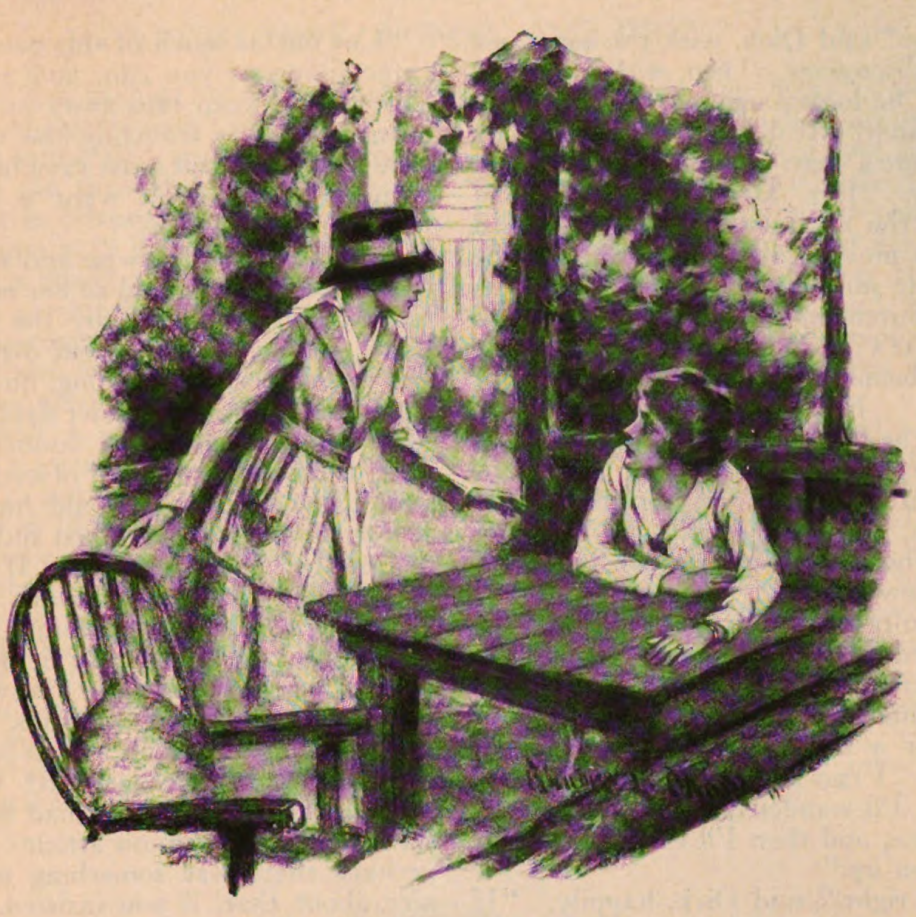

"YOU'RE IN TROUBLE. CAN I HELP YOU?"

cheeks was not altogether due to the effort of keeping up with Dick's long strides, though he had again unconsciously pressed the pace. Dick's nerves certainly were on a rampage, as she had had occasion to realize for some time, and as Uncle Hollister had understood when he had suggested a quiet day in the country, away from everybody. The recollection of his hint relaxed the tense lines of Marian's close-pressed lips, and when she answered it was to evade his pointed question by asking one of her own.

"I'm sorry you hate it so, Dick. But what could we do? A home wedding is just as much fuss—or more—and not so pretty. But—would you have liked that better?"

Dick hunched his shoulders impatiently. "Six of one and half a dozen of the other. What I should like, and what every man would like if he could have his way, would be to have no ceremony at all. I'd just like to pick you up, throw you over my shoulder, and run away with you to my cave. And nobody's business but ours." His dropped eyelid hid a sudden mischievous glint as he glanced askance to see how she took this audacity.

"Oh!" gasped Marian. Perhaps there flashed into her mind a thought of the myriads of women who, in trustfulness as complete as her own, had listened to that argument, to their fatal undoing—but that was not a matter to discuss now. Instead, she answered, lightly, "It's a good thing for a pagan like you that you are going to marry a good, conventional little Christian like me. Oh, is this your Pleasant Vale?"

An abrupt turn of the road had brought them to an angle of the bluff from which they could look directly down upon a small village on the riverbank. From that height it seemed like a Japanese toy village designed for a decoration, with miniature inhabitants curiously animated.

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"Yes," said Dick, with the eagerness of the discoverer. Then, with a puzzled glance, he looked again. "But where's the church? It doesn't seem—"

"There's been a fire," said Marian, quickly. Her far-sighted eyes had solved the mystery. "See that crowd of men moving about, like ants? The ruins are smoking yet. Isn't that where your church was?"

"That's it. What a shame! It had a really beautiful tower. I wonder— I wish—" He was watching the crowd about the burning building with a small boy's eagerness.

"Run on down, if you like," said Marian, understandingly. "You can cut across over these smooth hills, and I'll follow the road."

"You're sure you wouldn't mind?" he asked. His eyes were sparkling with the excitement which is the instinctive masculine response to the fire-call.

"Not a bit," said Marian, reassuringly. "I can see where the road goes down. I'll wander on until Louis overtakes me, and then I'll come down and pick you up."

"All right," said Dick, happily. "If you are sure you don't mind." And without waiting for her to repeat her assurance he plunged off across the cattle-cropped sward of the low bluffs in the direction of the village.

Marian watched him as his long strides carried him away from her, and in her look there was a mingling of the shy pride of the lover and the anxious affection of the mother. What a boy he was, eager to run to a fire, and fuming over the necessity of dressing up! He really was quite absurd about the wedding. Of course the bridegroom always was the butt of foolish jests, and she could easily understand how he hated the thought of all that, but it wasn't any worse for him than for all the other men who had gone through the ordeal. At that she laughed a little to herself. She could think of more than one young man who would be willing to take Dick's place and face the ceremony quite cheerfully. It was too bad Dick took it so hard—and that he was in such a nervous state that one couldn't argue with him rationally. Doctor Hollister's warning was never wholly out of her mind.

"Cut out as much of this pre-nuptial entertaining as you can, and get Dick away. And keep him away as long as possible. He is traveling the road his father did, and you must save him from himself, if you don't want a nervous wreck on your hands."

That was what her wise and watchful uncle Hollister had said to her only yesterday, and that was why she had insisted, to her mother's great discomfort and annoyance, on this long, quiet Sunday in the country. A quiet day, indeed, with Dick racing across country to a fire! But that boyish sort of excitement wasn't the kind that would hurt him. It *was* too bad he had taken such a dislike to the church wedding. If he had only said something a month ago, it wouldn't have been impossible then to change their plans. Now it was too late. Theirs was to be the first wedding in the new Church of All Souls, and all of fashionable Riverton was to be there. She had been photographed for the papers, and her trousseau had been described in a two-column article— Well, perhaps there was something not just nice about that, if you insisted, but it was to be expected. If you happened to be born Marian Mount, in Riverton, you certainly couldn't help it that society always kept its head turned in your direction. It was, in its degree, like royalty's lack of privacy. It would all have been rather good fun, too, if it hadn't been for Dick's queer attitude, just because he was overworked and out of sorts. But to criticise the church service! Of course, to be literal, she did not expect to obey Dick any more after marriage than before, but everybody knew it was just a form. Why, if they omitted the "obey" everybody would notice, and smile. It was such bad taste to be queer about that sort of thing.

By the time that Marian's wandering yet persistent thought had reached this point, her feet had carried her, by the easy gradient of the road, down to the uppermost and outermost cottage on the rim of the cup that made the village of Pleasant Vale. Louis was not yet in sight, and she was beginning to feel tired. She walked slowly by the picket fence that barred wayfarers from a tangled thicket of roses, when suddenly

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her ear was caught by the disturbing sound of passionate weeping. She stopped abruptly, and a sympathetic shudder ran through her nerves. Some one was in bitter trouble. What could be the matter? Was it a woman weeping—or a child? The last thought sent Marian resolutely through the gate to the vine-covered summer-house in the garden from which the sound had come.

It was neither a woman nor a child who lifted a wet, wild-flower face at Marian's unexpected appearance in the doorway, but a young girl. At least, she looked like a young girl to Marian, though the difference between the two was perhaps not so much in years as in worldly wisdom. No tragedy could have reduced Marian to such an abandonment of grief.

"You're in trouble. Can I be of any help?" she asked, with persuasive gentleness. Marian was always direct, and her kindness was not often misunderstood.

"No, nobody can help," wailed the girl, letting her head fall again upon the arm from which she had just lifted it. "It's past helping—that's the trouble. I came out here so that no one could hear me cry. I just had to cry it out."

"There are so few things that are quite past all helping," said Marian, quietly sitting down at the opposite side of the rustic table. "Perhaps if you'd tell me—"

The girl sat up and wiped her eyes quite frankly. "I'm going to be married next Wednesday," she said.

"How interesting! So am I," said Marian. "That makes a bond between us, doesn't it? But—are you unhappy about it? Is that what you were crying about?" She felt a little awestricken at the thought. She had read of such tragedies, and imagination showed swiftly how she might have felt herself if she were going to marry any one but Dick. But—

IT WAS ANOTHER WEDDING PARTY!

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"I'm crying because now I can't have any real wedding," the girl said. "The church has just burned down."

"Oh, I understand. I saw the ruins. I'm so sorry."

The sympathy in her voice was enough to open the flood-gates again.

"But that isn't all. My dress is burned—and my veil!"

"Oh! Were they in the church?"

"They were, they were. We had a rehearsal there last night, and I had my things down, just to try the effect—Oh, I've always heard it was bad luck to put them on beforehand, and I ought to have known better. And then afterward we had to go off—the bridal party, you know—a friend was entertaining for us. So I left my things locked up inside the Sunday-school bookcase, for safe keeping—and this morning the church burned down!"

"I see. I'm awfully sorry. But—after all, the wedding is the important thing, isn't it? I'm sure I'd think so, if the Church of All Souls burned down before Wednesday." Marian checked a smile upon the swift inner conviction that Dick would consider the burning of that new and beautiful building as a special dispensation of Providence.

"Are you from Riverton? Oh, are you Miss Mount?" cried the girl, with a flash of interest that dried her tears.

"Yes. Do you happen to be a god-child of Sherlock Holmes, may I ask?"

The girl laughed in spite of herself. "No, I'm just Myrtle Johnson. But when you said the Church of All Souls and next Wednesday— I've read all about the arrangements for your wedding, Miss Mount, and— I hope you won't mind, especially now that my plans are all smashed, but I've tried to do everything in just the same way—as far as I could, of course. Like copying an imported hat in Pleasant Vale millinery materials," she added, with a smile and a whimsical gesture. The girl was very attractive when she smiled, and that she could smile at herself at such a moment appealed to Marian's sense of sportsmanship.

"This is tremendously interesting," she said. "There is more of a bond between us than I guessed. I'm immensely flattered."

"I certainly never expected to have occasion to tell you," said Myrtle Johnson, frankly. "Of course the copy wouldn't be recognizable, for that matter. But you know how it is. If you want to have anything nice, or—or poetic, in Pleasant Vale, you just have to go outside to get it."

"So it was to be a poetic wedding? Tell me!" Marian's face was as eager as any village gossip's.

"Well—I mean beautiful. Not ordinary, you know. When I was engaged to Walter I made up my mind I was going to have the wedding just as pretty as the weddings you read about in novels and in the papers, if I could possibly manage it. It would be about my only chance to get anything ideal into my life. I know well enough what a married woman's life is in Pleasant Vale. I've always lived here. I know the place from one end to the other. It will be just the same old sixpence over again. I have to live here, but it seemed as though I just couldn't stand being married in a humdrum, commonplace way. I think a woman has a right to one day of romance, one day when she is the center of everything, and can dress to look the way she would like always to look, and have people think how pretty she is, and kind of envy her. Even if they know she is going to do her own housework afterward, she will have had her day."

"Yes, I think you are right," said Marian, as Myrtle checked her rapid speech to see if her listener was following her with sympathy.

"Of course I realized one trouble would be that I shouldn't know the right thing to do, so I took you for a kind of model. I've been to Riverton, of course. I've never been in All Souls Church, but I read a description of it in the Riverton paper, and studied the pictures, and I could imagine just how the procession would come in and march up the aisle. Then I've read all the things I could in the women's magazines, you know. I planned the whole thing out— Why, I've lain awake nights going over every bit of it. My maid of honor was to be in corn color, and my two bridesmaids in blue, with pink picture-hats, and they'd carry bouquets of sweet peas and

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maidenhair fern. I decided not to have more than three—more would have looked as though I were trying to be grand, and I wanted the whole thing to be just right—just as nice as Pleasant Vale could stand, but not so elaborate as to seem silly. I know this isn't Riverton or New York. Oh, I've thought and thought about everything." She paused for breath, and though she dabbed her handkerchief to her eyes, she was not weeping. The relief of telling her troubles to a sympathetic listener was enough to dry her tears.

"I can see that you have. And your ideas are splendid. I am sure it would have been as pretty as possible," said Marian. Silently she was comparing this bride's standards with her own.

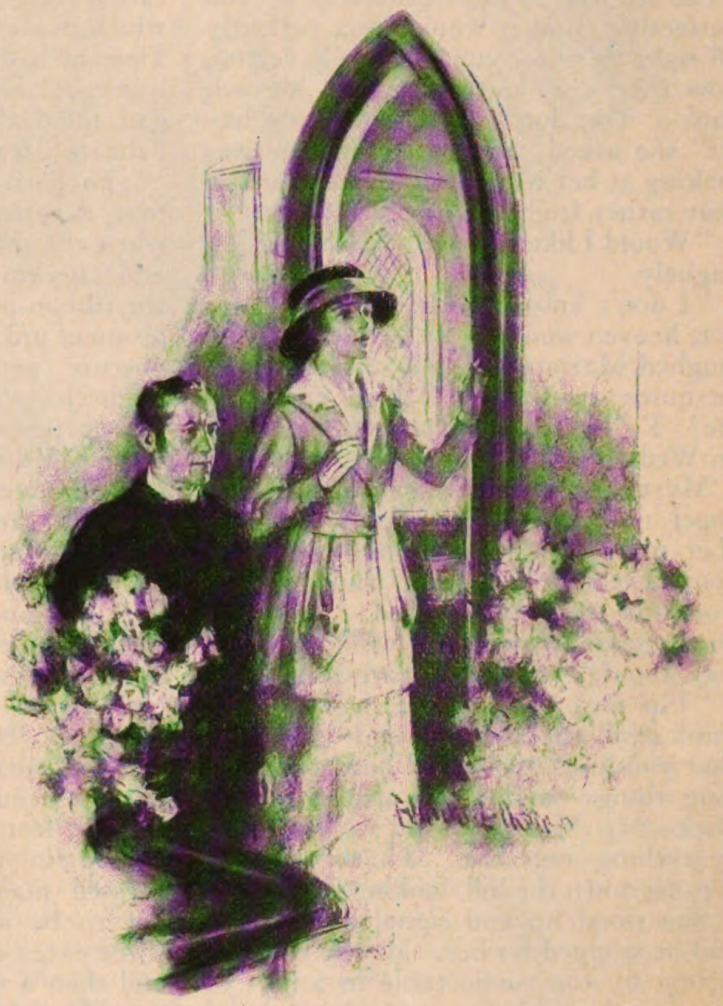
"The girls got their dresses and everything; they can use them, of course, though it won't be the same. But mine!" She threw out her hands with a dramatically expressive gesture. The situation was beyond words.

"It wouldn't be impossible to get another dress before Wednesday," suggested Marian, cautiously.

Myrtle shook her head. "Practically it would—for me. I can't just go and order a duplicate wedding-gown offhand. You don't understand about that, but I've waited a year, getting my outfit together. And even if I could get a dress—some sort of a dress—it wouldn't be the same. The church is gone. If I am to be married at all, it will have to be here, in this house. There isn't any room for a procession in it. And if you saw the inside—! Well, it's hopeless, that's all. Hopeless."

"But, my goodness! you aren't thinking of giving the wedding up!" Marian cried, in dismay. Her thought went out in sympathy to the unknown Walter.

"Oh, I suppose not. But I've somehow lost interest," said Myrtle, with a discouraged air.



"THE FACT IS DICK AND I WERE MARRIED LAST SUNDAY"

"Well, now, listen to my plan," said Marian, abruptly. "You can be married at All Souls, in Riverton, on Wednesday, if you like. The church is engaged for my wedding, you know, and it will all be decorated—heaps of flowers—and the organist and the choirboys will be there, and—everything. I'll send a machine down for you and your maids on Wednesday morning, and you'll come to my house to be dressed. And I'll send three or four down later—

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about noon—for your party. Invite as many of the neighbors as you like. And I'm going to give you the gown and veil for a wedding present. I have a beautiful dress that has never been worn—as a matter of fact, I meant at first to use it for my own wedding, but afterward I changed my plans a little—and I can see that it can be made to fit you perfectly. And it would be a perfectly all right thing for you to go to Riverton, now that your own church is burned. And— Oh, don't you think you'd like it?" she asked, weakly, for Myrtle was looking at her with a white countenance that rather frightened her.

"Would I like heaven?" Myrtle asked, vaguely.

"I don't know whether you would or not, heaven would be so very different," laughed Marian, relieved. "This won't be quite so—foreign. Then you'll let me? I'd like to make somebody happy on Wednesday."

Myrtle drew a deep breath. "If an angel really did come down and say: 'Let me open the gates of heaven for you,' I couldn't refuse, could I? It would be so petty-minded. And—I'd do the same for you, if it were the other way about," she added, earnestly.

"I'm sure you would. Now, you think it all out from this end—I can see that you have a splendid head for planning things—and I'll come back with Dick—Mr. Maxwell—and we'll arrange everything together. That's my car coming down the hill, looking for me."

She stood up and signaled to Louis, and he stopped for her. Myrtle was still sitting by the rustic table in a sort of trance when Marian waved her hand in promise and farewell, and went on down the road to pick up Dick. She was smiling to herself in pleasurable excitement.

"Beautiful and—poetic!" she was repeating. "Well—why not?"

Riverton was proud of All Souls, the beautiful building newly erected for the worship of the most fashionable congregation of the city, and all of Riverton that was Riverton in the bright lexicon of the society reporter packed the pews on Wednesday afternoon to witness the first wedding in the new church. That it should have fallen to the lot of Marian Mount to be the first bride had not failed to awake some envious murmurs, but, like royalty, her right was beyond dispute. The half-hour of hushed expectancy was divided between discreet gossip concerning her wedding gifts and the details of her trousseau, and admiration for the beautiful church interior, which many now saw for the first time. Flowers had turned the chancel into a hymeneal bower, and the wonderful organ filled the period of waiting with delicate dreams of melody.

The gathered congregation had the first surprise of that memorable day when the ushers, with their air of fixed and abnormal politeness, conducted to the ribbon-protected pews at the front a group of unknown and presumably quite obscure persons. That such people might have pushed their way into the sacred precinct without an invitation was comprehensible, but that they should have been shown to the pews obviously reserved for the families of the high contracting parties was an inconceivable blunder. But before people could find breath to more than look their common astonishment one to another, the strains of the "Lohengrin" march gave warning that the bride was in view. It was excited curiosity to discover what had gone wrong, quite as much as courtesy, that brought people to their feet as the small procession appeared in the aisle. Three prettily dressed maids—only three! and these not to be identified!—on the arms of three extra and quite unknown ushers; and then a veiled bride, in a gown that was like a dream of a cloud in Paradise, upon the arm of an elderly man whom no one had ever seen before.

The congregation settled down with explanatory glances and irrepressible whispers. It was another wedding party! Of course there must have been some blunder about the time. This wedding must have been scheduled for a later hour, and there had been confusion somewhere. There was nothing for it now but to wait for this ceremony to be disposed of, in order that way could be made for the real event. In the mean time the low chanting of the vested choir filled the interstices of the formal

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THE FLOOD OF QUESTIONS BROKE UPON DR. HOLLISTER AND POOR MRS. MOUNT

and solemn ceremony, and while the women studied the wonderful dress of the bride with curious and devouring eyes, the men studied the bride. She was worth it. And when she came back down the aisle on the arm of her shy and awkward young husband, the back-thrown veil revealed a sweet young face so seraphically happy that all who saw it were conscious of a choking throb of the heart. It was as though a vision from another world had passed. And this world does not often hold a bride whose dream is so far transcended by the fact as Myrtle's was that day.

When the last of the group of strangers had departed from the ribboned pews, a movement of hesitation and uncertainty went through the gathering. Should they wait? Should they go? What was to be expected? The rector had retired, the choir had withdrawn, but surely—

Then the soft tones of the organ were hushed as Dr. Henry Hollister, who was known to every one in Riverton, appeared at the door leading from the guild-room, and held up his hand to gather the attention of the people. Instantly the whispering crowd was as breathless and still as though the fabled wind from Eden had blown through the church and fixed each one there in his chance attitude.

"You are certainly entitled to an explanation," said Doctor Hollister, "and it shall be given you by the person best acquainted with the facts."

He held out his hand to Marian, who had evidently been concealing herself in the doorway, and helped her to mount a step from which she could be seen by all. Feminine eyes were quick to note that she wore a street suit already familiar to them. She was smiling, and, though she began to speak with a

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dramatically appealing gesture, there was no penitence in her eyes or her voice.

"I know that it is a shame to disappoint you, and I can only hope that you will forgive me. The fact is that Dick and I were married last Sunday at Pleasant Vale. We felt that it would be more poetic to be married out in the open—just ourselves, you know. Dick ought to be here to speak for himself, but he said he had to see a man. Oh, here he is now. But I don't think there is anything more to say."

Dick, looking flushed and hurried, but happy, gave her his hand to help her dismount from her pedestal.

"I've put the fear of the Lord into the reporters; they'll handle it all right," he said, for her ear alone.

Then he turned to face the congregation which seemed to have been suddenly transformed into a mob, tried to speak, failed to be heard, waved his hand in mocking defiance, and, with his arm about Marian, swept her through the guild-room door.

It was a tumultuous rabble that rushed through the passage after them, but Dick and Marian had already disappeared. The flood of exclamations and questions broke upon Doctor Hollister, smilingly and professionally innocent of all knowledge, and upon poor Mrs. Mount. Marian's hard-pressed mother, the shocked horror in her eyes belying the crystallized smile upon her lips, was heroically trying to meet a situation without social precedent in as ladylike a manner and with as few equivocations as her tottering brain would permit. She was like a chip upon a torrent determinedly insisting upon being carried right side up.

"Yes—yes, Marian is always so original, you know. . . . Yes, most romantic, isn't it? . . . Oh no, *not* an elopement at all—my brother and I were— . . . Er— Oh yes—yes, friends of Marian's. . . . Yes, Marian arranged she should have a church wedding because . . . No, not old friends, exactly. . . . Yes, at Pleasant Vale. . . . Why, of course it was a regular wedding, with a minister. The idea! A wedding in the open is just as legal as a wedding in a church, I believe. . . . Henry, if you don't get me away, I shall be obliged to faint!"

In the mean time Dick and Marian, basely evading the just penalties of their erratic behavior, were being whirled toward the station. Marian was smiling to herself, as at a pleasant memory, and humming a bit of a tune under her breath. But Dick, though singularly carefree and cheerful, seemed to be grappling with an elusive thought. At last it revealed itself.

"Marian!"

"Yes, dear."

"That service, you know— Was 'obey' in it?"

"Of course it was. Myrtle wanted the whole thing as complete as possible —and didn't she look a dream?"

"I don't mean the service at Myrtle's wedding, as it happens. Of course that was important, but we were married ourselves not so very long ago, and I should think you might spare a thought for that. Did you promise to obey me? I can't seem to get that clear in my mind."

Marian looked surprised and then thoughtful. "Really, Dick, I don't know. Isn't it too absurd? But you see I had so many other things on my mind, I didn't notice."

Dick regarded her with doubt and anxiety in his look, but his memory was equally vague.

"Well," he said at last, "I don't suppose it matters very much."

"Not a bit," said Marian, thoughtfully.

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Immigrant's Luck

BY M. E. RAVAGE

[Mr. Ravage's earlier articles on his experiences as an emigrant and immigrant, entitled respectively "A Prophet from America," "To America on Foot," and "My Plunge Into the Slums" aroused an interest which has led to the continuation of the story of his life in the present article.—EDITOR.]

AMERICANS, when they think of immigrants at all, think, I am afraid, of something rather comical. They think of bundles — funny, picturesque bundles of every shape and size and color. The alien himself, in his incredible garb, as he walks off the gang-plank, appears like some sort of an odd, moving bundle. And always he carries more bundles. Later on, in his peculiar, transplanted life, he sells nondescript merchandise in fantastic vehicles, does violence to the American's language, and sits down on the curb to eat fragrant cheese and unimaginable sausages. He is, for certain, a character fit for a farce.

So, I think, you see him, you fortunate ones who have never had to come to America. I am afraid that the pathos and the romance of the story are quite lost on you. Yet both are there as surely as the comedy. No doubt, when you go slumming, you reflect sympathetically on the drudgery and the misery of the immigrant's life. But poverty and hard toil are not tragic things. They indeed are part of the comedy. Tragedy lies seldom on the surface. If you would get a glimpse of the pathos and the romance of readjustment you must try to put yourself in the alien's place. And that you may find hard to do. Well, try to think of leave-taking—of farewells to home and kindred, in all likelihood never to be seen again; of last looks lingering affectionately on things and places; of ties broken and grown stronger in the breaking. Try to think of the deep upheaval of the human soul, pulled up by the roots from its ancient, precious soil, cast abroad among you here, withering for a space, then slowly finding nourishment in the new soil, and once more thriving—not, indeed, as before—a novel, composite growth. If you can see this you may form some idea of the sadness and the glory of his adventure.

Yes, we immigrants have a real claim on America. Every one of us who did not grow faint-hearted at the start of the battle and has stuck it out has earned a share in America by the ancient right of conquest. We have had to subdue this new home of ours to make it habitable, and in conquering it we have conquered ourselves. We are not what we were when you saw us landing from the Ellis Island ferry. Our own kinsfolk do not know us when they come over. We sometimes hardly know ourselves.

I often look back over my own transition from the alien to the American state. I have experienced all the phases of it—the romance and the pathos, and the comedy, too. I see a curious row of figures, as in a haze, struggling to some uncertain goal, and with a shock it comes upon me that I am all this motley crew. There is the awkward, unkempt, timid youth of sixteen, with the inevitable bundles, dumbly inquiring his way from the Battery to the slums. A little farther on, shivering in the December drizzle with a tray in his gloveless hand, the vender of unsellable candies dreams of Christmas far away by his Rumanian fireside. A tap-boy in an East Side barroom follows next; his hair parted in the middle, his gift-breeches fitting a little snugly on his well-groomed young carcass, he hums to himself over his tub of glassware. Then the sewing-machine operative, now in his sweat-shop assiduously at work, now at his anarchist meetings scheming to reform the world. And then the student in school and college, with his new strug-

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gles and problems piled high over the old, old worries about bread and bed. And then—and then the picture gets too near for a good perspective, and anyhow the tale is all but told. The alien is become the self-made American.

It was fortunate for me that I got to New York just before Christmas. That is, it was fortunate as immigrant's luck goes. If I had got here after Christmas, I would have starved as well as frozen. As it was, I began to freeze right away, and starved only a little later and not quite so long. I froze because I had not obeyed my mother, which is simply saying that it served me right. Mother had insisted that I take with me the old overcoat which she had herself recreated out of a garment once worn by my well-to-do uncle; and I had refused because, to begin with, I already had too much to lug, and because I could see no sense in carrying old clothes to a country where I would at once become rich enough to buy new ones. Father, at least, knew that I was going to get rich, or he would not have let me go. I had got mother's consent because she had worried about my being taken by the military, as my brother Paul had been before me, and I had convinced her that in America I could not possibly become a soldier as long as there was no such thing as an army. But father had been having professional ambitions for me, which his means did not reach far enough to realize; and it was only after reminding him that in America anybody could be a doctor that he had agreed to my scheme. That all doctors were rich was self-evident even in Rumania.

So I found myself in New York with the proverbial fifteen cents in my pocket and no overcoat, in the very midst of the Christmas shopping season. Fortunately, again, I had a relative on Rivington Street, who in turn had five daughters and one son. Two of the daughters were old enough to work, and consequently did work at men's neckties, while the remaining four children went to school or kindergarten, or danced on the street to the music of the grind-organ, or stayed at home to be rocked in the cradle, according to their varying tastes and years. The family had arrived only three months before. But there they were, already keeping house and talking English; and the oldest young lady receiving callers, and the next to the oldest declaring that she would not go without pince-nez glasses when everybody else, including her own sister, owned and wore them. Yes, there they were, quite Americanized, happy in their five rooms, three of which faced on Allen Street and joined their window-sills right on to the beams of the elevated trestle. They were still happy, because neckwear was a genteel trade that could be worked at in the home until any hour of the night with the whole family lending a hand, and because the father and tyrant of the household had been left in Rumania "to settle affairs," because the business of cooking with gas and turning a faucet when you wanted water was an exciting novelty, and because keeping roomers was a romantic undertaking. They lived on the fourth floor, which was something to be proud of, since back home in Vaslui none but the rich could afford to live up-stairs; and of course "up-stairs" in Vaslui was only a beggarly second floor.

I never contrived to find out just how many people did share those five rooms. During the day my relative kept up the interesting fiction of an apartment with specialized divisions. Here was the parlor with its sofa and mirror and American rocking-chairs; then came the dining-room with another sofa called a lounge, a round table, and innumerable chairs; then the kitchen with its luxurious fittings in porcelain and metal; then the young ladies' room, in which there was a bureau covered with quantities of odoriferous bottles and powder-boxes and other mysteries; and, last of all, Mrs. Segal's and the children's room. I remember how overwhelmed I was with this impressive luxury when I arrived. But between nine and ten o'clock in the evening this imposing structure suddenly crumbled away in the most amazing fashion. The apartment suddenly became a camp. The sofas opened up and revealed their true character. The bureau lengthened out shamelessly, careless of its daylight pretensions. Even the wash-tubs, it turned out, were a miserable sham. The carved dining-

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room chairs arranged themselves into two rows that faced each other like dancers in a cotillion. So that I began to ask myself whether there was, after all, anything in that whole surprising apartment but beds.

The two young ladies' room was not, I learned, a young ladies' room at all; it was a female dormitory. The sofa in the parlor alone held four sleepers, of whom I was one. We were ranged broadside, with the rocking-chairs at the foot to insure the proper length. And the floor was by no means exempt. I counted no fewer than nine male inmates in that parlor alone one night. Mrs. Segal with one baby slept on the wash-tubs, while the rest of the youngsters held the kitchen floor. The pretended children's room was occupied by a man and his family of four whom he had recently brought over, although he, with ambitions for a camp of his own, did not remain long. Getting in late after the others had retired was an enterprise requiring all a man's courage and circumspection, for it involved the rousing of an alarmed, overworked, grumbling landlady to unbolt the door; the exchange in stage whispers of a complicated system of challenges and passwords through the keyhole; the squeezing through cracks in intermediate doors, which were rendered stationary by the presence of beds on both sides; much cautious high-stepping over a vast field of sprawling, unconscious bodies; and lastly, the gentle but firm compressing and condensing of one's relaxed bedmates in order to make room for oneself. It was on such occasions as these also that one first became aware of how heavy the air was with the reek of food and strong breath and fermenting perspiration, the windows being, of course, hermetically sealed with putty and a species of padding imported from home which was tacked around all real and imaginary cracks.

In the morning one was awakened by the puffing of steam-engines and the clatter of wheels outside the windows, and then the turmoil of American existence began in real earnest. First, the furniture must be reconstructed and restored to its decorative character, and then the scattered disorder of feather-bedding must be cleared from the floors and whisked away into cupboards and trunks. The men folks had to fly into their clothes before the ladies emerged from their quarters, so that the latter might pass through the parlor on their way to the kitchen. In spite of all the precautions taken the night before, some one invariably missed one portion or another of his costume, which he promptly proceeded to search for with a great deal of wailing and complaining against his own fate in particular and the intolerable anarchy of Columbus's country in general. Then followed a furious scramble for the sink, because the towel had a way of getting unmanageably wet toward the end; and this made it necessary for Mrs. Segal, who slept in the kitchen, to be up before every one else. By the time the camp had once more become an elegant apartment, the coffee was already steaming on the round table in the dining-room, and the whole colony sat down to partake of it before scattering to its various labors, breakfast and laundry being, of course, included in the rent.

For a whole week after my arrival in Rivington Street I went about "trying." Early in the morning I would go down-stairs to buy a *World*, and after breakfast I would get one of the children to translate the want advertisements for me. When I glanced at the length and the number of those columns, I saw that I would not be long in getting rich. There were hundreds of shops and factories and offices, it seemed, that wanted my help. They literally implored me to come. They promised me high wages, and regular pay, and fine working conditions. And then I would go and blunder around for hours, trying to find where they were; stand in line with a hundred other applicants, approach timidly when my turn came, and be passed up with a significant glance at my appearance. Now and then, in a sweat-shop, I would get a hearing; and then the proposition was that if I would work without pay for two weeks, and pay ten dollars for instruction, I would be taught to be a presser or an operator. The thing baffled me. I could not bridge the gulf between the advertised appeals for help and this arrogant indifference of the employing superintendent.

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Half the time I had not the remotest idea of what was wanted. I had been told what a butcher was and what was meant by a grocery-store. But what were shipping-clerks, and stock clerks, and bill clerks, and all the other scores of varieties of clerk that were so eagerly sought? However, I did not let trifles discourage me. There was only one way to succeed in America, my friends continually told me; and that was by constant, tireless, undiscriminating trying. If you failed in one place, or in ten places, or in a hundred places, you must not give up. Keep on trying and you are bound to be taken somewhere. Moreover, American occupations were so flimsy, they required so little skill or experience, that a fellow with a little intelligence and the normal amount of daring could bluff his way into almost any job. The main thing was to say "yes" whenever you were asked whether you could do this or that. That was the way everybody got work. The employer never knew the difference. So I followed the counsel of the wise, in so far as my limited spunk permitted, and knocked at every door in sight. Time and time again I applied, at department stores in need of floor-walkers (that, I thought, could certainly require no special gifts), at offices where stenographers were wanted, at factories demanding foremen. But my friends' predictions appeared to be only half-true. Of failure there was, indeed, no end, but that ultimate inevitable success which I had been promised did not come. There was nothing to do but to change my tactics.

Then there was the problem of distances. I could not dream of paying car-fares everywhere I went. Even if I had had the nickel, the mere thought of spending twenty-five *bani* at every turn would have seemed an appalling extravagance. And, somehow, the jobs that I supposed I had a fair chance of getting were always at the ends of creation. An errand-boy was wanted in Long Island City, and a grocer was looking for an assistant in Hoboken. By the time I had reached one place and had had my services refused, I was too late in getting to the others. And always I was refused. Why? At last one morning a butcher in the upper Eighties gave me the answer with pungent frankness. I had got to the spot before any one else, and when I saw it in his eye that he was about to pass me up, I gathered all the pluck that was in me and demanded the reason. He looked me over from head to foot, and then, with a contemptuous glance at my shabby foreign shoes (the alien's shoes are his Judas), he asked me whether I supposed he wanted a greenhorn in his store. I pondered that query for a long time. Here, I thought, was indeed new light on America. Her road to success was a vicious circle, and no mistake. In order to have a job one must have American clothes, and the only way to get American clothes was to find a job and earn the price. Altogether a desperate situation.

Then my relative suggested peddling. Here I was occupying part of a bed that could bring fifty cents a week, and paying nothing for it. Moreover, she was giving me meals. This was America. Everybody hustled, and nearly everybody peddled. If I had some money I might start right off on the grand scale with a push-cart. But there were other ways. There were lots of young fellows from Vaslui, of just as good family as mine, who sold pretzels in a basket, or mantles from a hand-bag — anything they could find — and paid for their board, and bought clothes for themselves, and even saved money. Here, for instance, was Louis Carniol, whom everybody at home had considered a ne'er-do-well—a *schlim-mezalnik*. Did I notice how nicely he was dressed? Did I know that he had money in the bank? Yes, I need not look incredulous, for only the week before he had sent home fifty francs. And there was Rose Marculescu, a mere girl, and in three months she had nearly paid for the steamer ticket her brother had sent her. Of course the lucky ones and the clever ones got jobs. But what could a body do? In the land of Columbus one did what one could, and there was no disgrace in doing anything. A shoemaker was just as good in America as a doctor, as long as he worked and made money and paid for everything.

I denied the imputation that I was

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ashamed, and asked her what she proposed that I should do, considering that my fifteen cents had gone for ferry rides. She answered that she proposed to lend me the money for a start, and irrelevantly quoted the Rumanian adage about when thousands are lost hundreds don't count. So I accepted her dollar, and let her lend me a small brass tray she had brought from home; and in the afternoon I went around to Orchard Street and invested my borrowed capital in two boxes of chocolates. Monday morning you might have seen me at the hour of seven standing at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue, inviting the crowds that rushed by to work to partake of my wares. I was very enthusiastic in spite of the nipping cold. But, oddly enough, no one in that whole rolling sea of humanity seemed to be fond of chocolates. Moreover, the policeman took a strange dislike to me and chased me from one corner to another. Once a young American humorist flipped my tray in passing, and nearly succeeded in spilling my entire stock under the feet of the hurrying throng.

However, later in the day my affairs took a turn for the better. Toward nine o'clock the whole army of peddlers came forth into the daylight, and the winter air grew suddenly warm with friendly babbling and mutual offerings of assistance. The mere sight of them, with their variegated equipages and their motley goods, was reassuring. There were peddlers with push-carts and peddlers with boxes, peddlers with movable stands and peddlers with baskets, peddlers with bundles, with pails, with satchels, and suit-cases and trunks, with an infinite assortment of contrivances designed to display the merchandise and to enthrall the eye. Some of the carts were ornamented with bunting and colored paper edging and Christmas bells and sprays of holly; others carried glass showcases and feather-dusters; a great number were provided with tops built of lumber and oilcloth. They came pouring in from all directions—men with patriarchal faces and white beards, old women draped in fantastic shawls out of the *Arabian Nights*, boys with piping voices, young mothers with babes in their arms. On they came, scurrying through the congested traffic, dodging vehicles, trudging with their burdens, laboriously wheeling their heavy-laden carts—these representatives of all the nations of the earth making for their appointed posts in the international exposition that stretched along Fourteenth Street and up Sixth Avenue as far as Twenty-third Street. It seemed to me, as I looked out upon this vast itinerant commerce, whose stocks were drawn from the treasures of the East and the industries of the West, that I was no mere detached trafficker engaged in a despised trade. I was a member of a great and honored mercantile guild.

I found myself surrounded by friends. An elderly man with a telescope-case camp set up beside me and proceeded to remove therefrom, in the manner of a conjurer, endless packages of Oriental spreads and table-cloths. As he drew one forth, he shook it gently out of its folds, held it up to view with a pleased expression, made some queer passes with his hands, like an acrobat about to ascend a tight-rope, and placed it affectionately on his shoulder. I glanced up at him, and shied away. His head was swathed in a white turban, and with those laces hanging down his person he had the air of some barbarous Eastern priest. The effect was heightened by his swarthy face and grizzly black beard. I was somewhat alarmed, and was about to move on, when he suddenly spoke up to me in my native tongue.

"How is business?" he inquired.

I confessed timidly that I had not yet made a sale. Then, in an access of boldness and with a sinking suspicion of occult powers at his command, I asked him how he had recognized me for a Rumanian. His eyes twinkled with amusement as they looked meaningly at my shoes.

"From Vaslui, for a guess," he went on. "I am from Berlad myself. My family is still there. Can't get enough together to bring them over. I am an old peddler—know the game—have been here once before, years ago, when I was a boy. Ah, times are hard. America is not what it used to be—played out. Too many in the business. They pamper the customer, and ruin the trade. God! if I had not been such a fool, to go

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back and waste all those good years in Rumania, serving the Wallachian with a gun and a bayonet, I could have had a store on Fifth Avenue by now. But you are a youngster. It's your America. I wish I were in your shoes.—Nice Syrian laces, lady?"

All this went over my head. I was as yet too fresh from the steerage to grasp its significance. But when, his persuasive arts having failed, he informed his customer that those Syrian laces were meant for people with money and not for dickering paupers, he came back to me with more definite counsel.

"You'll learn, all right. Never fear. How much do you sell those chocolates for? All right, here is my penny for a starter—a *saftia*. But that is too cheap. You'll do more business if you ask five cents. Your American likes to be charged a stiff price; otherwise he thinks you are selling him trash. Move along; elbow your way through the crowds in front of the stores, seek out the women with kids; shove your tray into their faces. Don't be timid. America likes the nervy ones. This is the land where modesty starves. And yell, never stop yelling. Advertising sells the goods. Here is a formula to begin on: 'Candy, ladies! Finest in America. Only a nickel, a half-a-dime, five cents.' Go on, now; try it."

I did, reluctantly and with some misgiving. What would I do if those elegantly dressed ladies should resent my aggressiveness and call the dreaded policeman? Moreover, there were altogether too many mischievous youngsters in the throng who seemed bent on adventure, and I wished no disaster to befall me. So I moved along cautiously, applying my friend's advice only by degrees. But it astonished and delighted me to see how magically it worked. I was really making sales. Incredible as it seemed, these people actually paid five cents for every piece that cost me less than two-thirds of one cent. Once a customer—a man—gave me a dime and refused to take change, and I began to wonder whether I could not raise the price to ten cents—whether, indeed, there was any limit to the gullibility of my customers.

One thing seemed certain: I was a successful business man. "Trying" was a thing of the past. I began to hold my head high. And that evening I had the satisfaction of going to a Rumanian restaurant on Allen Street and ordering the first meal I had ever paid for in America. It consisted of a dish of chopped egg-plant with olive-oil, and a bit of pot-roast with mashed potato and gravy. It did cost ten cents; but I was in an extravagant mood that night. I had a right to be, for while I dined I reckoned up my earnings for the day and found that they were no less than seventy cents, not counting the chocolates I had eaten myself.

Thenceforth I returned to my restaurant every night. It was a great comfort, after a day spent out in the cold, to go into a cozy room, and have a warm meal, and hear my native Rumanian spoken. Now and then a musician would wander in and gladden our hearts with a touching melody of home, and we would all join in until the tears drowned our voices. I began to make acquaintances; and after the meal we would sit around at the tables, discussing America with her queer people and her queer language. Those of us who worked at the building trades and those who sold fruits and vegetables up-town brought back with them the most amazing stories of their adventures in exile. The American, it appeared, was a spendthrift and a finick. His home had the most luxurious appointments, and his pantry was loaded with fabulous edibles. He affected a curious liking for hushed whispers and silent footsteps. His women folks were meticulous cranks. His language was a corrupted jargon of Yiddish and Rumanian. From the oddities of the native's life we would come back to things that touched us nearer. We sighed or bragged over our business ventures, bestowed admiration or advice; and when the clock that hung over the display of victuals on the counter struck midnight we found that our talk had drifted back to where it had started —to gossip about the latest arrivals and the recent news from home.

In the course of my adventures as a man of business I was frequently brought in touch with school-boys, and the encounter always left me wistful and

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envious. Fortunate youths! Here they were, at such tender years, and they already talked a very "high" order of English—it was "high" enough to go over my head for the most part—and studying profound things out of profound books whose very titles were an unfathomable mystery to me. What was in those great stacks of books that they always carried around with them? I tried to draw them into talk in an effort to find out; and as the colloquy progressed I grew bold enough to ask the one great question that lay nearest my heart. Were they all going to be doctors? To which they answered with great shouts of laughter and called me "greeny." Only once I managed to draw a young gentleman out of his reserve. "A doctor!" he sneered. "Lord! no. Who on earth wants to go to school half his life and then fool around sick people for the rest of it? Not me. I am going to high school because mother is silly and because I ain't old enough yet to get my working-papers. But just you wait until next year, and see how quick I chuck it and go to business." This was a tremendous revelation. How any one with the chance of becoming a doctor could dream of wanting to do anything else was something I could not get through my head at all. Oh, if only I had their luck!

With my royal ambition constantly before me, and the demands of my business, learning English was becoming a necessity. I felt, besides, that going on living in America without knowing the American's language was stupid. But the East Side offered few facilities and plenty of hindrances for the study. The abominations of English orthography I mastered early enough, so that I could spell hundreds of words without knowing their meaning. But the practical use of the language was another matter. A greenhorn on Rivington Street did not dare open his mouth in English unless he wanted to bring down upon himself a whole torrent of ridicule and critical assistance. The mere fact that he had arrived in America a week later than a fellow-alien seemed to justify the assumption that he knew less of the language, and East Side etiquette demanded that he should defer to the "Americanized" and accept their corrections without question.

At first I was inclined to be meek and let myself be taught by my elders and betters. I even let them laugh at me when I spoke in my native tongue. In America, it appeared, it was against the rules of good breeding to call things by their right names. Certain articles must always be referred to in English, irrespective of whether one was talking Yiddish or Rumanian. But as soon as I saw through their flimsy pretensions—which did not require very long, nor any special talents—I revolted. Indeed, I turned the tables on my critics, and started to do some laughing myself. There was no scarcity of occasion. My friends were finding English contemptibly easy. That notion of theirs that it was a mixture of Yiddish and Rumanian, although partly justified, was yielding some astonishing results. Little Rumania was in the throes of evolving a new tongue—a crazy-quilt whose prevailing patches were, sure enough, Yiddish and Rumanian, with here and there a sprinkling of denatured English. They felt no compunction against pulling up an ancient idiom by the roots and transplanting it bodily into the new soil. One heard such phrases as "I am going on a marriage," "I should live so," "a milky dinner." They called a cucumber a "pickle," and an egg-plant a "blue tomato" because in Rumanian a pickle was a sour cucumber and tomatoes and egg-plants were distinguished from one another merely by their color. All balconies were designated as fire-escapes because the nearest thing to a fire-escape known at home was a second-floor balcony.

I found the language of America much harder than that. One of the first purchases I made out of my peddler's earnings was a copy of Harkavy's *Dictionary*. As it was my purpose to learn the whole English language and nothing less, I meant to start at the letter A and proceed alphabetically right through to the end. That appeared to me the surest way of not missing anything. But when I beheld that bulky volume, and found on the title-page something about thirty thousand words, my enthusiasm got a little chilled. I had never realized

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that Americans were so loquacious. Why, even if I were to learn a hundred words every day, I could hardly hope to master enough vocabulary for an intelligent conversation in less than three years, to say nothing of studying medicine. Moreover, experience had already taught me that words, even when perfectly memorized and pronounced, had an exasperating way of turning into nonsense as soon as they were put to the practical test. There must be some magic glue outside the dictionary that held them together. So I added a Bible to my library and studied the English version side by side with the Hebrew original. I read the signs on the streets and the legends in the shop-windows, and in the evening hunted up whatever words I could remember in my dictionary. Now and then I made an incursion into the *Evening Journal*. But it required a gigantic effort of the will to keep up the grind. The very fact that I could read the news in two or three other languages was a handicap.

After two weeks of chocolates I turned to toys. Success begets greed, and even a dollar a day will lose some of its first glamour by monotonous repetition. Besides, the holiday rush was fast drawing to a close. If I was to save up anything toward a better day, I must deal in some article that would not tempt my palate. And, as the man who sold me the new merchandise pointed out, toys had various other advantages over candies. They went at a superior price; the profit was greater; and, whereas chocolates spoiled when kept overnight, toys could be returned if not disposed of. Nevertheless, when the season was over and I was left with some eight dollars' worth of sheet-metal acrobats, I discovered that my man had changed his address and was nowhere to be found. That was the beginning of my American disasters and simultaneously of my American education. For that eight dollars represented all my savings for the season, not counting my canceled debt to Mrs. Segal, and I was left to starve and "try" until I got my first job, or from Christmas to the end of January. Of course, I could have gone back to my relatives, now that my credit had proved good, but my pride told me that it was better to walk the streets after the tea-houses were closed than to be lectured.

No doubt this was just pride, but in the month and a half that followed I often had good reason to feel that the price I was made to pay for it was a trifle extortionate. I had come to New York in search of riches and adventure. Well, now, here at least was adventure a-plenty, even if the riches were a bit scarce. To be sure, the adventures I had most craved were of quite another sort. But, having neglected to specify in advance, it was not my place to complain against Destiny when she chose to put the broad interpretation on my order and supplied me with an ample stock of all the varieties in her shop. All the same, I could not for the life of me see any fun in the thing, not, at any rate, while it lasted. Think of me as devoid of imagination all you please, the fact remains that, with the best intentions in the world, I never succeeded in tapping the romance of my experiences. Going without meals two-thirds of the time was just as dull as it could be; tramping through the slushy, wind-swept streets while the rest of the world snuggled and snored under its warm covers was monstrously nasty; and the callousness, the indifference, the smugness of employers and acquaintances alike were both dull and nasty, and soul-destroying to boot. No, I got precious little poetry out of my adventures. Wisdom, perhaps—of the toughening kind. By the time my trials were over I had ceased to be a boy. I had become a man, with the disillusionment, the wiliness, and, I fear, the cynicism of a man.

I had thought that that first week preceding my peddling ventures had exhausted all America's possibilities of hardship and disheartening failure. But that was because I was a greenhorn, unversed in the ways of Columbus's land. It was only now that I was to get my American baptism—that cleansing of the spirit by suffering which every one of us immigrants must pass through to prove himself worthy of his adoption. The population of Little Rumania was made up of two classes, the greens and the yellows. They were not stationary castes; every yellow had once been a green, and every

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green was striving and hoping to become a yellow some day. But in order to effect this coveted change of color and class there was but one thing for the new-comer to do—he must be purified. Purification—that was what, with telling aptness, the East Side called the period of struggle, starvation, and hatred of America, which was the lot of the green. If a fellow-townsman of mine chanced to ask my cousin and former landlady whether she had seen me and how I was getting on, she answered apathetically and as if it were only what one might expect, "Oh, he is bleaching out—getting purified, you know." People who had known my family in Vaslui would now and then pass me in the street or run into me in a tea-house, and the dialogue that then ensued was after this fashion:

"Working?"

"No, not yet."

"Um, getting properly purified. Oh, well, wait until you are a yellow. You'll be all right in America yet."

And my friend would suddenly discover that he had important business in hand and bid me a breathless good-by.

One of the objections that father had had to my going to America was that I was too young to be exposed to the dangers of a strange large city, and at the time I had laughed at his fears. But my enforced idleness, I found, was leading me into worse things than physical discomfort. For one thing, the persistent failure to find work has a curious effect on the mind. The victim begins by doubting whether he ever can be employed and ends up by fearing that he might! I used to approach a prospective employer with a kind of sinking dread lest he should take me; and in the morning as I set out on my daily round I would say, devoutly, "I am going to look for a job; Lord prevent that I should find one." In the solitude of the night, while lingering in the shelter of a doorway, I would take stock of my fix and steel my heart with resolution. "How long," I would ask myself, reproachfully, "can this state of affairs go on? I cannot live without meals forever. My shoes—those traitor shoes from home—will no longer keep out the snow. Sooner or later the folks in Vaslui are bound to guess or hear why I am ignoring their requests for help. And the more I put off getting a job the farther recedes the realization of my ambition."

The coffee-houses I frequented were a continual bait. On the East Side respectability mingled freely with the underworld. These elegant resorts where well-dressed shopkeepers brought their bejeweled wives and treated them to fat suppers, became, toward midnight, the haunts of the pickpocket and the street-walker. Every now and then a young gentleman with piercing, restless eyes, faultlessly attired in modish clothes, high collar and patent-leather boots, generously invited me to share a bite with him, and in the course of the meal painted me a dark picture of the fate of the fool who thought he could succeed in America with the antiquated notions he had brought with him from the old country. If I really wanted to make money and bring my family to America, he would show me how, just as he had shown others. It was quite easy, and the partnership basis was half-and-half. The landlord of the place made me a different proposal. An ambitious young fellow could get a girl to support him. He did not *really* have to marry her; he would only pose as her husband at a pinch. But as I was either too stupid or too scrupulous or too timid to avail myself of these opportunities, I went on getting purified, until the day came when I was left without the price of the indispensable *World*. Then once—but just once—I was sorely tempted to beg the penny of a likely looking stranger, only to be arrested by a paralyzing shame at the thought.

Finally, toward the last day in January, my nightmare suddenly cleared and I got my first job. For that, thanks to Couza. Couza, it may be remembered, had been greatly instrumental in my coming to America; but hitherto he had shown no inclination to interest himself in my behalf. When, however, word reached him of my purifications his heart was touched, and within a day or two he left word at my old Rivington Street address that he had found me a place in a barroom on Division Street. I have since that day received tele-

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grams notifying me of university appointments, and I have been very glad to get them, too, but no message of that kind has ever since struck me dumb with joy. The news of that first job, back in 1901, did.

My saloon, indeed, turned out to be a paradise, at least for a time. I got three meals every day and a clean bed every night, and three dollars a month, just like that, if you please, to do what I liked with. It was oppressive to have so much money. During the middle of the afternoon, after I got through washing the windows, and polishing the brass fittings, and preparing the free lunch, and there was nothing to do but to wait for the evening trade, I would sit down at the far end of the bar next to the window and do intricate problems in fractions, in an effort to calculate by just how much my fortune had increased since the day before. Then the figures would puff and swell into fantastic sums as I went on to multiply them by five in order to obtain their equivalents in Rumanian francs and *bani*. You may laugh at this if you like, but it was I who had a new suit and new shoes and a derby hat when Easter came. The derby was my first, and it played queer tricks with my face; but I was proud of it all the same, because it made me look like a man.

My employers, being a childless couple, in a manner adopted me and father-and-mothered me. Mrs. Weiss —"The Mrs.," as I was taught to call her—gave me some good clothes which her brother had cast off, and fed me on the choicest. In leisure moments she took occasion to continue my education by little hints on the importance of courtesy in America, on the most effective style of dressing the hair for a young gentleman in my position, on the wisdom of thrift, and, in general, on how to pass from the green into the yellow state in the shortest possible time. Mr. Weiss, too, was kind and helpful, except when he was in his cups, which, fortunately, happened regularly on Saturday nights only, so that an observant young man need not be too much in the way when his master was irritable. From him I first learned that honesty, particularly with an employer, is the best policy, that bar-men never drink (except at a customer's invitation, which is another story and is governed by a special ethical rule), and that patience with a liberally spending customer, even when he says and does unpleasant things, is a virtue that is its own reward. He advised me to let him keep my wages for me instead of exposing them to the risks of pickpockets and loss, and assured me that I need not worry over the trifling sum in such well-to-do hands as his, and that I could have the whole sum owing me at any time when I should need it or wish to quit his employ. He invariably paid my hair-cutting bill out of his own pocket. On Sunday mornings he let me sleep until seven and opened the shop himself. He even offered me assistance in English, but of this I did not avail myself because I noticed that he always referred to Mrs. Weiss as "he."

But I was an ungrateful soul, for I soon began to detect the flaws in my paradise. Just before the Passover my employer filled his windows with announcements to the effect that he had received a large stock of kosher liquids for the holiday, but shortly afterward the goods arrived from the distillery and I lent a hand in mixing them, and discovered to my horror that the chief ingredient was grain alcohol, which was, ritually speaking, poison. Several times I was humiliated by a ridiculous fashion they had of testing my honesty, which consisted in leaving a quarter or half a dollar near my bed, and then watching the next day to see whether I would return it. The pair quarreled scandalously and interminably; and when their squabbles began to degenerate into downright brawls, I hoped and prayed that I might find another job.

The saloon also offered ample opportunity for an adolescent, impressionable youth to go to the dogs, and I had to hold on very tenaciously to my parents' trust in me to dodge them successfully. The "Family Entrance" admitted a constant stream of shady female characters to whose thirst I must minister, and who, if they had not inspired me with a physical repulsion, might have become a degrading temptation. The treating system was a more immediate

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danger. My employer constantly impressed it upon me that it was my duty to his firm to accept every treat that was offered me. It pleased the customer, he explained, and it increased the sales. But I had not yet learned to like beer—at home the commonalty drank wine and only the elegant rich indulged in beer—and I detested whisky. Therefore, when a certain German bricklayer foreman, who was running up a big bill in our place by treating every one in sight, insisted on my participating in all his revels, I suggested to him one day that I would appreciate his generosity in some more solid form. He said, "All right," and reported my suggestion to Mr. Weiss. Thereupon followed a terrific fuss, in which Mrs. Weiss took sides with me, declaring, in the customer's face, that she would not allow any one to corrupt a young boy intrusted to her care by filling him with liquor that no one was paying for. I thought Mrs. Weiss was a brick, and told her so respectfully.

And yet, for all its shortcomings and unpleasantness and dangers, I would not have you carry away the impression that the part played by the saloon in my evolution was merely harmful or negative. Quite the contrary. The lessons I learned while standing behind the bar or while pouring out miscellaneous drinks to the people at the card-tables have instilled into me more of the rich wisdom of life than I got out of all the labeled and classified knowledge imparted to me afterward in my three universities—and this is no dubious praise for the universities. For if a young fellow will go to perdition at the mere sight of evil, the probabilities are that there was not very much worth saving in him to begin with. But if he holds himself erect and comes through the mire unsoiled, I warrant you that he will prove the better for his experience. Many a man more fortunately surrounded (as the phrase goes) in his youth than I was has, in later life, sought to round out his knowledge of mankind and to deepen his sympathies by a voluntary descent into the maelstrom of the slums. I hope that such efforts are properly rewarded, but I confess to a mistrust in the efficacy of the method. The palpitating facts of life cannot, I am afraid, be got at through the resolves of middle age. Youth is the time for adventuring, and chance necessity is a better cicerone through the ins and outs and the ups and downs of existence than deliberate intent. What a young man learns by hard knocks in his teens will quicken his senses and enrich his heart to better purpose than any amount of shrewd jottings in a slummer's note-book.

A barroom—even an East Side barroom—is not, as some good people suppose, a mere hang-out for the indolent and the degenerate. It is, whether you like it or not, one of the central meeting-places of humanity. It is an institution where all the classes congregate in all their moods—the bestial and the generous, the morose and the convivial. Thither the laborer may escape from his shrewish wife when she makes his home unbearable; but thither also the merchant will resort with his customer when both are jovial over a particularly satisfactory bargain. A bum will shuffle in to dry his rags by the stove or to snatch a morsel from the free-lunch counter, and before departing will give you an invaluable glimpse into his sad history and his cheerful philosophy. The next moment a surgeon, returning from a successful operation, will toss you a quarter for a glass of vichy, and leave you gaping in idle wonderment at the incalculable wealth that a man who can so lightly do such a thing must have in reserve. At the noon-hour, a gang of workmen from a near-by "job" will trudge in in their heavy boots and grimy overalls to devour a plate of free soup and innumerable hunks of bread with their schooner of beer, and to teach you the wholesome moral that good digestion attends on honest toil. And if your mind is built to receive impressions, and if your heart is attuned to beat in harmony with other human hearts, your apprenticeship in a saloon will serve for as good a start toward a well-rounded education as you could desire.

It was in the saloon—or, at least, in what I might call the extension department of it—that my eyes were first opened to the true meaning of American democracy and to my own opportunity in the midst of it. I should blush for

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my ingratitude if I did not, in recounting the influences that helped to make me an American, allude, at least *en masse*, to the hundreds of my nameless friends who assisted me forward in the general direction of my goal. In particular I must mention the wife of a physician in the Bronx to whom my employer sent me to deliver an order. She fell into conversation with me, and then, without warning looked up at me and exclaimed:

"Why, my dear boy, this is no occupation for you. You must look for something better."

I ought to have been flattered, but in my confusion I could only pluck nervously at my cap: "It's all right. I like my work, and it pays fine."

"Yes," she insisted, "but haven't you any higher ambition?"

"Of course," I blurted out; "I want to be a doctor."

"I thought so," she said with satisfaction. "Well, *you* will be," she added with the air of a divinity granting a mortal's wish, "I know. My husband was a poor immigrant boy once, and now he is a doctor. Do you know why? Because he was ambitious and discontented."

These were strange and inspiring words. Hitherto I had been piously following my parents' injunction to obey my master and to be thankful for whatever God gave me. I had not thought of discontent as a virtue. Now suddenly it dawned upon me that if I was ever to realize my father's dream I must follow a course directly opposed to the one he had outlined for me. As I looked about me, I became aware that discontent with Fortune's favors was the order of life and the rule of progress. On the East Side, I observed, there were no classes. Men were engaged in given lines of work or business. But their occupations were not permanent things. They did not chain them down to any definite place in the scheme of existence. What a man did in no way determined his worth or circumscribed his ambitions. Peddling and hawking and the sewing-machine were just so many rungs in the ladder. A dingy apartment in the tenement was merely a stage in the march toward a home in Brownsville or a shop in the Bronx. The earth was young and fresh from the hand of the Maker, and as yet undivided among His children. That was the distinctive superiority of America over Rumania.

From that night on my hope to get into other work turned into determination, and at Easter an incident occurred which promised to open the way. In the three months that I had been in the saloon I had never had a day to myself. I had been too well contented to ask for it. But when my new clothes came I must go and show them to my friends. Mrs. Weiss thought so, too; and between us we persuaded Mr. Weiss to let me off for the afternoon and evening of Easter Day. Among the relatives and friends whom I visited that day I met a cousin of mine who worked at shirts as a collar-maker. He opened my eyes to the lay of things. Here I was working day and night for three dollars a month, while he was earning six and often seven dollars in a single week, and he had his evenings to go to the Rumanian restaurants and tea-houses. I wondered whether I could become a shirt-maker. My cousin thought so, and promised to watch for an opening.

I passed a restless and discontented month before my opportunity came. Then a firm on Walker Street offered to teach me sleeving, on condition that I work for two weeks without pay. I had a month's wages coming to me, so I felt that I could manage it; but when I timidly announced my purpose to Mr. Weiss, he flew off the handle and refused to pay up. Even Mrs. Weiss was against me this time. She declared me a fool for leaving a good home to go to the sweat-shop (the very argument I have since employed with domestic servants), and revealed an ambition she had been cherishing for some time of setting me up in a saloon of my own when I had become sufficiently Americanized. But neither threats nor persuasions did any good. A month ago a raise of a dollar in my monthly salary might have made me hesitate and consider. Now even shirt-making with all its promises was but a stepping-stone. I was looking away beyond to my destiny dawning on the horizon. I had heard the tap of Opportunity on my door, and I was hurrying to answer the call.

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Mr. Timmons Tackles Life

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II

[SYNOPSIS OF PART I.—*Mr. Timmons, a young college instructor in science, who claims to have made a botanical discovery concerned with the* Pendiflora Virginiensis, *finds his reputation damaged and his position insecure because of the ridicule which his alleged discovery has drawn upon him. On the evening we first meet him, the Chancellor is to call and take him to a faculty dinner, and Mr. Timmons is anxious to make a good impression. At this juncture appalling things befall him. On his stoop he finds an organ-grinder, seemingly dead. To avoid complications, he drags the body from his own stoop to his neighbor's. His troubles increase when a handsome Italian girl, a dancing bear, and a hand-organ, companions of the unfortunate organ-grinder, insinuate themselves into his kitchen. The door-bell rings. Enter—very inopportunely—Mr. Timmons's valued friend Miss Gibbs, of the English Department of the college.*]

IN the twilight of the hall Miss Gibbs faced him with the driest hint of suspicion. She was slightly taller than he, and the rather rakish felt hat which she affected, and which was never quite far enough down on her head, added to an illusion of commanding height. The brilliance of her blue eyes, rather deep-set, and further protected by a pair of rimless nose-glasses, gave character to a face which might otherwise have passed as colorless, though it displayed a certain strength in the contours of the cheeks and chin.

"Were you really napping, David?"

Timmons stared up at her and opened his lips uncertainly; but if he had anything ready to his tongue, she gave him no time to speak it.

"Or," she pursued, "were you having a party?"

"A—a party?"

"It was only, as I stood out there, I thought I seemed to hear music somewhere, and voices, and—well—and so on. Of course, David, it may have come from the other house."

She placed her hands on her hips and regarded him steadily. He ran a finger around his collar.

"Quite so," he agreed. He peered intently out of the door-light, as if he could see around corners. "Brood!" he said. "Brood is always having parties. It becomes monotonous. As for me, you may see for yourself, I am—in short—alone."

"Ah!" said Miss Gibbs, not wholly convinced. She moved out into the living-room with her hands thrust into her jacket pockets, her arms slightly akimbo, Timmons in her wake.

"So you've really found it at last. Isn't it perfectly splendid, David—for us!"

Timmons strove to echo her enthusiasm. "Why, yes. Yes, Miss Gibbs."

Turning, she regarded him with protesting eyes. "Why *will* you call me '*Miss Gibbs*'? Now if you're not going to be nice about it I sha'n't call you 'David' any more. I warn you. It makes me sound frightfully forward, you know."

Timmons recollected that this was precisely what his aunt had remarked to him in private. His aunt had never appreciated Miss Gibbs. As for Timmons himself, his aunt had admitted freely, and with an unmistakable tinge of pity, that she failed to make head or tail of Timmons. She in turn was inexplicable to her nephew — a good-humored woman of a stout, elderly cast, who traveled about the world a great part of her time, unattended, and rolled her own cigarettes. Timmons was forever having to scurry, when folks came to the house, and make certain nothing of that sort was lying around. Her chief boast was that she had once loaned five marks to a younger son of royalty, while in his cups in Vienna; and for a mem-

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orable month in Timmons's college days she had scarcely brought herself to speak to her nephew, for the reason that he had kindly but definitely refused to marry a tight-rope artiste she happened to like in Boston.

"As to that female," he remembered her to have said on the subject of Miss Gibbs, "take your Aunt Rose's advice, my boy, and look out for yourself. Emancipated woman is a terrible clinger."

Timmons realized now that Miss Gibbs was waiting for him to say something, and he did not know what it should be. This was not the first occasion upon which the subject of proper names had been brought up.

"You wanted to see the specimen," he reminded her with the agility of desperation. "Do, please, sit down in a comfortable chair, and I'll bring it right away. There! The rocker!"

She declined the invitation with a breezy gesture. "Where is it? In the kitchen? Don't bother to fetch it *in*. For Heaven's sake, David, don't put on airs for *me!* I'll trot along with you. Come!"

Timmons wound his fingers behind his back and stood across her path. "No," he said, "it is not in the kitchen. It is in the pantry." The pallor of his face increased and his lips drew down to a finer line. "And I ask it as a personal favor," he went on, "that you will sit down in the rocker and make yourself comfortable. For various reasons, among them the fact that the light is better here, I wish to bring the specimen *in*. Thank you!"

Turning on his heel, as stiff as a drum-major under sentence of death, he made his way to the pantry. He had no more than gotten through the door, however, when he became aware, with a sinking sensation in the pit of his stomach, that Miss Gibbs was at his heels.

"It's just that I don't want you to be a fool," she explained. "Some people might humor you in your queer streaks."

Timmons wanted to cry out: "Why don't you tell the truth? You came into this house full of formless suspicions, and you'll never be quite satisfied!" But, as always, he smothered the impulse. There remained nothing but to turn on the pantry light and wave a hand toward *Pendiflora Virginiensis*, afloat in the colored bowl on the bread-board.

How different was this, the moment of his triumphant vindication, from the one to which Timmons had looked forward so long! He had seemed to hear himself saying in a sober voice, "I am happy that I have been able to show the world; that is all." And now, by a distressing turn of destiny, he could only wave his hand blankly at the bowl, all the energies of his mind centered behind him on the black doorway and the tongue of light creeping out across the kitchen linoleum.

"What do you think of it?" he managed to inquire.

"Why, it's perfectly bully, David."

Timmons lifted the pallid thing from the water with fingers that trembled and held it to the light.

"You will observe," he pursued, eagerly, "that the third dentil from the base is slightly more pointed than in the true—"

Something made him turn his head. Miss Gibbs's interest had waned already, and, wandering to the doorway which gave on the kitchen, she stood there with her head thrust forward a bit and her nose wrinkling curiously.

"David," she said, "what is it?" She sniffed again. "There's a queer animal smell out here—almost like the Bronx. It must be mice. David, have you mice about?"

Timmons lowered the *Pendiflora* to the water; his eyes were partly closed, as if he were counting twenty before he spoke.

"Lots of them," he breathed. "And rats. The kitchen is full of rat-holes. I—I don't go out there myself more than I can help—after night."

"Pshaw!" Miss Gibbs pursed her lips and shook her head. "It's shocking, David. You ought to get some traps, or a cat, or both. Come, let's have a look at them. Where's that light?"

"*I ask you, please!*" Timmons implored of the groping figure; then, following an impulse stronger than himself, he got out of the other door to the living-room and sank into a chair beside the table, where he remained in perfect silence, his eyes on his knees.

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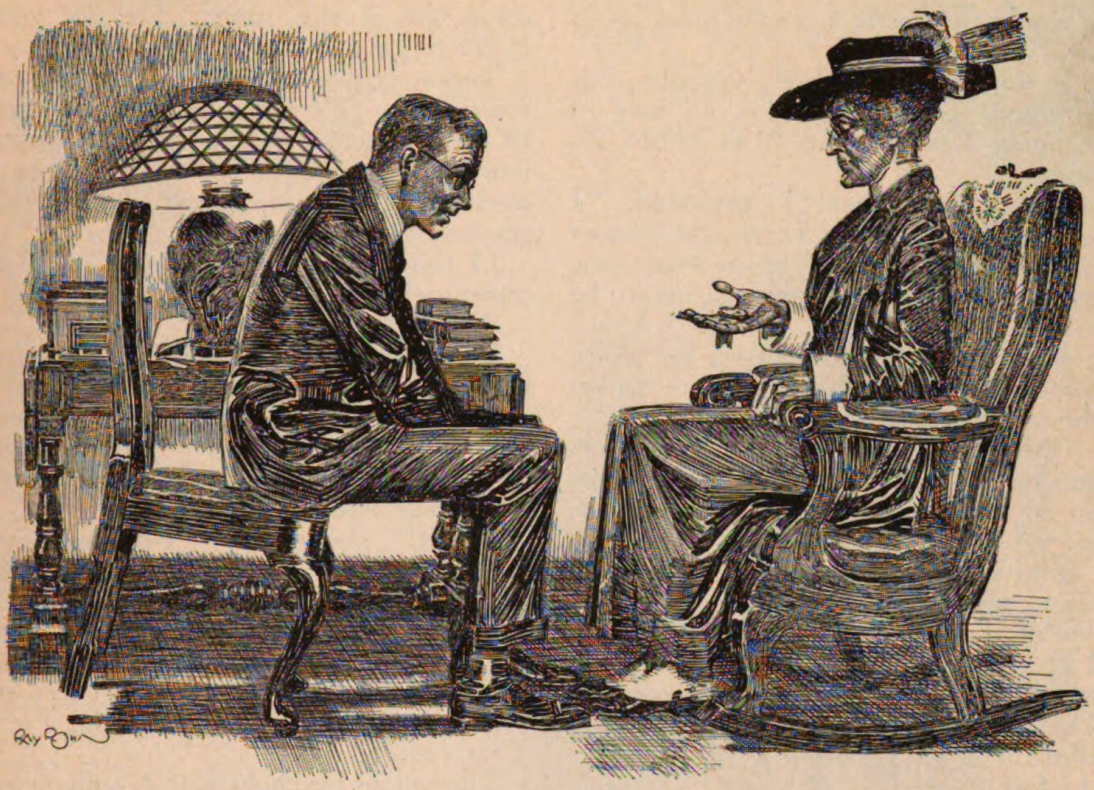

MISS GIBBS SEATED HERSELF, FACING HIM

A rumor of voices came to his ears from the direction of the kitchen, but he did not take it in. His mind was blank, inert, under the shadow of a formless disaster. It is curious how the spirit, in moments of this sort, will fly to the other pole and busy itself in contemplation of very little things. Timmons perceived for the first time in his life that the gray of his trouser-legs was effected by reiterated series of colored threads—blue, green, and burnt-orange. His mind took refuge in the mystery of the textile-worker's art, and then he thought of the weavers' wars when power-looms were first introduced in the northern counties of England.

Dimly, as a thing seen in a cloud, he became aware that Miss Gibbs had entered and seated herself in his aunt's rocker, facing him. He was conscious that her eyes were resting upon him, although he was unable to lift his own.

"I'm afraid you won't understand," he heard himself saying out loud.

The ensuing silence, ruffled by the drumming of a forefinger on the rocker's arm, drove him on.

"I'm afraid you're going to think it strange that I should have told you I was alone in the house. On first sight, it has an appearance of — of — misrepresentation. I—I—grant it."

It would have made it so much easier for him if she would say something. The sense of her continued and silent scrutiny made him lift his eyes in the end, and then he discovered that she wasn't looking at him, after all, but down at a watch-fob lying in her palm. It was fashioned of a silver souvenir coin, one of several which Timmons had brought back with his aunt from the San Francisco Fair and distributed among his friends in the faculty and presently forgotten about.

"But it was true!" he burst out. "Absolutely true! I have nothing in common with the—the young person—whom you chanced to meet in the kitchen. We are as far apart as the two poles, I tell you, in everything that matters. Why, it is as if one were to say, 'There is nothing but water in the bottle,' and convey an essential truth, when, as a matter of physical fact, there

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is also in the bottle a certain quantity of air."

It sounded increasingly maudlin, but Timmons seemed to have no way of stopping himself, and Miss Gibbs refused to.

"I don't know her!" he exploded. "I say—*I don't even know the young woman!* It was simply that—that—she was here. She just happened to—to be—here."

Miss Gibbs spoke at last, her voice colorless with repression, her eyes still on the token in her hand.

"Mr. Timmons, you seem to be forgetting that I am not the Chancellor. So far as I am concerned, your private life is—your private life."

The very heavy moment which followed was relieved by a faint crash in one of the bedrooms. Miss Gibbs cast a glance over her shoulder with a start which she could not altogether control. Then, tightening her lips as if with an effort, she returned her eyes grimly to the fob.

Timmons's limp hands dropped between his knees. "It is nothing," he told her. "It just happens that—that is one of the things one has to get used to in this house. You see, it's this way. My aunt— You are acquainted with my aunt. Well, my aunt will persist in setting things on the edge of things, and as a natural consequence they are continually falling off. The slightest tremor—one we couldn't feel, perhaps—will dislodge them. Brood's walking will do it."

"Ah!" said Miss Gibbs. "I see. . . . Well, I want to tell you how glad I am that you have found the *Pendiflora*, Mr. Timmons; and I hope you will forgive my dropping in so unexpectedly. I hadn't thought before how awkward it might be. Now I'll run along."

"Oh, please," Timmons mumbled.

A sense of the whole wretched imbroglio coming over him suddenly, he leaned his forehead in his hands and groaned. He was not aware, even, that Miss Gibbs had arisen till he heard her voice, calm with the sting of ice, from the open doorway to one of the bedrooms, where she stood with an ear turned intently upon the darkness within.

"Mr. Timmons," she said, "there is some one in this room. I think you ought to know."

Timmons got to his feet and moved toward her. He felt a little faint, but he knew what he was about. The main point was not to startle her by any evidence of haste on his part till he could get behind her and close the door.

"I think you must be mistaken," he murmured.

"No, I hear breathing."

Timmons was half way. "Breathing?" he echoed, blandly. "Breathing?"

She confronted him of a sudden, her face white and set, her eyes burning with a cold, suspicious light. The mantle of subterfuge had fallen.

"Stop!" she cried. "Not another step, or I'll go in. Listen. If you don't want me to go in, all you have to do is to stand right where you are and say to me: 'I have been lying to you all along. I know perfectly well there is some one in there, and I know who it is.' That's all."

The whole psychological dénouement was too much for Timmons, and he made no attempt to comprehend it. He only knew what he had to do.

"Yes," he repeated, with a rigid care for the letter of the contract. "I have been lying to you all along. I know perfectly well there is some one in there, and I know who it is."

Her face grew whiter still. "In that case," she announced between her tight lips, "I think I have the right to know."

Stunned by her ready logic, Timmons watched her go into the chamber, one hand lifted, groping for the light. Her figure merged with the gloom. Somewhere in the back of his head he realized that he ought to do something, but a singular lethargy bound his limbs. He tried to tell himself that Brunocetti would not harm Miss Gibbs, summoning to memory the words of the young woman in the kitchen. And all the while he was waiting, waiting—for what?

The bedroom light flashed on. It occurred to him as an odd circumstance that he heard nothing, no voice, human or otherwise. He wondered what had happened. Something within urged him to go and see.

He experienced the sensation of those who witness miracles when he joined

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Miss Gibbs at the foot of the bed. Brunocetti had vanished.

"Now you see?" he challenged her in a weak voice. It was with difficulty that he conquered a desire to dance about the room. Miss Gibbs was looking down at an expensive porcelain which had fallen from the dresser and, shattering in a hundred fragments, disgorged over the floor a quantity of tobacco and papers used in the making of cigarettes.

Miss Gibbs lifted her eyes to Timmons. "I had understood that you did not smoke."

"I don't." Relief had gone to Timmons's head. "That's the joke. You see, this isn't my room. It's my aunt's."

"Ah! Of course!"

"Well?" sighed Timmons, putting his shaky hands in his pockets.

Grasping an unused curtain-pole which had leaned against the dresser, Miss Gibbs bent over slightly and raised her voice:

"I know you're under the bed, there! Oh yes, I can hear you! Now I'm going to give you ten to come out! Do you hear?"

Timmons realized that the woman was actually counting. At the same moment it came over him with a poignant sense of certainty that Brunocetti ought not to be prodded with a curtain-pole.

"*Miss Gibbs!*" he cried.

She ignored him, counting, "*Eight . . . nine . . .*"

It was now, under pressure, that the man in Timmons came out. Grasping her from behind by her two elbows, he turned Miss Gibbs right-about-face and pushed her before him out of the room. Appalled at himself, when the door had banged behind them and the natural revulsion set in, Timmons's mortification knew no bounds. Perspiration bathed his face. For the first hard moment neither of them uttered a word. He dared not look at her.

"I—I— It is this way," he stammered, mopping his brow with a violent handkerchief. "You were in great danger. I saw no other way. There—there was a bear under the bed."

He awaited an expression of amazement, alarm, relief. Miss Gibbs's hand

"COME, LET'S HAVE A LOOK AT THEM"

touched his, and he felt the impact of an object, round and metallic, on his palm.

"Please take this," she said.

He heard her laugh once in the hallway, just before the front door closed; a mirthless laugh, of the sort in which those who have been thwarted sometimes take refuge.

By and by he looked down at his hand and discovered the silver souvenir coin

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from the Fair, the one which she had worn as a fob. It had always been carried, he realized, inside of Miss Gibbs's pocket, along with the watch it guarded. He had not known she treasured it. Indeed, he had quite forgotten its existence till to-night, when he observed it in her hand.

Timmons was a man who had never had much of an emotional life. Since arriving at years of maturity, his head had been too continuously occupied to give his heart a chance. If it is true that he had never been quite unaware of the manner in which Miss Gibbs's name had been coupled with his own in the gossip of the student body, still he had been able to put it down as one of those exaggerated fantasies which the collective undergraduate mind is so prone to foster.

Under these circumstances, then, the discovery not alone of the actuality, but of the hitherto unsuspected depth of their relationship, coming as it did at the same moment with the knowledge that it was all definitely ended, took the wind, to put it in the nautical phrase, out of Timmons's sails.

Romance had its hour. Subconsciously taking refuge behind the fact that it *was* finished, Timmons allowed his mind to dwell upon Miss Gibbs, the innate nobility of her nature, the courage with which she lived up to her conviction of life, the grace with which she, the head of a department in the college, had taken equal ground with an instructor who had yet to win his professorship. And especially he thought of the way in which she had stood behind him in the *Pendiflora* matter.

The sense of finality oppressed him. Anger stirred in him. The whole *débâcle* had been so trivial, so unnecessary, so mean in its inception—as mean as the cobblestone which derails the through express.

"Oh, there!" he shouted in the direction of the kitchen. "I say! Halloo! Young woman! Come here!"

When she entered, obediently, there were traces of weeping about her eyes.

"Now," snapped Timmons, "what's the matter with *you?*"

The young woman plucked nervously at her skirt and studied her boot-toes.

"That lady, mister, she look me so fonny. She say such words I don't know. She make me very scare, yes, sir."

It appealed to Timmons as such an utterly unnecessary complication. He was not used to the sight of woman's tears; the down-tilt of her red lips troubled him, too. He was in danger of softening, and it was only by an especial exercise of the will that he got himself back to the high plane of displeasure.

"Never mind that," he said. "What I want you to do now is to get your animal out of that room, and be quick about it, will you?"

"Yes, sir," she faltered, bewildered by his tone and preparing to weep again. Her bewilderment changed to horror, however, when she opened the door and her eyes fell upon the wreck of the porcelain jar.

"*Dio mio!*" she moaned. "Yes, sir, it is terrible, honest-to-God. How should I ever could pay for it, oh, dear, mister?" Her voice rang out, impassioned, vindictive: "Brunocetti, devil-pig! Don't forget it I should show you! Oh, I should show you; yes, sir! I am sorry if I should kill you! Get-a-move! Get-a-move! You hear me? Come out under that bed, and I should teach you!"

Taking up the curtain-rod which had dropped from Miss Gibbs's outraged grasp, she accompanied the latter half of her speech by a vigorous whacking and prodding in the shadows beneath the bedstead. Brunocetti appeared at the farther side after a series of premonitory howls, scraping his belly on the floor and his back on the enameled iron rod. He was a very sorry-looking bear; guilt mingled with horror in his little eyes; and he would have passed by the fragments of the tobacco-jar with an averted head had his mistress not thrown her weight on his forehead just there and, belaboring him with the curtain-rod all the while, commanded him to look well. His anguished outcries filled the chamber.

Timmons, thinking wildly of Brood, waved his arms at her. "It's not *that!*" he screamed. "Good heavens! it's not *that!*"

It unsettled him still further, the fact that she could think of this profound

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emotional tragedy in terms of a broken tobacco-jar. He wanted to tell her all, to begin in a level voice, "Do you want to know what you have done?" to confound her with a sense of the thing which had really happened, to watch the wonder growing in her eyes as she began to fathom his meaning. It was something of the impulse, ancient as the race, which finds its flower in the recital of fairy tales, the mother of the phrase, "You will scarcely believe me when I tell you—" But Timmons felt that it would be of no use.

"Please stop that immediately," he commanded her, "and come with me."

They followed him through the pantry and the kitchen and the stoop, out into the jeweled night. For the moment, preoccupied as he was with the culmination of Miss Gibbs's only romance, Timmons had forgotten the Chancellor. His sole idea was to be rid of the disturbers; his only desire now was to get back to that even tenor of his life which began already to seem so far behind him; his one instinct, the instinct of conservation, the old blind urge to be what we were, which would have left us animalculæ to this day had it not been for that other conflicting urge, as a blind, to be what we were not.

As they passed single-file through the gap in the rear fence beside the ash-barrel, Timmons wondered why he had not thought of the police before. The police were paid to look out for precisely this sort of thing. And there was a station-house located at Perryvale Parks, not much more than a mile away. It seemed incomprehensible to Timmons that he had not thought of the police in the first place.

They had got almost half the way across-country, avoiding human habitations, and had arrived at a waste space which served the surrounding villages as a dumping-ground, before Timmons's mind harked back to the fact that he *had* thought of the police, and to the reason why he had not applied to them. He remembered the man whose remains he had helped to spirit away, and, stopping short beside a disemboweled bed-tick, he put his cheek in his hand and groaned under his breath.

HE TURNED MISS GIBBS RIGHT-ABOUT-FACE, AND PUSHED HER OUT OF THE ROOM

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The young woman, who had followed all this way in a wondering but obedient silence, edged around to the left and peered up at the motionless figure from the corners of her eyes.

Brunocetti, on his part, perceiving with a ready instinct that leadership had lapsed, wandered off among the near-by rubbish-heaps, turned things over to find out what was under them, and regaled himself from the insides of cans. It was, indeed, a kind of enchanted wonderland for a city-bred bear, a place of Arcadian pleasures so numerous that one scarcely knew which way to turn first. In taking away from the domesticated bear the berry-bushes and the wild-bee trees of his native forest, an all-seeing nature has not left him entirely without compensation in the form of tin cans, small pails, and glass jars which have contained preserved fruits, syrups, and sweets of various kinds. And villa-dwellers as a class find themselves especially dependent upon canned stuffs.

There were so many cans! Multitudes of cans! So far as Brunocetti was concerned, his mistress and the man who seemed, for the present, to be supervising his destinies, might have remained standing there in silence till dawn and Brunocetti would have been no loser.

"Yes, sir?" the young woman ventured by and by. "You don't feel so good, maybe?"

Timmons turned slowly and looked at her. His face seemed older than it had, and parallel furrows ran up across his forehead from between his eyebrows. His mind was weary with having pursued a dozen times the same oppressive circle, the House-that-Jack-built cast in a sinister chain. . . . "I told her that Brood knew; she'll tell the police that I told her that Brood knew, and the police will tell Brood that she told them that I told her that he knew." And then came the link that hurt. "How will I look—what will I say, to Brood's inevitable question, '*How did you know that I knew?*'"

He could no longer endure the young woman's eyes, and turned his own away.

"You will please wait here a little while," he told her in a husky undertone. "I will be back presently."

He knew that he would not be back. He knew that all the better part of his nature, all the gallantry, generosity, human sympathy, all that instinct of social responsibility so painstakingly inculcated in him by his earlier training, had been crushed by the weight of circumstance, and that he was deserting her. It was, in a sense, a failure of civilization, and he knew it; it was the heavy thought that he carried with him as he strode away across the littered clearing.

Brunocetti, seeing him start, left his cans and came obliquely to overtake him, wading through the noisy débris, a huge and regretful shade.

This was not what Timmons wanted. He was deserting Brunocetti, too, especially Brunocetti. Moreover, although he had grown a bit more accustomed to having Brunocetti about, in the house and with others present, here in the darkness and the silence of the open night he found his earlier feelings coming back to him.

"Oh, see here!" he shouted to the young woman. "Call him back, will you? Yes, right away. I say—right away! He's to stay, too, you know."

He heard her voice lifted in a hail to the bear, clear, courageous, but yet, he thought, quavering just a little at the end. He wondered if she knew. When the animal had turned back in response to his name and resumed his foraging among the dumps, Timmons went on again, but still he could not keep from wondering whether she didn't know already; whether some misty premonition had not already told her that she was being abandoned.

"Of course," he argued to himself, "she would have to know, sooner or later."

But it seemed to him especially horrible that she should know while he was still in sight. His pace moderated. Sitting down on an inverted kerosene-can, he rested his chin in a palm and peered back at them.

"The bear will protect her," he argued to himself.

It was an uncommonly clear evening, windless and tranquil, and yet with an under-running tone of electricity in the air, the same which Brood had mentioned earlier in the evening. A curious

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thing was happening, a phenomenon witnessed but rarely in these latitudes, the cool and lambent illumination of the heavens known familiarly as the "Northern Lights."

From the horizon three-quarters of the way to the zenith, the sky in the north was pale with the streaming cones. Timmons thought at first that the effect was caused by the headlights of automobiles on the Albany Road, and then, with the knowledge that it could not be that, there came over him a feeling of desolation, an illusion of a far-flung and negative cataclysm, precisely such as he used to experience when, as a boy in geography class, he allowed his mind to dwell upon the regions about the Pole. As he watched, Brunocetti gave over his cans for a moment and, climbing on top of a rusty steam-boiler in the middle-distance, stood poised there in silhouette against the frosty conflagration, as the polar-bear had poised on the ice-cake on the second page of Timmons's atlas, under the heading, "Zones."

Timmons had always wished that he had a sister. Especially had the longing for a sister been keen in those later years of his adolescence when he had felt that nobody understood him, and when he had imagined, with justice, that a sister's eyes would have been able to see him more nearly as he was. How often he had pictured them as they might have been—gray, level-seeing eyes, kind with understanding.

Now he wondered, if he *had* had a sister like that, and if he had died, and his aunt and all his relatives, and if she had been standing in a spot as desolate as this and had appealed to a stranger, and the stranger had turned his back, leaving her alone—how he, her brother, would have felt about it.

"Hang take it!" he sighed.

He got up and retraced his steps across the cluttered field, carrying a bitter sense of failure.

"Well, you see," he challenged, "I did come back. You didn't believe me when I told you I was coming back."

She made no answer beyond touching his sleeve with grateful finger-tips. Perhaps she understood.

"Well?" he wondered. "What now?"

He remained buried in reverie, a figure of hopeless irresolution. The Chancellor came back to his mind, and he thought of him with the philosophical apathy of one who has little left to lose. Five chances to one, the Chancellor had already called at the house, rung the bell till he grew tired, knocked on the door to make sure, and gone away finally in a "state of mind," as they referred to it among the faculty. Nevertheless, his common sense told him, it would be just as well to get back home now as promptly as possible.

"Come!" he said. Then, his eye shifting to Brunocetti, he added, firmly: "But not the bear. I am going to do everything in my power to help you out, whatever it may cost me—and it may cost me more than you can guess. One thing I must insist upon, however, and that is that the bear shall remain here—till morning, at any rate. . . . Tell him!"

"Yes, sir; but, mister," she faltered, "may it should be if I *did* tell him he wouldn't mind me."

"We'll see to that," Timmons assured her dryly, having found a length of clothes-line among the cans.

They left Brunocetti tethered to the ruins of a soapstone tub and went away. Once or twice the young woman looked back across her shoulder, but sensing the other's displeasure at this she soon gave it over and trudged along beside him with sober face and averted eyes. Once, when they had come some little distance, the animal lifted a dismal voice. In the brilliant night it sounded remarkably like the belling of a deer-hound. The young woman opened her lips impulsively as if to speak, and then closed them again. They had come all the way to Timmons's back fence before she ventured to address him.

"Suppose, mister, Brunocetti he may should come annyway. He should worry for that rope; he could eat it."

"I trust he will stay," was all she got from Timmons.

Having let her in at the kitchen door, Timmons went around immediately to examine the porch and the front door. It occurred to him that if the Chancellor had been there he might possibly have left a note pinned somewhere, telling what he thought of Timmons, or simply his card. The fact that a careful search

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revealed nothing of this sort raised Timmons's hopes more, perhaps, than was warranted. At the same moment, unfortunately, it renewed the question as to the disposition of the young woman.

Timmons walked back slowly through the house thinking of this. His brain was much clearer now than it had been in the first rush of events. Some words which the young woman herself had spoken recurred to him.

"He has never been here at the house," he ruminated, staring at the living-room lamp. "He would have no way of knowing. And, after all, you know, it's my aunt's house."

"STOP THAT IMMEDIATELY AND COME WITH ME"

His brow cleared, and repairing to the kitchen he asked the young woman if she remembered having expressed a willingness to serve in the capacity of cook.

"Very good," he agreed, in response to her nod and the hopeful light in her eyes. "I shall be glad to engage your services till to-morrow morning."

Her eyes clouded again at that. "What you should mean, mister, to-morrow morning? That ain't so awful long, I should come here to cook it."

"I'm sorry," said Timmons. "And now let me see. As to remuneration, would—ah—would half a dollar be too little? After all, I only pay my student-boy—"

She interrupted him with a gesture, half tragical. "What should I care!"

"Very good!" He sighed, relieved at having gotten things straightened out for the first time, and, placing two silver quarters in her palm, directed her attention to a door beyond the pantry. "The servant's room is just there. And now you are at liberty to retire. I say," he repeated after a moment, observing the blankness of her eyes, "you are at liberty—that is, you may go to bed now. I am expecting company. And, by the way, I might add that I am in the habit of getting my own breakfast. Good night!"

"But, mister," she wondered, "what's the sense I should be cook? Shouldn't I *cook* it something? Ain't you *hungry?*"

"Upon my word," said Timmons, "I believe I am. Do you know, I hadn't thought—" He placed a hand over his

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waistcoat with an air of discovery. "I haven't had tea."

Another side of the subject presented itself to him.

"Have *you* had tea?"

She laughed. "No, sir, I don't drink it. But I should worry I had a swell breakfast, mister."

"Do you mean to tell me," Timmons gasped, "that you have not eaten since breakfast-time? Good heavens! And I declare, I don't know whether there's a thing in the house!" His eyes wandered helplessly over the kitchen walls. "There was canned corn," he recollected out loud, "but a mouse ate it. Dear, dear!" He gazed at the young woman.

A remarkable change had come over her. It was as if the implied permission to cook something were a license to the most exhilarating optimism and vivacity; the color deepened in her cheeks; there was laughter in her breath, and in her glance a flash of coquetry which had nothing in particular to do with Timmons.

"Ah, *Dio mio!*" she cried. "You should never mind, leave-it-to-me! I could get it spaghetti and meat-balls out of a piece of brick; honest-to-God, I am such a good cook Italian style."

Timmons beamed, forgiving her naïve exaggeration. All his life, till this evening, he had possessed an academic horror of overstatement in any form; but it struck him as somehow different now, and, moreover, he was very hungry.

"I should like to help," he offered. "Perhaps I could get you things."

She protested gaily. "No, sir, mister, not on your life; you should sit down and have it a rest. Every day in my life I have think myself, dear me, I would love it if may I should be turn loose some time in a fine kitchen like this. Honest-to-God, it is grand!"

Timmons sat down and folded his hands. He had a feeling that his face was growing pink, though for his life he could not say why. One reason was that never before had he carried on a conversation with one of the opposite sex in precisely this key; it was not at all, he told himself, like talking with Miss Gibbs. Another was that the young woman's eyes were resting on him, filmed with the bright problem of where to begin.

"See here!" he cried, regaining his feet in the uttermost confusion. "I am sure I—I could— See here, you need an apron, don't you? I'll find one."

"You know what I wish it?" she mused, her eyes still warm and misty on the chair where he had been. "I wish it Brunocetti should be here, too, and lay behind the stove."

Timmons turned on his heel and stalked into the pantry. He was in the act of rummaging the drawer under the bread-board, where he seemed to remember his aunt had kept such things as aprons, when a cry reached him from the kitchen.

"Oh, mister, *ecco!* It is all the same like a prayer should be answered! Look it, Brunocetti he has come back!"

He smoothed out the things in the drawer and returned it to its place before he allowed himself to go back into the kitchen. He found himself calm; so calm, indeed, that it troubled him, who had always till now considered Stoicism as an evasion of facts and Fatalism as an attempted justification of sloth.

"Where," he asked, "is the animal?"

The young woman's hand fluttered toward the space between the gas-range and the wall, where Brunocetti, worn out with his adventures in the dump, had relapsed into a slumber little short of marvelous, considering his cramped position and the short time he had been there.

Timmons sat down and studied the situation, taking care to avoid the other's eyes, which remained fixed upon him with the light of one who hopes against hope.

"In the first place," he said, "he isn't asleep at all. I can see one of his eyes open, just there under his left paw. In the second place, a bear like that, going around among people as he does, ought to be taught the value of a rope. I see that he has chewed it in two. And in the third place, I refuse to be made a fool!"

This was sensible enough. Its only weakness seemed to be that it failed to get him anywhere in particular. Everything he had undertaken to-night had the same weakness, however. He

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thought of that. His mind ran back over the succession of his failures since he had first remarked Brunocetti beside the garbage-pail and mistaken him for a dog. He remembered he had thought of "Emperor," the Bluboats' old dog, at the time, and that reminded him now of the Bluboats.

"Why, I know what I'll do," he announced. Getting up, he grasped the chewed end of the rope which trailed across the floor and pulled strongly, at the same time calling: "Come! Come, I say there!"

There is no truer maxim than the one about familiarity and contempt. Timmons was not at all afraid of Brunocetti now, especially when he observed the dismay in Brunocetti's eyes, which, protruding slightly from the pressure about his neck, clung despairingly to his mistress.

"Tell him to come," Timmons requested her.

"But oh, mister!" she temporized. She clasped her hands tightly at her bosom and some of the color left her face.

Timmons looked about him, and his eyes chancing upon the discarded potato-masher under the table, he picked it up. The effect of this act upon Brunocetti was as immediate as it was desirable; with only a last whimper toward his distracted mistress, he came out at the end of the rope, and from that moment he was as completely under Timmons's control as though he had never known any other.

Timmons turned back in the stoop for a last word of advice.

"By the way, I shall return shortly. But should any one chance to come during my absence, please remember that you are my Aunt Rose's cook, will you? Very good."

With Brunocetti on a slack leash, Timmons got out through the gap in the back fence once more, but this time, instead of striking directly into the *hinterland* of the Bonaria Addition, he bore to the left and climbed the ascent leading to the Bluboats' mansion. Once or twice he gave the bear a jerk which was not necessary, and during the latter half of his journey he whistled to himself, a habit in which he had not indulged for some years.

Arriving at the clean sward at the crest of the plateau, he was taken aback at sight of so many lights glowing in the windows, till he recollected Mr. Bluboat's words about Mrs. Bluboat and the few young people she was having in that evening. Mr. Bluboat had said it was very informal, but Timmons knew from experience what that amounted to. He realized that it would not do to go up to the door, leading Brunocetti, with so many young folks about, especially young women. Yet, on the other hand, he felt a little shaky about tying the bear out and going alone, with the recollection so vivid in his mind of Brunocetti's way with ropes.

Dancing was in progress within, and several couples were taking the air on the broad porch. Timmons wondered if they could see him. There was no probability in the world that they could see either him or Brunocetti, but something made him withdraw to the edge of the lawn, and then, taking advantage of shrubs, fountains, and the like, get himself and his charge around into the deeper obscurity toward the rear of the house.

He wanted to see Mr. Bluboat; he had fully intended to ask Mr. Bluboat's permission. Timmons was not the kind to do a thing like that without asking, even though he knew it would be quite all right with Mr. Bluboat.

"Emperor's" old kennel stood where it had always stood, beside the garage. It was not a dog-house in the ordinary sense of the word, for the Bluboats did not do things that way. It had been designed by an architect in the city, a friend of Mr. Bluboat's, and, in its final consummation, built of the same stone, roofed with the same red tiling, and closed by a bronze-hinged door of the same style, it formed a kind of flying-buttress to the garage itself, a housing for a creature beloved of a family which could afford to express its affection in a substantial way.

As has been said, Timmons would have preferred to ask Mr. Bluboat, but while Brunocetti remained on his hands it seemed impossible to get into communication with Mr. Bluboat without throwing the whole house into confusion. He might do it, and ask Mr. Bluboat

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afterward. Timmons had taken preserves from the pantry shelf in his childhood days under precisely the same sort of an agreement with himself.

It was well that he had brought the potato-masher with him, absent-minded as the act had been, for Brunocetti resolutely refused to approach the kennel till Timmons got behind him with the weapon. Even so, he went grudgingly, and would have fairly balked when he had got half through the doorway had Timmons not carried things with a rush, and, belaboring him from the rear with boot-heel and masher, put a period to it all by slamming the door on his protest.

It had never occurred to Timmons that the bear would take on so at his imprisonment. For a moment he feared that the door would be broken down, and the tumult from within, muffled as it was, sounded as though a dozen bears were cornered in the little space instead of one. It rather frightened Timmons. As he turned away along the edge of the yard, consternation got the better of his conscience for the moment, and he would have put off asking Mr. Bluboat till morning and got home as fast as he could had he not almost run the good-natured broker down in the gloom of the front lawn, where he stood smoking and gazing at the merrymakers on the porch.

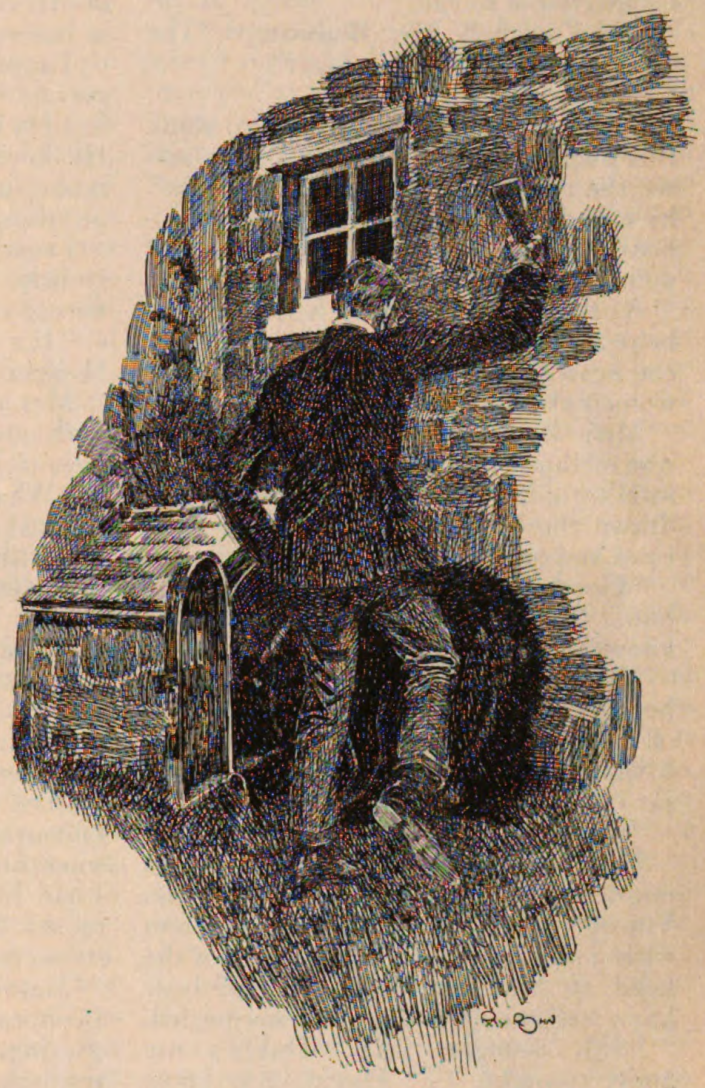
Mr. Bluboat fell back a step, removed the cigar from his mouth, and peered uneasily at the intruder.

"Good Lord!" he gasped. "Who is it?"

"It's I," Timmons told him.

"David? Well, you *did* give me a start for a second. I'm glad you've decided to come up, though. It 'll do you no end of good to get away from all that worry and mess about the what-you-may-call-it. You know, I thought you were kind of queer this evening. Come on in now. I'll get you a pretty girl, don't worry."

"No, no," Timmons interrupted, holding him back by a sleeve. "It's not that. It's — It's — another matter, quite."



TIMMONS BELABORED HIM WITH BOOT-HEEL AND MASHER

Sensing the change in Mr. Bluboat's expression, he became even more confused. His doubts redoubled.

"You remember the dog!" he floundered.

"Oh! 'Emperor'? That died, you mean?"

"Yes. 'Emperor' had a kennel, you know, beside the garage. It's still there."

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"Yes?"

"I'd be terribly obliged if you would let me have the kennel for the night."

"So!" he murmured, nodding gravely.

"I know it's rather nervy," Timmons protested, "my bringing a bear up here. The animal came to my house, and, hang take it!—it's awkward. The Chancellor is to call."

"Oh," sighed Mr. Bluboat. "The Chancellor—about the plant?"

"Precisely."

"Well—let me see. I'll have to think this over. In the mean time, come and see the people for a second. . . . *Ella!*" he called across the lawn to Mrs. Bluboat, who was talking with a party of young folks on the steps.

As they moved toward her, Mr. Bluboat advised him: "I wouldn't mention the bear if I were you. You know how women are."

Mrs. Bluboat welcomed him. She was of that type, intelligent rather than intellectual, from whose ranks are drawn the best home-makers and hostesses among the commuting classes.

"Good evening, David," she greeted him. "So glad you could come. You know Miss Vincey?"

Timmons felt heavy inside, partly because everything seemed to be getting off the track, and partly because he knew Miss Vincey very well indeed, having sat out dances with her for years.

"Oh, yes," he answered, faintly.

Upon this occasion, however, he was not destined to sit out a dance with Miss Vincey. It was his host who rescued him with a slap on the back and a wag of the head at Mrs. Bluboat. Mr. Bluboat knew well enough what Timmons needed.

"Not to-night, Ella. David's my guest to-night. . . . David, you know Leonora Ladd?"

Seeing by his face that he did, Mr. Bluboat cried, "Wait here and I'll bring her."

It seemed a strange whimsey of fate that it should be on this wild night, with everything turned upside down and the Chancellor looming nearer and nearer in his mental background, that Timmons was to have the opportunity of dancing with Leonora Ladd. He had always thought of Leonora as glittering shoulders. He had watched her, while sitting out dances with young women less popular, from the corners of his eyes, for Timmons, like every other human being alive, had his wild moments.

He perceived her now through the door, coming across the hall on the arm of Mr. Bluboat, who whispered earnestly in her ear. She smiled at him.

Timmons felt weak and pale. He was certain he was going to make a mess of it. He knew that he ought to go home. He knew, above all, that he ought to make sure about the bear before he did anything else.

Leonora Ladd spoke to him graciously, extending a white hand. He turned on Mr. Bluboat.

"It's — it's all right, then — about 'Emperor's' kennel?"

Mrs. Bluboat, who had been talking with somebody to his left, shifted her eyes to Timmons.

"What about 'Emperor's' kennel?" she asked, looking from Timmons to her husband and back again with a trace of anxiety.

Mr. Bluboat hastened to explain. "Nothing, Ella. Nothing at all. David was just thinking of getting a dog to-morrow, and he wondered if he might keep him in 'Emperor's' old kennel for a day or so. That's all."

Mrs. Bluboat seemed relieved. "Oh, of course. I thought it might have been something about to-night. You know I had Frank make up a bed for 'Butter' in the kennel to-night. She's always so nervous with company in the house."

Timmons was somehow conscious that Leonora Ladd still faced him, smiling, waiting, her white hand and arm still reaching out in perspective from those glittering shoulders. So he remembered her afterward, vivid against a background of blurred objects and misty faces.

"I'm ill," he said.

He got down the steps and walked away till he got beyond reach of the lights. Then he turned and ran toward the rear of the house, telling himself over and over that one dog more or less in the world didn't really matter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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Fuss and Feathers

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

PROBABLY we have no other familiar birds keyed up to the same degree of intensity as the house-wren. He seems to be the one bird whose cup of life is always overflowing. The wren is habitually either in an ecstasy of delight or of rage. He probably gets on the nerves of more persons than any other of our birds. He is so shrilly and overflowingly joyous, or else so sharply and harshly angry and pugnacious—a lyrical burst one minute, and a volley of chiding, staccato notes the next. More restless than the wind, he is a tiny dynamo of bird energy. From his appearance in May till his last brood is out in midsummer, he repeats his shrill, hurried little strain about ten times a minute for about ten hours a day, and cackles and chatters between-times. He expends enough energy in giving expression to his happiness, or vent to his anger, in the course of each day to carry him halfway to the Gulf. He sputters, he chatters, he carols, he excites the wrath of bluebirds, phœbes, orioles, robins; he darts into holes; he bobs up in unexpected places; he nests in old hats, in dinner-pails, in pumps, in old shoes. Give him a twig and a feather and a hole in almost anything, and his cup is full. How absurdly happy he is over a few dry twigs there in that box, and his little freckled mate sitting upon her eggs! His throat swells and throbs as if he had all the winds of Boreas imprisoned in it, and the little tempest of joy in there rages all the time. His song goes off as suddenly as if some one had touched a spring, or switched on a current. If feathers can have a feathered edge, the wren has it.

"What bird is that?" asked an invalid wife, seated on the porch near a wren-box. "Is it never still, and never silent? It gets on my nerves."

"Neither still nor silent long at a time," replied her husband, "except when asleep."

It repeats its song at least six thousand times a day for two or three months, at the same time that it brings many scores of insects to feed its young. But this activity does not use up all the energy of the wren. He gets rid of some of the surplus in building cock or sham nests in every unoccupied bird-box near him. He fills the cavities up with twigs, and I have even seen him carry food into these sham nests, playing that he had young there. Repeatedly I have seen him doing it, holding in his beak the while a small green worm or some such dainty. Not even these activities use up all his energy—it overflows in his shaking and vibrating wings while in song.

The song of the house-wren is rather harsh and shrill, far inferior as a musical performance to that of the winter wren. The songs of the two differ as their nests differ, or as soft, green moss and feathers differ from dry twigs and a little dry grass. A truly sylvan strain is that of the winter wren, suggesting deep, wildwood solitudes, while that of the house-wren is more in keeping with the noise and clatter of the farm and door-yard. He begins singing by four o'clock in the morning, and for the first hour hardly stops to take breath, and all the forenoon the pauses between his volleys of notes are of but a few seconds.

I find that there are good bird observers who accuse the wren of destroying the eggs of other birds. I have no first-hand evidence that such is a fact, but the hostility of several other species of birds toward the wren gives color to the charge. Why, for instance, should the phœbe-bird make a savage drive at him, if she has not some old score of that kind to wipe out? Or the song-sparrow chase him into a vine or a bush and keep him a prisoner there for a few moments, as I have seen him do?

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As I was sitting on the platform of the fruit-house one morning, watching the wood-thrushes at nest-building, there was a rustle of wings almost at my elbow, and the snapping of a phœbe's beak. I turned in time to see a brown speck darting under the floor, and a phœbe-bird close on to its heels. The speck was a wren, and the phœbe was driving for it viciously. How spitefully her beak did snap! As the wren eluded her, phœbe turned quickly and disappeared down the hill where she had a nest on a rafter in the lower fruit-house.

This season there are four wrens' nests about my place, in boxes and hollow limbs which we have put up, and three bluebirds' nests. The wrens and the bluebirds often come in collision; mainly, I think, because they are rivals for the same nesting sites. The bluebird with all his soft, plaintive notes has a marked vein of pugnacity in him, and is at times a lively "scrapper"; and the wren is no "peace-at-any-price" bird, and will stand up for his rights very bravely against his big, blue-coated rival.

Late one afternoon when I was busy in the garden near the end of the vineyard where there was a bird-box, I suddenly heard the loud, emphatic note of a bluebird mingled with the chiding cackle and chatter of a house-wren. I saw the bluebird dive savagely at the wren and drive him into a currant-bush, where he would scold and "sass back," and then break out in a shrill, brief song. Presently a female oriole came and joined the bluebird in persecuting the wren, which answered back from its safe retreat in the bushes with harsh chatter and snatches of tantalizing song. The bluebird took up his stand on the grape-post that supported the bird-box in which the wren had a nest, and from this outlook he grew eloquent in his denunciation of wrens. His loud, rapid voice and the answering cackle of the wren attracted the attention of their bird neighbors. Four robins came, one after another, and perched on the tops of surrounding posts, silent but interested spectators. A male oriole came, a cat-bird came, two song-sparrows came, and then a male goldfinch perched near by. The birds were evidently curious to know what all this loud altercation was about—very human in this respect.

After the bluebird had eased his mind a little about wrens, he dropped down to the box, and, clinging to the entrance to the nest, looked in. Instantly the wren was on his back, scolding excitedly. The bluebird turned to seize him, but was not quick enough, and there was a brown streak, with a blue streak close behind it, to the nearest currant-bush, in which the wren again chattered and sang in derision. The bluebird again resumed his perch above the nest and was louder and more emphatic than ever in his protests. It was really very amusing to see the bluebird stand up so straight there on the post, like a stump orator, delivering his phillipic against the wren. His whole bearing and tone expressed indignation and an outraged sense of justice. I fancied him saying: "My friends and neighbors, I want to bear witness before you of the despicable character of this chattering, skulking, impudent house-wren. He is an intolerable nuisance. He crosses my path daily. Every honest bird hates him. He fills up the boxes he cannot occupy with his rubbish, and assaults me if I look into them and criticize his conduct. He is sly and meddlesome, and a disturber of the peace. He has the manners of a blackguard and the habits of a thief and a despoiler. His throat and tongue are brass, and his song is as harsh as the dry twigs he makes his nest of. I ask you to join me in putting him down." His audience listened and looked on with interest, I will not say with amusement. The humor of the situation probably appealed to me alone. The birds were only anxious to find out if a possible common danger threatened them all. But to me the situation had an element of comedy in it, and made me laugh in spite of myself.

Again the bluebird essayed to look into that hole, and as quick as a flash the wren was on his back. Whether or not he used his sharp beak, I could not tell, as the assailed turned upon his assailant so quickly; but not quick enough to get in a counter-stroke. The vines and bushes were again a house of safety for the wren. Three or four times the

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bluebird asserted his natural right to look into any hole or cavity he had a mind to, and each time the wren denied that right in the way I have described. But such jangles among the birds are usually brief. One by one the spectators flew away; and finally the chief actor in the little drama flew away, and the wren warbled in a strain of triumph.

The next day I discovered that the wren had only begun building a nest in the box, probably a cock nest. One thing arrested my attention; the box had a big crack in it from the entrance nearly to the bottom, this crack the wren had evidently essayed to stop with twigs. At first sight my impression was that the twigs had accidentally got caught in the crack in the bird's effort to get them into the nest. But after carefully considering the matter, I see I must credit him with a purpose to mend his house. He had first put two small twigs into the crack and then finished the job with a much larger twig, eight inches long, which closed the opening very effectively. This last twig was larger and longer than wrens ever use in their nests. It was a very clever stroke.

I think the male wrens have sham battles as well as sham nests; they must work off their superfluous animation in some way. For hours one early July afternoon two males, one of whom had a cock nest a few yards below me in a box on a grape-post, and the other a few yards above me in a box on the corner of the veranda, amused and delayed me in my eager reading of the war news (the British had just begun their great offensive in France) by engaging in what appeared to be a most determined song contest from their respective perches a few yards apart. How their throats were convulsed! Under what pressure of jealousy or rivalry they did hurl shrill defiance at each other in that, to me, languid summer afternoon! Back and forth, back and forth, went the voluble challenges, the birds facing each other with drooping wings and throbbing breasts. The grape-post wren seemed to be in the most aggressive mood. When he could stand it no longer he would dart up the hill at his opponent on the low branch of a maple, who never stood to his guns, and the two would make a brown streak in a wide circle around the maples and the study, and down the hill around the summer-house, keeping just so far apart, and never actually coming to blows. Then they would take up their old positions and renew the vocal contest with the same spirit as before, till one of them was again carried off his feet and hurled himself at his rival on the maple branch. Round and round they would go, squeaking and chattering, but never ruffling a feather. Hour after hour, with brief intervals, and at times day after day, these two little hot but happy spirits played the comedy of this mimic war. It was not even a tempest in a teapot; it was tempest in a nut-shell, but there was a vast deal of nature in it for all that. Both birds simply overflowed with the emotions proper to the season and the conditions. The mate of the grape-post bird had a nest in a box farther down the hill, where the care of her young occupied her most of her time. She scolded as only wrens can scold when I went poking about her box, but my poking about the box of the male did not agitate the owner at all. I tried to explore the inside with my finger, but found it apparently packed full of twigs. I had often seen the bird enter it and disappear for some moments, but my finger found no vacant space. Then one day I saw the female enter it, much to the joy and loud acclaim of her mate. I finally saw her carry in fine spears of dry grass. To clear up the mystery I took off the top of the box, and found that there was barely room enough between its top and the twigs for a body the size of my finger to squeeze in, and enter a small, deep pocket in one corner which the cock had cunningly arranged. He had made sure that no bird larger than a wren—no usurping bluebird nor meddling English sparrow—could gain entrance—and as for inquisitive wrens, he could meet them at an advantage. Then I examined the lower box, where the young were, and which had an opening large enough for a high-hole, or a great-crested fly-catcher, and found that the foresighted little creatures had used the same tactics here—they had built a barricade of twigs in front of the nest,

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which could be entered by the wrens only by a close squeeze. Artful little people, I said, living joyous and intensive lives, and as full of character and spirit as an egg is full of meat.

This little bird loves to be near your house, but give it a chance and it will come inside of it and nest in the room you occupy. I knew of a pair that came through a screen door left ajar, into a room on the second floor of a famous inn in the valley of the Rondout, and built a nest on the sash behind a heavy green window-curtain—a real nest on one side of the door where the brood was raised, and a cock or dummy nest on the other side. The room was occupied by a well-known woman artist and writer who seems to have extended a hearty welcome to the little feathered intruders. They seem to have cultivated her, sitting on the corner of her table when she was at work, and chattering and singing to her in the most pointed manner. The people in the house who knew of the situation were not slow in coming to the conclusion that the birds recognized in the artist a kindred spirit, and were drawn to her as they are not to other people. The case is at least a suggestive one. I can relate but one somewhat analogous experience from my own life—remotely analogous, I may say, as I was not alone concerned in the case and the bird involved was not a wren. Some years ago, while on a visit to friends in one of the large cities of the western part of New York State, some members of a bird club and one or two officials of the city government drove me about through the various parks. We came to a park where there was a small aviary, a space thirty or forty feet square, inclosed by wire netting. In this cage were a number of our common birds, but the one that made a lasting impression upon me, and upon all who accompanied me, was a fox-sparrow. No sooner had we paused before the big cage than a strange excitement seemed to seize this bird, and it began flying from one end of the inclosure to the other, clinging for a moment to the wires at each end, and singing in the most ecstatic manner, and by its enthusiasm kindling one or two other birds into song. I had heard the fox-sparrow many times, but never before one that approached this one in power and brilliancy. It sang in a strain varied and copious beyond compare—a kind of musical frenzy. The man in charge said he had never heard it sing before, nor had any of my companions. I saw at once that the thought in all minds was that the bird was singing to me; that it had recognized me as a bird-lover. There were other bird-lovers in the company. There is, of course, some other explanation of the extraordinary performance, but what it is no one could suggest. There was nothing striking or unusual in the appearance of any of us, yet our presence seemed to act like fire to a fuse, and that one bird was the rocket that astonished us all. It darted about the inclosure as if its joy was uncontrollable, and sang in a spirit to match. I venture to say that none of those present will ever forget the incident. The more I thought about it the more it impressed me. I have never observed that the birds, or other wild creatures, behave in any way exceptional toward me, or toward any one else. The legends in the old literature of the power of certain saintly persons, like St. Francis of Assisi, over the birds and animals, I look upon as legend merely. The movements, the tones of the voice, the expression of the face, all play a part in the impression we make upon man or beast. I have always been successful in handling bees, because I am not afraid of bees, and go among them as if I had a right there. I am successful in making friends with dogs, because I show no suspicion toward them, and, as it were, extend the hand of fellowship. But the case of the fox-sparrows is the single incident I can recall that might be interpreted, in the spirit of the old legends, as showing special sympathy and understanding between man and birds. The incident of the woman artist with the wrens nesting in her room is of the same character. Such things may afford hints of some psychic condition, some community of mind between the human and the animal, as yet but little understood, but they are far from convincing.

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The Edge of the Ripple

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE

LEWIS paced the bridge and gazed upon the lake. He was armed with a 22-caliber repeating rifle which occasionally he let off whenever one of the huge fish, floating belly up, came within range. At such times he turned out the whole magazine, and when he succeeded in puncturing the swollen carcass, he evidenced a disproportionate and savage joy. The 22-caliber rifle and the fish were his only nervous outlets, and Lewis was near explosion. The calm of his demeanor was supreme—and hollow.

He had good reason. The sweatbath atmosphere, for one thing; the ultra-violet rays of a vertical sun, for another; an ill-charted, little navigated, rock-strewn coast for a third; hippos that blew violently to make one jump, a full deckload of native passengers, and a native crew that after two years' training remained sweetly convinced that "do-it-now" was a motto never conceived for Africa, even on a steamboat. By long practice Lewis had become fairly expert at foreseeing contingencies. He could issue his orders far enough ahead—like shooting cross-flying ducks. But when the unexpected happened—some day would come a real emergency demanding instant action, and then—O Lord—!

Lewis punctured his eighth fish, sent the remaining pellets in his magazine at a cynical crocodile, and laid the weapon in its rack. Behind him the steersman leaned on the wheel. The steersman's head was shaved like a fancy hedge; he wore a jam-pot in the distended lobe of one ear and a tobacco-tin in the other; glistening with oil, his naked, red-brown skin set off pleasingly his necklets and armlets of polished brass; a bead band encircled his waist. He manipulated the wheel indifferently with hands or prehensile toes. He was quite a good steersman, but Lewis gazed on him with distaste.

"When we go between the islands," he said in the Swahili language, "keep the white float on the left-hand side. Understand?"

"Yes, *bwana*," replied the steersman.

"I wouldn't bet on it, you blighter," muttered Lewis, making his way aft along the raised platform that continued the level of the bridge. This was covered by a double awning. On it stood a table and a number of lazy chairs of teakwood. Here in a little upper world above the welter of freight and natives dwelt day and night continuously whatever white men might be aboard.

It was this morning occupied by a single individual, a bearded man with a quick, dancing eye. He had come aboard at Balaka accompanied by a number of elephant tusks, a small pile of battered baggage, and two native servants. Evidently he knew the ropes, for he made his way promptly to the upper quarters, and established himself in comfort.

"We may as well have tiffin," said Lewis, dropping heavily into a chair. "We're out of the rocks." He filled and lighted a pipe. Two or three deep puffs seemed to calm him. "Nothing ahead for an hour but the passage between the islands. And that's simple. One mud bar, but last passage I dropped a buoy on that. Rather proud of that buoy—first on the lake!"

The elephant-hunter nodded without speaking. Lewis went on with the volubility of a nervous man.

"Ought to chart this lake properly. No excuse for letting us barge along regardless. Boy!" he shouted, "*lete chakula maramoja!*"

While awaiting the arrival of lunch in accord with this last command, he leaned back gazing at the passing shores.

They were high, barren, untropical

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looking, with rocky points reaching far out and indentations reaching deep in. On the rocks crocodiles sunned themselves. The smoke of villages arose inland, and the brush weirs and dugout canoes of the native fishermen could be seen. On the other side was the open lake, like an ocean.

The ship's prow swung. She headed for what was apparently the solid shore. At the last moment a portion of the latter detached itself to disclose a passage. Lewis arose and stepped forward for a look.

"My buoy is there right enough," he reported with satisfaction. "Great relief!"

The shores drew near, closed around them. Beehive roofs of native thatched huts could be seen, and blotches of dull color that would prove to be compact herds of humped cattle. A black boy dressed in a single gownlike garment of spotless white climbed the companion carrying a tray.

"Tiffin!" cried Lewis with satisfaction.

The ship stopped short with a dull thud. Under the impact the black boy plunged across the deck and plastered his trayful of food against the back of the pilot-house. Lewis and the elephant-hunter fell out of their chairs, which tipped over on top of them. There ensued a dense silence, almost immediately broken by a pandemonium of shrieks and yells from the lower deck.

White with fury, Lewis scrambled to his feet and in three bounds was inside the pilot-house and at the helmsman's throat.

"You black imp of the devil!" he yelled in English. "You just wouldn't do as you were told, would you! Why didn't you do as I told you?" he cried in Swahili. His voice cracked to a treble with released hysteria. The helmsman, his eyes protruding, was incapable of replying. Lewis continued to shake and throttle him. Finally the elephant-hunter intervened.

"Better drop it," he advised, quietly, putting his hand on Lewis's shoulder. "Go see what's happened to your ship."

Lewis stared at him with wild eyes. The effort he made over himself was visible. After a few seconds his hands relaxed.

"You're quite right, of course," he said, his voice again under the vibrant, nervous control of a man overstrained. "Thank you."

He dove for the lower decks, where the confusion had increased. The elephant-hunter hitched a chair to the bridge rail where he could see. Inside the pilot-house the helmsman was gasping for breath and feeling his throat.

Lewis went to work ably and methodically. The elephant-hunter reflected that no doubt he was the man for the job, even if the job was "getting" him. In dealing with excited natives excitement only adds fuel. Outwardly Lewis was perfectly calm, but it was the calm of a capped artesian well. In his hand he carried a *kiboko*—the hippopotamus-hide whip of the country. Order restored, he began the necessary labor. The *Gwendolin* had thrust her nose high up on a mud-bank. Reversed engines accomplished little. Lewis began patiently to shift cargo. Dozens of native canoes gathered about.

Becoming bored, the elephant-hunter returned to his reclining-chair. There he smoked for a time, then fell asleep.

He was awakened three hours later by the return of the captain. The latter fell heavily into his arm-chair and shouted for lime-juice and sparklets. The elephant-hunter opened his eyes. Observing this, Lewis broke forth.

"I ask you, as a man," he cried, "can you top this? What do you suppose happened? These bounders of local niggers moved my buoy about a hundred feet to the southeast! And what for?" —Lewis's voice rose to a treble—"to hitch their bally fishing-canoes to! Oh, that's right; laugh, damn you!" He gulped down his drink, lit his pipe, and subsided to mutterings.

The *Gwendolin*, her nose somewhat in the air pending the shifting back of the cargo, was again plowing ahead. Gradually Lewis calmed down.

"Now I'm delayed four good hours," he grumbled. "There's no keeping even in this country! I've got to stop in for the night at Irabanga. Beastly hole!"

"No navigation at night?" surmised the elephant-hunter.

"Navigation at night!" Lewis laughed bitterly, scorning more specific reply.

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"YOU BLACK IMP OF THE DEVIL! WHY DIDN'T YOU DO AS I TOLD YOU?"

At dusk the ship swung past a low boulder point and into a bay narrow as a river, but reaching inland at least two miles. The water was deep. At the lower end were a narrow beach and a jungle of cocoanut-palms from which smoke arose. A rickety wharf, extending fifty feet, was blanketed by a sturdy, stubby side-wheel steamer.

"There's Heine," remarked Lewis, with a mixture of pleasure and vexation. "Dutchman—German—runs that tub of a *Hohenzollern* around the lake. Trade rival and all that sort of thing. Look at him hogging the whole jetty. Move? Not he! Now I'll have to anchor. More row and trouble and fuss! Hell!"

"Regular German swine, eh?" said the ivory-hunter.

"Heine? No; he's a good sort. We'll have a good evening. I suppose he did get there first, and there isn't room for but one of us at a time. Well, to get at it!"

They got at it. By dint of shrieks, yells, blows, and arguments conducted at length in the very face of pressing necessity the Baganda mates translated Lewis's commands—pleadings, rather—into action. The anchor splashed overboard. Except that the *Gwendolin* was fifty yards from the place selected, that the apparatus had twice jammed, that the fluke had gouged five feet of paint and slivers from the bow, and that the rush of the anchor-chain had carried overboard three native bundles and a chair, all was well. Lewis wiped his streaming brow, with a long, trembling sigh of relief. He sat down limply.

"Must get hold of myself!" he muttered.

The elephant-hunter was eying him with entire understanding.

"You need some chuck," he said. "Remember, we got no tiffin."

"Heine will have us over shortly," replied Lewis.

Dusk was falling, and the hills to the westward were rising in silhouette. In the jungle fires were gleaming. Drums began to throb dully and people to chant. A light shone in the *Hohenzollern* upper cabin as the door opened. A very

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fat man emerged and waddled to the rail.

"*Wie geht's*, Johnny!" he roared, in a voice that broke through all the compact stillnesses and minor cadences of the tropical evening. "Coom on ofer! *Chakula* iss ready!"

They rowed over to the rickety pier and clambered aboard. The *Hohenzollern* did not differ greatly from the *Gwendolin* in general arrangement, and they ascended immediately to the wide platform-like upper deck. There the fat man greeted them. He was rotund rather than obese, his complexion was baby pink, his blond hair rose *en brosse*, and his heavy mustache fell naturally over his lips. Lewis and the elephant-hunter were each of them welcomed by a soft, moist hand-clasp.

"It iss goot to see you!" cried Heine, his chubby face wreathed in smiles. "This iss lonely business. Sit down! Sit down! *Lete chakula!*" he roared to the steward standing not three feet away.

Lewis sank gratefully into the lazy-chair. "Lonesome, yes; I believe you—and aggravating—O Lord! These niggers!"

"Niggers? Yes; but they are stupid children," agreed the German, comfortably.

"And malicious," added Lewis, with bitterness.

"Malicious? So?" replied Heine in some surprise. "But that I had not thought."

The steward brought the evening meal and they ate, while the thick darkness drew close about them, and the tropic stars flared clear, and the twinkling fires took on a tinge of red.

They had soup, curry, yams, baked bananas, and coffee.

"One cannot drink beer!" sighed Heine; "that I haf found. And whisky is bad. But here are goot cigars!"

They talked of various topics, the commonplaces of everyday life—how the crops of *n'jugu* nuts were coming on, the prospects of cattle quarantine being declared in the Ikorongo district, the best routes from one point to another, the spread of sleeping sickness, the quality of lubricating oil, the price of ivory, the scarcity of labor, the chances for success in cotton planting—all subjects near to heart and on which they had ideas.

"Anything outside?" the elephant-hunter asked, idly, in a pause.

Heine shook his head. "I haf been to the foot of the lake—I haf nothing seen," he answered.

"I saw Reuter's despatches when I was in at Kimi, last week—no, two weeks ago."

"Anything especially startling?"

"Falling Star won the Goodwood Cup."

"You don't say!" cried the elephant-hunter. "Falling Star!—but of course I have been out of it for a year. He must have come up strong!"

"You und your racehorses!" chaffed Heine.

"Then I believe the Americans won at tennis," went on Lewis, slowly, trying to recollect, "and they've had one of their usual floods in China, and— Oh, yes, I knew there was something else! One of the Austrian grand dukes was assassinated down in Serbia."

"An Austrian grand duke!" repeated Heine, interested at last. "Who vass it?"

Lewis pondered. "I can't place it," he confessed.

"Who vass the assassin?"

"Some student or other—Serbian."

Heine wagged his ponderous head. "Such foolishness! when they might be on deck at Irabanga with goot friends. Vell, let them kill one another. That makes nothing to us—while the *n'jugu* nuts still grow."

The two Englishmen rowed back to the *Gwendolin* two hours later. Lewis was greatly refreshed in spirit, relaxed in mental fiber. He puffed at a final cheroot leisurely and luxuriously, not with the nervous speed of his earlier evening. The elephant-hunter saw by the light of the companion lamp that his face had fallen into more peaceful lines, heard that he hummed under his breath the bars of a song popular five years ago.

"Heine's a good soul," remarked Lewis. "He hogs the trade when he can, and he hogs the piers, and he swills his food, and he's a good deal of a beast in many ways—but he's a good soul."

The next morning the *Gwendolin*

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steamed away—after much miscellaneous shrieking inefficiency—leaving the *Hohenzollern* still gorging *n'jugu* nuts at the pier. By nightfall she had reached the important harbor of Kimi. Here ended the main caravan route from the coast, and here in all the panoply of one flag-staff, one bronze cannon (relic from Portuguese days), one district commissioner and dwelling, two European shops and twenty Indian *dukkas*, six residences of corrugated iron and uncounted native huts of thatch, dwelt the power of empire as represented in this particular part of Central Africa. In addition to these land glories was a bona fide pier made of bona fide piling, a huge iron godown, and a miscellaneous and irresponsible maritime population of dugouts and dhows scattered all over the place. They were anchored everywhere, in the channel as thickly as anywhere else. The *Gwendolin* barged and blundered her way through the mess, escaping barratry and homicide by inches, pursued and accompanied by native words that ran to a rate of thousands per minute, and was confronted by a pier and the problem of landing thereat!

And when finally the gangplank was heaved aboard, hitting the deck with one inch to spare, and both bow and stern lines had been made definitely fast, Lewis swabbed his steaming brow.

"Praise God!" said he, fervently; and the elephant-hunter understood why lake captains so soon crack up and have to be sent home out of the tropics.

Captain Lewis turned out the next morning considerably refreshed. This was because for the next few days he had no responsibilities. It was up to McCann—poor devil!—to get the cargo out of the hold and into that tin hell of a go-down. Lewis lit a cheroot and sauntered up to the District Commissioner's headquarters in search of amusement. He was reasonably sure of it there, for Browning, the D. C., ruled about a million people—and was exactly twenty-four years of age. Moreover, he ruled them well, after a fashion of his own, which was enthusiastic, erratic, and in detail unknown to Downing Street. For example, Browning was keen for good roads—a "road" in that country being, of course, a three-foot path

A HUNDRED NATIVES DRAGGED THE CANNON TO THE SHORE

crowned and raised above the floodmark. But native chiefs did not share his enthusiasm, and could not be persuaded to force their people into construction. Browning's diplomacy was direct. Under a requisition for "trade goods" he sent to England for twenty-one bicycles, and on their arrival spent an enormous amount of time and patience in teaching the local potentates to

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ride. Thereafter gaudy *sultanis*, clad in brass jewelry and a mosquito or so, could be seen streaking it across the landscape followed by winded courts. And when that *sultani* came a cropper, he had out a thousand men to repair the road! Many similar stories could be told of Browning's administration, but this one gives a good idea of Browning.

His second in command, a patriarch of twenty-two, was Bobby Calthrop. What Browning did not think of Bobby did; and what they both thought of at the same time was immediately carried out with a *verve* and *flair* fairly inspiring. Yet, it must be repeated, these two apparent irresponsibles governed that district justly, and—if results were a criterion—wisely as well.

Lewis found them, together with the elephant-hunter and two strangers whom he identified as casual sportsmen, busily engaged on the open space in front of the official bungalow. There for many years had stood an old Portuguese cannon of bronze. It was a relic of a hundred years ago, heavily embossed, and of course quite useless save as an ornament. Over this ancient piece the five white men were engaged. Five or six hundred natives squatted interestedly near by.

"The touch-hole is free," Bobby was saying. "I can blow through her."

"The bore is none too good," grunted Browning, who was poking vigorously down the muzzle with a stick.

"I'll bet the balls will fit just the same," rejoined Bobby. "Here!" he yelled in native dialect. "Bring some of those iron stones there," indicating an ornamental pyramid of round cannon-balls. He was about to insert one of these into the muzzle.

"Hold on!" cried one of the strangers. "Suppose it sticks? How are you going to get it out?"

"Good Lord! I never thought of that!" said Bobby, mopping his brow.

"We've got to clean it out until we're sure!" insisted Browning.

They set to work at this, busy as bees. Lewis, by long experience, had learned better than to question. He sat down in the shade, puffed his cheroot, and waited the event. The natives, too, stared, round-eyed.

"That 'll do! Now let's load her!" cried Browning, triumphantly at last.

"I don't suppose she'd stand nitro powder or cordite," said Bobby, in some doubt.

"I should say not!" vetoed the elephant-hunter, with emphasis.

"I'm afraid we haven't any black powder except a little in some shot-gun shells. But that wouldn't be enough. There's some blasting powder. How would that do?"

It was decided worth a trial. After further discussion a proper charge was agreed upon and inserted into the relic. The cannon-ball followed and fitted!

"We can prime her with some black powder out of the shot-gun shells," said Browning.

But now a new difficulty supervened. Even these reckless youths saw objections to touching the experimental shot off by hand. Some one produced blasting fuse. But it became necessary to bore out the touch-hole to a larger size. At length, however, all seemed to be ready.

"Now," cried Bobby, triumphantly, "we'll just train her on that big rock on the side hill there and see how she goes!"

"This is the time to retire somewhat," observed Lewis to himself.

The idea was unanimous and promptly adopted. In ten seconds Bobby Calthrop alone was left. He puffed his cheroot to a glow, held it against the end of the fuse—and fled wildly at the first nerve-shattering sputter.

A smoky, fizzly pause; then a tremendous explosion and a cloud of smoke.

"A-a-a-a!" came a native chorus of astonishment.

Bobby danced excitedly into the open. "Did you see that? How's that for a shot!" he shrieked. "Plunked her square in the middle!" And indeed the iron ball had smashed the boulder to bits.

They gathered interestedly. The results were gratifying. The cannon was intact; it had not kicked itself loose from its mountings.

"It blew an awful blast from the touch-hole," observed one of the sportsmen.

"Perhaps you'll kindly tell me what you are celebrating?" inquired Lewis, sauntering up.

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They fell upon him, all talking at once. "War! Germany against France and Russia, then England! Fighting in Belgium! Liège and Namur both taken. Our troops are already in France! What's more, we've been jolly well licked and forced to retreat, but there's a stand being made at the River Marne."

"Where did you get all this?" interjected Lewis.

"Oh, beg pardon; Mr. Hobart and Captain Hardy — Mr. Lewis," said Browning. "These gentlemen saw the latest Reuters on their way in. They were out for some shootin'."

"The dirty beasts! Now we'll get a chance at them!" cried Lewis, his racial antagonism flaring.

"We're going to mount the cannon on the *Gwendolin*," explained Bobby Calthrop, "and then go hunt up that German steamer—the *Hohenzollern!*"

Lewis seized the idea eagerly. His overwrought nerves welcomed this outlet. He burned with a fever of action. The German swine! A hundred disagreeable personal memories of the traveling German pressed against his recollection. A latent unsuspected antagonism leaped within him, a real hate. Take the *Hohenzollern*—that was it! The German swine—hogging the piers, sneaking into coves that belonged to him, Lewis, by right of discovery; taking trade that was his by virtue of development!

They impressed a hundred of the natives and dragged the cannon and its ornamental balls down to the wharves. There McCann, perspiring and patriotically faithful, had been discharging cargo. A short delay for rifles and various provisions, and once more the *Gwendolin* pointed her nose lakeward.

The time passed heavily, even with the *Gwendolin* forging ahead under a forced draft. The white men smoked interminably, discussed endlessly, jumped up and down, peered through glasses. Lewis was heading back to Irabanga, but there was a chance that the German boat might have taken on cargo and be at sea. There were a dozen false alarms. Bobby Calthrop agitatedly reported black smoke, and the *Gwendolin* was turned in its direction; but the smoke turned out to be one of those drifting, dense clouds of flies for which the lake was famous. Again they swerved to inspect supposed masts behind an island, and discovered only a native drying rack. It was all most exciting.

"Beats lions," observed Hobart. "Talk about your big game!"

Toward five o'clock the point at Irabanga detached itself from the shoreline and swiftly approached. The white men gathered in a group on the forward part of the bridge. A tense silence fell. Each scanned eagerly through his glasses. Foot by foot the bay opened up. Now could be seen the fringes of the cocoanut-grove, the grove itself, some of the native huts, the foot of the pier, the pier itself.

Bobby dropped his glasses to the end of their strap and uttered a cheer. The *Hohenzollern* was there!

Lewis personally took the wheel. Bobby and the two sportsmen rushed down the companion and tore the canvas from the artillery. The elephant-hunter paused to light a cheroot in the shelter of the pilot-house, then followed. The cheroot did not indicate a desire to smoke; it was intended as a slow fire. Browning, as befitted his high estate of ranking officer, walked back and forth across the bridge. His keen eyes were dancing, his brown hair was tumbled, his mouth was a-quirk with mischievous delight.

The *Gwendolin* turned down the long narrow reach of the bay. The objects at its foot began to take on definition. When about half a mile from the pier, Browning spoke.

"Half speed, captain," he ordered.

Lewis obediently rang up half speed.

"Way enough; stop her," said Lewis, after a moment.

The engines fell to silence. Then unexpectedly came Browning's third command. It was uttered in Swahili and delivered with and accompanied by items of emphasis that spoke much for the D. C.'s knowledge of natives. And so efficacious was it that the *Gwendolin* rounded to her anchor about three hundred yards from the pier.

"What did you do that for?" some one inquired out of the amazement.

"Gentlemen, I consider this about a

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sporting distance," said Browning, calmly. "Prepare to fire."

Lewis at the wheel felt within him a slight movement of protest. It seemed only fair first to summon the *Hohenzollern* to surrender. But what difference? The superexcited lunatics in the waist were completely absorbed in technical problems.

"The bally thing will *not* swing far enough," panted Bobby, tugging at a rope.

"For Heaven's sake, don't jiggle her so; you'll lose all the priming powder," urged Harding.

"Can't you just give her a kick with the screw, old man?" the elephant-hunter implored Lewis.

"She may swing." Lewis obligingly kicked her.

"Great!" howled Bobby, and snatched the cheroot from the elephant-hunter, and pressed it against the end of the fuse.

Everybody scattered precipitately; everybody but Bobby, who remained near the breech. An explosion shook the *Gwendolin* to her keel. Bobby's agonized voice rose from the dense cloud of smoke.

"I can't see a damn thing!" he wailed. "Where did she hit?"

But that nobody could tell. The foot of the bay, the pier, the *Hohenzollern*, and the jungle beyond slept peacefully in the late afternoon sunlight.

"Must have overshot," was the opin-

"HURRAH! WE'VE GOT THE ELEVATION"

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ion of the elephant-hunter, "or we'd have seen it hit."

A few scared-looking natives peeped out of the jungle and disappeared. There was no other sign of life.

"We'll have to raise the breech some way," said Bobby. "See if some of you can't find a block."

They raised the breech after a fashion; they swabbed out the bore against lingering sparks; they reloaded it with more blasting powder and another of the ornamental cannon-balls; they filled the vent with shot-gun powder, and laid thereto another length of fuse. Then Captain Lewis kicked her again with the screw, and at what was deemed the proper moment the ancient piece was again touched off. Same result.

A CRASH! AND JUST ASTERN THE SPLINTERS FLEW

"We're out of range," ventured Harding.

"We are not!" countered Bobby, in heated defense of his piece. "We'd have seen the splash if we'd fallen short."

"Then you're a rotten shot," Harding pointed the alternative.

"Well, let's see you do better!" cried Bobby.

It took some time to reload and relay the old cannon. Shots were at least five minutes apart. Harding had a try, with no better luck; and then each of the others. All but Captain Lewis. He stayed by the wheel, but was as much excited as the rest. To a dispassionate observer the contrast would have been interesting—the bustle and bluster, excitement, sweat, and noise aboard the *Gwendolin;* the thunderous blasts, leaping flame, and dense clouds of smoke; and the peaceful lower end of the bay, its waters mirroring placidly the rickety pier, the chubby old steamboat, the motionless jungle, and the sky.

"Look over her for yourself!" cried Bobby in answer to some sarcasm. "She must jump high. She's fairly pointing at the water now; you couldn't lower the muzzle any more. I don't understand it!"

But at this moment Lewis came storming down from the bridge where for some moments he had tried in vain to make himself heard.

"Here, you bally idiots!" he shrieked in their ears. "Attend to me a moment! You're not going high; you're too low!"

"Then you'd see a splash," insisted Bobby, doggedly sticking to his point.

"I tell you we're too far away," said Harding, sticking to his.

"For Heaven's sake, listen to me!" howled Lewis, exasperated beyond all measure.

He got their attention finally. It seemed that he had just noticed something. Possibly the first shot had gone high—who knows? But the piece had been depressed too much for the subsequent shots; that was sure. The balls fitted very loosely in the bore. They stayed atop the powder where they were rammed only until they were jarred. When the screw of the ship "kicked" her around they were so jarred, and they simply rolled out the muzzle and over-side. Only blanks were being fired. How did he know? He had seen the last ball splash alongside the ship.

"Well, of all the bally idiots!" cried Bobby. "What we need is wadding."

They procured wadding and relaid the gun at a guess. The next shot was a success; that is, it was seen to splash water a hundred yards or so from the mark. But the one succeeding! A rending crash of timbers succeeded the shot; and splinters flew from the piling fifty feet astern the *Hohenzollern.*

"Hurrah!" cried Browning. "We've got the elevation! Swing her a little."

But now for the first time life showed aboard the German ship. The pilot-

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"LOOK OUDT! YOU'RE GOIN' TO HIT MY BO-UT"

house door swung open, and a huge figure in pajamas waddled to the rail and raised a megaphone.

"Look oudt! Look oudt!" bellowed Heine's voice in irritated tones. "What you do? If you don't look a leedle oudt you're going to hit my bo-ut!" He lowered his megaphone, wiped his brow, and raised the instrument again. "Oh, Lewis!" he roared, "when you get through das celebration coom ofer und haf *chakula!*" Then he turned his broad back, waddled into the pilot-house, and the door closed behind him.

A blank pause ensued.

"He thinks we're salutin' the King's birthday!" cried Bobby, disgustedly.

"Heave up that anchor there!" commanded Lewis with decision. "We ought to be ashamed of ourselves!"

Fifteen minutes later Heine leaned on the rail watching the receding smoke of the *Gwendolin*. He smoked a porcelain pipe.

"So there is war!" he said to himself. "Such foolishness! What does it make for me? Still there are *n'juga* nuts. And now I am safe. They will not bother me. There is no defense so good as a laugh."

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A Confession of St. Augustine

BY W. D. HOWELLS

PART II

THOUGH it was in 1513 that Ponce de Leon came sailing from Puerto Rico to find the waters of youth, it was not till 1565 that the terrible, the cruel (yet no more responsibly cruel or terrible than a tiger) Pedro Menendez de Aviles came in sight of those sands, and fell upon the weak-minded, fever-wasted Huguenots whom he found in possession and captured and slaughtered these heretics, and put Spain and God in keeping of their own again. The tale need hardly be repeated here; once for all the pious, pitiless Pedro has told it for himself to his king, the pious, pitiless Philip, in a letter found among the colonial archives at Seville and included among other curious documents in *The Unknown History of Our Country*, as it is entitled by the lady of St. Augustine who compiled it. The Lutherans, as Menendez, like all the Spaniards of his time, called the Huguenots, were by the laws and usage of the time illegally there, and it was his duty as a loyal subject and a good Christian to destroy them. He was much concerned besides in saving the souls of the savages from these Lutherans who had the gift of insinuating affection for themselves among the Indians along with their heretical instruction.

There is something wonderful in the moral security of the murderer's account of his crime, which was not a private or personal murder so much as a political act duly avenged on the Spaniards by the French, when their turn came. For the present the French were miserably officered; they were spent by hunger and sickness; the winds and waves were leagued with the Spaniards against them; and they gave themselves up to Menendez, as he had fairly stipulated, without any promise of mercy. Then he took them out from their comrades' sight by tens till he had put them all to death, except a few who proved to be of the true faith just in time, and other few who were such excellent artificers that their skill could not be spared by the captors who spared their lives. There is a touch in the fashion of their taking off by Menendez worthy of an hidalgo who was born in Granada and who knew how a gentleman should behave in such a matter. He had their hands bound, and led them aside, and then, to spare their feelings, he had them stabbed in the back.

There was bloodshed of this sort or that pretty well everywhere along these white sands, but death had so long died out of the dead that one day when we motored down Anastasia Island to a point where there had been a battle, we lunched on the table stretched under the trees of a pleasant farm, and used a half-petrified skull to keep down our Japanese paper table-spread without molestation from its terrible memories. It does not sound very pleasant, but we were no more aware of the petrifaction's human quality than it was of ours, and in the farm-yard near by the peach-trees kept on with their leisurely blossoming as if there had never been slaughter of French or Spaniards in the shade where we ate our sandwiches with the sweet, small oysters from the shore, and drained our thermos-bottles of their coffee. In fact, after the Spaniards were with comparatively little wanton bloodshed secure in their hold of Florida, life at St. Augustine went on in the paternal terms which the obedient children of their fatherly kings found kindly enough. During those three hundred years, one Philip followed another from the Second till the Fourth, and St. Augustine drowsed under their rule till some successor of them ceded it to the British in

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exchange for Cuba, which the British had somehow (it does not matter how) come by. Meanwhile, as the papers from the Sevillian archives testify, the bond between the prince and his far-off subjects was close if not tender. When any of them was in trouble he wrote to the king; a priest who fancied himself wronged in his duties or privileges wrote; the families of old soldiers wrote, dunning for their pensions; any one who had a grievance against any other, or a pull of his own, wrote to the king. Sometimes the king wrote back, or seemed to write, for perhaps he did not personally read all those letters. When, in due course, his faithful lieges began to build him that beautiful fort of San Marco they wrote so pressingly and constantly for money that the kings made its cost their joke. One Philip said he thought they must have now got it so high that he ought to see its bastions from Madrid; another asked if they were making its curtains of solid silver.

By that time, from one cause or another, the royal funds had begun to run low; the English buccaneers had long since learned to tap them at their sources in the galleons bringing the gold and silver ingots up the Spanish Main from South America. When the authorities of St. Augustine had got the lofty bastions of San Marco finally up and the solid-silver curtains down, General Oglethorpe, who had meanwhile settled Georgia, marched a force of Englishmen through the forests and morasses to Anastasia and sat down before the stronghold, and began to bombard it. But in their season there are clouds of mosquitoes and myriads of sand-flies in that island and they bit his sick and homesick soldiers fearfully. Still he held on, and he might have reduced the stronghold and the starving population of three thousand civilian refugees within its walls if one day a relief of Spanish ships had not come sailing up from Havana. Then the British general struck his tents and led his bitten and baffled forces home through the forests and morasses.

San Marco has never been attacked since, for when our revolution broke out, Florida did not join the other colonies in their revolt against the British, who remained peaceably enough in possession till they ceded the province back to Spain. Then the old city resumed its slumbers in her keeping, till Spain in her turn ceded Florida, with its Seminole War, to the United States, when the name of the fort was changed, fatuously enough, from San Marco to Fort Marion, in honor of a hero whose side Florida had not taken in our revolt. It is devoted now mainly to rousing and allaying the curiosity of the swarming tourists who haunt its medieval fastnesses, and for the first time in their lives realize what a past they had no part in was like. In this way it serves the best possible use, but otherwise it is employed as the scene of rehearsals for the more populous events of the picture-plays. On a single occasion last year a company of three hundred combatants—white and black, men, women, and children, hired overnight for the purpose—thronged the noble place and repelled each other in an invasion by the Japanese, with a constant explosion of old-fashioned musketry which sounded like the detonations of the unmuffled motors of a fleet of such boats as infest all our inland or coastwise waters. These, no longer in the force of former years, make themselves heard over the still waters of the bay at St. Augustine any especially fine evening, when they madden the echoes with their infernal racketing. No longer as in their former years, I say, but they are still in such force as to keep frightened away the sail-boats which used to flock there, but now linger only in a sad two or three. Otherwise the bay is not crowded with any sort of craft: a few yachts of houseboat model; the little steamers which ply between St. Augustine and Daytona, the fishing craft which bring the inexhaustible oysters and their multifarious finny kindred to the excellent fish-market; and, on stated days, the great, swelling stern-wheel steamboat arriving from Jacksonville as from the Western rivers of sixty years ago formed the pleasure and business of the port; though I must not forget the two gasolene packets running to the North beaches, at hours which it took them the whole of January to ascertain and specify.

Otherwise the port offered a good reproduction of the two centuries of calm

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which it must have enjoyed during the Spanish rule; to be sure there was now the rattling of the trolley-car over the extortionate toll-bridge to the island which could not have been heard then, or even imagined. I like to fancy that time as one of entire peacefulness for all not of the New Religion who after the time of the devout Menendez are scarcely imaginable there. The spirit of the time lingers yet in a few half-dozen old coquina houses standing flush upon the streets. One of them stood next to our own, covered, roof and wall, with ivy and with roses and yellow bignonia flowers, where Prince Murat, the Bonapartist heir of the Neapolitan throne, lived and died in a long, unmolested exile. We found it a charmingly simple interior, much like that of the little house so lately owned and occupied by a gentle, elderly Spanish lady who received us like friends upon fit introduction, but had to keep her street door locked against the tourists apt to make themselves at home by walking in without ceremony. The door was overhung by a true Spanish balcony, and behind the house reposed an old garden of trees and flowers and vegetables, with the only staircase of the house climbing the outer wall from it. The gentle lady was proud of the age of her house, which she held as great as that of the oldest house in St. Augustine in the same street, or even greater. There is a rivalry between oldest houses in St. Augustine, but after making friends with her we would admit no competition. We always looked for her in the quaint garden as we passed, and we were always hoping to go into it again, when one day suddenly, as such things seem to come to one in St. Augustine, we heard that she was dead of pneumonia. By chance also we saw her funeral starting from the cathedral, and then, keeping our own course, we fell in behind the sad train by another chance, and followed till it left us to keep its way to the arid and sandy new cemetery of her church.

The old Spanish cemetery, now disused, lies far away on the edge of the marshes to the northwest, where it was sweet one morning to find it basking in the sun, under its wilding cedars, in the keeping of the cows which made it their pasturage. When I wandered a little way among its forgotten and neglected graves, I found no name Spanisher than Burns on one of the stones. There might have been Spanisher names; I only say I did not happen on them then, though later, following the wandering cow-paths, I did find such a name as, say, Lopez. But at the worst the old Spanish cemetery is not so all misnamed as the old Huguenot burial-ground, where no Huguenot was ever buried, and where you cannot read a solitary name of French accent or denomination. The Old Religion, as distinguished from the New Religion which the Huguenots professed, is the faith which now perhaps not unfitly prevails in St. Augustine, but there is a great variety in the Protestant faiths, let alone that difference of white and black which is of such marked emphasis that I do not suppose any one could get to heaven from a church where he was not properly segregated. The colored churches, divided from the white, are again divided by such a nice distinction, for example, as Methodist Episcopal and African Methodist Episcopal. Many of the colored people, however, are broadly Roman Catholic, but they also have their own churches apart from the white.

When the king of Spain ceded Florida to the king of England, late in the eighteenth century, the Spanish inhabitants of St. Augustine largely, if not mostly, went away to Cuba, but their religion continued in the primacy which it still enjoys. The cathedral fronting the Plaza from the north is not the cathedral of former days, but a dignified reproduction of the cathedral devoured by the flames which in St. Augustine seem to have a peculiar appetite for the older edifices. One steps into it from the twentieth century and finds oneself in the serious silence which is the same in all the temples of that faith, and which one might almost persuade oneself was a religious emotion and not the esthetic impression it really is. It makes one wish for the moment that one were of the Old Religion, and this was the effect with me when I woke in the morning and heard the nuns' sweet voices rising in their matins over the gardens of the

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girls' school across the way from us. It was a privilege to dwell in the sound and sight of that place, and one felt something of an unmerited consecration from it; when one met two of those kind sisters, who always came and went in twos, one gladly stepped from the narrow footway of St. George Street, and gave way to them with a sense of unmerited blessing from the sight of them. The figure of St. Joseph looked down, at first glance rather apparitionally, from an upper window across the flowers, and seemed to bless them in the benediction not withheld from the shrill hilarity of the girl children and the undergraduates romping at their noonday games in the open galleries. One night we went to a dramatic performance in the school given by a sisterhood of young people from the outside under the nuns' auspices, with blameless dances and instructive mythological tableaux. When we would not wait for the play which was to follow these we were stayed by one of the girl pupils and entreated to remain; the play was going to be the best thing of the whole evening; and now I am sorry we did not remain.

Such spare incidents were the most salient events of our sojourn, which I could easily pretend was full of much more startling experiences. St. Augustine is indeed the setting of almost any most dramatic fact, as the companies of movie-players, rehearsing their pantomimes everywhere, so recurrently testified. No week passed without the encounter of these genial fellow-creatures dismounting from motors at this picturesque point or that, or delaying in them to darken an eye, or redden a lip or cheek, or pull a bodice into shape, before alighting to take part in the drama. I talk as if there were no men in these affairs, but there were plenty, preferably villains, like brigands or smugglers or savages, with consoling cowboys or American cavalrymen for the rescue of ladies in extremity. Seeing the films so much in formation, we naturally went a great deal to see them ultimated in the movie-theaters, where we found them nearly all bad. In this I do not suppose that they differed from the movie-drama elsewhere, or that they were more unfailingly worthless. They were less offensive as they were more romantic; when they tried to be realistic they illustrated the life of crime in the East, and of violence in the West. There was very little comedy, but one night, in the representation of a mediæval action, an involuntary stroke of burlesque varied the poetry of the love interest when the mechanical piano, which had been set to the music of the tango, continued that deplorable strain while the funeral of a nun slowly paced through the garden of the convent to the chapel. The general vulgarity and worse seemed the more pity because the theaters were always well filled not only with prouder visitors from the great hotels, and the friendly roomers from everywhere, but with nice-looking townspeople, who had brought their children with them when they had not let them come alone.

The children seemed about at most hours of their parents' waking, and, as in Italy and Spain, one saw little ones of tender age sharing their pleasures of the public places. Very small boys and girls played at night in the paths of the Plaza, or hung upon the railing of the alligator's bath-tub, and admired his secular repose; now and then one fell asleep at its mother's knee, and I thought the whole usage homelike and kindly, however not perfectly wise. It was at least part of the native life, which the tourist life so much overran; and yet that tourist life was genial, too. It went and came in conversible enjoyment of the place, from its various lodgings and from the delicatessen shops where it inexpensively fed. As the season advanced it thickened upon the town, and the dwellers up and down the more convenient streets were adventurously besought to share their houses with the roomers. We ourselves were not exempt from their entreaties, and I do not yet quite know how we escaped having one mother in Israel for a paying guest; she sat down at her own suggestion to argue the matter with us, and I thought really she had much of the logic on her side. Possibly she prolonged her argument because she liked so much the rich glow from the mass of the live-oak logs burning on our hearth, and I did not blame her; rather do I blame my-

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self, and shall always blame, for not asking in to that genial warmth the little frail old dame who arrived one cold day on our veranda to offer her pathetically humble stock of needles and pins for our purchase. I then thought it enough to buy a quarter's worth of pins, and did not think, insensate that I was, to ask her indoors to warm herself at our fire. She was from Michigan, she said, and that Florida day must have been mockingly bitter to her. She faded into the afternoon chill, and left me, when I realized it, to suffer for my sin of omission with vain thoughts of pursuing her, and bringing her back and offering her tea and toast and whatever instant refreshments I could imagine.

While I am about owning this unavailing regret, I may as well remember how I one day bought a wagon-load of fat pine from a thin little old woman, who proved, on the testimony of our colored maid, a widow trying to work the bit of farm her husband's death had left her, and whom I ought to have bought a load of fat pine from every day, but I did not think to order even another load, and so never saw her again. This also lies heavy on my soul, but I thank Heaven we bought all the tumblers of delicious guava jelly which a little neighbor girl offered us; and since we did this I wish she had seemed needier than she probably was. Not many people came to us with things to sell, but we soon began getting boxes of delicious strawberries from the farm-wife whom once we found working in her own field, and we never ceased buying them as long as they lasted. It was a quaint place, of wooden Gothic, holding its own against age, and charming the air with an effect of personal history. She led us over it, and invited us to tell any one who asked that it was to let furnished, as I now tell the reader. A lady not otherwise of our acquaintance accompanied us on her own incentive, as by mere force of habit, and said she always liked to visit that house, it was so picturesque.

Very little of the country life showed itself about the town, and when it did it was mostly colored; there was one white orange-farmer who came at first with his fruit, and then, on our question of the sweetness of his tangerines, promptly ceased to come. But there is a famous orange grove northward of the city where the tangerines are better, and you may be shown on a ladder plucking them from the tree, if you are of a mind to be so photographed. It is perhaps a little too conscious, but the orchard is not the less sincere for that, and you may see there the preparation which the orange-growers of northern Florida have provided against frost ever since the Great Freeze: pots and pans of combustibles, to make a heavy smudge and blanket the fruit against the inclemency of the skies. When the spring began to thicken in leaf and blossom upon our vernal world, the perfume of the orange flowers struck through the air a quarter of a mile off and involved us in its dense sweetness as we drove by on our often way "Round the Horn." As is well known, the orange-trees are always flowering and fruiting together, but it may not be so well known that in St. Augustine they have infected the peach-trees with their habit. When we arrived the first week of January these were already trying the temperature with a bud here and there, and when we left in the second week of April, they were still tentatively blowing, as the New England country folks say, while their earlier ventures were rewarded with half-grown peaches. There was never that passionate flush of bloom which makes the peach-tree a thing of unspeakable beauty at the North; with the whole season from Christmas to Easter for its work, it felt no hurry here. It was so with most other fruits and flowers, especially with the nondescript fruit called a loquat in Bermuda, and in St. Augustine a Japanese plum, which began with no perceptible flower, and slowly yellowed and mellowed to the hand of predatory boyhood, though that might have had it for the asking in any dooryard. In the first days of April the mulberries were black enough to be eaten by the black boys. We made no account of roses and violets; but the poinsettia seemed to merit attention by keeping its fire-red spikes on till they dropped at the coming of spring, and left the bougainvillea to take up the tale.

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That famous orange orchard which we must not leave behind yet, is admirable for the avenues first of palms, and then of live-oaks which form its approach; the oaks stretch their writhing limbs across the driveway, and put a still weirder disposition on from their hearsing with long plumes of Spanish moss, in perhaps the least endearing appeal of nature to human nature. Half an acre from the stooping trunks the branches reach far out as in some strife of "dragons of the prime," hairy with the hideous gray of the parasite, which waves funerally in the air. It is said to be finally the death of the tree, but there is here and there one which escapes its throttling grip, and especially we knew one which in a neglected garden spread itself abroad over half an acre of ground. Always it was a pleasure to drive by that vast oak, as it was a pleasure to drive under the oaks which border the long Avenue San Marco on the way to the road Round the Horn. Last year it seemed to have been ravaged by some sort of insect, but it was putting out its gray-green leaves anew, with the water-oak in young verdure bulking freshly and refreshingly beside it.

The drive Round the Horn is the most characteristic of the drives about St. Augustine, and is more comprehensive of the general interest than any other. The bridge which you presently cross gives one of the fairest prospects of the city, with its Andalusian towers and roofs, and then you are on the way back to them, by a shell road winding through the reaches and expanses of palmetto scrub, among the stems of the rather spindling pines. The scrub is the wonder and the terror of the local landscape, and, so far as I know, the whole Floridian landscape. Of all the vegetable enemies of man it seems the most inexorable. You may cut it, or burn its fans down to the roots; it bides its time, and after a brief season of sparse grass, which the cows eat in default of other herbage, the scrub renews its hold upon the nether regions, and must be dug up, fiber by fiber, before the meager soil can be freed from it for such crops as will grow in it. More crops will grow in what looks like mere sand than you would imagine, or the Northern farmer or gardener could hope to harvest from it. If you transplant the young trees from among the scrub, they willingly flourish, when encouraged with a little water, into columnar palmettoes, such as make the promise of a noble avenue on the drive to the beautiful woodland called Lewis's Point, after a philanthropist whose public and private beneficences at St. Augustine form a Tolstoyan romance. But this is not the place to tell the story which, as your colored driver murmurs it, lends its poetry to your course through the winding ways of the natural park, with their outlooks upon the still waters of the bays and bayous around. You need not otherwise believe all that your driver says, especially all he says of the serpents which frequent these groves and climb the vines of the scuppernong to share its fruit with the colored boys competing for the grapes. Like these boys, the snake which loves the fruit most is black, and sometimes in the imagination of the driver is of as lofty reach as the vine itself.

Candor obliges me to say that although we saw scuppernong vines in abundance, we never saw any snakes on them, black or of any other color; but once in driving home from the Point in the cool of a very cool evening we saw a captive rattlesnake held in leash by the man who had caught it. The loathly worm was quite torpid from the cold, and lay a gray, clayey length that showed the whole pattern of its checkered design, with its rattles a full yard away from its deadly fangs. We did not stay to ask how or where it had been taken, but hurried by through the early dusk which the Southern twilight had suddenly lapsed into after our visit to the vineyard where a German family makes a "fine, fruity old port" from the berries of the scuppernong. These grow, anomalously enough, the size of small plums, in loose clusters of three or four, and are of the flavor of our Concord grapes, but do not transport so well as the wine, and probably would not ripen in the North. The name had always a charm for me from its musical enumeration in that pleasant rhyme of Longfellow's renowning our Catawba beyond all other native, and some alien vintages; and I now satisfied my wish to see

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the scuppernong growing on some spreading trellises which it roofed. But it has never the soft insinuation of vines better known to literature, and before the leaves come to hide them in the spring, it is covered with spiky twigs instead of the delicate, clinging tendrils of other grapes. The spreading trellises here were of no great spread, and were presently lost in an orchard of oranges and other fruit trees, all ordered with a neatness very alien to the sloven farming of the country about, but much in keeping with the young Bavarian sisters, with their long braids and smooth masses of dark hair, who came out to show us the place. They came out of a new-built house of Northern pattern—first to save us from the misgivings of their dogs; and last—their widowed mother and older sister being in town—the capable little women led us to the barn where the bottles and barrels of the scuppernong were stored. When I proposed to buy a bottle of the wine, they wished me to taste a glass of it that I might test its quality; and they even allowed our colored driver (a very mildly coffee-colored driver) to join in the test, so that he was able to add his voice in favor of the vintage from a whole tumblerful.

The drive from the farm through the forest solitude back to the highway was haunted by the sad or savage black faces starting up before us as in the woodland road, and was not cheered by the lamps in the windows of the moldering hamlet of Moultrie. Ruin seemed to have grown upon the place since we had seen it an hour before, and a decay at once eerie and ramshackle invested the forsaken villa on rising ground beyond the estuary where the little oysters mustered their serried ranks in the ebb-tide of the muddy flats. This villa could never have been very impressive itself, but the massive stone posts of the gateways approaching it were of even undue grandeur; otherwise the unpainted wood of the local architecture, which had never known dignity nor beauty, was of that repulsive forlornness which seems characteristic of the Southern farm or village house in its decay. Yet if the ground has once been cleared of all that man has builded for the shelter of his love or pride, there is sometimes a charm in the utter effacement. One day of another year another driver carried us by a place where he said he used to bring a lady from the North whose family home it had once been, and where, beyond the squalor of a negro suburb, an opening in the scrub-pine and palmetto stretched a wilding lawn under gray live-oaks and shining magnolias growing apart from one another as if from intention rather than by accident. It was so fit a place for the mansion which had once stood there in the stately keeping of the slave-holding past that one must look twice to make sure that the vanished home was not haunting the scene. The Northern lady who frequented it was only far off akin to those who had once dwelt there, and it did not seem that her visits were the effect of family piety; but she came and came as long as she remained in St. Augustine, and as we should have come if we had remained in reach of the beautiful, wistful spot.

As for the allure of St. Augustine itself, it was largely that of all small cities not densely built over their area, and it kept the tradition of a country town in dooryards with flowers, and back yards with homely vegetables, and here and there a vacant lot where the sweet corn and the pea vines flourished, not remote from the centers of commerce and fashion which, as I have said, do not intermit their business or pleasure on Sundays. I liked driving in the outlying streets which had once hoped to be avenues, but when Palm Beach and Miami had taken the hope of all-winter resort from St. Augustine had given it up (not in desperation so much as in resignation) and become gently weed-grown and grass-grown roadways. Where the tops of the wayside oaks or cedars arched together overhead, they were of a gloom that was very pleasant, and where the colonnading and arcading ceased, it was still a pensive pleasure to find oneself passing the simple gardens and lawns, not too wild-grown, of houses that had quite ceased trying to be the winter homes of well-to-do Northern invalids, and were now either for sale outright, or were putting off the inevitable hour by offering fur-

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nished rooms to let. Every point of the winning city had its moment of charm, and I did not yield a fonder allegiance to the great Ponce de Leon when that hostelry gathered a rich sunset in its clustering palms, and lifted its roofs and towers above them in the lingering afterglow, than to the Plaza of a sunny morning when my home-towners ranged themselves with their home-papers on the benching in the checkered shade, or then, when the full moon sailed above the campanile of the cathedral, and the alligator dreamed in his fountain, and the old Spanish market-house tried to remember which of the home-towners it was that beat at checkers during the long games of the forenoon. It was fine also when the swift twilight fled before the dusk over the waters that stretched between St. Augustine and St. Anastasia; but no finer than other divisions of the day at other places. If I were driven to choose, I should favor a mild Sunday forenoon on the road crossing from farther St. George Street over the water-gate that keeps the estuary of Maria Sanchez full, independently of the changing tide. It is then a smooth, motionless mirror, where the distant towers and roofs of the city glass themselves with a certain delicate beauty of line and color, and let you imagine them in whatever story of the city's past you like. I myself like some idyllic passage of it not too weighted down with fact, and not above sympathy with such homely effects as the reedy pastures of the shore, and the rather shabby cows grazing there in the keeping of colored mothers past more active cares. If you are for a more romantic outlook, you are welcome to the long expanse of the southward savannah. fenced along the horizon by the shadowy walls of woodland. But I think we shall come together in our pleasure of the river's name, called after whatever Spanish maid or matron Maria Sanchez might have been, and that we shall like it better, and find it the sweeter on our tongues for being her surname as well as her Christian name.

Matron or maid, Señora or Señorita, it would not be more endearing if it were of the oldest Spanish derivation than if it were of that Minorcan origin which lends to the history of St. Augustine the pathos of a people cruelly injured. The children of this people have multiplied and prospered in the friendly air of the place for more than a hundred years, now, since an alien governor rescued them from a wrong which an alien oppressor had done them. Under their name and with them many poor Greeks and Italians were lured from Minorca when the islanders were brought to Florida by the Englishman who promised them home and country in his employ, and after he had got them to his lands practically enslaved them. They seem to have been something like our colonial Redemptioners in the terms of their emigration, but when they found themselves doomed lifelong to work out the price of their transit, in no hope of rescue from their tyrant till one of them who had heard of English law stole away to St. Augustine, and asked the English governor if they could be held against their will, without land or wages; and the governor answered, with what roar of disclaimer the reader chooses to imagine, Certainly not! Then their Moses went back to them, and led them up out of their bondage at New Smyrna to St. Augustine and left their English tyrant with the machinery of his indigo farms to rust and ruin. Ever since they have been an admirably industrious element in their city of refuge, and honored for their virtues. But it is said that they keep to themselves away from their kind neighbors, irreparably wounded in their pride by the conditions of their past sufferings. For my own part I would like to believe that all that beauty and grace which I liked to attribute to the blood of the race dominant in the city for three hundred years, had come down to our day through these deeply wronged Minorcans; and I would not have the shadow of their tragedy rest, however lightly, upon the sunny picture of St. Augustine which remains in my remembrance. Other shadows there were, as there are in all the memories of life. Sometimes the butcher would not send home the meat in time, or the sort of meat that was ordered; sometimes the grocer would not send anything at any time, until he was prodded over the telephone; but in

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the end we did not starve, and meanwhile we continued in the hope that the boys carrying baskets before them on their bicycles were coming to us with them.

Otherwise our days went by in a summer succession the whole winter through, but if now and then a day was unseasonably wintry, we justly blamed our native North for it. I have tried, faithfully if not successfully, to give some notion of the place and its resources for the exile who has merely come away to escape care, and I hope I have not exaggerated them. I have confessed that the drives were not so many as I could wish, but the pleasant walks were more than I could take, and our excursions in suburb or beyond always offered some interesting spectacle or experience. There would be a house, left unoccupied by its owner for the winter, which we would occupy for the moment at a merely nominal rent; there was a certain ship's carpenter whom we liked to see building a small yacht in his back yard, remote from any of the surrounding waters; and in a garden beside a house not otherwise memorable there was the passion of a half-grown kitten for a hen which, as the cat rubbed against the scandalized and indignant fowl, afforded a spectacle of unrequited affection that might well have been studied for a painting on the cover of a popular magazine; there were wide, wilding spaces which the prosperity of former years had meant for house-lots, and there were others where houses had once stood, and then fallen away, leaving flowery tangles of bushes and briers behind them. But the great charm of the town was in the town itself, and chiefly characteristic of it was our own St. George Street, which, whether it followed the Maria Sanchez away in cottages or bungalows of divers ideals to the border of the far-reaching southward savannah, or led northward beyond the Plaza, was somehow more Old World in effect than other thoroughfares of the town. There were not merely the shops where everything you wanted or did not want was offered you, but there was here and there a Spanish house, sometimes tottering with age, but in one instance at least keeping its ancient state of coquina walls flush with the street and with a stretch of garden beside it, and on the street beyond it the appealing ruin of like houses left by the last fire. Somewhat early in the season, the old thoroughfare entered into a generous commercial rivalry with King Street, and equipped itself with colored electric lamps strung overhead in gay strands from side to side. By night or by day, with its little shops and its cracking walls, and people walking up and down its middle among the vehicles, it was very, very South-European. But it had places where you could hardly keep from buying the latest magazines, or deny the claim of your home-paper wherever your home was in the Middle West. Promptly, twenty-four hours late, there were not only the New York papers, but the Chicago, the Cleveland, the Cincinnati papers, with news which had kept quite fresh on the long way south. But, above all, St. George Street was the directest way to the old fort San Marco, and to the city gates which remain another monument of the Spanish will to be fair as well as strong. Our great architect McKim could not find a nobler suggestion for his Harvard gates than these gave, and one who goes to Cambridge may imagine from them the chief ornament of St. Augustine. They are indeed only the pillars of the gates, with a bit of the ancient wall beside each, and how the fortification was continued from them I never could quite realize, or whether in palmetto logs or coquina walls. The old embankment which once stretched away on either side was long ago leveled with the plain, but you can still imagine anything you like of it. You cannot imagine too much of St. Augustine anywhere within its vanished walls, or in the characteristic landscape, where it lies a vision of unique appeal in our commonplace American world.

[THE END.]

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The Pretender

BY FORREST CRISSEY

WHILE Milton Rue sat solemnly in the barber-chair, suffering the quarterly haircut that celebrated a change of the seasons, his cousin Tom, who had just arrived from Miller's Falls, passed quietly out of the door to inspect a tin peddler's cart that drew up before the hardware store.

As the peddler was about to dismount from his high seat he glanced down into the window of the barber-shop, caught sight of the boy, and waved him a salute that seemed to carry an inference of respect and comradeship not common between important men of business and small boys.

By the time the sleek and scented Milton came out of the barber-shop and joined his cousin quite a group had gathered about the tin peddler.

"Yessur," the boys heard the vagrant merchant exclaim. "I don't stop at a house anywhere in this country that I don't have to tell all about how Warren Rue's boy got the cast of the elephant's foot. An' th' school-teacher at Town Line showed me a piece printed right out in her home paper that she'd wrote about Milton. Told how he walked seven miles to see the elephant's footprints in the clay bank of Slippery Creek, an' how I fetched him home on the seat of the cart, with the image restin' on a board across his knees. She's sent for one of them papers an' I'm goin' to have it. I've been figuring that a nice, safe place to put that piece is right on the panel of the tinware door of the cart—inside. Mebby I'll have it framed an' screwed onto the inside of the door. If Warren Rue thinks enough of that plaster image to send clear to Buffalo for a glass dome to cover it—like they put over wax flowers an' stuffed birds—I guess I can stand the expense of a frame an' a glass for that piece that the school-teacher printed about the boy and his cast—an' me.

"I had as much to do with that elephant's-foot image as anybody exceptin' Henry Bills himself. It's about as interesting a thing as ever happened to me in all the drivin' I've done over these hills. I guess the wimmin 'll about wear the hinges off that door when I get the piece framed an' hung inside. Besides, I ain't exactly overlookin' the fact that 'twon't hurt trade!"

The look that the boy from the metropolis of Miller's Falls gave his country cousin, as they moved quietly away from their ambush behind a display of rakes, hoes, and pitchforks, was a new experience in the life of the modest Milton, whose olive cheeks showed spots of scarlet. It was an unstinted acknowledgment on the part of the visiting relative that he stood in the presence of true juvenile greatness. The town boy had come to visit a shy, admiring, and almost servile country cousin—only to find that humble relative suddenly transformed into a hero whose exploits were celebrated in newspapers. When a tin peddler, who went everywhere and knew everybody, bragged to a group of grown men about having carried Milton on the seat of his cart, fame had certainly descended upon the family! There could be little in the whole range of human honors beyond this.

Tom had never been troubled with diffidence before, but in the presence of such distinction he became almost abashed. From condescending tolerance of this dark, shy, dreamy-eyed lad—who was suitably conscious that he lived on a farm and was a year the younger—the guest from town suddenly descended to an attitude of constrained but ardent adoration.

Instantly he tried to think of some treasure in his possession that would be a fit offering to this favorite of fortune whose name was on the lips of "every

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woman in the country" and who had been written about by a school-teacher. Oh! if his mother hadn't made him leave behind the broken pistol for which he had traded his bantams—there would have been an offering worthy of the most famous boy he had ever seen! But his watchful mother had extracted that treasure from his pockets almost at the moment of parting. He had absolutely nothing with him that a person of such distinction as this dark and handsome cousin might envy—nothing but money, and intuitively he felt that, somehow, it would be unsuitable to offer a gift of money to a boy whose fame was beyond anything of which he had ever dreamed.

Suddenly it came to him that a hero of such splendid spirit as Milton would delight in the pages of the last Capt. Mayne Reid's book that he had read.

"You know any boy here that's got the Mayne Reid books?" asked Tom.

"Soapy Hart's got most of 'em," answered Milton, "but he's so stingy he won't lend 'em. His gran'pa keeps the drug-store and they say he's the tightest man in town. Soapy's goin' t' be just like him when he grows up, I guess."

At the insistence of his cousin, Milton led the way to Soapy, who was found in the store basement sorting and washing the basket of bottles that he had gathered from the back yard of old Mrs. Havens, who rejoiced in the distinction of consuming more patent medicine than any other woman in the village.

The thrifty Soapy was stoically indifferent to the interest of the visiting stranger in the set of books until it was made clear to him that the transaction was not in the nature of a polite exchange of literary favors, but involved a cash consideration.

"That's the one I want," exclaimed Tom as his eye caught the title, *The Flag of Distress*.

"I couldn't sell that one," quickly asserted the gifted trader, "less 'n seventy-five cents. It's the best in the set, and—"

But his shrewd salesmanship was cut short by the clink of coin in his palm. Milton had eyed the negotiations with undisguised admiration for the freedom and decision with which his town cousin spent money. Secretly he wondered how much there was left in the pocket of his guest.

"I—I bought that for you," stammered the admiring Tom as they made their way back to the post-office where Warren Rue was waiting with the team. "I think Don Francisco de Lara is great. Couldn't anything scare him out or head him off when he got started after something. He was wicked—awful wicked—but as brave as a pirate." After a pause he added, "I guess you like brave ones, all right."

Milton acknowledged the flattering suggestion with a quick, "You bet!"

Before the first afternoon of his visit was half spent Tom almost wished that he had never thought of giving Milton the wonderful chronicle of the two Spanish adventurers, for Milton had so completely fallen under its charm that he was the poorest of companions. Tom reflected, however, that this was to be expected of a boy who had walked seven miles alone over hills and through dark woods and had returned in triumph with a plaster-of-Paris cast taken from the footprint of the "wisest elephant in the world"; of course such a boy would be eager to follow the wild exploits of the wicked and fearless young Castilians.

But the preoccupation of Milton was not without its compensations for his guest. It gave the visitor time to linger in the dim parlor and gaze reverently upon the image of the foot of the elephant. No wonder the tin peddler and Warren Rue and the school-teacher at Town Line and all the rest of the folks regarded this as the greatest art treasure that had ever been known in the country. There was nothing like it, he reasoned, in the whole world. Some day it would probably be placed in a great museum like the one he had once visited in Buffalo. He wished it was not covered with the glass dome—then he could reach out and actually touch it with his hand. He told himself that he would rather have that bumpy thing there on the marble-topped center-table—with all the adventure and celebrity associated with it—than a big monument in the graveyard like that which had been put up in honor of Banker Fenley, who had "left" the park to Miller's Falls.

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The dim light and the deep quiet of the farm-house parlor cast a spell of peculiar solemnity upon the town boy, who realized that, aside from the family Bible on the wall table, this home sanctuary contained no object so mysterious and sacred as the yellowing, ivory-like image of the elephant's foot.

Again and again he read the inscription engraved by the Buffalo jeweler upon the little metal plate fastened to the bottom of the case:

WUGOOF — EXPERIENCE
MADE BY MILTON RUE

And fame like this had been achieved in a day by his own cousin! He wondered if he ought to call him "Milt," as he had on his previous visits. It seemed almost too familiar a way in which to speak to a person who had become great and famous at such an early age. Finally, however, he concluded that, as there was no other name by which he could address his hero, this would have to serve.

As the silent and enchanted Milton lay prone upon the grass under the old Northern Spy tree, his chin propped in his hand and his glowing eyes fixed upon the open page before him, his guest had ample opportunity to study the face of his new-found hero. After gazing intently at the profile of his cousin for some thirty minutes, he finally remarked, as if thinking aloud:

"You're awful dark, Milt — just like Don de Lara. His hair was a little blacker, mebby, but I'll bet his eyes weren't any bigger—for a man, that is—than yourn. If they didn't know your folks an' if you was dressed for it, anybody would take you for a Spanish boy. Your skin's just right for it. The only way you're not like Don de Lara is that you don't have that proud and haughty Castilian way with you. But then, I guess boys don't ever get that till they grow up an' have to shave."

The only answer that the absorbed Milton gave to this flattering reflection on the part of his town cousin was to flash a spot of dark red in each cheek—but as his face was buried in his hands, Tom was left to suppose that his comments had been unheard.

Communion between the cousins was mainly of the silent sort until Milton at last reached the end of his story, closed the book with a delectable sigh, and exclaimed:

"Oh! wouldn't it be great to be like those Spaniards! I think Francisco de Lara is the most—the most splendid man I ever read about."

"If you grow up the way you look now," blurted Tom, "you'll look enough like him to be his brother."

"Honest? You think so?" eagerly questioned Milton—and then relapsed into a dreamy silence from which he finally emerged with the remark: "Let's make it up between us that you're Don Calderon and I'm Don de Lara. Only we won't let on anything about it before ma. She laughs at everything, an' that spoils it. It's lots more fun, anyway, to do a thing like that without letting anybody know—kind of a secret life, like."

"I—I—don't like Don Calderon," was Tom's hesitating protest. "He wasn't very brave."

"But," responded Milton, "he was wicked, anyhow; besides, you say yourself I look like De Lara, an' so—"

"All right," yielded the visitor, "we'll be Don Calderon and Don de Lara to ourselves every day, while your folks and everybody else 'll think we're just boys!"

"There's a lot of Spanish talk in that book, an' we c'n learn it," suggested Milton, his artistic ardor flaming in his eyes. "Then mebby I can draw a Spanish book from the library. Anyhow, Payne's new hired hand is a Portuguese, an' I heard Mr. Payne tell pa that that is just about the same as Spanish. Oh! we'll pick it up until we can talk the whole lingo, real smooth, too!"

If Mary Rue suspected that her roof sheltered two cruel, handsome, and desperately wicked young Spanish cutthroats whose haughty Castilian hearts scorned all English, and whose dark lips murmured languorous Castilian salutations from morning till night, she gave no hint.

That evening two somewhat abashed but very determined pupils sat at the feet of the hired man from the Azores and repeated the sonorous phrases guar-

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"THERE'S SPANISH TALK IN THAT BOOK, AN' WE C'N LEARN IT"

anteed to be as pure Castilian as the salutations used at the court of Isabella. The lonely Miguel was not wholly insensible of the distinction of being asked to teach Spanish to a boy whose plucky exploit had placed his name on the tongues of men and women wherever they gathered to discuss community affairs, so he became a willing and enthusiastic tutor. Although only a farmhand, who had earlier served as cabin-boy on a trading schooner, he had enough of native wit to insist that Milton might easily be taken for the son of a Spanish nobleman. A courtier could not have done better!

Only the fear that Mrs. Rue might surprise them and discover their delicious secret made the boys willing to bring the language lessons to a timely close. Just as Tom was sinking into the soft mists of sleep that night he was vaguely conscious of a voice close to his ear murmuring:

"Bweenos dee-yass, señor."

And he was able to respond thickly, "Adeeos, señor."

Possibly the ardor with which the impersonators of the dashing "Caballeros" pursued their Spanish studies might have waned within a week had not an amazing family announcement spurred the imagination of Milton to a flight worthy of one who had already achieved distinction while still of tender years. Scarcely had Mrs. Rue broken the thrilling news that Milton was to go home with Tom and spend a fortnight in Miller's Falls, when her boy became strangely silent and his dark eyes filled with dreams from which even the delighted Tom hesitated to arouse him. It seemed an interminable while before the hero of the elephant's-foot episode came out of his vision and gave unmistakable signs that he was not only on earth, but that he had something highly important to impart to his devoted henchman. Instinctively Tom realized that the glowing eyes of his comrade, *alias* Fran-

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cisco de Lara, had seen something of rare import; that the imagination of the dreamer had brought forth a vision that would make the day one to be remembered.

Milton led the way to the West Woods, and did not pause until they dropped upon the cool, fragrant earth under the level branches of the giant beech whose massive, mottled trunk was freshly carved with the names:

DON FRANCISCO DE LARA
DON FAUSTINO CALDERON

Already Tom had learned that his oracle was inclined to lapses into a state of dreamy abstraction—especially so in the woods and before he had a revelation to make that was befitting a boy who had become famous before reaching long trousers. So he patiently waited while Milton gazed silently upward at the floating white clouds seen through the flickering screen of the green foliage above him.

At last the dark, curving lips of the dreamer moved, and Tom thrilled as the artist unfolded his daring plan:

"Wouldn't it be great t' pertend that I'm a little Spanish boy from South America and not let a boy in Miller's Falls know that I'm your cousin?"

"I believe you could do it," admitted the admiring Tom. "Anyhow, you could if anybody could—"

"An' we wouldn't let on," eagerly resumed Milton, "that I could speak a word of English, or even understand it, either—exceptin' mebby a few things just so's they wouldn't think I was too dull to learn. You could kind of translate something to 'em—tell 'em you'd been with me so much that you'd caught on a little."

"Mebby," modestly suggested Tom, "I'd blunder an' make a mess of it."

"Oh, I'd look out for you," was the assuring answer of the leading actor in the drama that was fast taking form in the mind of the dark-skinned spinner of romance who was already in the streets of Miller's Falls with a circle of boys about him asking Tom all sorts of questions about the wonderful life that his visitor from the pampas had left behind him.

"We'll have to just eat up the Spanish till your visit's over. I'm going to give Miguel my book about *The Great West* to get him to put in all the evenings down by the creek teaching me—that is, until I have to go to bed. If I look as much like a Spanish boy as he makes out—he said like a grandee's son—seems as if I ought to be able to learn a lot of it quick. An' I'm goin' to. You see 'f I don't."

That evening, after they had gone to bed and exchanged all the Spanish salutations that they had thus far mastered and Milton was staring dreamily at the shaft of moonlight that silvered the ceiling of the chamber, his apparently sleeping companion suddenly sat bolt-upright and exclaimed:

"Milt, you can't do it!"

"Why? What's the matter?" came the astonished response from The Pretender, who had been, the moment before, seeing himself rescuing a fair-haired child from the foam-flecked jaws of a mad dog in the streets of Miller's Falls.

"It 'll spoil everything if you do. Why, I can't tell the boys anything about the elephant's foot—not a word—and that's real—no pretend about it. Besides, it's going to be an awful job to keep it all up an'—"

"That's so," soberly answered the hero of the elephant's-foot adventure, to whose unaccustomed lips the nectar of public praise had been strangely sweet. Then, after a moment's frank deliberation, he declared: "No; I'm goin' t' be the little Spanish boy all the time I'm in Miller's Falls. You c'n tell 'em about the other after I've come back."

Having thus provided his doting partner with the desired sop of reflected glory—a little delayed, but still certain—The Pretender fell smilingly asleep, speaking Spanish phrases to the grateful mother of the rescued child.

Only once in the days before his departure did the soul of the awakened artist sink within him at the fear that his strangely wise mother might have suspected his secret. He was just beyond the spring-house in the alder thicket repeating to Tom his latest and choicest Spanish salutation: "Bweenos dee-yass, cam-a-ra-das. The-le-bro ver-los wee-nos."

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"What'd you say that means?" inquired Tom, whose linguistic sense was decidedly misty.

Milton bowed low, swept his hand from shoulder to thigh in a graceful gesture and exclaimed, "Good morning, my comrades; I salute you!"

"I guess that 'll settle 'em, when you get so's you can slip it off easy—just as if you'd always talked that way!"

Suddenly the suspicion that he had heard a smothered laugh made the dark cheeks of The Pretender whiten and he hastily exclaimed: "Hark! What was that?"

"Oh," comfortingly responded Tom, "I think it was just a cow laughing out there by the creek."

When Milton encountered his mother his deep, accusing eyes studied her face searchingly. No; she hadn't overheard anything! If she had, she couldn't have kept the corners of her mouth from twitching when she knew that he was looking at her that way! Reassured, he turned to his linguistic lessons and rehearsals with redoubled zeal. How wonderful it was that his parents were going to let him go unattended to Miller's Falls! If his mother were going along his part would have become discouragingly difficult. Now there was a clear coast for him to play the part without a shadow of adult interference, for he knew that Tom's mother was so "busy" that Tom enjoyed rare liberty.

Milton's zeal to master his rôle had become so intense as to cause his father to remark, the day before that set for his departure: "Mary, it seems to me that boy's terribly strung up about something. Mebby we ought not to let him go down to Stella's. He acts just as if he had something on his mind. I remember of an awful time I had once when—"

"Don't worry, Warren," she answered. "Milton's all right. And he'll have a great time at Tom's."

After the last good-bys had been said and Milton looked back and saw his father and mother waving to him from

TOM TELLS THE ROMANTIC STORY OF HIS ARISTOCRATIC YOUNG SPANISH VISITOR

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the platform of the little crosscut station he turned to Tom with the eagerness of an actor facing final rehearsal for a new production. "Just three hours an' then I'll be really—there!"

As the boys slipped into a rear seat Tom volunteered, "You gotta have a name."

"Oh, I thought all about that," came the quick answer. "It wouldn't do to pick one right out of *The Flag of Distress* just as it stands. The boys who've read the book might—"

"Sure they would," interrupted Tom. "I lent it to most of 'em."

"But I like Alvarez for a last name, an' I'm goin' to have it José Alvarez. I saw that on a cigar-box in Mr. Hooker's show-case. There's a kind of a wiggling mark like a worm over the 'o' and Miguel says that means you call it 'Hosay.' It's easy to remember, too.

"Now you got it all straight, what you're goin' t' tell 'em?—that I'm a Spanish boy from South America who's been sent up here 'cause his father and mother 're dead an' your aunt—that's ma—is a friend of my guardian an'—"

"An' you don't know any English, an' you act kinda queer because you ain't used to our ways, but you're brave, and you'll be awful rich when you grow up an' they turn your fortune over to you an'—"

"That's 'nough," interrupted Milton. "But the main thing is not to get careless an' forget I'm José Alvarez and up an' call me Milton—right before the boys."

"It's goin' to be hard work," grumbled Tom.

"It 'll be like—like wishing the nicest thing you could possibly think of, an' then really being it," insisted Milton. "Why, I'd rather be a little Spanish boy—brave an' rich an' high born—than anything I could think of right now."

Then the dark Pretender suddenly lapsed into silence, his eyes fixed with unseeing intentness upon the chandelier of the car and his lips moving as if repeating a prayer. Finally the dreamer awoke and a smile lighted his intense face as he confided:

"The first thing I say after you tell 'em 'bout me is goin' t' be, 'Komo estah oostai, senyorito?' I'll bow and make motions so that mebby they'll get the idea that it's something like what it really is—'How do you do, young gentlemen'? But the best one I got is: 'Kay hermoso dia! May rekowerda la temperatura kay disfrutamos allah en la dehesa de me padray.' I kept saying that over most all one night an' next day Miguel said I had it just as good as a Spaniard. But I'm goin' t' save that an' two others till toward time to come home. That 'll make it so's I could have a chance to pick up enough English to make you understand what it means. I guess they'd be surprised to know that I was telling them that the beautiful day reminded me of the weather on my father's ranch."

As the train approached Miller's Falls Milton thrilled with a strange ecstasy, a wine of emotion that he had never tasted before. A subtle change seemed to creep into his very appearance, and a subconscious recognition of this caused his panic-stricken partner in The Great Pretense to exclaim:

"They'll all believe it, all right. The way you look now it seems just as if you was a Spanish boy, and that you'd been just playing that you were Milton Rue."

"That's it! That's it!" came the eager answer from the lips of the awakened artist. "Just keep it that way in your mind an' it 'll be easy."

When the curtain went up on the Spanish drama the new star held the center of the stage in front of the waiting-room door of the Miller's Falls station, his head proudly erect, his left hand resting lightly upon his hip—after the manner of the conquistador on the cigar-box cover in Mr. Hooker's show-case, and his dark eyes regarding with detached, but distinguished, interest the group of boys to whom Tom was explaining the romantic story of his aristocratic visitor.

As Milton heard the friends of Tom exclaim: "Gee!" "Great!" and "Can't talk English?" his face registered no sign of understanding and his eyes regarded the Miller's Falls firehouse opposite the station with apparently a serene indifference that imposed an al-

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"WHAT A RADIANTLY BEAUTIFUL MAIDEN! COULD I BUT MEET HER!"

most supreme test upon his artistic powers. Not until the grinning and abashed Tom awkwardly motioned him to approach did The Pretender appear to recognize that the landscape offered specimens of his own species. But instantly, at this signal, he became the embodiment of alert and gracious attention. His dark eyes shifted from the countenance of his friend to the faces of the group as if his eagerness to understand the faltering words of introduction was almost painful. Then, as if he had finally grasped the thread of his sponsor's remarks, he lifted his cap, held it for an instant to his breast, and as he swept it toward the sidewalk he spoke his first lines in a voice firm, clear, and warm, with a grand courtesy that made his new friends almost gasp.

"Komo es-tah costai, sen-yo-rito?"

The fact that an unguarded giggle escaped the lips of one boy, whose heel was promptly kicked by his nearest companion, was completely ignored by The Pretender.

"What 'd he mean by that?" Tom was instantly asked.

The dark eyes of The Pretender checked the translation and held the star's support to the lines.

"Dun'no'. Guess it's a kind of 'Howdy do,'" explained Tom. "I ain't learnt much of his talk yet, but I'm pickin' it up some. It's a great languige —that Spanish! Uncle Warren, when I was visitin', says all the pirates talked it. Sometimes Hosay says things so'd you c'n almost understand, anyhow."

For this latter interpolation the star flashed his fellow-player a glance of grateful appreciation. The quartet of boys whose good fortune in meeting the train had given them first claim upon the acquaintance of the distinguished visitor from South America constituted themselves into a bodyguard which threatened to stay with The Pretender altogether too long for his comfort.

At the gate of the home that was to be honored with the presence of the most interesting arrival who had ever set the

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boy world of Miller's Falls into a buzz of excitement the visitor turned quickly, made a sweeping salutation, and exclaimed, "Adiose, senyorito!"

"I guess that must mean 'Good-by,'" remarked the leader of the escort, as he reluctantly halted at the gate while The Pretender promptly turned his back and led the way up the front steps of his aunt's house, taking good care that her welcome should not be seen by the group still lingering at the gate.

Once alone in the room which he and Tom were to share, the face of The Pretender lighted with a smile that needed no help of words to say to his dazed cousin: "See! Didn't I tell you I could do it?"

And the answer to this unspoken challenge which The Pretender read in the eyes of his town cousin was so adoring that it forced him to ask himself: Was he really the same human being who had once hung so devotedly upon the favor of so poor a prince as the recreant, and now despised, "Stubb" Totman? Ah! but it was a strange world!

These thoughts, however, were left unspoken, and Milton promptly descended to matters of immediate importance to the success of his rôle:

"We gotta keep th' boys out of this yard, somehow," he declared. "Just as sure as they get inside once where your ma can talk to 'em the whole thing will come out. I'll tell yuh! You go out an' explain to 'em that they can't ever come inside th' yard because in my country they don't do that. Tell 'em your uncle Warren said that if a boy was let to come into the place where I lived my guardian would have me sent back right away, an' that you had to promise it shouldn't ever happen if I was allowed to come home with you."

This inspiration served greatly to increase the admiration of the already worshipful cousin, who promptly carried the message to the waiting clans. The effect of the official proclamation was far beyond the modest expectations of the messenger.

"I s'pose," reflected Gil Morey, the undisputed leader of the Fenley School gang, "that's because he's 'n 'ristocrat—some'n' like a prince. But you c'n bring him 'round on the street, can't yuh?"

Tom nodded hesitatingly. His instinct prompted him to play safe and say little while his leader was absent.

"S'pose here," exclaimed Gil, seizing him by the elbow and drawing him aside, "you know that rabbit I wouldn't trade? You c'n have him. I wonder if they have rabbits down where the Spanish boy lives? Gee! I wish he c'd talk! But he's all right, anyhow! Ain't his hair black, though? An' he's got eyes like that little Dago girl that did tricks in the tent show."

As Tom returned home to report the success of his mission he gave serious consideration to the commercial possibilities of reflected glory. There might be more substance in this strange game that his hero had started than had been apparent at the outset. His imagination seemed to spring into life at this thought and his speculations, as he walked slowly home, were decidedly pleasant. It involved even the agreeable possibility of securing many long-coveted treasures which had before been considered hopelessly beyond his reach. Now his aspirations reached out for the seemingly unattainable.

A week later even the socially absorbed mother of Tom gave eloquent, but unconscious, testimony to the extent to which her son had commercialized his privileges as High Chamberlain in the court of The Pretender.

"I never saw," she exclaimed, as she surveyed his bedroom, "such a collection of boy truck before in all my life!" Then turning a suspicious eye upon her son she asked, "How did you get hold of all this?"

"Boys gave it to me—every bit of it," he said, and there was a candor in his tone that carried conviction.

But it did not prevent the comment: "Seems to me you've become strangely popular with your mates, lately. It wasn't long ago you were begging for two dollars—*two dollars*—to buy a pair of pouter pigeons from the Barney boy. Now I can see them sunning themselves on the roof of the barn. Did he give them to you?"

"Yes, Aunt Stella," interposed Milton. "He did. I was there and heard it."

"Well," added the mother of the

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thrifty courtier, "all I've got to say is don't you bring home a dog or a puppy. I draw the line there."

After his mother had gone to the kitchen the loyal, but thrifty, Lord Chamberlain remarked to The Pretender: "'Course I'm goin' t' divide up with you when you go. I know th' boys wouldn't give me all these things if it wasn't for wanting a chance to go 'round with you." Then, after mature reflection, he added, "It must seem almost like bein' a prince to have 'em act as they do 'bout you."

"I just wish," was Milton's answer, "that 'Stubb' Totman could see the way they treat me—an' they're town boys, too! I thought a good deal of 'Stubb,' but he wasn't worth it. I found that out when he ran off with our show money. I guess he'd feel cheap if he could be here now."

A VIOLENT RETURN BY THE BACK FENCE

"Gee!" reflected Tom. "I'd like t' take another look at that old elephant's foot!"

"You goin' to tell 'em 'bout it after I'm gone?" inquired The Pretender, whose thoughts turned pleasantly to the prospect of the added distinction that this would give him.

As Tom was about to answer, his eye swept the choicest treasures that he had extracted from the ambitious who had been permitted to enjoy the favor of the princely Spanish boy whose life was redolent of romance.

"I dun'no'," he answered. And there was a drift to his thought that was instantly understood by The Pretender.

Certainly there might be unpleasant possibilities connected with a discovery on the part of those composing his court that he was not a high-born Spanish boy, but just Milton Rue, a Pretender.

For a time this spice of peril added a fresh zest to the romantic drama. Then, one afternoon when he was waiting for Tom to finish cleaning the furnace-room, Milton heard a woman who was calling upon his aunt exclaiming: "What an adorable little Spanish boy you have visiting you! I never saw such eyes in a boy before. You'd know at a glance he's an aristocrat. My little Frank told me all about him and the romantic life he had."

"Spanish boy?" exclaimed Mrs. Morse. "Spanish? The only boy visiting here is my own sister's child, and he has no more Spanish blood in his veins than you have—not a drop!"

"Well," responded the mother of the admiring Frank, "he certainly must be a wonderful deceiver, then! And he's as darkly handsome as if he were pure Castilian. I can't deny that, even if he has deceived all the boys in Miller's Falls. Why, Mrs. Morse, the boys are talking of nothing else, and they're all trying to pick up enough Spanish words so that they can at least make a show of talking with him. They seem to be willing to give almost anything in

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the world for a chance to be with this nephew of yours. He's as much a rage with the boys of this town as that real prince was—the one the newspapers were full of who was at Newport this summer—with the society people. I guess the Miller's Falls boys were never taken in like this before. He's simply made them absurd. I don't think they'll enjoy the joke after they find out how they've been deceived, very much, either—"

HEADS APPEARING ABOVE THE SIDE FENCE INDICATED A STATE OF SIEGE

As The Pretender listened to this statement his cheeks paled—for instinct told him that his aunt's caller had not exaggerated the resentment that would descend upon him when his devotees discovered that they had been duped—and by a boy from the country!

Then, in departing, the caller explained that she was on her way to the station to take the train to the next town and would not return until late in the evening. Milton realized that he had a few hours in which to prepare for the storm of wrath that was bound to break over his head. His innate knowledge of boy savagery assured him that it would not be light. Every moment of reflection upon this point deepened the conviction that the reign of The Pretender would go out in a fury of rebellion.

For a moment he pondered this probability. His face was touched with meekness that no Miller's Falls boy had ever seen upon the dark and distinguished countenance of the Spanish Pretender. But suddenly his expression changed. He was again the proud Pretender. He would do as he knew the brave and reckless Francisco de Lara, his splendid hero of *The Flag of Distress*, always did in the face of danger—play it out with a high hand!

When he joined the group at the vacant lot beyond the school-house he was never more compelling. A passing delivery-wagon splashed mud upon his coat and gave him an opportunity to show his admirers the possibilities of Spanish temper. His eyes flashed and his whole frame seemed to tremble with passion as he shouted after the disappearing driver: "Caramba! Inoyo! Pardieth! Kara Kolace!"

His audience was spellbound by the splendor of this profanity and the admiration that it provoked was voiced by Billy Sutton, who observed:

"Ol' man Butts, down at Corey's livery-barn, thinks he can swear—but he just ought t' hear that!"

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The approach of a girl who answered the grins of her boy schoolmates with a toss of her pert head gave The Pretender another opportunity to astonish his audience with one of the choicest gems in his repertoire which had cost him hours of secret rehearsal. In a voice of Andalusian sweetness he exclaimed:

"Ah! Kay hermosisima yoven va allah!"

The Chief Courtier, who had been prepared for this supreme moment by many a session of weary drilling, arose to the occasion after he had been prompted by the exclamation. "I'll bet that's something grand! Gee! but wouldn't it be great to know all he says? I'd give a quarter if—"

Instantly the nearest friend of The Pretender remarked, with admirable conviction:

"You bet! It's some speech! He said sump'n' like that one day when his guardian was around—the tall Spaniard that came from South America with him an' keeps his fortune. The señor laughed an' repeated it to Mr. Rue. It means: 'Ah! What a radiantly beautiful maiden passes yonder! Could I but meet her!' Anyhow, the Spaniard said that was it."

"I guess Alice Day wouldn't speak t' anybody if she knew he'd said that about her," remarked another admiring observer, who added, "I couldn't ever learn that, Tom, but if he'll teach me them Spanish oaths I'll give you my new compass."

That night the chief player was strangely moody, and his faithful support could offer no prompt that the master player would accept as a cue. His uneasiness was as persistent as that ascribed to the head that wears the crown, and the puzzled Tom finally gave up the task of interesting him as hopeless.

Instead of the accustomed "Bweenos notchess," the "good night" of The Pretender to his comrade was a commonplace: "I wantta sleep late in th' mornin'. Ask your ma if she won't let me. You c'n go ahead without me, can't yuh?"

"Uh-huh," responded the puzzled Tom.

About an hour after the Chief Courtier had left his home for the haunts of his comrades he made a violent return by way of the back fence, dodged into the house, and darted up the rear stairway to the room where The Pretender was dressing. A discolored ring about one eye was rapidly growing purple and his clothing appeared to have caught on numerous nails.

"They've found out," panted Tom, "an' they're crazy. You've made monkeys of 'em all right, an' th' whole town's laughing at 'em. If they get hold of you what they done to me won't be anything. I guess you'd better sneak out th' window to-night an' take that one-o'clock train home. Mebby you don't think they'll beat you up—but they'll pound you good if they can lay hands on you. We gotta stick tight in the house all day—they'll be layin' for us all 'round."

"I wasn't goin' out, anyhow," remarked The Pretender. "I didn't feel good when I went to bed last night."

Occasional heads appearing above the side fence indicated that the state of siege suggested by the Chief Courtier was an accomplished fact. The Pretender passed the time in carefully planning the details of his escape—and inwardly shuddering at the thought of the terrors of his night flight.

Suddenly his aunt's voice sounded up the stairway: "Oh, come down, Milton! I've got a great surprise for you!" There was no mistaking either the excitement or the pleasure in her voice. "Just look at that!" she exclaimed. "It just came!" And she opened before him the local paper where, under heavy headlines, his own likeness looked out at him. The black types of the headings declared:

BOY HERO VISITING HERE

BRAVE LAD MADE FAMOUS BY IMAGE OF ELEPHANT'S FOOT IS IN OUR MIDST

SCHOOL-TEACHER TELLS THE STORY OF HIS PLUCK TO THOUSANDS OF READERS

THE STATUE TO BE PERMANENTLY PLACED IN DELANTI TOWN HALL

MASTER MILTON RUE MODEST AS HE IS CELEBRATED

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AN ACCOMPLISHED LINGUIST WHO COMES "INCOG" TO ESCAPE ANNOYING ATTENTIONS

"That newspaper man," explained Milton's aunt, "came here a little while after a woman had called and told me how you'd been fooling the boys here about being Spanish. He brought this piece written by the Town Line school-teacher and wanted your photograph. I didn't tell him all that he's put there in those headings, but I did admit that you'd picked up some Spanish, an' that you'd been so backward about talking of adventure that it seemed as if you didn't want anybody to know it."

As the thrilled Tom stretched himself prone upon the floor with the paper spread before him the modest hero of Todd Hills went to his chamber and glanced casually out of the window upon his besiegers. And as he looked, his lips curved into a most worldly and sophistical smile. Beyond the side fence was a group of the outraged revolutionists crowding about their leader who held aloft a newspaper.

A moment later The Pretender passed through the sitting-room toward the front door.

"Where you goin'?" huskily asked the battered Courtier, lifting his eyes for an instant from the wonderful page before him.

"See th' boys," was the smiling answer.

"Don't yuh do it!" exclaimed Tom.

But the visiting hero had passed out of the door.

"Lord!" exclaimed the astonished and adoring Chief Courtier, "that's just what Francisco de Lara would 'a' done himself!"

And as the panting Tom overtook his hero, The Pretender was calmly greeting his besiegers with the almost taunting salutation, "Tengo inmenso plather en saluder a costai, esta manyana."

And there was new homage in the eyes of the grinning comrades while the "brave lad," the "visiting hero," and the "accomplished linguist" brazenly assured them of his especial pleasure in greeting them this particular morning.

"It's a good thing," later confided the leader, "that you did the incog, an' not just t' make monkeys of us."

Roses in the Rain

BY CLINTON SCOLLARD

THE winding meadow-paths are deep,
And, like a faint-remembered strain,
There comes, as o'er dim seas of sleep,
The scent of roses in the rain.

The drift of delicate perfume
Causes my eyes to blur with tears;
I sense, when roses are in bloom,
The pain and pathos of the years.

It brings, though but a fleeting breath,
A moment here, then gone again,
The poignancy of time and death—
The scent of roses in the rain!

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EDITOR'S EASY CHAIR

W. D. HOWELLS

WITHIN the present year (which is pretty contemporaneous for the slowly arriving Easy Chair in the mention of any event) a popular medical review has published a symposium about the faculty. We have found this such good reading that we wish to share some of our impressions of it with the devotees of this department, and to partake their pleasure in the honor paid, with little qualification, by people of so many other callings to what they seem mostly to think the highest calling of any. Not that there are no exceptions to the rule of praise from the authors, artists, actors, lawyers, journalists, politicians, clergymen, and the like; there are some who have their misgivings and own them, and oddly enough these are often ladies, literary ladies. But why should we say oddly? The sex has begun to do its own thinking about so many things that it should not surprise us to have it do its own thinking about doctors. It is only fair, however, to say that after condemning doctors for some things these critics are apt to end by acquitting them for others, and they always seem to have a particular doctor in mind and not doctors in general. Perhaps one of the vividest of them best expresses the common feeling of women about them when she says, "I think there is nothing better than a good doctor, and nothing worse than a bad one," which is what most men would say of doctors, especially men born of women.

Some men who for different reasons have not taken part in the symposium do not make this distinction. They leave you to think that if there is any difference in doctors one is worse than another. Le Sage, the author of *Gil Blas*, introduces no good physician to counterbalance Doctor Sangrado, though there were probably more than one such at the time, and are now, practising medicine in Valladolid, in spite of the sweeping condemnation which Ford passes on all the doctors of the country in his *Gatherings from Spain*. But we do not have to go back to the seventeenth century for blame of the profession in literature; nothing could be severer than the censure, the doubt and scorn, which Tolstoy heaps upon the medical *savans* in *Anna Karénina*, though indeed he is habitually distrustful and contemptuous of all scientists; and as for Mr. Bernard Shaw, what could be more jubilantly satirical than his treatment of the profession in *The Doctors' Dilemma*, or the voluminous preface to that comedy?

To be sure, Mr. Shaw's doctors are English doctors, and what American has ever been sick in England but wished he was safe in the hands of his family physician at home? Yet, having said this, and having remembered the nauseous bottles habitually prescribed by them, can one fail to recall some one of them who was as good as an American doctor, or even better? This other may have been Scotch rather than English, but there are odds even in American doctors. Their science, not to say inspiration, is of later date than we may like to imagine in our patriotic fondness. The pioneer practitioner in the West, if we may, as we must, believe one of those wonderful brothers who have established a world-renowned hospital on the shore of the northern Mississippi, was but a little advance upon the primeval Medicine Man of the region, and was the by-word and mocking of the German physicians who had settled there. Yet it must be remembered that it was a Kentuckian of sixty or seventy years ago who first performed an operation denying and forever reversing the axiom that "to open the abdominal cavity was murder" and saving innumerable lives since by this effect of his courage and his faith

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in his divination if not instruction. In spite, however, of our feeling in our bones that American doctors are the best, there are probably Englishmen who when at all sick over here wish they were safe at home in the care of the village apothecary, or the local "medical man," or even a knight of three guineas a visit. There are New-Yorkers who distrust the skill of Boston, and Bostonians who know they would not have died in New York if they had only had a physician from Marlborough Street to see them through their pneumonia in the alien metropolis.

The great thing is the trust and honor we all feel for the physician at large. Few are now the satirists compared with those who once derided them, and if a vast cult has grown up to renounce them and match its prayers against their potions, there are even within this cult recognized Healers who hold the place of physicians, though they use no physic. We do not know how these manage in surgical cases, but their moral influence must be something of the sort we Unchristian Scientists feel when a doctor of our unfaith comes into the room and begins our cure before he has written a prescription, much less administered any medicine. The personal equation is the thing, as the ladies of the symposium are always saying, when they affirm that they abhor or worship a doctor as he gets on their nerves or not, or as he is or is not a gentleman. If doctors are almost universally gentlemen because they were born so or because their noble Hippocratic oath has made them so, they are successful in virtue of that quality as much as by the potency of their drugs. They are far oftener philanthropists and martyrs than cads or brutes, though sometimes, though very rarely, they are snobs. One might not prefer them to come into one's sick-room at night in evening dress, as though always dressed for dinner, but this might be because one was not in good society. A doctor can never tell beforehand, and if he is one's old family physician one does not grudge him the effect of having just happened to have dined out. But no matter how he comes, how welcome he is when one has not the least notion what the matter is, and is only sure that the pain is something awful! The pain begins to go at the mere sight of the doctor, and if he assures you that it is merely functional and not organic you are ready to laugh, however it continues to hurt.

An almost miraculous thing in a physician is that he is not only immune from contagion, but that his celestial armor bears no taint from one patient to another. Quite possibly he is coming to your bedside from the sick-chamber of some most catching ill, but you do not take it from him, while some unconscious Typhoid Mary carries the fever from one kitchen to another and spreads it throughout the house. It is notorious of doctors how they expose themselves to the pestilences of the poor mostly for no fee, and then come to you, trusting to their passage through the open air to have blown them clean of the infection. How is it they do not carry measles, scarlet-fever, diphtheria, smallpox, from one house to another? Perhaps they do, but we never know it, and do not think of the danger we have run when we hear that they have died of the disease themselves. We only think of their self-devotion in giving themselves to those poor, whose best friends they are, and whose fees it is said we sometimes pay without knowing it.

In spite of the malign chances we welcome them to our own afflicted homes; but the nicest way is to visit them at their offices, where we go for a prescription, or to ask them what they think ails us, and whether it is merely functional and not at all organic. If it is merely functional we begin to laugh and crow in our relief and fall into one of those talks with the doctor which are the most relishing talks in the world. No other sort or condition of men talks half so well, so intimately, so wisely. The physician knows more evil of a kind which it is always so interesting to hear than a man of any other following. He can tell you more dreadful things of other men than any lawyer, preacher, or merchant ever imagined, but he keeps the secret of their identity from you under the lock and key of his Hippocratic oath. He can philosophize life as no other can, and he is merciful to

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human frailty in the proportion of his large and deep experience.

What an awful experience his experience is, compassing that knowledge which he cannot impart and can scarcely more than intimate to the one it most concerns upon the bravest urgence, the most vital necessity. How can we ever joke about doctors, although they so often joke about themselves? How can we turn from this solemn view of them, from their wise, kind talk, and think of the dozen or half-dozen other patients in the anteroom whom we are keeping from their turn while we selfishly listen! Why do we not take our prescription and go, as in all decency we should? But we do not budge until the doctor himself stirs in his chair, and for shame's sake we start, though half an hour before we sat among those outsiders and inwardly cursed the babbling or doddering imbecile within, who was keeping us from our turn with the doctor. The best way, the only true way, is to have an appointment, and then, announcing ourselves at the house-door, go sailing through those ranks in the anteroom and coming to anchor in the doctor's own study.

For the time he is not *the* doctor; he is our doctor. It is the peculiar quality of him that he shall seem the sole property of each sufferer in turn, and shall be as entirely the physician of the pauper whose fee you may unwittingly pay, as he is yours. But what are we saying? In nine-tenths of the cases, or at least half, nobody pays the pauper's fee, and the doctor gives his time, his skill, and his very life as freely to the destitute as to the affluent. What other man does the like? The priest or preacher? Yes; but as one recusant in denying the claim of the symposium upon him says, "The doctors are the real Doctors of Divinity and the Saints of the earth," and they outnumber all the other saints, who, it must be allowed, also exist and live and die for us.

A good deal of cheap mockery has always followed the failures of the doctor, and a ghastly merriment has attended his defeat by the enemy who triumphs over all at last. But none of those who have shared his failure, and draining the cup of fear, which he would fain have kept the cup of life, to its bitter dregs, are among those who jeer even at the idea of his defeat. The bereaved often turn more willingly to the doctor who has not saved their beloved than to another who has not lost them. They remember as their chief consolation that everything their doctor knew or could, he did, and after the first throe of anguish has passed they wished to believe that his best was the best there was. They wonder how he could have had the courage to tell them there was no hope, when they saw him fighting for them to the last, or to hint from the first that there was little hope to trust to. Then indeed he became their doctor, as we all feel our doctor to be ours, and gave himself night and day to keeping their hope alive.

One of the women who takes part so wisely in this symposium, and who perhaps speaks more wisely and justly than any other, reminds us of the sins of the patient against the doctor, and brings home to the guilty sufferer his blame when he has not done his part in the common enterprise of saving his own life. "At the best the most of us are bad patients, often perverse in following directions and no wise co-operative, as would be necessary in any other relationship where two parties are concerned. Often we are not long grateful even when our lives have been virtually given back to us." We are, in fact, shamefully passive when we are no worse. What angel wife has not had to struggle almost to shaking the suffering husband in order to make him take his medicine at the times the doctor has directed? What man has not shirked his bitter drops, or nauseous drugs, or, after taking them, has not kicked or thumped about in bed until given some water to wash the loathsome savor down? The facts are disgraceful to manhood, which it is impossible to respect under the circumstances. Parents are as bad as children would like to be, and the men are worse than the women; but, then, men are such cowards. The doctors are the saints of the earth, yes, but they must be wellnigh driven to swearing when they reflect upon the unworthiness of most of the people they devote their lives to.

It has long been known that there

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are odds in deacons, and doctors probably vary as much as deacons. Every patient has his preference in physicians, and we hope we may own without defense that we like American doctors better than any other, and after them Scotch. German doctors are not so bad as a pro-ally would now like to think them, and we have found Italian doctors who have practised in America very conducive to recovery. It is much in the favor of the English doctor that the English like them; and, now we think of it, we have never really died from one of their doctors. In Spain, where neither Hebrews nor Germans are acceptable to the national prejudice, we have found Austrian Jews wisely sanative, and in Paris we have recovered gladly under the science of French doctors who have practised in California.

We may not safely allow a homeopathic or an allopathic leaning, and we are not going to do so. If it is a question of something acute or urgent, and you are feeling very rich at the time, you had better take your respiratory tract, for instance, to a specialist, and have him fend off the threatening grippe. There is something so absolute about a specialist, with his swabbing and spraying, and his smiling question of whether it hurts; and then if he fails you can always go to bed for a week in the care of your own family physician and spend a week there as usual in getting well.

The specialist is mostly, if not always, a city man, but his practice does not usually lie in the tenements where so many doctors give themselves for nothing to those who have nothing to give in return. But very likely (we do not really know) the specialist does his gratis good works in the hospitals; we may be sure that a specialist, as he is a doctor, gives himself gratis somehow or somewhere. No man who can afford him will wisely forego him, and he will not forego those who cannot afford him. He is the last word of medicine, the bright consummate flower of surgery. But while we are praising him, we are thinking of another type of doctor, just as devoted and perhaps as efficient numerically, for he probably has ten times as many patients as a specialist. We are thinking of the country doctor, whose life the reader will as readily think of. Who does not think of him in some neighborhood which, winter and summer, night and day, he blesses? He is as modern as the specialist in his way, and if he is like the one we are thinking of, he was graduated from a good school, and every year he gives out of his crowded time certain days or weeks for running up there, and renewing his lore in the society of those who know the last word of his science and who are willing to impart it, so that the summer visitor shall be as safe in the country doctor's care as in that of his own family physician, and the rustic sufferer shall have the benefit of all the modern drugs and ideas. The country doctor keeps them both at the command of his patients, and he puts up his own prescription from the hand-bag, which he bears when he arrives with the ideas shining from his face. He used to arrive in a buggy, but now he comes in a motor-car, which perhaps he drives himself, and which you hear snuffling before your door in the dark or daylight, and know before your bell rings, or his cheery voice sounds across your threshold. He brings health and the healing which will follow from his careful diagnosis. Very likely you are not very sick. Let us hope not; but, if necessary, he will examine your heart, and if you are in years he will take your blood-pressure and will tell you that you have the arteries of an infant, or that your bronchia are as clear as a bell. He is an optimist, but if there is cause for anxiety you will know it from his suggestion that he will look in again in the morning, or that you can 'phone him if you are not better. Probably there is no cause for anxiety, and with the medicine he has left you begin to feel that you do not need any medicine, almost before the snuffle of his runabout has died on the outer air. There is no apothecary's charge for the drugs and the doctor's fee is a dollar, received with reluctance at the end of the summer. It may have been as richly earned as the specialist's fifteen, but this is not saying that the specialist's fee is not richly earned.

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EDITOR'S STUDY

HENRY MILLS ALDEN

THE day we are beginning this month's Study is William Dean Howells's eightieth birthday. As the occupant of the Easy Chair, and so our near neighbor in these pages, the occasion cannot, nor would we willingly let it, escape notice in his own habitat.

One naturally hesitates to avail of an "occasion" in any consideration of Mr. Howells—of his personality or of his work. The formal plaudit, uttered because it is seasonable and expected, falls away before it is spoken; it does not fit him. We might suppose him to avoid even the occasion for it, so far as his personal presence is concerned; but the genuine praises of the people—such praises as he himself gives in the simplest terms of ungrudging appreciation to new and promising writers—he would not run away from, though he would not run to meet them.

As a sign of gratitude that this cherished author is still with us, and still writing, with no diminution of freshness and charm—a gratitude emphasized by the long period of our possession of him, of which this eightieth birthday is a significant reminder—all his readers feel inclined to indite a love letter to him instead of sending him perfunctory congratulations. He has, during a literary career of nearly sixty years, been the most homelike and companionable of American writers, and therefore the most personally intimate to his readers, none of whom need ask what manner of man he is. They have seldom seen him on the platform as a lecturer or a reader of his own works. We cannot imagine them resorting to the at once familiar and sphinx-like portraits of him for a divination of his personality, or needing to do so; indeed they would read into these a divination already made from reading his poems, novels, essays, and travels.

He has had the full life of a man, independently of the books he has read or written—a life more varied in outward circumstances and the vicissitudes of fortune than that of men ordinarily, but, like theirs, punctuated by the joys and sorrows common to mankind; and he has made much of the little things that constitute so largely the sum of human experience. The main satisfaction of such a life is derived from simple and natural things, simply and naturally seen and felt. The boy whom his father, whose religion was deeply tinged with Swedenborgianism, discussed poetry and philosophy with began early to think, which in a boy's plastic nature means to feel, and soon entered upon a career of spiritual adventure, and impressions made upon the sensibility were met by something from moods already formed there, so that when the youth began to write his expression was naturally in poetry. That was his first "literary passion."

It was inevitable with this author that life should be inseparable from literature, because what he wrote must be felt life before it could be literature. The quality of his own sensibility is one with the manner of his writing, his literary communications bearing more resemblance to easy, idiomatic conversation than to books, unless it be one of Montaigne's, though it has too much of genuine craftsmanship to quite sustain that likeness; however directly from experience, it has the indirection of art, without elaboration. His dramatic instinct leads him often, as the readers of the Easy Chair know, to give this indirection the form of dialogue, not for the uses of argument, but just for interchange of speech, to break up the unnatural insistence of monologue. The epistolary form with which Richardson inaugurated English social fiction would,

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for the same reason, have had an attraction for him—only Howells would have made it incomparably livelier than Richardson did—but the conversational medium, being so much more sociable from its readier and more natural give-and-take, seemed preferable.

What we are trying to say is that the man Howells is the very Howells of his books, of the Easy Chair, of his critical essays, of his farces. We have a nearer and ampler knowledge of him in these than could have been gleaned from daily personal meetings or thousands of interviews. The fact that from the time when he first began to write he so naturally translated himself into literature accounts for his having so many books and of so many sorts to his credit—more than one for every year he has lived—not counting his many unpublished Easy Chairs and other uncollected work. Never has so large a portion of any man's life been thus translated—his subjective impressions blending with outward observation or embodied in vividly visualized fictions. We have the record of his boyish sports, his literary friends and acquaintances, including a separate memorial of Mark Twain, his literary passions, his travels, his Altrurian imaginings, and, finally, within the last year, the recollections of his early youth. To this same genius for communication we owe the large number and variety of his works of fiction.

We cannot help envying those who, from direct intercourse with Mr. Howells, have been favored by first-hand communication with him—as intimately as Mr. John James Piatt, his youthful collaborator in verse, who died last winter, or Mark Twain, the friend of later years. But those whose personal acquaintance with him has been, like our own, regrettably intermittent, have not less prized the rare moments of it, in conversation always freshly delightful and interesting, or in letters genially frank and sometimes, like his talk, humorously whimsical. Somewhere he speaks of his father as agreeably liking to find a joke in everything. This ancestral trait in the son, reinforced, perhaps, by the mingling in him of the Celtic with a Cymric and (Pennsylvania) German strain, is shown in the tropic play of a tricksome fancy which notably characterizes his farces and is everywhere apparent in the artifice that heightens his art of expression.

It seems strange to use the term artifice in connection with Mr. Howells, and it would be totally inapplicable if we meant by it anything consciously artificial or conventional. It agreeably displaces all conventional contrivances by reversion to the unpremeditated tricks of a natural magic. Thus understood, it is of the very essence of realism, in sincerity, spontaneity, and naturalness. Mr. Howells has from the first taken pains to be an artist in literature. These are the labor-pains of birth, the growing-pains of increasing stature, rather than those of conscious effort. But for these, the soul is not there—the soul that expresses itself in the living forms of art and so must put on a living investment by the same magical and inexplicable alchemy that it puts on a body.

Perhaps Howells, with such a father and mother as he had, and such surroundings, had the best possible education for the literary career he has made. If he had been brought up with the university in view he might have written formal theses, state papers, histories, and biographies—for a writer of note he was bound to be—instead of the charming fiction, essays, and poems that constitute so much of the grace and wealth of American literature, though we doubt if his native humor and sensibility could ever have been altogether repressed in any environment. Fortunately there has been nothing to pervert the natural bent of his genius.

His youth was passed in a field of wonder—adventurous discoveries of humanity, nature, and books, prompted by that sympathy which is the ground of all humanistic interpretation of life and the secret of communicability. His culture has been developed through assimilations—of the immediate scene and from travels abroad, not for meeting with personal Eminences, but with peoples in their habits as they live. Of all this culture we have had the generous fruitage. Long may the garden prosper—this side Hesperides!

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EDITOR'S DRAWER

A Prehistoric Huntsman

(Archæology for Children)

BY BURGES JOHNSON

SEE the home of Father Ab,
  Reared before our eyes at last,
As our artist with a dab
  Draws the curtain from the past,
Painting here upon these pages
Scenes from paleolithic ages.

Bab, the good wife, sits and croons
  While she sees their babe at play.
On these quiet afternoons
  Enemies seem far away.
Gab, their little boy, has gone
To feed an infant mastodon.

Brightly dawned this hunting-day;
  There is little food in store.
Ab is girded for the fray—
  He must shoot a dinosaur;
Or, because it is his duty,
Bag a few small gyascuti.

FORTH HE FARES WITH AN ANCIENT MUSIC-BOX

BAB, THE GOOD WIFE, SITS AND CROONS

Boys and girls of nowadays
  Puzzle oft—I do the same—
O'er the prehistoric ways
  Stone-men had of hunting game;
For it seems their meanest prizes
Always came in extra sizes.

See, his burly club he bears,
  Built to wield some weighty knocks;
Also note that forth he fares
  With an ancient music-box;
In his pouch a pair of clippers,
And some worsted bedroom slippers.

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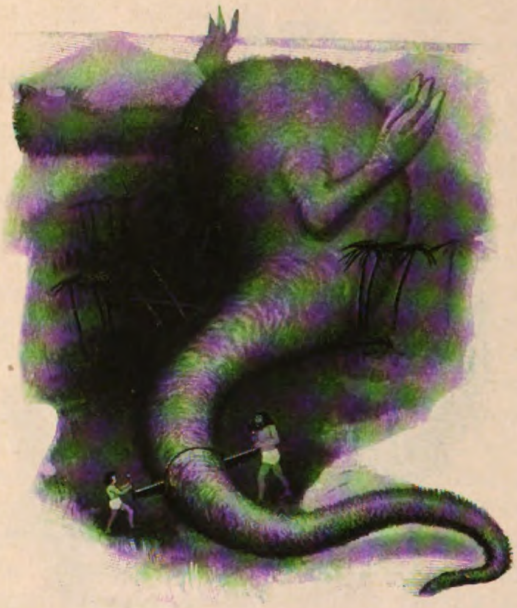
So he goes upon his way,
  Till he comes with stealthy pace,
At the middle of the day
  To the dino's drinking-place—
Plants his music-box close nigh,
Fixed to play a lullaby.

Now with sound of crashing trees,
  Comes the mammoth dinosaur;
Stretches out to take his ease—
  He had fed an hour before.
Soon the music's mystic numbers
Lull him into deepest slumbers.

HE MUST CREEP AN HOUR AT LEAST



HAIL THE HERO, CUTTING STEAKS

Now brave Ab, a trifle pale,
  Puts his slippers on with care;
Climbs upon the creature's tail—
  Stops to rest a moment there.
He must creep an hour at least
Up the backbone of the beast.

There upon the monster's nose,
  Whence its snores come smoking hot,
See him clip the fur that grows
  On its only vital spot;
Swing his club with war-cry horrid
Smash against that mighty forehead!

Hail the hero, cutting steaks—
  He will have them smoked and dried.
Bab will cry, "My goodness' sakes!
  Do you want it boiled or fried?"
And (old hieroglyphics state it)
For a year or two they ate it.

Keeping a Secret

LITTLE Marion, in a state of much agitation, begged her mother not to let remarks be made about her doll when it was present, "Because," explained the little miss, "I've been trying all her life to keep dollie from knowing that she is not alive."

Careful

"DIDN'T I tell you that you would be sick if you ate that ice?" exclaimed Sammy's mother.

"But, mamma," answered the lad, taking the icicle from his mouth, "I'm not eating it. I'm just sucking the juice out of it."

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An Experiment

THE Allens decided to take a house in the suburbs, and shortly after their arrival there an old friend came to call on them. As he approached the house a dog of generous proportions sprang from the porch, and ran toward him, barking fiercely. The caller was about to retrace his steps when the cheery voice of Mrs. Allen rang out:

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Fisher! Come right in. Don't mind the dog."

"But won't he bite?" rejoined the visitor, who was very much frightened and not anxious to meet the canine without some assurance as to his personal safety.

"That's just what I want to find out," called back Mrs. Allen. "We just bought him this morning."

Scientific

THE original work of the day in a school consisted of definitions of familiar things.

"Johnny Jones, what is water?" asked the teacher.

For a moment Johnny was puzzled, then he triumphantly answered, "Water is what turns black when you put your hands into it."

"Can you spell horse?"
"I could if I wanted to, but what's the use o' spellin' anything so out o' style?"

Proved Unnecessary

"THIS seems to be a very dangerous precipice," remarked the tourist. "I wonder that they have not put up a warning-board!"

"Yes," answered the guide, "it is dangerous. They kept a warning-board up for two years, but no one fell over, so it was taken down."

A Scoffer

"I CAN see good in all things," remarked the settlement worker as she was about to take her departure from the wretched home.

"Can you see good in a fog?" questioned the inebriate of the family.

A Mathematician

"DADDY," said Bobby, who was eating an apple, "what would be worse than finding a worm in this apple?"

"I do not know, son, unless it would be to find two worms."

"No," said Bobby. "It would be worse to find half of a worm."

Economy

TOM was the small boy of the family. One morning he was informed of the arrival of twin sisters. He was told they had sent to —— & Co. (naming one of the big mail-order houses) for them.

Tom, who knew more about shopping than the average boy of his age, innocently asked, "Did you get 'em cheaper by taking two?"

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"*Bobbie, if you don't behave yourself I'll never bring you to church again.*"

"*Is that a promise, mother?*"

Saw Him First

A QUAKER had gotten himself into trouble with the authorities and the sheriff called to escort him to the lockup.

"Is your husband in?" he inquired of the good wife who came to the door.

"My husband will see thee," she replied. "Come in."

The sheriff entered, was bidden to make himself at home, and was hospitably entertained for half an hour, but no husband appeared. At last the sheriff grew impatient.

"Look here," said he, "I thought you said your husband would see me."

"He has seen thee," was the calm reply, "but he did not like thy looks and has gone another way."

A Case of Indigestion

A LAD in a Jersey Sunday-school startled his teacher by this unique query:

"Did Moses have the same after-dinner complaint my dad's got?"

"What on earth do you mean, Richard?"

"Well, it says here in the lesson that the Lord gave Moses two tablets."

A Poser for the Cook

IN certain parts of the South it is always customary for the waiter to ask at breakfast, "How will you have your eggs?"

A New York traveling-man had already ordered a good, substantial breakfast, which did not, however, include any eggs. The question came from force of habit, perhaps. "How will you have your eggs, suh?"

"You may eliminate my eggs this morning," replied the guest.

The negro glanced at him for a moment and then hurried to the kitchen. Returning in a few minutes, he said, "'Cuse me, suh, but how did you say you would have your eggs?"

"I said you could eliminate the eggs this morning."

The negro made his departure again, but returned in a minute and said: "'Cuse me, suh, ag'in, but we has got a splendid chef, who has worked in mos' all de bes' an' larges' hotels in de North, an' he says he sorry he can't 'liminate eggs on such short notice, an' won't you please have dem cooked some odder way."

True to Herself

UNCLE JIM, after partaking heartily of crisp, fried mush that had locked within its confines a deceiving amount of heat, hurriedly grabbed his tumbler and thrust it beseechingly toward Aunt Sue, who was noted for deliberateness in speech and action.

Slowly she inquired of the suffering man, "Which do you prefer—milk or water?"

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CHILD FROM THE CITY: "*Which is this, Auntie, Hot or Cold?*"

No Time Lost

AT last Timmy Flynn's desire to possess a watch was gratified. Upon his initial visit to the city he made the plunge and bought the massive nickeled timepiece which the jeweler guaranteed to keep perfect time for one year. Long before the year had expired, however, Timmy returned to the shop, and with him took his cherished treasure, looking very tired and very sorry for itself.

The jeweler examined the watch and then shrugged his shoulders. "But you must have had an accident with it," he said.

"A small one, to be sure, sir," reluctantly admitted Timmy. "About a month ago I was feedin' the pig and the watch fell into the trough."

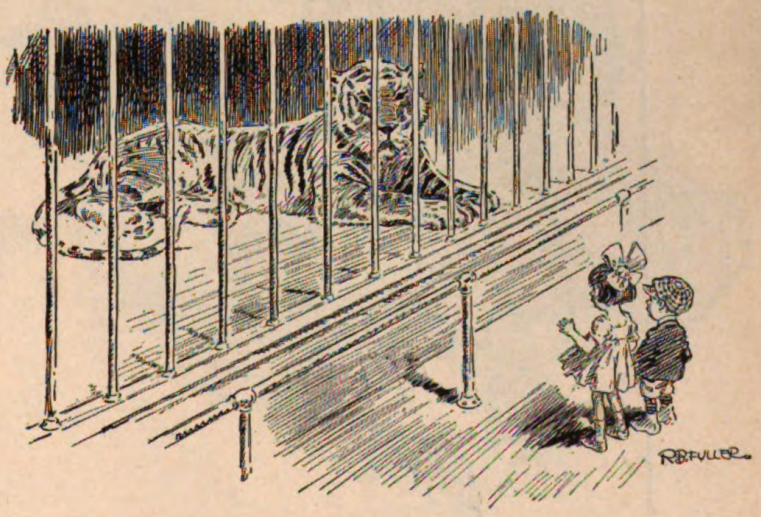
"Then," snapped the jeweler, "you should have brought it back to me before."

"Sure, sir," replied Timmy, "I brought it as soon as I could. We only killed the pig yesterday."

A Halt for Repairs

"YOU ran over that fellow there at the corner. Aren't you going to stop?" demanded the startled passenger.

"Yes," nodded his friend at the steering-wheel, "just as soon as we reach a garage. I heard something break when we hit him."



LITTLE GIRL: "*Aw, Willie, why didn't we think to bring along a saucer of milk?*"

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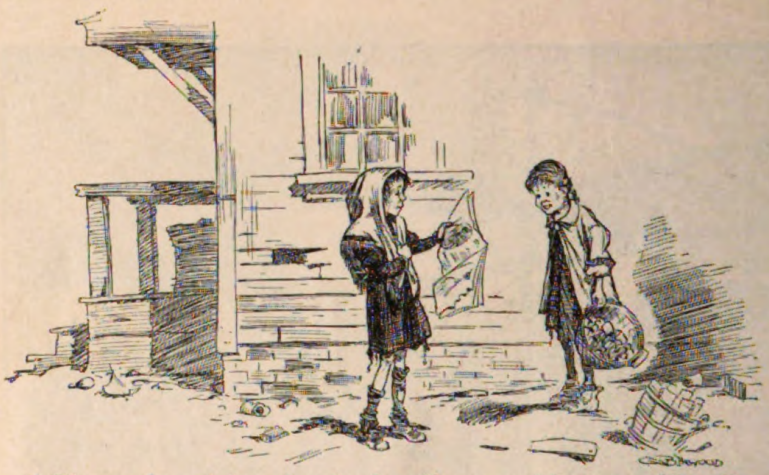


"Figgers is goin' to be slender dis year, Mayme. Now if we don't go an' eat a lot o' rich food we'll be right in style"

Safety First

I WAS returning home the other evening about six-thirty o'clock when I saw Tommy, my neighbor's boy, "lagging for line" with pennies, with a crowd of other boys. I knew that his family always had supper at six o'clock sharp, so I said, "I'll bet you five cents you'll miss your supper, Tommy."

He grinned up at me saucily and replied: "Then you lose your bet, 'cause I got the chops right here with me. Ma sent me for 'em at five o'clock."

Not Important

WHEN the bell rang the other day, little Isabel went to the door. Pretty soon she returned alone.

"Who was it, dear?" asked her mother.

"Oh, it was just a lady looking for the wrong house," was the unconcerned reply.

On the Wrong Track

LITTLE Henry wore his father's clothes, which his mother cut down for him as best she could. As the little boy was getting into a vest that had been cut down from an overcoat he began to grumble.

"What's the matter now?" asked father.

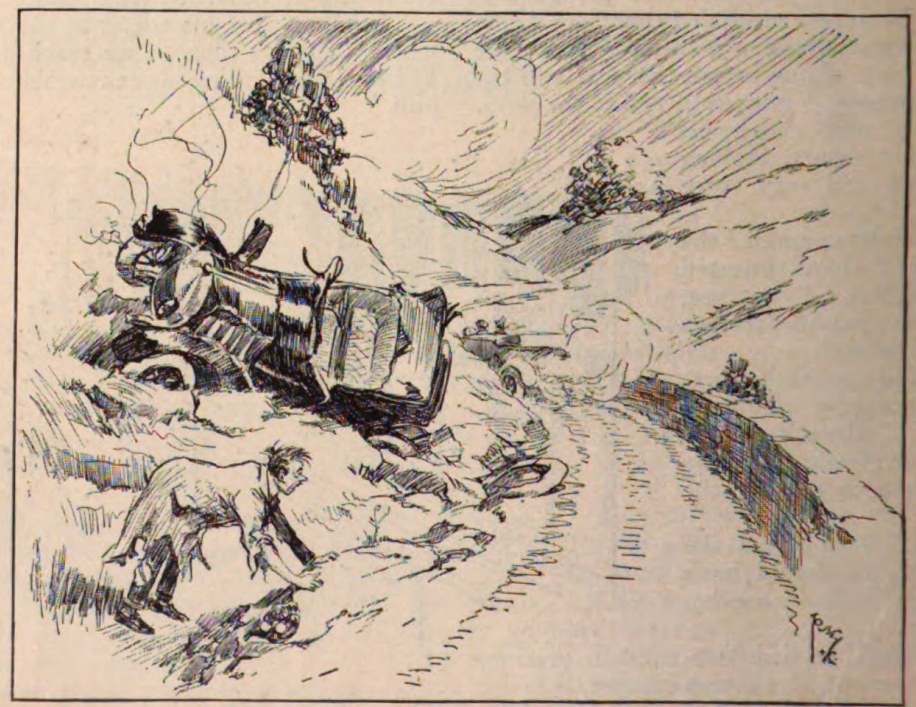
"Why," said Willie, "this here pocket 'ain't got no bottom to it."

"Pocket, nothing!" ejaculated his father. "That's a buttonhole."

True to Life

"CAN'T you children play without constantly ringing the door-bell?" asked mother, who was trying to get a nap.

"No, mother," returned Alice, solemnly, "we can't. You see, Edith and I are playing house, and Freddie is the collector."



THE OPTIMIST: "*Well, Anyhow, I Had the Right of Way*"

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Wasted Instruction

LITTLE Charles was slow to learn "please" when asking for food at the table.

"Give me some meat," he demanded of his father.

"What else?" asked the father, sternly.

"Some potatoes," came the reply.

A Sensible Question

THE callers were staying very late, and little Jennie, who had become very tired, finally said:

"Mamma, hadn't all of us better go to bed so Mr. Brown's folks can go home?"

A Pathetic Inquiry

"THE laws make woman the slave of man," asserted the suffragist from the platform.

"Why don't they enforce the laws, then?" asked a meek-appearing man in the audience.

An Oriental Aroma

IN describing the brilliancy of Cleopatra's train, a teacher in a rural district incidentally said that Cleopatra often floated down the Nile in a gilded barge whose perfumed sails flapped languidly in the breeze. After the talk he asked:

"How did the people know that Cleopatra was approaching?"

Quickly came the reply from a small urchin in the rear of the room:

"They smelled her."

High Authority

THE recitation in spelling had been excellent, and the teacher, thinking she would try the children with a few definitions, asked, "What is the meaning of adage?"

All sat tongue-tied, and wriggled in their seats. At last a little boy of ten timidly held up his hand.

"Please," he said, hesitatingly, "it's something to keep a cat in."

The teacher repressed a smile and asked, gravely, "Why do you think so?"

"Because," answered the boy, "Shakespeare said, 'Like the cat in the old adage.'"

A Varied Diet

"DO you have much variety at your boarding-house?" inquired one boarder of a friend who lived down the block.

"Well, we have three different names for the meals," replied the other.

A New Definition

"AND so you think I'm a coquette?" she smiled sweetly. "Why, Frank, I don't believe you know what a coquette is!"

"A coquette is a woman who syndicates her affections," he returned, bitterly.

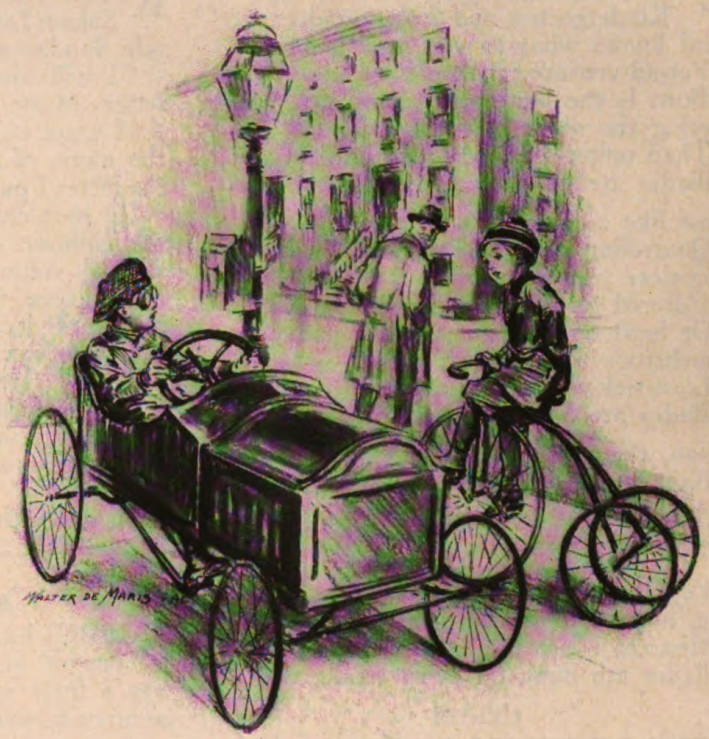
Shopping for the Baby

A PHILADELPHIA grocer, trying to wait on several customers at once, was approached by a lady with a request for "five cents' worth of animal crackers," and wouldn't he "please leave out the elephants, as they frighten the baby so."

Well Provided

"JOHN, the bill-collector is here," called Mrs. Smith from the front door.

"All right, dear," answered the absent-minded husband. "Tell him to take that pile on my desk."



BOY ON VELOCIPEDE: "*I'm thinkin' o' gettin' one o' those machines. Do you find the upkeep very expensive?*"

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To Let—At an Early Date—Bachelor Apartment

The Ballade

COME, little children, one and all,
Kindergarten and lower grade;
Lord knows what to you may befall—
Per-ad-venture, the poet's trade.
Born is the bard—the rhymester, made;
Baying the moon I'd rather be
Than meter-monger, foiled and frayed:
Ballades are hung on ev'ry tree.

'Less like a cat you'd caterwaul,
Quarreling consonants evade.
Nicheless your name in our Helen's Hall
(Altered to enter poor Poe's shade),
Or heed Orlando in Arden's glade;
Touchstone took *him* off to a T—
Love-sick youth, with his blund'ring blade!
Ballades are hung on ev'ry tree.

Villon, the sad, bad, mad, glad Gaul,
Built ballades while he cursed and prayed;
Alex. Pope, ere he scarce could crawl,
Lithped cute couplets when Nurthey strayed.
Yet, little girl with golden braid,
But, little boy—observe my plea:
Mistress Muse is a jilt—a jade;
Ballades are hung on ev'ry tree.

L'ENVOI

Rhymes run out, and our laurels fade,
Editors *will* "regret that we"—
(With manuscript a month delayed):
Ballades are hung on ev'ry tree.

W. T. LARNED.

Non-Alcoholic

RECENTLY a representative of the Anti-Saloon League was speaking to the juvenile Sunday-school.

"I will now," he remarked, "place the letters of the alphabet upon the blackboard. As I write each letter I wish you to tell me the name of a bad drink that begins with the letter I put on the board."

He then chalked the letter A, and one of the children called, "Ale!" Next B, and a youth volunteered, "Beer."

A silence when he wrote the letter C caused the lecturer to ask, "Is there nobody here who can name a bad drink beginning with C?" He pointed his finger at a small boy in the front row and said, encouragingly, "*There* is a little man who I think can tell me the name of a bad drink that begins with C."

To which the youth replied: "Sure I can. *Castor-oil!*"

A Damaged Flock

BOBBIE had never seen a live sheep, but one of his most treasured possessions was a little woolly lamb on wheels. Last summer he went to visit his uncle, who owns a sheep-ranch in the West. When Bobbie spied an immense flock grazing, he stared at them in amazement, then exclaimed:

"You must have got them awfully cheap, uncle, for they've all lost their wheels."

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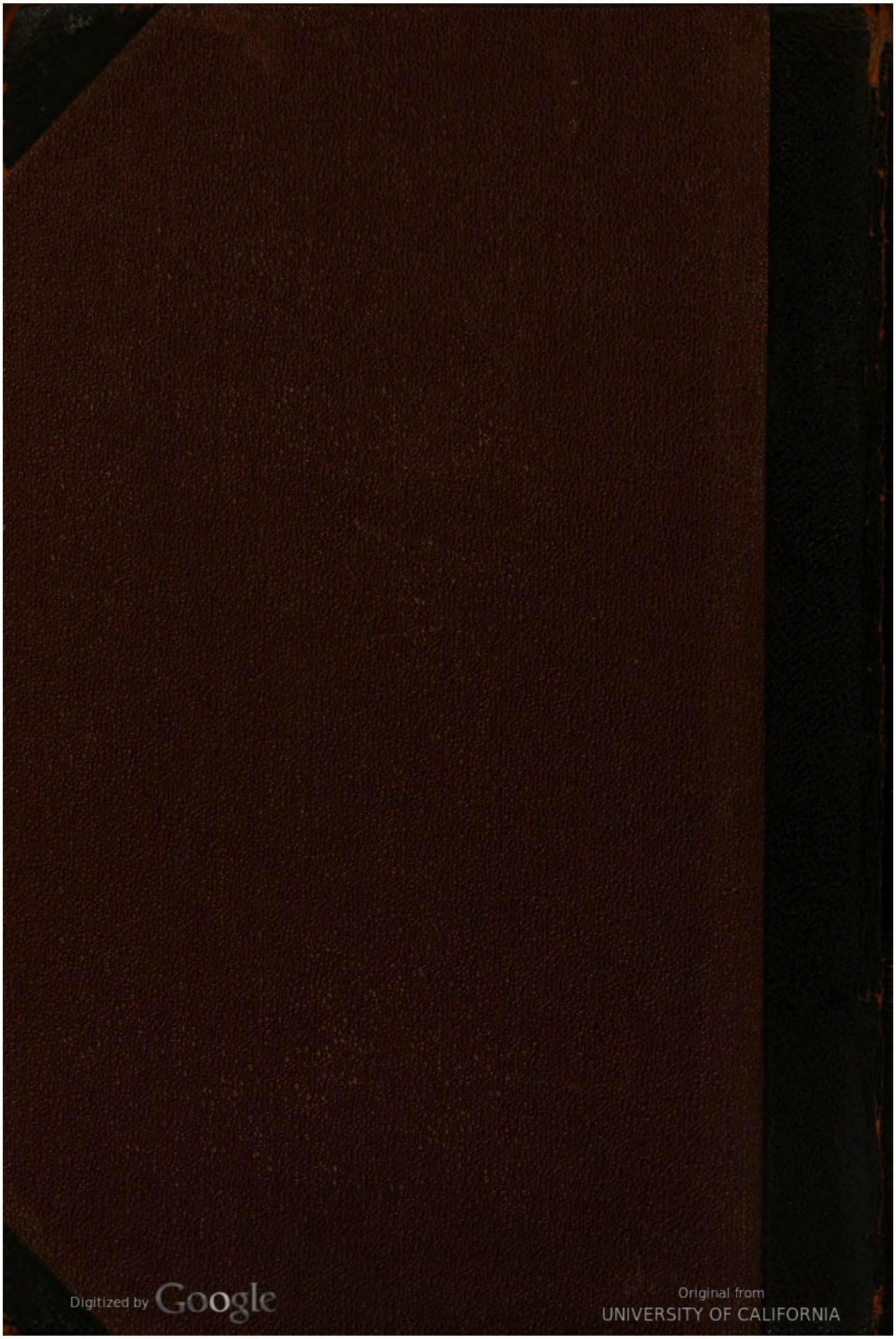
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